

CHARLES O. PFEILBy **HON. JAMES FRANCIS BURKE**

Speaking from the standpoint of the Royal and Ancient Game, it may be said that Charles O. Pfeil, on the 2nd day of December, 1927, died, "in sight of the promised land."

None of the many activities to which he devoted his lifetime held a warmer place in his heart than the great outdoor game which in recent years has conquered two continents. He had a keen perception of its charm as a pastime and its importance as a recreation.

**THE LATE CHARLES O. PFEIL**

He was impressed with its growing popularity among the great masses of the people. He realized that the startling suddenness with which it was adding to the number of its devotees was not without its dangers. He feared that its universal popularity threatened the destruction of the finer attributes which for centuries had sustained its dignity and lofty spirit in the realms of sport. His apprehensions in that regard were aroused by the increasing tendency of many thoughtless recruits of modern days to treat with indifference the rules and etiquette of the game which he felt was gradually depriving it of its charm as the finest sport in the world.

He was a lover of harmony and deplored dissension. He reveled in the thought that old misunderstandings between sections and sectional organizations would some day disappear like mists before the bright messenger of morning—and that in the sunlight of intelligent understanding and good will the game would assume greater importance and those entrusted with its destinies would find increasing pleasure in the discharge of their duties with the passing of the years.

He wanted no East and no West, no North and no South—no European and no American invidious distinctions drawn wherever golf was concerned. He reveled in the thought that the Royal and Ancient Game given to us by the Scots and cherished by those countless ardent lovers in this country, would be free from every vestige of controversy—with one single undisputed authority in the United States, acting in concord with the Royal and Ancient authorities at St. Andrews, the seat of the golf government of the world.

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When he died he saw that dream substantially realized, for concord and good will is now prevailing everywhere. Finally, as he was about to don the coveted mantle of the Presidency of the United States Golf Association, a distinction of which he had dreamed in his anxiety to render service, he was compelled to don the shroud instead. But in his last hours in his home in Tennessee, in those dreams that preceded the parting of the final curtain on the last scene of life, he was happy in the thought that his contemporaries had virtually bestowed upon him the cherished mantle of honor and authority that comes to the few who attain the highest honors in American golf.