

MISS ANNE QUAST JOINS THE INSPIRED CHAMPIONS

BY

JOSEPH C. DEY, JR.
USGA Executive Director

Every now and then a golfing deed is done in a manner so glorious that one wonders how a mere human could have brought it to pass.

Such was the way in which Miss Anne Quast became the USGA Women's Amateur Champion last month, a week before her 21st birthday. Three down was she at crises in three grand matches, including the final. Her victory was in the finest tradition of those Champions whose hearts have surmounted all obstacles. It stirred memories of events like these, and revived the eternal question of how such things are done:

... Miss Glenna Collett, 4 down and 4 to play, winning on the 19th in gaining one of her six National titles in 1929.

... Gene Sarazen's 100 strokes for the last 28 holes in the 1932 Open.

... Ben Hogan's return from the valley of the shadow in 1950; and his closing nine of 32 for a decisive 67 the next year.

... Miss Marlene Stewart, 4 down with 11 to play, then taking the 1956 National final.

... Billy Joe Patton's Walker Cup win last year after a five-hole deficit at lunchtime to Reid Jack.

... Cary Middlecoff's 68-68 in the last day to tie for the 1957 Open.

... And, standing like a Colossus above all, Bob Jones' Grand Slam of 1930.

Here were golfers inspired. To be sure, they were players of consummate skill, and the luck of the day may have been on their side. But that does not fully account for the fact that, at the big moment, they lifted their games and produced even better than their normal best.

The answer can only lie in the realm of the spirit. Through these inspirational golfers one glimpses the glory of what can be when faith supplants doubt and fear. These people, too, must have once walked the razor's edge of temptation to

give up when things went wrong—and they had won that fight.

Their blazing deeds must have sprung from blazing faith—not mere self-will but, rather, self-knowledge that man's limitations are largely imposed by himself. It has been put in two quite different ways by two quite different men, but the essence is the same. Mike Murphy said that "You can't lick a team that won't be lick-



Miss Quast is a superlative putter, but this one missed on the 12th green of the final.

ed." Down the years another Voice has ever reminded: "All things are possible . . . Your faith has made you whole."

Champions, it seems, are made to recall us to these things, to draw aside the veil a trifle and reveal the glory of who man really is and can become.

Four Under Par for Last Seven Holes
Miss Anne Quast's play in the 58th

Women's National Amateur Championship takes rank with the great performances, in both quality and dramatic force. This lovely young lady from Marysville, Wash., was playing a long and exacting test presented by the Wee Burn Country Club in Darien, Conn.; the handsome course stretched 6,467 yards with par of 75 for the ladies.

In six days Miss Quast played eight matches involving nine rounds of golf. She did 142 holes in nine over par, and had 24 birdies.

The transcendent facts are that she won through in three stern matches after being well down and seemingly on her way out, and in the climax of the final played the last seven holes in four strokes below par.

Miss Quast won over a brilliant, large field. There were the Curtis Cup players of both sides except Mrs. Frances Smith, who, widowed this last year, hurried home to England and her baby girl. There were seven who had won the USGA Championship and three who had won the British, including Mrs. George Valentine, the current holder; she went to the round of 16 at Wee Burn, farther than any of her compatriots, before Miss Barbara Romack eliminated her. Mrs. J. Douglas Streit (Marlene Stewart) headed a big and formidable delegation from Canada. Miss Sandra Clifford carried Mexico's colors to the last 16. Miss Judy Eller, twice Girls' Junior Champion, was there. After an original entry of 199, 189 were on hand and included in the draw. The record entry of 201 was registered in 1939 at Wee Burn also; the handicap limit then was 8, and today it is 6.

Form held surprisingly well. Six of the eight quarter-finalists were members of the American Curtis Cup Team—Miss Quast, Mrs. Les Johnstone, Misses JoAnne Gunderson, the defender; Barbara Romack, later to be runner-up to Miss Quast; Meriam Bailey and Polly Riley (who was in the last 16 for the twelfth straight year).

Four of our internationalists filled the semi-final brackets (as had our Walker Cuppers last year in the Men's Amateur). Misses Quast and Gunderson were in the upper half, where Miss Quast won 1 up; Misses Romack and Bailey were in the lower, with Miss Romack winning 4 and 2. All except Miss Romack were un-

der 21, and she is 25. The Girls' Junior Championship had served as the first national vehicle for them all. In the last five Women's Championships the winner has never been older than 22.

The Pacific Northwest has great cause to cheer for its golfing daughters. Three of them have won in the last four Championships, starting in 1955 with Miss Patricia Lesser (now Mrs. John Harbottle), then Miss Gunderson last year and now Miss Quast.

Miss Gunderson, now 19, was impressive in her title defense. She played through a hard quarter and became a semi-finalist by defeating Mrs. Johnstone, who had been runner-up to her in last year's Championship. Miss Gunderson is a power hitter of great potential. She drives the ball around 250 yards; should the rest of her game become fully settled, she will be very hard to beat.

Miss Gunderson has a phenomenal national record: 1955—runner-up in the Girls' Junior; 1956—winner of the Girls' Junior and runner-up in the Women's Amateur; 1957—winner of the Women's Amateur; 1958—semi-finalist in the Women's Amateur. She is a happy golfer who literally applauds her opponents.

The pace of play was remarkably good, and the golf was splendid among the real contenders. The quality of the better players is such that always at this Championship some male members of the club sigh wistfully and threaten to give up the game.

Miss Quast's Trial by Fire

The fibre of Miss Quast's character was tried particularly in three matches. First was in the fourth round against Miss Patricia O'Sullivan, of Orange, Conn., who was playing in her first Championship after reinstatement from professional status. Miss O'Sullivan was two under par going out with a 35, and was 3 up with 6 to play. Miss Quast holed those last six in two under par, rolling in a decisive bird 4 on the home green. She was around in 74.

The semi-finals brought Miss Quast to her second severe test. In Miss Gunderson she was playing a neighbor from Kirkland, Wash., and her roommate at a friend's home in Darien. Miss Gunderson surged out in 35 and was 3 up after 9 and 10. Then she struck a wild streak, tak-

AN UNSCHEDULED CORONATION



Miss Anne Quast was in the midst of her remarks after accepting the Women's Amateur Championship trophy when the retiring Champion, Miss JoAnne Gunderson, spontaneously plopped her red Tyrolean hat on the head of her successor. At right is Miss Barbara Romack, the runner-up. At left of trophy is C.W. Benedict, member of USGA Executive Committee.

ing 46 home. Miss Quast was quick to seize the opportunity. She played the last eight holes in even par, with two birds, the second of which was a 3 on 17 resulting from a great approach, and won 1 up.

In the final Miss Romack, from Sacramento, Cal., sought to repeat her Championship victory of 1954. For quite awhile it seemed as if this game little lady with the big tee shot might be the first to win a second time since Miss Betty Jameson in 1940. Miss Romack's par round of 75 in the morning constructed a lead of three holes. Miss Quast, after a nearly sleepless night and a naturally awed sense of the big moment, had found her swing involuntarily tightening.

In the afternoon Miss Quast retrieved her form, and with Miss Romack continuing to play excellent golf, they had a classic match. After eight holes Miss Romack still was ahead by 2.

Then, as the holes seemed to be running out for Miss Quast, she experienced that surge of spirit which the inspirational golfers know when their faith is

fired. A par 4 on 9, a bird 4 on 10, a bird 3 on 12—and Miss Quast was 1 up (for the first time since the first hole). They halved the 13th brilliantly in birdie 4s, and Miss Quast saved a wonderful half in par 4 at the next. At the 205-yard 15th a bunkered tee shot cost Miss Romack the hole to a perfect 3, and she was 2 down.

And then, on the 16th, with Wee Burn's wee burn encircling the green, Anne Quast's great approach stopped eight feet from the hole, and she downed a birdie 3 that crowned her victory.

She had done the last seven holes in four 4s and three 3s—three pars and four birdies. Had she played out the two bye holes in par, she would have had a 71—perhaps as wonderful a round as was ever played in this old Championship. Miss Quast in her day of glory was even with Wee Burn's par for the 34 holes of her 3-and-2 victory over Miss Romack, who was only 2 over.

Miss Quast had sought the Championship since age 14, in 1952. In the last four years she has been quarter-finalist twice, semi-finalist once, and now winner. This

year she was low amateur in both the USGA Open and the Western Open, in the Western Amateur she was medalist with 72 and was runner-up, and in the Curtis Cup Match she won her singles. Two years ago she won the Western Amateur and set the qualifying record of 70; and finished second in the Titleholders Open, outscoring all the professionals except Miss Patty Berg and leading the field into the final round. A long bout with hepatitis curtailed her golf last year.

Miss Quast's match with Miss Romack was their third, and Miss Quast has won all. She has broken even in four meetings with Miss Gunderson.

Miss Quast has a simple, uncomplicated style of play which rarely develops serious kinks. She is doubtless the straightest driver and the finest putter in her class, and always seems to have the ball in play. At Wee Burn she was driving about 220 yards, this 130-pound girl; in the 34-hole final she used 55 putts, and never three-putted. Her short game is crisp and usually deadly. She practices devotedly.

In the Champions' Mold

These are but the bare bones. In the personal sense, Miss Quast thoroughly fulfills the ideal of a lady Amateur Champion at golf and, in fact, enhances the ideal. She is first a person, secondly a golfer. Her intelligence and her sense of values are well developed—last summer she debated whether to return to college at Stanford or play the winter tournaments in the Southeast. College won, and she is now a senior, with fine grades.

Her golfing manners are winning—purposeful yet warm, friendly, always modest, never obtrusive. Galleries are invariably charmed by her nature. When a poor shot comes off she chides herself with a quiet "Oh, Anne!"—and then she's off to the next shot. She is a fast player—not a slow putting surveyor for all her great skill on the green—and at Wee Burn invariably reached the turn in an hour and 15 to 25 minutes.

Her father, Thomas Quast, rowed in the University of Washington crew in the twenties, and he evidently has bequeathed his daughter the ability to finish the race. When she is playing, she

gives golf all she has, but she keeps the game in its place. "I'd give anything to win the tournament," she said at Wee Burn, "but I don't intend to spend my life trying to win it."

When Anne Quast received her prize, she said she felt very grateful and very humble. "I know I didn't win it alone," she remarked. And there is the secret place of the faith that moves mountains.

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Viewed from any angle, the 1958 Women's Amateur Championship fully achieved its purposes.

If a purpose of a Championship is to provide a friendly gathering and good competition among the best players, this one succeeded admirably. Edwin Hoyt, General Chairman, and his Wee Burn committees had a single aim of making their guests happy. They did so abundantly.

If a purpose of a Championship is to determine a Champion, this one succeeded signally. Golf is enriched in having as an exemplar the splendid, winsome character of Anne Quast.

FATHER

"Who's the stranger, Mother Dear?
Look! He knows us! Ain't he queer?"

"Hush, My Own! Don't talk so wild;
That's your father, dearest child."

"That's my father? No such thing!
Father died, you know last spring."

"Father didn't die, you dub!
Father joined a golfing club.

"But they closed the club, so he
Had no place to go, you see—

"No place left for him to roam;
That's why now he's coming home . . .

"Kiss him, he won't bite you, Child!
All those golfing guys look wild."

—RUSSELL W. HOBSON