

GOLFERS ARE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF WEATHER TO GET IN TOURNEYS

GOLFING OUT IN THE OCEAN IS LATEST PROPOSITION

It Happened in Golfland

By VERDANT GREENE

LATE statistics show that 66 professionals and 58 assistants in Great Britain are fighting in the Allied ranks. Few of these 124 men will return to the links in anything like their old-time fitness, which means that eventually many "pros" in this country will receive posts on the other side, including doubtless a few home birds. That would not create an incongruous situation as might appear at first thought. Strange to say, the death rate among the fighters so far has been surprisingly small, although several have had close calls. For instance, Tom Fernie, of the widely known Fernie family, was blown high in the air by a German mine or shell, but is coming along well. Jack White, who won the British open title in 1904, is the second former open champion in the fray, the other being Arnauld Massy, who is with the French forces. Major A. H. Cutbell, of Yorkshire, was recently killed in the Dardanelles, which means that the former Miss Rhona Adair is now a widow. Although twelve years have slipped away since Mrs. Clement Griscom, of Philadelphia, gave a three days' tournament at Merion in Miss Adair's honor, the affair is still green in memory. Can anybody forget that fixture which included nearly forty of the strongest players of the East and others as far west as Pittsburgh. Norman Hunter is still among the missing, but Robert Maxwell, ex-amateur champion, who was invaded home with frost bite, is again on the firing line. The best known amateur in the world is Captain John Graham, and, by the by, an oil painting of him is to be placed by the Royal Lyceum Club between John Bull and Harold Hilton's pictures on the walls of that organization.

Under date of August 15 in this letter appeared a short paragraph which covered about all of Fred Herreshoff's case that is now being sensationally circulated in the newspapers. The only omission was regarding his being incarcerated in several institutions, which was withheld out of regard to his father, who is a man of exceptional character. Many Metropolitan golfers have known for months that Herreshoff's career as a star was over. For two years he has been figuring on the golf course, but the facts must come out. A year ago last August he came to blows with his wife one night in the crowded hallways of a resort hotel and they soon separated. Several days ago, when he started legal action to secure release from a Pennsylvania asylum, the case could be no longer kept quiet. His eyesight is now affected and can probably never be fully restored, although he will likely be able to play outside of competitions.

Success came to young Herreshoff almost too early, for before he had been swinging the club three seasons he earned as national runner-up to Chandler Egan, at Baltusrol, a decade ago. At that time he resembled the blocky, determined Davidson Herron, of Pittsburgh, who was the observed of observers in the preliminary qualifying round of the recent national amateur championship at Detroit. Although Herreshoff hustled well down in the later stages of the same fixture, it was half a dozen years before he again reached the final in 1911, at Ayravantis, when, after the most exciting battle on record, he lost by a fuke on the thirty-seventh hole to Harold Hilton, England.

It has usually required much goading to spur Herreshoff to his best effort, but once aroused, he furnished a performance worth going miles to see. In spite of his prominence, Fred has held only one important title, the Metropolitan, although he annexed the Vermont honor a couple of times. Probably the greatest match he ever played was at Ayravantis, five years ago, when he was runner-up to Walter J. Travis in the Metropolitan. On that occasion the loser was forced to play better than the winner ever had up to that time. Fred entered Yale, but soon fell out to become what is styled a \$2 Broker on the New York Stock Exchange. He has been in evidence only twice this season. Starting in the Eckwano tournament, the last week in July, he was unable to qualify and left town suddenly when he found he had fallen into the second division. Three weeks ago he bobbed up at Merion, just before the Tri-State matches started, but was not seen to take a club in his hands. Out of courtesy he was called substitute on the Metropolitan team. It is a coincidence that his retirement should come so close to that of Walter J. Travis and Funday S. Douglas. The three, along with Jerome D. Travers, long constituted the Big Four of the Metropolitan district. Surely there is going to be an almost clear deck for young blood next season, especially as Oswald Kirby has renounced championship and it is doubtful if Jerome Trav-

ers makes more than two or three appearances next year.

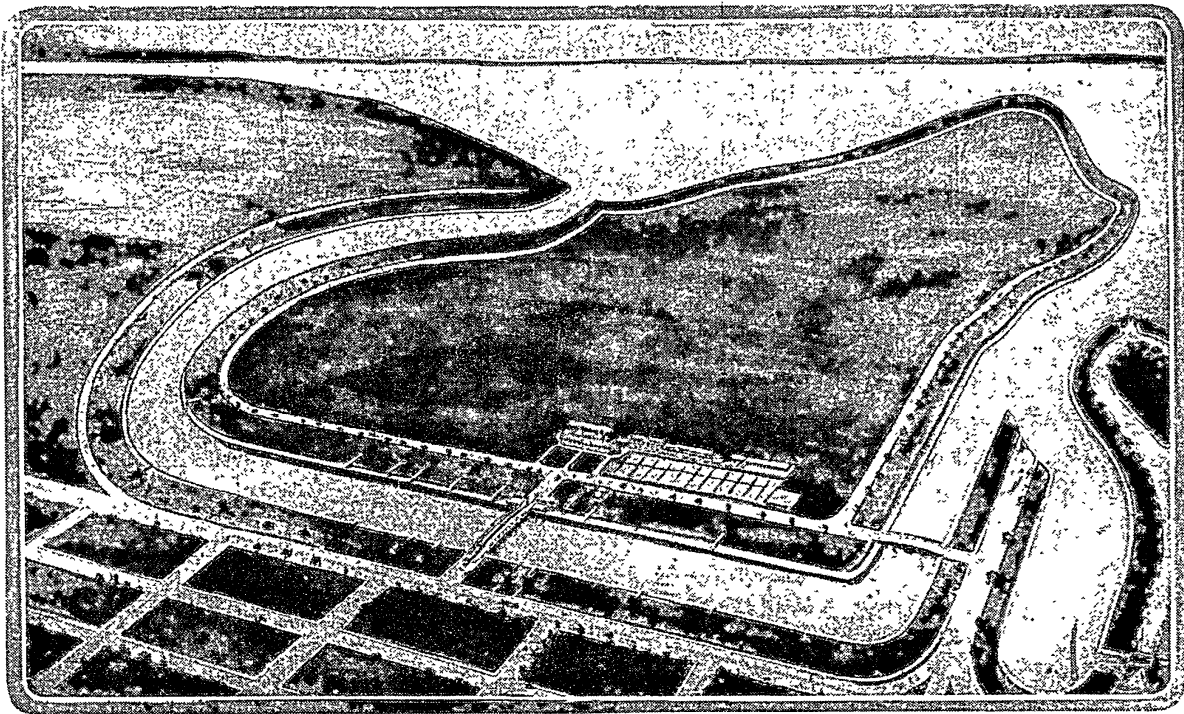
While discussing war topics, it may be said there appears to be something in compatible between the game of golf and the German temperament. Golf in the Fatherland is often called *becher ballspiel*, but even that is not as formal as the term for cricket, which, being interpreted, becomes *dreieckbecher-schlagereggel*. And because *golf* is one of the most Germanized of American cities, the Canadian golfer thinks the recent provision made there for public links is remarkable. In its last issue it says: "Go out to the magnificent park system in Buffalo any fine summer afternoon and you will find on the spacious meadows golfers enjoying their round of 18 holes, bowlers indulging their favorite pastime on the green and cricketers spending a pleasant hour on the crease. Yet these are essentially Anglo-Saxon games. Nearby is a beautiful clubhouse with shower baths and all modern conveniences, which cost \$20,000. Yet a duly accredited ratepayer at a cost of \$2 a season is entitled to all these sporting privileges and use of the clubhouse, with locker accommodation. Just imagine eliminating the nineteenth hole at many clubs. In these days of irrigation one can hardly conceive setting up a *marah desert*, where moisture is so copiously dowered before. Yet that is exactly what is likely to happen to Connecticut clubs, beginning next week. The world-wide opposition to gilded boulevards is going to sweep through other States as well. The presence of many members at the country clubs is another factor making for the same end. The Lakewood, N. J., Club got caught on its license in the midst of one of its tournaments, three years ago, during a hard storm, that made the participants feel as if they had been shipwrecked. The draught has slowly but steadily been permeating every section of New Jersey (near Chicago), where the women's national that is now being sensationally circulated as juicy as a dried herring. Dust over try to get a drink at Shinnecock Hills (Southampton, L. I.) in the old days. You would have to tie yourself in a bow knot in going through the third degree required to qualify. When the new Baltusrol clubhouse was put up, scores of blind private lockers were built into the walls of the establishment, lurking within the Bishop's law. Believe me, Xantippe, there are arid stretches ahead, with never even the suggestion of an oasis.

How many million times has the observation been made that golf is the most uncertain of sports? After every known form of assault had been made on the established fixtures at the Detroit Country Club, which has been the Dardanelles among links this season, Archie Simpson, Sr., the local pro, made the best total of the season there a few days ago against some wind and despite heavier turf than ruled a month ago. He was five strokes lower than Dudley Mudge's gold medal card in the championship qualification.

Florence Harvey, most widely known of Canadian golfers, in talking the other day, said if Mrs. Clarence Vanderbeck had enjoyed the leisure of many other players she would long ago have won the national title. Miss Harvey recalled that Mrs. Vanderbeck crossed excitement in the national at Wilmington, two years ago, by being up on Miss Muriel Dodd at the turn and played a steady, plucky game against her famous opponent. The critical stroke of the match was a perfect machine chip shot, which Miss Dodd laid dead on the twelfth green. Thereafter she forged ahead by faultless play. Miss Harvey thinks Mrs. Vanderbeck owes her game to a graceful swing and accurate timing.

Few people know that Mrs. Evelyn Gavin, runner-up in the national, was brought to this country by Red Cross work as Miss Vera Ramsay, who, after entering and proving the boss bugaboo, did not start. Like Miss Lottie Dodd and Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Gavin dabbles extensively in sport, having qualified as an air pilot years ago. At home her chief prominence has been in being on the English team in the international matches.

Brice Evans, Boston, one of the half dozen longest drivers this country has yet produced, is qualified to talk about distance. He said at the recent Lesley cup match: "I was lucky enough to be playing once in a contest when I believe I saw the longest hole ever made in one. John Anderson, national runner-up this year, did the sixteenth hole at Brae Burn, down hill fully two hundred yards. (His hole has since been eliminated) on his tee shot. As if that was not enough, he made the short seventh in two, thereby completing two holes with a par of seven, in three strokes.



"Golf Island" is the latest proposition to be made to interest the golfers. At Ocean City, New Jersey, it is proposed to build a course that will be surrounded by salt water. The plans call for an 18-hole course, clubhouse and tennis courts. Since it has been proven that winter tourneys can be successfully held at Seaside the idea of a "golf island" for Ocean City has had its birth. According to reports the work of building the island upon the meadow lands will soon be started.