

MILLER A FRIENDLY BOSS OF CONGRESSIONAL CADDIES

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One of the veteran caddies at Congressional Country Club near Washington, D. C., is a steady and faithful worker, but just doesn't have the knack of holding on to a dime.

So Joseph L. (Jocko) Miller, whose duties as a member of Wiffy Cox's pro staff include that of caddie-master, started deducting small amounts from the caddie's earnings and buying savings bonds.

"I'm looking after him," Jocko said, "but he said he's looking after me, too. The bonds are in my name, and the boy said that if I die he won't have any way to collect."

Providing a small savings fund for this particular caddie is one of the many services provided by the Jovial Jocko, who also is match-maker and court jester for the Congressional members.

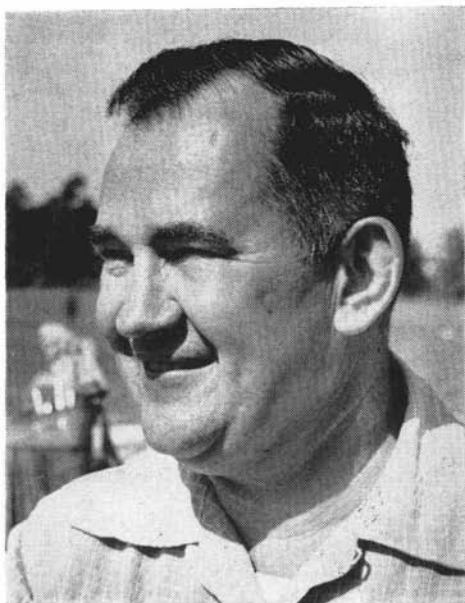
Miller has more than the usual respect of caddie for caddie-master, because Jocko also is Chairman of the District of Columbia Boxing Commission, and knows some pretty tough guys. A former amateur boxer in New England, Jocko now would have trouble making any weight but heavyweight.

Congressional has the four standard types of caddies: the regulars, school-boys, travelers, and the weekenders, and because of Miller's management they're a better than average lot.

But Jocko still keeps in close touch with welfare agencies, probation officers and collection agencies, as he feels it's part of his job.

Calls from welfare agencies usually deal with older men with families, with the questions pertaining to how long they have been a resident of the District, their approximate income, and if they are able to pay towards medical expenses and care for the dependents.

Collection agencies call about caddies who buy on the installment plan, and use Jocko's name for reference. And



Jocko Miller

frequently calls come from low-rent housing projects.

The probation office calls usually concern something no more serious than the chronic drinkers, and the occasional ones.

"Most of these boys behave while on probation," Jocko said. "Their records are not bad other than a few drinking bouts, and if they're placed in the hands of a responsible person it saves the taxpayers money. We don't fool with the boys who don't behave, and who don't appreciate what we've done for them."

About 10 years ago Congressional established a caddie fund which is administered by Miller and the golf shop. The purpose is to give every regular caddie \$2 if he shows up by 11 A. M. and does not get out because of lack of play. This applies, of course, only to golfable days.

A \$15,000 Caddie House

Last year the club built a \$15,000 caddie house which includes a shower and toilet facilities, a television set, card table, and kitchen where hot food and soft drinks are served.

Miller collects discarded clothing and shoes from the Congressional members and distributes them among the caddies, and recently supervised the buying of 20 ponchos for the regulars.

Last year when a sectional championship was being played at Congressional the club raised the caddie fees to \$7 for an 18-hole round, single. There were many squawks.

While sympathetic with the tournament players, Miller said his caddies came first. "These boys work every day and average \$8 for 18 holes double. We can't afford to take a chance on losing them because they're only going to get \$4 single this week. The tournament players will have to make up the difference if they want a single caddie."

Jocko says there are two types of school boys who are in the caddie ranks today. The first is the ambitious, eager youngster who works after school, weekends, and during the summer vacation.

The other is the youngster whose parents give him almost everything he wants, but occasionally he will caddie to get extra money for the beach or some social event. Miller feels the first type is where the pros came from 20 years ago.

Then there's the caddie who works at it year around, lives for the summer, saves nothing for a rainy day, roughs it during the winter, and swears he will not be in the same predicament next year.

Another type is the older fellow who caddies as a part-time job and because of no union dues, social security or withholding, takes all the money home.

Beware of the Gypsy

The type to beware of is the gypsy, and Washington area courses get many of them on stopovers between Florida and summer resorts, and vice versa.

They're smooth talkers, and there are some among them who have to be watched because of light fingers.

When the welfare or a collection agency or the probation officer calls and asks for a caddie by his full name,

Jocko often has to stop and think, or consult his records, because most of them have nicknames given by Jocko, inspired by something they have done, or something in their personality.

There's "Five-iron Falvey," who seldom recommends any club except a five iron, there's "Graveyard," "Arthritis," "Umbrella," "Chewin' Gum," "Good-holding John," and many, many, others.

The latter won his name one windy day when Jocko was counting some green receipts and asked the fellow to hold the money as Jocko counted it.

When the caddie handed back every bill Jocko had passed, Miller said thanks, "You're a Good Holdin' John."

A LA COUE

Every day in every way,
My golf is growing better,
I putt along the parlor rug
And hit the cot, so prim and smug;
My putting's growing better.

Every day in every way,
My drive is getting longer,
Right through the carpet on the floor
An oblong hole the club-head wore
Which proves, my drive is longer.

Every day in every way,
My chip shots are improving.
I'll chip up to a flower pot
And hit it oftener than not,
In spite of wife's reproving.

Every day in every way,
My pitch shot's on the gain.
O'er bathtub filled with H₂O
I lift eight balls right in a row:
Some shooting I maintain.

Every day in every way,
(The whole household admits it)
"Pop" no further practice needs,
For "par" upon the golfing needs,
And hope to Gosh, he quits it.

So every day in every way
When thus fond hope has sought me,
I still have that disturbing thought,
That this improvement, meanest
naught,
As former years have taught me.

John M. Parker