



THE REMODELED TRAP GUARDING THE THIRTEENTH GREEN OF THE COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE, MASS.
 Rated by Joshua Crane as one of his ideal 18-holes. This championship course was the scene of the National Amateur in 1922, which was also a Walker Cup year. International interest will again be focussed on Boston in September for the 1928 National Amateur at Brae Burn

Affairs in New England

By A. LINDE FOWLER

NEW ENGLAND golfers will be very glad, I'm sure, to extend through this column in *Golf Illustrated* their New Year's greetings to the golfers of all other districts and sections. It is in a sense doubly fitting that New England extend such greetings at the start of the year 1928, for this is the year that "down east," as it is sometimes called, is to play the part of host to the foremost amateur golfers of this country and, for that matter, of the world. The occasion will be the National Amateur championship at the Brae Bum Country Club, West Newton, Mass. The world's leading amateurs will be there because this is the year which brings the British Walker Cup team to America, first to play the Cup matches in Chicago, then to transfer to New England for competition in the National Amateur.

Boston assuredly has been fortunate in its National Amateur awards from the U. S. G. A. Its last one, staged at The Country Club, Brookline, in 1922, was a Walker Cup year, so was regaled with the presence of the British team members. They had a tough time of it in our qualifying medal play test, so unlike their own system, and only three of them worked through to the match play rounds; yet did not detract from the international interest in the championship or the added excitement of having the foreign talent in the competition. There were many regrets, on that occasion, that such a great golfer as Roger Wethered failed to make the grade, but Cyril J. H. Tolley, W. B. Torrance and Colin C. Aylmer got into the match play. Now Boston is going to have the British stars again, with some new faces, some old—all welcome.

John Shanahan, the veteran Brae Burn greenkeeper, who has been so many years on the job and so indefatigable in his labors that he could almost call every blade of grass by name, was extremely fortunate this last fall to have a protracted state of mild weather to fit in perfectly with the plans for somewhat remodelling the course for the championship. This is as good a time as any to mention to aspiring amateurs that they might as well get into the habit of hitting their tee shots with a carry of approximately 190 yards, against the possibility of coming up to the eighteenth hole at Brae Burn with the score one up, one down or all square in some championship match. The tee has been extended well back into what was a stretch of woods. In championship play, a brook 190 yards from a tee takes on more the formidability of one of those swollen streams or rivers which so recently inundated Northern New England. Moreover, the eighteenth at Brae Burn will require considerable accuracy of direction, as well as distance. There are trees to the left and right and the lane between them will look, to the golfer in championship play, much narrower than it actually is. The Brae Burn Green Committee, of which Mr. E. H. Brock is chairman, feels

that it is going to have a home hole, for the championship, that measures up with the best finishing hole in any National Amateur Championship. It will not give the player a moment of either mental or physical relaxation until the ball is in the cup.

We may add that this aforesaid brook on the home hole at Brae Burn came near changing the entire history of the National Open championship of 1919. That was the year Walter Hagen came from behind and made up the five strokes by which Mike Brady led him going into the fourth round and defeated Mike in the play-off. In the fourth round Hagen came to the eighteenth tee needing a 4 to tie Brady and a 3 to win. As Hagen told me afterward, he wanted as long a drive as he could get off that tee in order that he might employ his trusty No. 4 iron for his second shot, and lay it up close enough to go down in one putt. He pressed the tee shot, purposely, and great as is Hagen's normal control in the pinches, this was one of the times that he failed to accomplish his purpose. He half topped the ball. There will always be disagreement among those who thought themselves in a favorable position for seeing exactly what happened whether his ball carried the brook or struck in front and bounded over. There is no dispute over the fact that it did get over and, as so often happens with a half top, ran ahead like a scared rabbit, for excellent yardage. Hagen's title fortunes hung, for a fraction of a second, on the tiniest thread of Fate. What world-famous golfer will have his championship hopes next September engulfed in that same brook?

There is one sad note to record in connection with the 1928 National Amateur championship. The man who was to have been there as president of the United States Golf Association, genial, courteous, thoughtful, kindly Charles O. Pfeil has been robbed by death of the honor which was to have come to him at the coming annual meeting and election of the national organization. More than one silent toast will be drunk to his memory during the championship, especially among the members of the American Walker Cup team which went abroad in 1926, as well as among the members of the British Walker Cup team who met him abroad. Mr. Pfeil endeared himself to the American boys on that sojourn abroad. It was a trying trip, in many ways, plans upset first of all by the great British strike; but through all the trials and tribulations, the Memphis man, one of the U. S. G. A. vice-presidents at the time, maintained his poise, rarely lost his smile, counselled the mostly youthful and somewhat high-strung golfers and did many things which helped to create pleasanter memories of the trip and happy memories of him, which will live long in the minds of those who were fortunate enough to associate with him.