



# EASTERN DEPARTMENT

## NEW ENGLAND NOTES

By BUNKER HILL



*It's queer, so queer,  
that Johnny Blank  
Will tell how many  
putts he sank  
While playing round  
the links alone;  
But in a match can't  
hit the hole  
In less than three to  
save his soul.  
And can't do much  
save beef and groan.*

*There's Jimmy Boast—you know the man—  
Who vows he's so much better than  
The titleholder of the club;  
But when the twain in matches meet,  
It's Jim who goes down to defeat;  
No champ is he, but just a dub.*

*It's queer, so queer, what scores are made  
When no one's round to see them played;  
When every hole is done in par.  
If only clubs could tell their tale  
Of shots not counted in the scale,  
Would not some golfers get a jar!*

JAMES BRAID, it will be recalled, retired from the links one night a moderate length driver, and the next day became a mighty hitter in golf. And he never could account for it. But Braid's case is of passing moment when compared with that of Mr. R. V. Bean of the Winchester Country Club, Winchester, Mass., who IN one night and FOR one night became the greatest golfer in the world, by the most miraculous of methods. Believe it or not, he had the arm of another golfer grafted on the stump of one of his, by a surgical operation that will go down into history,—providing the

right historian reads the details of the operation, herein presented for the first time publicly.

The stage for the operation was set when Mr. Bean recently had an all-day session of golf at Winchester and then in the evening sat with friends before an open fire, discussing golf and then the great European war, together with the surgical wonders that have been accomplished on behalf of wounded soldiers. That night, Mr. Bean was whisked across the Atlantic Ocean to— (name of city deleted), a city in France. His voyage was so speedy that he, personally, is inclined to believe that he travelled on the electric current from a Marconi wireless plant. Arrived in France, Mr. Bean immediately sought and received permission to attach himself to the American ambulance corps and forthwith entered upon his duties of going to the firing line and doing his share in gathering up the injured and performing such other duties as fall to the lot of the ambulance brigade.

In the midst of his duties, Mr. Bean was shot. A bullet caught him squarely in the right arm, so that he had to be placed in the very ambulance into which he was putting the wounded soldiers and be carried back to the field hospital. He was taken to the operating table where the surgeons, after investigating the shattered arm, decided that in order to save his life,

amputation would be necessary. It was a hard blow to the Winchester golfer, who realized that he found golf a difficult enough game with two arms. He could hardly believe his ears when one of the attending surgeons addressed him as follows:

Monsieur: The developments of surgery have made it possible for us to supply you with another arm, real flesh and blood, which can readily be grafted on to the stump of your arm which remains.

Mr. Bean was incredulous and the attending surgeon continued:

There probably is some line of work in which you are especially skilled or some pastime of which you are particularly fond which, if you can tell us what it is, will guide us in the selection of an arm especially adapted to your needs or desires. Can you enlighten us?

Mr. Bean thought it over and finally rejoined: I take keen pleasure in the game of golf.

The attending surgeon left the room for a moment and upon his return said: You are indeed fortunate, Mr. Bean. Harry Vardon has just been brought in, mortally wounded, so with a little patience on your part we will amputate his right arm and attach it to you.

During the grafting process, Mr. Bean was under the influence of an anaesthetic, hence cannot supply details of the operation. He returned to America immediately and was inexpressibly delighted to find that Harry Vardon's right arm had transformed him into a wonderful golfer. Tournament after tournament he won, corralled all the championships; was followed everywhere by large galleries and almost invariably had to submit to an inspection of brother golfers who wanted to see where the arm was

grafted on. In the midst of his triumphs, alas!—he awoke to find himself still an ordinary golfer.

GOLF DINNERS, either on the part of clubs or associations, usually are much alike. There is the dinner, the speeches and very likely music, or something which goes by that term. The Massachusetts Golf Association has planned something quite different for its annual dinner the night of January 22, following the business meeting in the afternoon. President Harry L. Ayer of the Association, who is booked for re-election has striven to make his stay in office a period of progress for golf in Massachusetts and his idea is that the annual meeting of the Association is a most fitting time for accomplishing some more definite and progressive purpose than mere good fellowship; which does not mean to imply that the dinner will be by any manner of means a serious and slow-coach affair.

The plans for the dinner call for stereopticon views of some of the holes of golf courses in Massachusetts, showing the features of their construction or layout which makes them noteworthy from the scientific angle of golf. By means of the pictures, together with discussion and criticisms there can be put in an evening highly interesting to golfers of all degrees. What President Ayer wants most of all, however, is to have representatives of the Green Committee of every club in the Association at the dinner, for there could be no more favorable opportunity for explaining to these men who have the moulding of a course within their power the whys and wherefores of certain fundamentals of links construction. Golf is growing by leaps and bounds and links are being developed on all sides. Too frequently their layout and constructive features are planned by men whose knowledge

of such matters is extremely limited and the result is that many an acreage beautifully adapted to the game is spoiled in very infancy through not taking advantage of the natural configuration of the ground or through the misguided zeal of committees or individuals whose enthusiasm far outruns their knowledge. The days of such slipshod ways should be numbered. It is unfair to the club members, whose money is wasted and frequently means that sooner or later there is a lot of dissatisfaction over the existing condition of the club's affairs and ultimately expensive alterations which need never have been necessary. A special letter has been sent to each club in the Massachusetts Association, urging that its Green Committee be represented, and if the officers of the organization are progressive enough to put forth their efforts to such good purpose it would seem only courtesy for clubs to second the plan to the full extent of their powers. Consequently, the annual dinner should be attended by the largest number of golfers in the history of these annual affairs.

The Association is to be congratulated that all of its major offices are to be filled in 1916 by the same men who have labored so successfully for the good of golf, and the good of the organization this past year, with President Harry L. Aver of Essex County as its head; Mr. Henry Hood Wilder of The Country Club as vice president; Mr. Paul R. Clay of Merrimack Valley as treasurer; Mr. Arthur H. Gilbert of Brae-Burn as secretary. The executive committee will have only two changes, Mr. J. B. Chase of Woodland succeeding Mr. Henry Thornton of Commonwealth and Mr. J. Lewis Wyckoff of the Mount Tom Golf Club to succeed Mr. Roger Kinnicutt of the Tatnuck Country Club. The members

of this committee to be re-elected are Mr. Rodney W. Brown of Meadowbrook, Mr. M. Lewis Crosby of Chestnut Hill and Mr. J. B. Russell, Jr., of the Dedham Country and Polo Club.

REFERENCE TO Mr. Chase as one of the Executive Committee of the M. G. A., together with the fact that at the Woodland Golf Club this past season he has labored earnestly to have the members learn the rules and live up to them, brings to mind that he himself was the subject of a little joking on the part of the other members this fall, along with Mr. L. J. Malone, concerning rules. To go back a little further, they met at match play in one of the club's spring events and Mr. Malone was the victor, so that when they met again in the fall in the club championship, Mr. Chase was out to get even for that defeat in the spring, while Mr. Malone was bent on proving that the outcome of the first match was no fluke. Each, therefore, was much keyed up for the match. Skipping the details of what happened between the first tee and the first green, Mr. Malone eventually faced a putt of only a few inches to win the hole, but was stymied by Mr. Chase's ball. The two balls were not more than four inches apart, but Mr. Malone momentarily forgot the rule about balls being more than six inches apart to constitute a legitimate stymie, so intent was he upon getting the ball into the cup from where it lay. His conclusion, finally, was that the only way to accomplish the end sought was to play a follow shot, as in billiards, hitting the other ball, driving it out of the way and having his own ball follow along, into the cup. Mr. Chase's ball was knocked upwards of a dozen feet from the hole, but Mr. Malone's did not drop. "Well, that's a new one on me," was reputed to be Mr. Chase's remark, as he went

over to his ball, finding himself a dozen feet from the cup, instead of three or four inches. He putted, missed and lost the hole. The match progressed a little further and finally Mr. Chase remarked, as reported: "Oh, Mr. Malone, do you know you could have asked me to lift or putt first at that first hole, under the rule governing stymies where the balls are not more than six inches apart? I did not feel as if it were exactly my place to tell you."

"I know about that," rejoined Mr. Malone. "In fact I thought of it while I was in the act of putting, but it was then too late. But did you know, Joe, that you could have replaced your ball after I knocked it away from the hole?"

And that night Mr. Chase went through the rules book once more.

THE MUNICIPAL course at Worcester, Mass., has been extremely popular this, its first year. Mr. Harry W. Smith, looked upon as "father" of the Worcester municipal course, has announced that the old Lincoln-street property of the Worcester Golf Club has been leased for another year, the announcement bringing joy to hundreds who became enthusiasts over golf there this past season. The city of Worcester made an appropriation of \$2,000 at the beginning of the season, out of which has come the upkeep of the course as well as the purchase of a number of sets of clubs which can be hired. Another similar appropriation will be sought for 1916 and, if granted, it will serve to better the upkeep of the course, inasmuch as there will not be the necessity for buying so many sets of clubs for hire. Out of the \$2,000 there was left four dollars at the end of the past season. On the public course at Worcester golf is played Sunday, which is contrary to

the laws governing Worcester municipal affairs. But if your correspondent has the facts straight, the way this law has been nullified is that the lease of the golf course so reads that six days of the week it is under lease to the city of Worcester, but on the seventh it is under lease to Mr. Harry W. Smith, as an individual, and he as an individual allows the golfers to pursue their favorite pastime. In any event, golf has been the craze there Sundays during the entire year and there is no evidence to indicate that either the city itself or its residents have been any the worse for this leeway.

ANOTHER New England city which has been doing its municipal duty toward the golfer is Hartford, Conn., where, according to estimates, more than 20,000 people visited the Goodwin Park links during 1915. A feature of the play there was the growth of interest shown among the women. There are two nine-hole courses in the park, of which the unfortunate feature is that one nine-hole course is much superior to the other, so that a majority of those who use the public links have been prone to seek their pleasure on the nine holes considered superior. To relieve this congestion, it is the present intention of the proper authorities to try next season to make the two courses more nearly alike in merit. Changes in the men's locker rooms have made provision for about 200 additional, provided two men use one locker, so that now about 500 can be accommodated. The shower bath arrangements have been improved and next season there probably will be a regular jitney service between the city proper and the links, solely for the use of golfers.

WHEN Mr. Joseph A. Campbell of

the Wollaston Golf Club, Montclair, Mass., takes his pen in hand, the ink does not dry for lack of ideas. Considering the uniform accuracy of Mr. Campbell's play, he must have been watching some other golfer's game when he penned the following:

### THREE FRIENDS OF MINE

Schlaff and Schlice are friends of mine,  
Scots by birth but sounds like the Rhine;  
And Old Man Hook, from Zuyder Zee,  
Is another friend attached to me.

Now Old Man Hook and Schlaff and  
Schlice  
Would make this earth a Paradise  
If only they would stay away,  
And not go with me when I play.

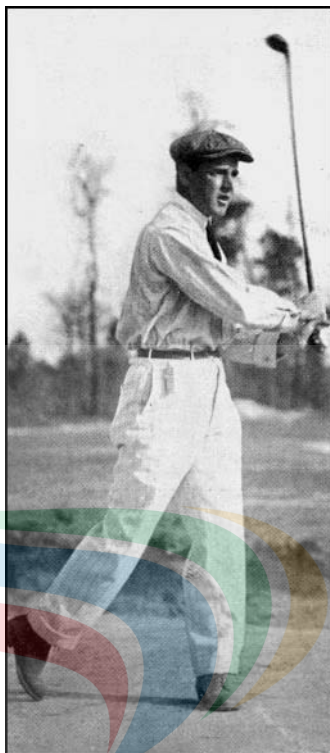
But Old Man Hook says, soft and low,  
"You've got a pull you ought to show!"  
And when I drive midst brake and whin,  
Too late I learn I've been taken in.

And Mr. Schlaff, soft-pedalled man,  
Ne'er lets me hit as clean as I can;  
Doth mildly say: "I checked your shot;  
You'd split the ball, just like as not."

Then, Major Schlice, with pleasant smile,  
Suggests I drive the ball a mile;  
While circle-like back to the tee,  
The sphere returns to jeer at me.

I cannot drive these three away.  
They always join me in my play.  
But Earth is Earth, not Paradise;  
Each has his Hook, his Schlaff, his Schlice.

LIKE RESTLESS SAILORS, these days, the golf professionals are weighing anchor and heading for new ports, unfamiliar faces, different courses to test their playing skill and seeking new bonanzas for their pocketbooks. The moving bee has struck Massachusetts in earnest the past season, its latest followers being Michael J. Brady, five years professional of the Wollaston Golf Club, and Thomas L. MacNamara, professional at Wollaston next before Brady and since then identified with the firm of Wright & Ditson,



M. J. BRADY, five years professional to the Wollaston Golf Club, who next year goes to the Oakley Country Club.

sporting goods house in Boston. Brady's shift takes him from the Wollaston Golf Club to the Oakley Country Club of Watertown, Mass., so that he continues as a representative of the Greater Boston District and, in fact, finds himself within a comparatively short distance of the place where he was born, in Brighton. MacNamara, it was understood at this writing, had just about perfected plans to shift from Boston to the golfing department of a New York mercantile house. It is a coincidence that this pair, Brady and MacNamara, should be shifting fortunes again simultaneously, for it was MacNamara's resignation from Wollaston five years ago that gave Brady that opening and since then their names have been to a great extent linked in the development of profes-

sional golf in the ranks of the native-born, or "homebreds" as they are called. It was these two, along with J. J. McDermott, who in the last half dozen or more years have demonstrated that the native-born professional golfer in America is capable of holding his own with professionals whose birthplace was in the British Isles.

MacNamara and Brady, two clean-living, intelligent and ambitious men, still young, have shown in their careers what a field there is open to young men of America today in golf, for both have been going steadily upward, both from the pecuniary standpoint and that of success in its larger meaning. Brady's call to Oakley, where his earnings will be considerably increased, followed a careful consideration on the part of the officers of that club of the professionals best suited to Oakley's needs and it is complimentary to Walter C. Hagen of Rochester, N. Y., that final choice came down between him and the Boston boy. Hagen is another of the type which appeals to a club.

The most interesting thing in connection with Oakley's seeking of a professional of Brady's standing in the professional ranks is that it follows a period in which there were various rumors to the effect that the club was on the road to dissolution, partly due to a semi-stagnation in its internal life and partly to the inroads of realty exploitation in a section where land values have been increasing by leaps and bounds. This last year, however, Oakley seems to have taken on a new lease of life. There has been a growth in membership and more activity in golf than for years. Club tournaments have been well patronized and the rejuvenation has been so complete that the club has fixed upon an exceptionally active programme for the winter.

including dinner dances, bridge parties and other social affairs indoors, with tobogganing, curling and similar sports in the open.

During the five years that he has been professional at Wollaston, Brady has had an enviable record in competition, the marring feature of which, from his own point of view, has been his failure to capture the national open championship. He tied for the title in 1911, but lost to McDermott in the play-off; was ahead going into the final round of the national at Buffalo in 1912, but thereupon slumped and was even with Mr. Jerome D. Travers at the fourth hole of the final round this past year at Baltusrol, only to fall away from that point, starting with an unfortunate let-up on his tee shot to the fifth hole, from fear of driving into the gallery. He won the Massachusetts open championship last year, after a play-off with Orrin C. Terry, and tied for that same title the year before, only to lose to MacNamara in the play-off. This year, when the Massachusetts open was thrown open to everybody, Brady was second to Hagen. In securing Brady, Oakley gets a man who knows the game thoroughly and a man who, in his own play, shows about as pleasing a style as any golfer in the game, professional or amateur. For the winter, Brady will teach in the Boston Athletic Association, which for the first time has decided to have indoor courts. Two of these have been provided, with the exceptional playing length of 60 feet and a width of 30 feet for the two nets.

THE FIRST notable change in the professional ranks of the Greater Boston District this past season was when Alec Campbell went to the Baltimore Country Club from The Country Club, Brookline, Mass. Since then Patrick Doyle has resigned from the Myopia

Hunt Club, and has not yet taken a new berth; Brady has left Wollaston; MacNamara has accepted a mercantile position in New York; Christopher Calloway has left Oakley and the latest is that Orrin Terry has finished with the Belmont Spring Country Club of Waverly, Mass., rumor connecting his name once more with the Canoe Brook Club, whence he came to the Greater Boston District. The Wollaston Club's need of another man may bring still another shift, although the club is considering a New York professional along with one or two local men. George Bowden of Tedesco, who for the last two winters has gone to Port Antonio, Jamaica, to lay out a new course there in connection with a big hotel, decided not to go this year, and Harry Bowler of the Winchester Country Club has been secured in his place. Bowler left for Jamaica on December 16. As Bowler and Bowden have such a similarity in names, the former needs only to disguise the last three letters of his name in order to have the natives think they have the same boss, when he signs the pay check. Directly after he had signed up for the trip to Jamaica, Bowler received an offer to go to Belleair, Fla. Not being able to be in both places at once, even though he has an exceptional stride, Bowler had to pass up the Florida offer, which then fell to the lot of Christopher J. MacGrath, who has had charge of the Tatnuck Country Club, Worcester, Mass. since 1901. MacGrath's duties at Belleair will be practically those of secretary of the two courses, supervising tournaments and performing other similar duties.

ACCORDING to the plans which he has laid out for himself in 1916, Mr. Francis Ouimet hardly will be seen much in golfing competition. He has decided to try his luck in the sporting

goods business as a proprietor, instead of employee and, with Mr. J. H. Sullivan, Jr. as his partner, will open a sporting goods store in Bromfield street, Boston, about the first of April. Mr. Sullivan is one of the most promising young golfers of the Boston District and a great crony of the former national open and amateur champion. The pair of them are exceedingly popular in the Boston District and Mr. Ouimet has a wide circle of friends not only in the ranks around home but elsewhere as well. The two young men realize that when they form a team for the business world, the first essential to their success will be to keep the nose to the grindstone rather than the eye on the ball and that is the reason why Mr. Ouimet already has determined that the competitive world of golf will see little of him in 1916. That does not mean, of course, that he will not strive once again to land the national open and national amateur titles; but aside from those, the Massachusetts amateur and one or two large tournaments he will limit himself to Saturday afternoon and Sunday golf.

Mr. Ouimet's is a constantly recurring example of how a man who has achieved enough distinction in any line to make him what is termed of "news value" can be continually misrepresented. He formed a hockey team last winter among some of his golfing friends, played a few games and thought something of doing the same again this winter. Some one had an idea that an inter-city hockey match between teams of golfers representing Boston and New York would be an excellent thing, especially when it got into print that Mr. Max R. Marston thought of forming a team there. The first thing Mr. Ouimet knew, he read a story in a New York paper, to the effect that his team would like nothing

better than to engage in such an inter-city match and that he could get together a group of golf-hockey players who had forgotten more than any New York combination ever knew. Any one who knows Mr. Ouimet realizes

that he is not the style of man to talk or write in that vein, but there evidently are some in New York who are not well acquainted with Mr. Ouimet's stamp.

