

# IT HAPPENED IN GOLFLAND

By Verdant Greene

Upsets have been the order this season in all the championships held so far, excepting that of the Women's Western. To be sure, if three Western Association events are not considered, only minor affairs have been decided, but there are plenty of surface indications that had the United States not declared war, there would have been title overturns by wholesale. These days there are too many good players quick to take advantage of the slightest misstep by a star. A. L. Walker, Jr., who won the Staten Island championship last Sunday, 1 up, 36 holes, after the keenest struggle in the eighteen years' history of that contest, is the most important youthful figure to come forward this year on the Atlantic seaboard, and will probably attain national fame after the war. Lucian Walker comes of golfing stock, and is developing a blocky build that fore-shadows physical endurance. He won the gold medal a year ago, last spring, in the first tournament of his career. Last fall he started in the Lakewood tournament, but accomplished nothing. Last June he captured the medal, also the title, in the Eastern Interscholastic held on Long Island and now he has annexed his home honor, on Staten Island. Four prizes in three of his first four events is a rattling showing for a youngster. Every time he was in strong company. Twice he faced August Kammer, supposed to be almost invincible over his own heath, and once Richard Haight for the schoolboy title, who was strong enough to also end as runner-up in the corresponding Western fixture.

Walker has nerve under pressure, the distinguishing characteristic of a champion, as shown by his whale of a putt last Sunday, on the thirty-sixth hole. Kammer, who also lost his home club title at Fox Hills, a few weeks ago, by a single stroke (the affair being at medal play), is as strong as an ox, yet he collapsed unaccountably in two of the Tri-State matches for the Lesley cup. Gol has proved his fortune. His alertness as a caddy attracted the attention of the late W. W. Lowry, golfer, interested in a large glass concern of Pittsburgh, and he took Kammer into his New York office.

Kammer has stuck close to business despite his love for the sport, declining to be wooed to tournaments outside his own tight little island. His defeat Sunday, except to a few of the poorly informed, was no surprise, for Walker's compound of youth and nerve bids fair to become irresistible. The Staten Island gold medalist, Frank C. Newton, once Northwestern champion, was a dozen years ago a war horse in national championships, although he seldom went far in the match play. Yet he was announced by certain papers as a "dark horse" and "little known."

Gardiner White and Max Behr, who have been very much under cover for a twelve-month, could not forebear to cast their casters into the golfing ring again, last week, at Shawnee. White shot his bolt in taking the gold medal with a surprisingly low card, but like Behr, he lost in the semi-finals to a native player, although only on an extra hole. Again

did a war horse pass up on a pinch to a youngster who had nothing to lose by defeat and therefore was comparatively care-free.

Skipping up to Schenectady, the seismograph will have been found to have recorded the earthquake that deprived Gilman Tiffany of the Mohawk Club title. It was no more supposed you could separate him from that distinction than you could music from a musical instrument. That title is back in the pocket of William Patten, another old-timer.

In Buffalo, too, the hitherto invincible Ray McAuliffe was overthrown for the Buffalo Golf Club title, but only on the fortieth hole. C. A. Rebadow is the youthful and comparatively unknown present champion.

Turning to the sectional contests between women in the East, not even the sensational success around New York of Mrs. W. A. Gavin, present Metropolitan title holder, can be put down as more notable than the rise and fall of Mrs. Caleb Fox. Mrs. Fox has been flashing out at intervals for almost twenty years. Scarcely one of the incandescents of today will be even remembered two decades hence. Mrs. Ronald Barlow, of Philadelphia, while stronger than for four years, has been variable, as shown last week, when Miss Elaine Rosenthal, of Chicago, nosed her out of the gold medal in the Berthelwyn tournament, although the latter has been painfully weak all this season.

Chas. G. Waldo, Sr., of Bridgeport, not finding it so easy to keep club trophies in the family now that his son, C. G. Jr., has moved to Detroit, manages to accomplish the next best thing by retaining the Brooklawn prizes in his firm. He doesn't hesitate to allow rivals ten strokes in order to turn the trick. Last Saturday Mr. Waldo lost the chief prize of the season to his partner, Jonathan Godfrey, by a wide margin, because as in the seniors at Apawamis and elsewhere this year he has been late in setting-into his full swing. Waldo is the best player of his years in the East. Probably next year he will fire up quicker. Both partners live on the edge of the Brooklawn course, where they can easily play a few holes before breakfast if the cook happens to be late. The front of Mr. Godfrey's new stone mansion is a replica of George Washington's Colonial home at Mt. Vernon.

Just what good purpose the proposed Yale Golf Association, composed of graduates throughout the country, would fulfill has yet to be disclosed. Undoubtedly with only \$5 yearly dues and no initiation fee a membership of several thousand could eventually be raised, but its two tournaments a year would only conflict with long-established fixtures, while the younger members would simply knock the socks off the oldsters. Providing a haven for the overflow from the seniors association would seem to offer its chief excuse for existence. The semi-annual handicaps of the University Club bill the bill completely, as I remarked recently, when note was made concerning the scheme of the Yale Club of New York for an annual competition.