

## EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA NOTES

By "HAZARD"



*As chipper as two squirrels, but Andy going lame.*

*SINCE ANDY  
WENT AWAY  
O yes, my golf has  
fallen off since  
Andy went away;  
And yet, I never  
knew him till I  
butted in the game.  
You could see us two  
old duffers most  
any sunny day,*

*We were not much for science, but we did our level best;*

*Gray-headed boys of sixty, we were frisky in our play;*

*And how we chaffed each other when we stopped to take a rest!*

*O yes, my game has fallen off since Andy went away.*

*I miss him—how I miss him as I wander round alone!*

*No other mate can come and be what Andy was to me.*

*I miss that droll old smile of his and his voice's cheery tone,*

*But more than all the rest I miss his kindly sympathy.*

*And now when I am trudging home with weary steps and slow*

*I see the golden sunlight o'er the snowy marbles play,*

*And one new mound unsodded where his head is lying low—*

*O yes, my game has fallen off since Andy went away.*

*The Duffer.*

The Aronimink Country Club did not apply for any of the 1916 tournaments scheduled by the Golf Association of Philadelphia. Although the new course is coming along nicely, the committee prefers to wait until another season before staging any events there. By the end of the coming season the course should be well trapped, turf in prime condition.

Many invitation tournaments find the entries limited to players who are handicapped no higher than ten strokes. Now a number of the "dubs" are banding together and proposing that each year there be a tournament only for those who are handicapped at twelve or more. It is hard to conceive how a general tournament of this kind could add much to the lustre of the game, but possibly the contestants might have a lot of fun. As a rule the golfer, no matter how indifferent may be his game, is loath to admit that he is a duffer, even though the handicapper may insist that he is.

It suggests this situation. At certain clubs where there was considerable grumbling over the stiffness of some of the shots, the obliging green committees thereupon placed additional teeing-grounds, and suggested to the weak hitters, that they use them, but strange to relate no one ever paid any attention to the dub teeing grounds.

It is the nature of nearly every golfer to desire the comparison of his own efforts with the best. He does not wish to ascertain how much better he may be than a mediocre player, but rather, how much worse he is than the champion, and although the latter comparison may bring with it humility yet there must exist that never-to-be-lost ambition to improve and thereby approach step-by-step nearer to perfection.

Surely the numerous tournaments given by the various clubs for their members must furnish enough play for the indifferent golfer, and in addition to these there are a number of general tournaments given each year by clubs who apparently have no desire to re-

strict the entries to first-class players. But a feature tournament for dubs? Perish the thought.

It is with extreme regret that we must chronicle the death of Mr. Benjamin O. Race, for a number of years prominent in golf at Belfield and in local tournaments. Mr. Race was stricken with pneumonia and survived but two days.

The nine-holes course of the Lulu Temple which was laid out only a short time ago, is not altogether satisfactory to the players, who have decided that it will be necessary not only to reconstruct the present course, but to extend it to eighteen holes. Mr. A. W. Tillinghast has been engaged to furnish the plans.

Another course in the district is to be changed to some degree. At Bon Air several of the old holes are to be abandoned, but additional ground has been secured, and in the spring work will be started.

Last month we referred to several dinners given by Philadelphia clubs to their caddies. We fear that the mention of the names of these clubs may have been a trifle unjust, inasmuch as nearly every club in the Philadelphia district entertained the boys during the Christmas season.

This reference to caddies brings to mind the fact that the committee appointed by the Golf Association of Philadelphia for the purpose of improving caddie efficiency and at the same time better the condition of the boys, has made a partial report.

Twenty-five clubs report that there are nearly twenty-five hundred caddies in the Philadelphia district. Interesting excerpts of the report follow: This report shows that the majority of Clubs pay by the hour at a nearly uniform rate of twenty cents per hour

for normally capable caddies. The clubs paying by the round report a rate varying from 25 cents to 65 cents for eighteen holes, which is further changed by the number of players in a match and the playing of additional holes; also have to resort to the hour rate when a player is practicing or playing alone, or plays two or more balls.

**Payment of Caddies.**—Much consideration has been given to the question as to whether caddies should be paid by the hour or paid by the round. The clubs are pretty nearly evenly divided as to these methods and after due deliberation the Committee decided that as the method of payment is largely governed by the situation of the club geographically and by the accessibility of caddies, etc., it could make no recommendation in favor of one method over the other, but leaves the method of payment to each individual club for its determination. It was, however, decided that the maximum fee per hour should not exceed 15 to 20 cents and the maximum fee per round for 18 holes should not exceed fifty to sixty-five cents.

**Tipping.**—The tipping of caddies is an injury to both caddies and club members and it is earnestly urged that it be not done.

**Classification.**—The committee is of the opinion that the classification of caddies in the first and second class is to be recommended. The grading of boys by reason of their knowledge of duties and behavior on the course tends to promote efficiency, and the power of promoting and demoting boys is one which, when exercised properly, makes the boys work consistently and well.

**Inter-change of Lists.**—By the inter-change of lists of registered caddies between the caddie masters of the vari-

ous clubs of the Association, much valuable information would be gathered as to the character of the boys, their employment, and causes for their shifting from one club to another.

**Caddie Book.**—A book of instruction for caddies, containing photographs of the well-known professional, Ben Savers, of North Berwick, and a caddie whom he is instructing in his duties, is in course of preparation, and it is proposed that this book shall be distributed among all the clubs of the Association. It is hoped that each club will circulate the book among its members so that every member will know the duty of the caddie about his work and will know the duty of the member himself to his caddie.

Probably the most placid meeting ever held by the Golf Association of Philadelphia was that of January 19th at the Hotel Adelphia, for there were no questions which resulted in debate. The following officials were elected mechanically: President, Robert W. Lesley, Merion Cricket Club; Vice-President, Howard W. Perrin, Pine Valley Golf Club; Secretary and Treasurer, Francis B. Warner, Philadelphia Cricket Club. Executive Committee, J. Walter Zebly, Huntingdon Valley Country Club; Garfield Scott, Philadelphia Country Club; Joseph A. Slatery, Whitemarsh Valley Country Club; F. E. Hallowell, St. David's Golf Club, and Harrison Townsend, Aronimink Country Club.

Secretary and Treasurer Francis B. Warner reported the most prosperous year in the history of the Association, and the comfortable surplus on deposit may be traced directly to increased numbers of contestants in the tournaments of the past season. One of the most pleasing features of his report, and the announcement was applauded by the delegates, told of the fund of

over six hundred dollars presented to the Red Cross Society as the result of the tournament held at the Philadelphia Cricket Club. It was proposed that a similar event be given in 1916, provided the necessities of war warranted it.

As usual the award of tournaments for the season was of greatest interest, but in each instance the vote was unanimous. The selections are given here: The amateur championship was awarded to Huntingdon Valley; the interclub team championship to the Philadelphia Country Club; the Joseph Henry Paterson Memorial Cup to the Philadelphia Cricket Club; the open championship to the Philmont Country Club, the midsummer handicap to the Merion Cricket Club (west course), the Ancient and Honorable to the Seaview Golf Club; the annual dinner tournament to Huntingdon Valley and Philmont, with the dinner at Philmont, and the junior championship at Whitemarsh.

For several years the Pater et Filius has been a feature of the Association's schedule, but Mr. J. Anderson Ross, a delegate of the Bala Golf Club proposed that this tournament permit the entries of parents and children irrespective of sex. Mr. Ross made the suggestion for discussion, and possibly future action, but greatly to his surprise, the idea immediately appealed to the meeting, and the conditions of this tournament were changed accordingly.

As an illustration of the keen interest which the press is taking in golf to-day, the Association received a communication from The Philadelphia Record, which offered a perpetual trophy and annual prizes for a tournament over the new public course. Only those amateurs who are not members of a club are eligible to compete. The

Association voted unanimously to accept the Record Cup, and this new tournament will be included by the schedule.

The Philmont Country Club announced that it would hold an annual tournament for mixed foursomes, and the cup which will be given by Mr. Ellis A. Gimbel is to be held temporarily by the club represented by the winning pair.

The Association comprises twenty-one clubs, the Lulu Temple Country Club and the Torresdale Golf Club having been recently admitted.

Previous to the annual meeting the delegates sat down to an informal dinner, at which time Mr. Howard W. Perrin was warmly congratulated because of his successful efforts to bring the National Championship to Philadelphia. As this is the first time that the men's national event has been

awarded to this city, local golfers are particularly gratified, and Mr. Perrin will head the committee appointed to perform the city's duties as host to visitors.

Certainly a reference to the Merion Course over which the championship of 1916 will be played, must be of interest. The course was opened in 1912, and the plans were decided upon only after a critical review of the great courses in Great Britain and America.

It was the first of the two eighteen-holes courses at Merion, the West Course being opened several years later. The distances are admirable, and altogether Merion presents a good test of golf, but in view of the fact that the National title is to be decided there next September, a number of hazards will be introduced to bring the play closer to championship demands.

Many of the hazards are natural,

and a creek which winds through the tract is encountered frequently.

Probably the most interesting section is found at the very end of the round; certainly the last three holes are the most spectacular, for a large stone quarry has been converted to a hazard of immense proportions. The sixteenth hole finds it immediately in front of the green, and it must be carried by a courageous well-hit second. The

seventeenth calls for a tee shot to the green, immediately over the excavation and again it has to be carried in driving for the home hole.

Other holes present the characteristics of the famous Redan and the Alps of Prestwick. Ben Sayers, the well-known professional of North Berwick, spends a great deal of time at Merion, where his son George is engaged, and he declares that the course is thoroughly good.



MISS MAUD HOFFMAN, first women's club champion of Whitmarsh Valley Country Club, also women's champion of Poland Spring.

## DONALD WRITES TO JOCK

A deep gloom hung over the golf course of Clanshanty, the home of those two braw Scotch golfers, Donald and Sandy. But a still deeper gloom enshrouded the little shop of Jock, the club maker.

Wullie MacPherson, the old professional, whose failing sight and feeble steps had ended his golfing career, was bemoaning dismally the departure of the good old days before Donald and Sandy and the rest of the lads went "awa" to the trenches.

And the three or four old caddies present who had grown gray carrying for the gentlemen, dolefully shook their heads in unison.

As for Jock himself, he was whipping a driver for Old Croonie, Donald's late employer, and solemnly humming "Bonnie Doon"—always a sure indication of his low spirits.

Old Croonie entered the shop with Sandy's late patron, Old MacGlosheen, to get his club. "Have ye heard anything frae Donald, Jock?" he asked. "Or from Sandy?" added MacGlosheen.

"Naethin' frae either," responded Jock, "not a word syne Sandy gaed back to the trenches."

"I doot the're leevin' noo," moaned "Auld Wullie."

Just then Jock's apprentice entered and handed his master a couple of letters, bearing a French postmark.

Jock opened one and read it in painful silence. "It's frae Donald," he said sadly. "I maun read it to ye."

"Dear Jock:

"'It is wi' a sad heart I tell ye Sandy is nae mair. It is four days noo syne he wis missin'.

"'The Germans made a furious attack wi' gas an' drove us back frae our trenches.

" 'Sandy an' mysel' lingered a wee,

an' were detached an' surrounded. He put a couple to sleep himsel' an' then shouted, "We're in hazard, Donald, but we'll get oot. They're two doon noo, lad!" An' that wis the last I heard or saw o' Sandy.

" 'Our lads rallied an' we drove the enemy back an' recaptured our trenches.

" 'Sandy wis no' one to rin awa', Jock; an' wi' his temperament, no' to be taken alive. Sae, he maun be deid—he maun be deid!

" 'Ye ken weel whit a braw gowfer he wis. An' he wis jist sic a soldier, Jock. He cudna forget his gowf to the verra end; nor his country, even for his gowf.

" 'Ye'll kindly say to Mr. MacGlosheen that Sandy never forgot his kindness to him. And, Jock, ye'll break it verra gently to his auld mither?' (Here MacGlosheen found it necessary to blow his nose, while Croonie carried his handkerchief higher up and reached his eyes.)

" 'We a' ken, Jock, Clanshanty hae lost her brawest gowfer. The auld Black Watch had nae braver soldier. Auld Scotland had nae dearer son.

" 'Frae a' these there wull be deepest regret, but frae his puir Donald there are tears, Jock,—tears for a verra brither. Twa, ye ken, are better than one. Wi' Sandy at my side I felt strang. But I feel my weakness noo; yet I maun do my best to the end lad—to the end.

" 'Yer friend,

" 'Donald' "

There was a long silence, until, curiosity getting the better of "Auld Wullie," he asked, "Whit's in th' ither letter, Jock?"

Jock opened it and read, while a broad smile overspread his face.

"It's frae Donald too," he said; "listen:

" 'Losh, Jock, it's a' aff about Sandy!

" 'After I sent aff my letter to ye this mornin', wha should jump into the trench, wi' a smile, but Sandy hisel'.

" 'It wis a' due to the gas, Jock. It nearly suffocated the puir laddie.

" 'When he got on his feet at last the fichtin' wis over, an' it wis verra dark, an' rainin'. He wis still flighty in his heid an' a' twusted about. So he gaed in the wrang direction—stracht awa' frae the trenches, ye ken.

" 'Ye mind I tell't ye, when I wis hame wi' my wound, about a ruined gowf course way back o' the trenches? It wis a' ploughed up wi' shells.

" 'Weel, after a lang an' weary tramp Sandy reached it, an' went to sleep in a wee, broken-down house.

" 'It must hae been the club maker's shop, Jock; for the morn's mornin' Sandy found an auld rusty mashie an' twa auld gowf ba's amang the litter. He's buried them back o' the trench.

" 'Losh, Donald,' he says, 'we'll jist keep our hands in, and gang out there whiles, an' practice by the licht o' the moon.'

" 'I'm feart, Jock, gowf wull be the daith o' Sandy yet.

" 'An' Jock, ye'll no' say onythin' about my ither letter to onybody.

" 'Your friend,  
" 'Donald.'  
THE SCOT.

