

usually called, played in their traditional costume of three or more heavy flannel petticoats in navy/white, red/white, yellow/white stripes—the top two caught up at one side to show the under one. A blouse with lace cuffs and a woollen shawl wrapped around the head and falling to a long point at the back would complete the ensemble.

A picturesque costume, yes, but heavy in the extreme and cumbersome. Any women who pivoted well on the back swing would never be able to transfer the weight of her petticoats again by the moment of impact!

When women began to form their own clubs in the late Victorian era clothes were as restricting as etiquette. Large hats, often held on by a chiffon scarf tied under the chin, were liable to be knocked askew on the follow through. Whale boning, too, was apt to make itself felt at inconvenient moments.

The Edwardian boaters, pinned to pad-

ded coiffeurs and set off by deep starched collars, did little to alleviate the ediscomfiture of the pioneer lady golfers who busied themselves on what would now be regarded as pitch and putt courses.

The Roaring Twenties

Golf's most hideous decade was surely the roaring twenties. While skirts went up above the knees and waists fell almost to meet them, the ladies clad their most redeeming feature in diced woollen stockings, chose drab tweed skirts and equally nondescript and shapeless cardigans.

Their crowning glory, now bobbed or shingled, was discreetly hidden beneath a woollen cap or "pudding basin" hat.

Emancipation in women's dress first came through the introduction of slacks. In southern climes shorts became inevitable on the golf course, and today Bermuda shorts appear to be the uniform even for grandmother. I wonder, however, if grandfather approves?

HARRY PACKHAM

A memorial to Harry Packham, of Los Angeles, Cal., member of the USGA Public Links Committee since 1934, reprinted in part from the Rancho Golf Club Round-Up.

He loved golf. He fought for it, worked for it, talked for it; spent time, money, energy, and heart for it, and had enough bullheaded courage left to yell 'Fore!' at the Devil himself.

Most men are hills and valleys, but he was a mountain of a man; a moving mountain, capped by a volcano, ready to erupt and pour the lava of his love for golf over all those who stood in his way. And like a mountain, he is best seen in perspective, the view unobscured by the mists of sentimentality.

What would he want of us?

He would probably squirm at the idea, but whether he liked it or not, he left us a legacy. It was in every act of his life:

To respect the game of golf.

To see it whole; acknowledging its principles, recognizing its purpose, and accepting its eternal challenge. For it is the only game on the face of the earth

in which man plays the toughest opponent there is—himself. Whether he is alone on the course, walking on greens still wet with the new morning, or surrounded by twenty-five thousand people during a major tournament, the golfer who hovers over a ball, a primitive club in his hand, is expressing man's ultimate faith in his own skill and in his own purity of dedication.

For Harry, this dedication was greater than health, greater than wealth, greater even than friendship, and unworthy to be sullied by self-interest or something as shabby as a preferred starting time.

One likes to think of him as part of a current Threesome; with Charley hitting those beautiful irons, Harry muttering at his putter, and Scotty hacking along until they reach the Eighteenth, when Scotty—in tones loud and clear—will call out the final score.

That's one we'd like to gallery. . . .