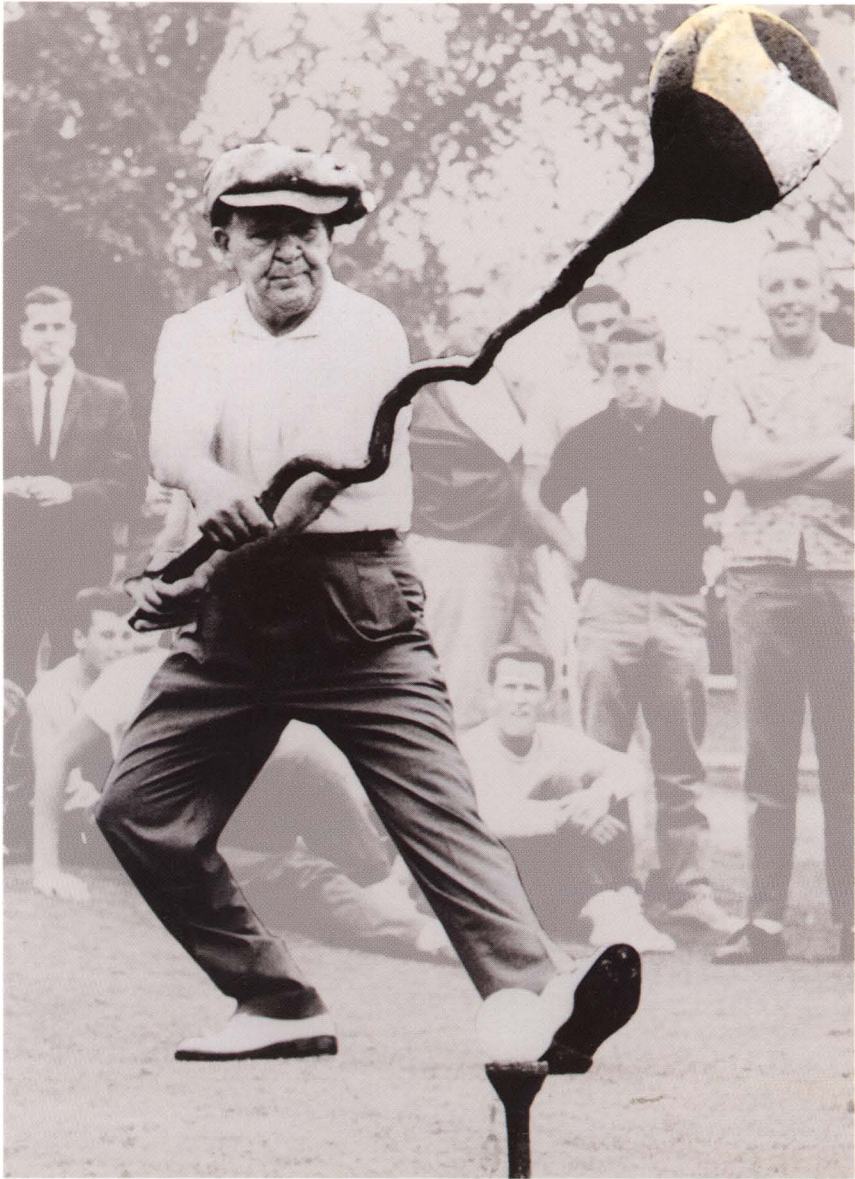


# GOLF'S GOLDEN AGE

## 1945-1954



Courtesy of the USGA

### FROM NELSON TO HOGAN TO PALMER

by Lincoln Roden III

# **Golf's Golden Age**

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## School and College Golf

In the Fall of 1944 I entered the great William Penn Charter School (founded in 1689), and became lifelong friends with George Tall, who loved golf at least as much if not more than I. By the Spring of 1946 the War was over. We asked the famous Headmaster and Latin scholar, Dr. John Flagg Gummere ("The Chief"), if we could start a school golf team and play matches against the other schools. It was so arranged, with Bert Linton, a young faculty member, as coach. (He was still coaching as of the 1994 season, which has to be some kind of record.) Gas rationing was over and George had access to a car and a license. As soon as school was over we would take off to play as many holes as we could.

George's father had started George at age 9, which would have been 1939. George's father loved the game, and George got to spend a lot of time at their club, Old York Road Country Club. Of course 9 year olds can't hit the ball very far, and George concentrated his efforts for the next three or four years on chipping and putting. From the time I first played with George he was superb around the greens. He was a believer in one club for everything for chips and pitches, and he could hit all the shots, from low running chips to high soft pitches; all with his lofted pitching wedge. He putted with an old, wooden shafted putter with a long thin blade head, and he putted beautifully. Interestingly, it was the lightest putter I have felt, and that may have helped his touch on those very fast greens.

A perennial quandary is when to start a youngster on golf. If you start too early, the youngster may not be very well coordinated and certainly isn't very strong; he may become discouraged and give up the game. If you start later, at 13 or 14, the youngster has the strength and coordination, but has an awful lot to learn in the face of other competing activities and interests. George is an example of an early start which paid off in spades in terms of a great short game for life. George always remained a very short hitter. This was not a problem for regular play, because he was straight, and because he could chip and putt so well; but from tournament tees George had difficulty. If George had started later, would he have learned to hit the ball harder?

Bob Black started later, developed a super swing and could hit the ball a long way, but his short game was not up to the same standard. One day we are kidding George about how short he hits the ball. (George's nickname is "Mrs. Barlow", after the great lady player who won everything in sight, even though she was a notoriously short hitter.) Blackie says... "George, you hit it so short that I can outdrive you with the putter!" To realize the extent of this

insult, you should know that Blackie putted with a Tommy Armour putter with an unusually short shaft. This was too much, even for George, who invented the art of needling on the golf course. George immediately accepts the bet. We all go out to the second tee at Old York Road, since the first was a (very long) par 3. The second was a par 4 with a very tight right hand boundary, a well-travelled road. A stream crossed the fairway, but too far for George to reach. George hits first, a good drive with a little draw which just reaches the left rough. Blackie looks pretty funny taking practice swings with this little short putter. He tees it up high and hits this low screamer. His ball, too, ends in the left rough. We all rushed out there, and sure enough, Blackie had outdriven George. Of course George never lived this down. The second hole was also memorable as the hole where Blackie hit two cars the same day. In the morning round Blackie hits this long drive with a slight push; it clears the hedge and hits a passing car on the roof. In the afternoon round he hits the same kind of shot and again hits a passing car! Neither car stopped. I guess they didn't know what happened.

The Penn Charter golf team was very successful, and we travelled as far away as The Peddie School and Lawrenceville in New Jersey, playing matches and meeting great young fellows who loved golf. George and I had good records, and we got to play in the "Interscholastics" at Greenwich Country Club. Now the first hole at Greenwich was straight down a steep hill about 300 yards. The green was open in the front, but there was trouble left and right. The architect must have had a smile on his face when he designed that hole and offered the challenge to the golfer. In my two rounds I accepted his challenge and swung with all my might. Unfortunately, neither shot was straight and I started with a bogey and a double bogey on this hole where you really should have a 3. George did not try to drive the green, and started with a birdie and a par.

George and I entered better ball tournaments. In a first round match at Huntingdon Valley our opponents were Mr. Neff, who was the father of one of my close friends, and Mr. Dickinson, a man of Mr. Neff's age or a little older. They both played a lot of golf, but, on paper, George and I should win easily. We were playing the back tees, and the course was very dry and even harder than usual. Mr. Neff was a gentleman who knew us well. He was also a real competitor, who would like nothing better than to beat us. Both of our opponents were short hitters, as was George. On hole after hole I would hit these long high drives which would not roll very far. Messrs. Neff and Dickinson had obviously planned their strategy. They both played wide hooks off the tee. Their balls did not carry very far, but they came in hot and they got tremendous roll. On hole after hole I would hit my Sunday best and

these older guys were only 5 yards behind me after their balls stopped rolling! They both had good short games; it was a good match, but they nosed us out! Mr. Neff kidded me about that match for years.

One day I was at the Neff's house visiting his son Dick, my friend. Mr. Neff calls over... "Linky-Boy, how about a little putting contest?" Mr. Neff has a putting trap on the carpet. He putts from about 8 feet... right in. He steps over, adjusts the trap and hits the ball back to me. I putt; it misses to the right. He adjusts the trap very slightly, walks back and hits another dead center. Same routine; I miss to the left. This keeps going on and Mr. Neff is really giving me the good natured needle ... "I always thought you were a better putter than that. Would you like me to take a look at your stroke?" By now he has a 12 to 0 lead and I am beginning to wonder. Finally, Mr. Neff tells me what he's doing. After practicing for a long time on that carpet he has discovered a groove which is almost invisible. If the putting trap is on the groove you can't miss; if it is slightly off the groove, the ball always breaks out of the hole. He has set the trap on the groove for his putts, and off the groove for mine!

In all friendly matches we were always needling each other with good natured kidding. If your opponent had a four footer for a win you would say, in your most helpful voice... "Run it up close." Or you would make comments like... "When did you switch over to cutting your putts?". George Tall's line of chatter was almost non stop. One year I had to play George in the Old York Road Club Championship. I resolved not to speak to George until the match was over. George kept up his chatter all the way around. I did my best to concentrate and never replied until I won 3 and 2. We both played well, but too much talk can really hurt your concentration.

Over the years two needles really worked on me. One day I'm playing with Mr. Neff and he says, with a straight face... "Linky-Boy, you have the straightest left arm in Philadelphia." All the rest of the round I was conscious of my left arm, and I lost my timing. The other effective needle was inadvertent. Walter Eichelberger and I were playing two very good players, Bob Batdorf and Rod Eaken, in the semi-finals of Lebanon Country Club's Better Ball tournament. I was on the top of my game, playing very well. On the long 11th I had played a great 3 iron to the green. We were one up. There was a good-sized gallery. As we left the 11th green this very nice lady comes up to me and says ... "I love to watch you. You swing the same way every time." The 12th hole is a tough 3 iron par 3, with a boundary close on the left side. The wind was quartering from the left. Walter missed the green. I step up and now all I can think about is how I swing the same way every time. This is no



comfort with that left boundary and I blocked the ball to the right of the green. We lost the hole to a 3, and lost the match one down, although I shot 67. Never listen to compliments on your swing during the round, sincere or not!

The time came for college. Bob Kiesling went to Lehigh, which had the good fortune to play Saucon Valley as their home course. George Tall went to Cornell. Bob Black went to North Carolina, which had the reputation of a good golf college, as well as a fine university. I went to Yale without even knowing that the Yale course is one of the best in the country.

No one played golf at Yale in the Fall; golf was a Spring sport. The course was closed until April 1st, and opening then was subject to the weather. Each year the golfers organized a pay your own way expedition to Pinehurst over Spring vacation. Joe Sullivan was the pro at the Yale course and also golf coach. He would come along to Pinehurst. Two students would borrow cars and Joe would drive his, and 10 or 12 of us would make the trip. We would leave right after classes on Friday and drive all night, arriving in Pinehurst the next morning. We would change into golf shoes and tee off for 36 holes.

Pinehurst was really beautiful those Springs, with the warm breeze drifting through the pines and the azaleas getting ready to bloom. There were only 3 courses, and little there except for the quaint old village of cottages and a few hotels. We owe eternal thanks to the young couple who ran the Pinecrest Inn, graduates of the Cornell Hotel School. They took pity on us and put us up in their lowest priced rooms for \$5 per night, and that included full, served, breakfast and dinner from their regular menu in their dining room! I feel we never thanked them adequately, for they made those trips possible and enjoyable. One Spring the movie about Ben Hogan was released and opened in the little theatre in Pinehurst. The tickets were allocated to each of the hotels, and they were a valuable and rare commodity. We figured we had no chance. That kind young couple gave the Pinecrest Inn's tickets to the Yale golf team! Wow! That movie should be seen to see Hogan swinging and the beautiful shots on film. Glenn Ford, who played Hogan in the other scenes, seemed uncomfortable around golf clubs.

Driving home from Pinehurst one year I was at the wheel and the four of us were having a most intense discussion about the roles of the right hand vs. the left in the golf swing. The car sputters and coasts to a halt, out of gas on this very lonely road in southern Virginia, at about 10 o'clock at night. I caught a lot of heat while we're standing outside the car hoping someone will come along. About 15 minutes later the first car shows up. He stops, and then

takes us about 5 miles back to the nearest gas station, where we get a can of gas. He takes us back and we pour the gas into the tank. Our good Samaritan waves and drives off. The car won't start! In those days one had to fill the little gas cup under the carburetor to get the gas flowing again. We check the can; there's not a drop left. By this time its getting pretty late and a car has not been seen. Our only hope is that the last car of Yalies left after we did. About 30 minutes later we see headlights. It's them! Luckily the gas station was still open. Neither side ever conceded in the right vs. left hand discussion.

The Yale course is awesome. It was carved out of a rocky forested hilltop. Streams were dammed to make large lakes. The greens are huge. The bunkers are large and some are extremely deep, with long flights of wooden steps leading from the sand at the bottom up to the green. The sand level in the left hand bunker on the 8th is about 15 feet below the green. The right hand bunker is about 20 feet below the green! If you are in the right bunker you have little chance, since the green slopes severely from right to left; if your shot clears the top it is likely to run over into the left bunker. The 9th is the famous par 3 of about 210 yards. The green is on the other side of a large lake. To the left is left sloping forest. To the right is an upward sloping bank with forest on the top. The green is very long. About one third of the way into the green is a 6 foot deep swale with a very steep far side leading to the high back plateau. The toughest, and most frequent pin position was just up on the back plateau. The swale collected golf balls. Many a putt has failed to make the steep climb up the far side and has rolled back into the swale. Sometimes desperate players hit a wedge from the bottom of the swale or from the front part of the green. The 10th requires a carry over a deep cross bunker to a green that is much higher than the fairway. The 18th is a rugged par 5 with a split fairway on the second shot. You can play to the top of this high hill or you may try to play to a strip of fairway around the right of the hill. But the greatest hole may be the fourth. It is a long dog-leg par 4 to a slightly elevated green. A large lake borders the right edge of the fairway in the landing area. In the Spring, with the ground wet, it was important to be as close to the lake as possible to give you the best chance of reaching the green in two. I urge anyone who gets the chance to play the Yale course.

In those days the freshmen did not play on the varsity. They played a series of individual matches against other colleges. I played one and Phil "Crusher" Costello played two. We had a good season, culminating with the match against arch-rival Princeton. Everywhere we had heard of Bill Ragland, Princeton's number one player. The story was that he was Tennessee Amateur Champion. The match was at Princeton's home course, Spring Dale. I played

a good match against Bill and won, 1 up. Princeton's number two was Bill Rhoads, almost equally good, and a fine gentleman.

In my junior year Yale had a memorable team. Great senior players included: Jim Healey and Herb Emanuelson, both well known in Connecticut; Stu Brown, a long , straight hitter from Pittsburgh; Walter Robbins, Franklin Simon, and Billy Hartfield. We beat everyone. Then came the first Eastern Intercollegiate Championship, to be played on the Yale course, with over 20 colleges entered from as far away as University of Virginia and Penn State. The team Championship was decided by 36 holes of medal play, which was also qualifying for the individual championship, at match play. Yale won the team championship, and I qualified for match play. In the semifinals two days later there was Bill Ragland of Princeton playing Jack Nies of Georgetown. In the other bracket I had to play Paul Harney of Holy Cross, who, it was alleged, had lost only two college matches in his career. Jack Nies beat Ragland. Paul and I had a terrific match, both playing well. I finally won on the 19th. Local knowledge over the course of the round was probably the deciding factor. Jack and I started well and after the fifth I was one up. On the long par 4 sixth hole there is a stream running up the left edge of the landing area; the hole then dog legs to the left. If you play to the safe right edge of the fairway, you may face a long iron or even fairway wood. I aimed right down the middle, hit the tee shot very well, but with a hook. I held my breath, and it stopped about three yards from the creek. From there I hit a 9 iron 6 inches from the hole to go one up. When I played 7, 8, and 9 well I had the momentum and went on to win 6 and 5. An interesting example of luck and a good shot turning the psychology of a match.

The following year the Eastern Intercollegiates were held at the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. Navy has a great course whose beauty is slightly reduced by a lot of wires strung around the course. We were told these were used for radio transmissions. If you hit a wire, you could replay the shot. Graduation had decimated our '51 team, but we had good sophomores and juniors including George Fayen, Skip Kilrea, Doug Stevens, George Wislar, and Murray Vernon, with John Brokaw as Manager. In dual matches we were 7 and 1. Unfortunately, we did not retain the team championship, finishing fourth. I did qualify for match play. Two days later Bill Ragland, Paul Harney and I are again in the semi-finals. This time I was to play Bill.

About two weeks before Yale had played Princeton again at Spring Dale. From his Freshman year through his Junior year Bill had lost to his Yale opponent each time. I was anxious to keep our string alive, even though I was again going to have to play Bill on his home course. We played a tight match.

The 16th is a short par 4. I played the "100 yard shot" that Kirkwood had caused us to practice so much. It bit about 8 feet from the pin, and I holed it to go one up. The 17th is a long dog-leg right with trees, a stream, and (inside the course) out of bounds down the right side. Having just holed a bird I felt confident and played close to the boundary to shorten the second shot. Alas, I pushed it just enough to go out of bounds! Bill played safely to the left and won the hole. The 18th is a good length par 4 slightly uphill. At that time the lawn from the Princeton Inn merged with the right side of the fairway. It looked like a huge fairway, but in the middle of that area was the boundary, not visible from the tee. Bill hit a good drive. I drove cautiously, favoring the left side. My drive was shorter than normal, but I played a long iron onto the front of the green. Bill played a beautiful iron about 12 feet to the right of the hole. After my long putt missed, Bill holed for a bird to win the match. In two holes I had gone from almost certain victory to defeat! And Bill had a win against Yale.

Needless to say, the semi-final match against Ragland at Annapolis was emotion-packed. Not only did I want to remove the blot on my (and Yale's) escutcheon from my sole defeat at Princeton (sometimes pronounced Rinceton in New Haven), but I also wanted to defend my individual Intercollegiate Championship. Bill and I played a great match. By the back nine I felt I had the pull, but I was hanging on to only a 1 up lead; shades of the match at Princeton. The 18th is a par 3 over water of about 160 yards. The back of the green rises in a bowl shape. The pin was on the right on the beginnings of the rise to the bowl. I was still one up. I hit a great 5 iron to the center right of the green, about 12 feet from the hole. Bill finally cracked and hit a shot that flew over the left center part of the green. He pitched back as well as he could and putted up for a sure 4. I really wanted to make that putt to show I had won the match, he had not lost it. And I remembered his bird on the last hole at Princeton. It was beautiful to watch that putt go in for a two!

Now I had to get ready for the afternoon final match against the fearsome Paul Harney, whom I had defeated in the previous year's semis. This match was another classic struggle. I received an initial surprise when Paul started outdriving me by 25 yards. The year before I had been 10 or 15 yards in front of him.

On the fourth, a medium par 4, we both drove into the wooded hillside on the right; Paul was way in, I was just in. There was a good gallery. I chuckled to myself as these Admirals helped us to look for the balls. Paul punched out about 60 yards short of the green. I punched out about 10 yards to the left of the green. Paul's wedge landed on the green and trickled into the hole! I



had the flag removed, but my pitch did not go in. I'm one down. I'm hoping fate isn't telling me something.

The next hole was a short par 4, but with a very narrow landing area. We had to walk some distance back to the tee. I went back with a 2 iron to keep it straight. Paul walked back with just his driver. When we got to the tee, Paul noticed my 2 iron, and he hesitated. He then put a really weak swing on it. I hit the full 2 iron. When we get to our balls, I'm only 5 yards behind his driver. When I played a fine 7 iron to the green I thought I might gain an advantage, but Paul duplicated my shot.

By the 12th I'm back to all even. The 12th is a good length par 4 with a slight dog-leg to the right and the green below the fairway. I hit a weak, blocked drive which was short and on the right edge of the fairway. I had a long second, and I had to fade it significantly around a grove of trees. The green was out of sight below the crest of the fairway. Well, I hit a fabulous shot with a driver off the fairway. As I rushed to the crest I saw it was cutting directly at the flag. At the front of the green there was a short but rather steep upslope of about 4 feet, and then there was the bulk of the green. My ball carried to the center of this little slope and stopped dead. My heart fell, because that shot would have been really close with any normal bounce. Halved in par; still even.

The fourteenth was the most difficult hole on the course. It was a long par 4 from a high tee to a low fairway, with the green a long way away and elevated well above the landing area. The fairway was narrow with a little left to right slope. The problem was that the rough was particularly heavy, about 8 inches deep and extremely lush on both sides of the fairway. I hit a gorgeous looking drive that looked like it would land on the left edge of the fairway and kick a bit towards the middle. Unfortunately, it landed about 3 feet off the fairway, took a tiny hop and disappeared into the jungly grass. There was no chance to reach the green in two. Paul had a great opportunity, but pushed his drive just a bit into the right rough. My lie was horrible but I hit a wedge to the fairway about 100 yards short of the green. Paul's lie must have been slightly better since he got within 60 yards of the green. The flag was on the right front corner with a small bunker in front and about 6 feet of rough between the bunker and the green. I felt I hit a good shot right at the pin. It landed in the rough and stopped dead. Paul played safely favoring the middle of the green. I had another very heavy lie, but I was only 18 or 20 feet from the hole. I did my best, but left a 10 footer; the grass was just too thick. When I missed the 10 footer I lost the hole to a bogey! Now I am one down with 4 to play.

The fifteenth is a par 3 of about 185. The hole is level, there is a big right-side bunker which cuts in front of the right side of the green. The pin was left center. We had a following wind. Paul's psychic strength had surged from the win on 14. He played a marvellous 5 iron that stopped quite close. From the tee it looked like a gimme. Things were not looking up for the home team. I decided to hit the high hard 5 iron, less club than I had played on that hole all week. It too was a marvellous shot, landing on the front and ending pretty close to the hole. When we reached the green we found my ball was 10 feet past and Paul's was 3 feet past. My putt started to take the left break, stopped on the left edge of the hole, and fell in to the right for a two! I could see how this had jolted Paul. He stroked the putt weakly and it missed! Back to even. (Our coach, Joe Sullivan, told me afterwards that that was the greatest hole in golf he had ever seen. I'm sure he was speaking of pressure-filled match play situations.)

The sixteenth was a par 4 from a high tee to a low fairway and then an elevated green, about a drive and 7 iron. We both hit fine drives. The green was a two level green, with the flag on the lower level, behind a bunker. I regret to report that I hit a terrible blocked 7 iron to the hillside above and to the right of the green. There was no way to get down in two from there, and I lose the hole to a simple par! One down with two to go. I couldn't believe I had thrown away my great play on the fifteenth.

The seventeenth was a relatively short par 4. I swung hard to shorten my approach, but ended in some pretty heavy rough on the left. I hit a good shot to the fringe, and then two good putts for the par, but now I am one down with one to go. The pin was still on the right backside of the bowl shaped 18th green. Paul got the ball on the green, some distance away. I hit a fine shot, hole high about 10 feet to the left. His putt was close for a sure three. I now had to hole my putt to have a chance of retaining my title. I was putting around the inside slope of the bowl green, so it was going to break from left to right, especially as it slowed down. I looked over the putt carefully and started it high on the side of the bowl. Sad to say, it took the break late and slid past the hole. Paul was the new Eastern Intercollegiate Champion. I hated to lose, but it was a great match. I had made mistakes on 14 and 16, and his pitch had rolled in on the 4th. This loss also hurt since I could not foresee when I would next play many tournaments. In a few weeks I would graduate and receive my commission as 2nd Lieutenant in Artillery, and I knew I was heading for the Korean war as a Forward Observer (rumored life expectancy in combat... 45 minutes ).

We had a long trip back to New Haven. In the car were Joe Sullivan, Paul Harney, Paul's Coach, and me. I asked Paul in every way I knew the secret to the extra distance he had gained over the last year. He couldn't give me a clear answer; it sounded like it just happened. When I returned to my room in Pierson College in the wee hours there was a note taped on the door. It said... "Too bad, Spook, but we still luv ya." This was authored by my wonderful roommates, Bill Fluty, Elmer Dahl, and John Eisenbach, who had lived through years of chipping practice in the masonry entryway and my stories of victory and defeat. Finally, a smile returned to my face.

Paul Harney turned pro, had a great career, and was close to winning the U.S. Open several times. I have often wondered, if I had won that match in '52, would Paul have turned pro and had that great career? Of course I rooted for him every time he was close.

There was one more tournament before I donned the uniform. In early June the Connecticut Country Club held its Better Ball Tournament. The best known team in Connecticut was Jim Healey and Herb Emanuelson from Wethersfield and class of '51 at Yale. I teamed up with Walter Robbins, also class of '51. I never asked how these fellows, a year out of college, were still not in the Army. I was confident that Walter and I could beat anybody. Both teams qualified. There was a big Calcutta Pool, with each team auctioned off at very large numbers for those days. Jim and Herb went for top dollar. The first day of match play went as expected, and now Walter and I are playing Jim and Herb in the semifinals. Big money is on the line for our owners. It is also clear that I am playing almost flawless golf and that Walter is rusty. We have a large and nervous gallery on this Sunday morning. Jim and Herb are in and out; I can't get a putt to drop. As we play the sixteenth we are all even. I hit a poor shot to the 16th green, about 30 feet away and above the hole. Walter is about 25 feet away on the same line. I putt about three feet past. Walter steps up quickly and putts his ball while I am marking mine. This is completely within our tradition of rapid play over four years for all four of us at Yale together.

Walter's ball stops slightly inside of mine. I replace my ball and hole it for a halve in par 4. As we leave the green my (former) old friend from the Yale golf team, Herb Emanuelson, says, ..."You lose that hole. You marked your ball after Walter's ball was struck, and, after you holed your putt, Walter picked up his ball since you had the four. Since your ball was out of play because it was marked after the next ball was struck, and since Walter picked up his ball, you lose the hole!" I said, ..."Herb, you can't be serious." Herb says..." These fellows behind me, who own us in the Calcutta, told me I had

to call this on you." "Well, Herb, aren't you guilty of taking advice from outside the match, so you lose the hole?" There was no Committee or Referee, so there was a big brouh-ha-ha. When the smoke cleared the local boys won, even though it was not clear that their initial claim was correct, and they were guilty of taking outside advice.

Needless to say I was purple with rage and didn't hit a shot worthy of the name on the 17th. I gathered my clubs and walked rapidly straight to my car. To his everlasting credit, the gentleman who was the President of that fine club stopped me as I was getting into my car and told me how embarrassed he was for the Club, how he disagreed with what happened, and how the great majority of the members would not condone such behavior. Somewhat ungraciously and still fuming, I drove away.

Playing golf at Yale with all our fine teammates and in all those great matches was a wonderful experience. Yale had then a great prewar golf tradition (and still has the best college golf record in the country). In my years, however, the powers that be treated golf as a third class sport. In my senior year, when I had compiled a great record, played all four years, was Captain of the team, and Runner Up for the Individual Eastern Intercollegiate Title, they refused to give me a major Y on the grounds that I had received one the previous year! From a practical viewpoint this didn't matter, since I was graduating in a few days, but it sure left a sour taste. Traditionally, Captains of minor sports who had played three varsity years received a major Y at the end. Not one Yale professor, including the Master of my residential college, ever mentioned my golf achievements; by contrast, the Army officers teaching ROTC were most interested.

In my senior year I decided to try for a renewal of the rivalry between Yale's golf team and Oxford and Cambridge. After an exchange of letters with their golf captains, we were tentatively scheduled for early June in England, if I could raise the money to transport the Yale team. Mr. Kipputh, of the Yale Athletic Association, would give no support, but did allow me to write a letter to alumni asking for support, on the condition that any money raised would go to the YAA if I couldn't raise enough for the trip. Mr. Kipputh's position was that renewal of these matches was inappropriate with the war going on in Korea. I noted that Oxford and Cambridge didn't feel that way, and British units were in Korea, too. A few generous souls did offer some funds, but we did not collect enough. I cancelled the matches and Yale got the money. I have always felt we would have succeeded if the YAA had given active advice and non-financial support.



After graduation I heard about "National" Intercollegiate Golf Tournaments. I don't know whether these were held during my college years, but, if they were, it is really a shame the '51 and '52 teams did not have a chance to go.

Let us catch up with my compatriots and their college golf experiences. George Tall played on the Cornell team, and made a lifelong friend of George Hall, Cornell's dedicated golf coach. Bob Kiesling teamed up with Larry Carpenter and Dave Baldwin, two fine players even though Dave was a rare "Lefty", to make the Lehigh golf team a strong contender. Bob Black was on the North Carolina team with Harvie Ward, who was already building his superb Amateur record.

At the end of Summer, 1950, Duff McCullough asked me if I would like to play in a tournament at Shawnee-on-the-Delaware, Fred Waring's resort. Duff said Fred always assembled a great field. The format was better ball, but you entered as individuals. The crystal ball experts at Shawnee then did their best to balance the teams, putting the best player with the worst, etc. Upon arriving I was shocked at the prices, but I was stuck, having driven up with Duff and his wife Ruth. A quick calculation revealed I had just enough money to make it if I was really careful. Upon checking out I was sweating as I read the bill, but I had just enough, with my bank account left with \$5.00!

This was a fun format. I was paired with Walter Tynan from Winged Foot. A series of rapid exposure pictures was taken of each player's swing. I still have my set and refer to them from time to time. We then played a qualifying round. Walter and I were paired with Chuck Kocsis, the great Detroit player who had played in the Huntingdon Valley invitational. Chuck had been on the Walker Cup team in '38 and '49. Chuck played beautifully. He got great distance even though he gave the impression of opening his body just ahead of impact. The flight of his ball was beautiful to watch... very long, very straight, and then with the tiniest tail of a fade. You got the feeling he might never miss a fairway again. One hole was set up for a long driving contest. The Shawnee people had strung a string down the center of the fairway. The longest drive had to be in the fairway, and the distance from the string was subtracted from the length. Staffers were out there measuring and calculating. Walter and I were up first. Walter was not a long hitter, but he was very accurate. He hit one of his better drives close to the string, but clearly not far enough. I gave it everything I had and swung so hard I popped it up. No second chances. Chuck gets up and puts his regular smooth and powerful swing on it... a great shot right down the center. When we get to Chuck's ball the measurement is 278 yards, and the ball is resting on the string! Chuck's drive

won the contest.

In one round of match play Walter and I were paired against Sam Urzetta, who had just won the U.S. Amateur a couple of weeks before, beating Frank Stranahan. Sam's partner really didn't help him except for one hole, but Sam was a lot for Walter and I to handle. The 18th at Shawnee was a very long par 3, perhaps 240. We're one down. I could hardly believe it when Sam pulls out an iron. He then crushed the iron dead straight, with a boring trajectory, 10 feet from the pin. When Walter and I were both short with our drivers, our fate was sealed.

Harvie Ward and his friend, Hobart Manley, were at the tournament. Harvie had been talking to George Rowbotham, a fine Philadelphia golfer with a legendary short game, about Pine Valley. Harvie and Hobart had never played Pine Valley; George apparently said he would sponsor them. A couple of days later my friend, Bob Black, calls and says Harvie is going to play Pine Valley and wants Blackie and me to come along. I jumped at the chance and borrowed some money from dear old Dad. We arrive at Pine Valley; Harvie spends a while convincing the man behind the desk that they really are sponsored by George Rowbotham, and, in addition the green fees should be charged to Mr. Rowbotham's account. George has said nothing to me, so I pay my own way.

From the back tees the first hole is a sharp dog-leg right of a little over 400 yards. Harvie drove nicely down the middle. Hobart takes his stance and is aiming right over the scrub pine forest on the right. I had never seen anyone aimed there. Hobart murders the ball, flies it over the pines and into the fairway across the little road about 100 yards from the green. I knew this was going to be an interesting round. We ended with respectable scores; Harvie and Hobart had 73's; Blackie and I had 76's. At that time Harvie's swing was excellent. His feet were slightly open with the left foot slightly back of the right. He was using a one piece swing with just the natural wristbreak, and the club did not reach parallel at the top of the swing. He got good distance, though nothing like Hobart, and each long shot had a little tail to the right. Perhaps he played his control shot all the way around Pine Valley, or perhaps this was his regular style of play. In any event I was impressed. The year after next he won the British Amateur; in '55 and '56 he won the U.S. Amateur. I did not see him again until the '54 Amateur.

One of my friends from Pine Valley told me there was a major aftershock down there when George Rowbotham got the bill for Harvie's, Hobart's, and Blackie's green fees and expenses. George didn't mind sponsoring them, but they were supposed to pay their own way!

During those bright college years there were several other great tournaments worth relating. For as long as I could remember, the Golf Association of Philadelphia's Junior Championship was open to all players who had not reached their 21st birthday. In 1949, just after turning 18, I had played in the Philadelphia Junior at Philadelphia Cricket Club's Flourtown course. In the quarter finals I had played Chuck Yarnall, a fine gentleman and dedicated golfer. I was playing very well and Chuck was having an off day. We came to the fearsome 9th, about 450 yards from the back tees, uphill, and with a railroad embankment all along the right edge. To add to your misery, you had to make a long carry if you played towards the green. If you played to the left you would catch a fairway bunker if you carried too far, and you would be out of range of the green if you were much short of the bunker. All in all this is one of golf's great holes. The combination of Chuck's temporary miseries and my good play left me seven up coming to the tee. I chose to go for the long right hand carry. I swung really hard and pushed my drive out of bounds onto the railroad. Chuck drove safely short left. I re-teed and hit a second drive the same way! My third drive was in perfect position. I lay three, since the O.B. penalty was only distance for a few years. Chuck played safe. I hit a great second (fourth) on the left side of the green. Chuck pitched on safely. My putt, my fifth, found the hole from thirty feet for a five with two out of bounds. This was the final straw for Chuck who three putted for a loss. I won the eleventh to win 9 and 7. This was my greatest margin of victory, and Chuck's greatest margin of defeat. We still reminisce about that round whenever we get together.

In the semifinals I played my old friend, Bob Black. I drove Bob to the course. He was so sure he was going to beat me that he made me promise that whichever of us was in the finals, the other promised to stay and follow the final match. I readily promised, since I would have stayed either way. Blackie and I knew each others' games inside out, since we were playing 36 or more holes together almost every day. We halved the first. The second is a tricky, short par 4 with a sloping green. I had my four. Blackie had about a two footer for par, with as sharp a left to right break as you can have on such a putt. He eased up on it, and it rimmed out the bottom edge. Blackie took it hard. I knew I had a real advantage and tried my best over the next several holes. I played well, Blackie's heart was troubled and I was 3 up coming to the long 11th. By then he had recovered and he played a magnificent second three feet from the hole for a birdie three. From then on he was his old self. Every hole was in doubt, but I finally won 3 & 2. Blackie's self image had taken a real blow, and, in spite of our promises, he hitched a ride home. I understood.

In the Spring of '50 the Philadelphia Juniors was held at Tully-Secane, a fun old course of historic interest. Sadly, it was soon thereafter sold for real estate development. I was 19; the age limit was still up to 21. I had won the Philadelphia Amateur the year before, and I really wanted to win the Juniors. The other side of the coin would be how humiliating it would be if the Amateur Champion couldn't even win the Juniors. I fired a one under par 70 in qualifying, second to my playing partner, Bob Black's 69. (He putted better.)

The next morning, as I approached the starter's table, there was a major uproar going on. This mother was berating poor Mrs. Raynor about how terrible it was that her son had to play the Philadelphia Amateur Champion, who obviously shouldn't be allowed to compete with the innocent, defenseless juniors. (I have given you the gist of it without the details to protect young readers.) Perhaps for the first time Mrs. Raynor was at a loss, since she protected the juniors like a mother hen. When I reached the table Mrs. Raynor introduced me to the mother and to my opponent. It worked like a charm. The mother was completely nonplused to find that this incredibly powerful ogre of her imagination was not only polite but also about 6 inches shorter and 25 pounds lighter than her son! But size did not prevail that day.

In the semifinals the next day I played Tom Conboy from Sandy Run Country Club and one of the most competitive players I have met. On the first 6 holes Tom sinks 6 straight 30 footers, the greatest putting string I have ever seen. I am one under and 4 down! I keep playing super golf, and by the 16th tee I am one up. The 16th is a right angle dog-leg to the left, about 380. I hit a perfect tee shot. Tom cold tops his about 40 yards. Tom then plays a long club to the corner just in front of my ball. I hit a near perfect 7 iron 5 feet below the hole. Tom just reaches the front of the green. Tom has a 30 footer uphill, and he knocks it in for a remarkable 4! Perhaps jarred by the shock, I fail to sink my 5 footer. One up with two to play. Seventeen was a long iron par 3. We are both on the front fringe. I chipped weakly and missed my four footer to go back to even. I played 18 well, but Tom gets a four to halve the hole and force extra holes.

The first (nineteenth for us) at Tully-Secane was a straight away par 4 of about 300 yards. There was an old apple orchard down the left side to the green. Tom drives short but straight. I decide to put him out of his misery with a long drive (to be followed by a short chip and putt). Unfortunately the plans of mice and men "gang aft alee" (Chaucer's Canterbury Tales). My long drive hooked just enough to get entangled in the orchard, though I am no



more than 50 yards from the green. Tom plays safely on. The only shot I have is to get the ball up very sharply over this waist high branch a few feet in front of me, a "Kirkwood" shot. The ball rose over the branch but carried too far, landed on the far side of the green and rolled into the "Vee" of the roots of this large tree about 20 feet over the back. There was no way to hit the ball toward the hole because of the high roots. My only chance was to play a carom off the trunk. I tried this and got the ball about 15 feet from the hole. Sadly, I missed, and Tom two putted for the win. I am happy to report that I beat Tom in the Philadelphia Amateur in almost equally dramatic fashion a few years later, although that one was 21 holes. Immediately after this tournament the Golf Association changed the age limit to 17, so I never got to win the Philadelphia Juniors.

A week or so later George Tall and I entered the Berkshire Country Club's Better Ball of Partners Tournament. After qualifying there was a Calcutta, with each team auctioned off to the highest bidder. We had drawn the local favorites and medalists, the Mohn bothers, in the second round. With that pairing, we didn't go for much in the Calcutta. We beat the Mohn brothers on the 19th, thanks to a great little chip by George which rolled dead to the pin for a birdie 4. On Sunday morning we had to play the awesome pair of Bill Haverstick and Lynn Creason from Lancaster Country Club (another great Flynn designed course). Haverstick had won the Pennsylvania Amateur in '38 and '48; Creason was almost equally good.

As we are in the locker room, this somewhat agitated fellow comes up to us. He introduces himself as the fellow who bought us in the Calcutta Pool. (George and I know he already has a substantial profit because some of the money goes to the owner of the semifinalists.) It is obvious he hopes we can beat Creason and Haverstick, and then he thinks winning the finals should be easy; he would then clean up. He says..."Which of you fellows is the longest driver?" I respond ... "Well, I hit it farther than George." "Then"...he says..."Hit a good one off the first tee. You are up first. It will have them pressing the whole way around." I wonder if this fellow knows I am not a long hitter, and I wonder how long it has taken him to come up with this strategy.

We arrive on the first tee and shake hands with Creason and Haverstick. They are both taller and apparently much stronger than we are. Nevertheless, I swing from the heels and connect with one of my best. I smile when I hand the driver to the caddy. Creason steps up, plants his square right foot, and gives it his normal (i.e. full power) swing. It looks like the ball is still going up as it passes mine. Haverstick gets up, plants his square right foot, and hits it a few yards past Creason. So much for plan A. I look back at our owner, who looks

a little crestfallen. His money is on horses that are slow from the gate.

We play a good match; I am about even par and George helped on the ninth; but we are hanging on by our fingernails. After 15 we are two down. The 16th is a par 3 of about 165 yards with a narrow green and a deep bunker on the left. Creason and Haverstick are on. George and I both hook our irons into the left bunker. It looks bad. As we leave the tee, Creason puts his arm around my shoulder and, in the kindest avuncular way, tells me I have a good swing, not to be discouraged by losing, and to stick with the game. George and I both play unusually good bunker shots two feet from the hole for 3's and a half. Now we're two down with two to go. In those days 17 was a par 5 with a right hand boundary. I swing with all my might at two shots, and, for the first time reach the par 5 in two! Haverstick is short right. Creason hit two of his routine crushes and is also on. I was just away and the fates smiled; my 30 footer went in for an eagle! Creason missed. One down and one to go. The 18th is a drive and wedge par 4 with bunkers in front of the green. The green was so hard that, if you cleared the bunker the ball would run to the back of the green. Some Joker had put the pin right behind the front bunkers. Did he expect us to play a runup through the sand? (Actually this is one case where Kirkwood's miracle wedge shot could have worked.) As it developed we all hit good drives and seconds and we all bounced to the back of the green. I am slightly away. My 30 footer again rolls into the hole! Creason shouts... "TWO HOWITZERS IN A ROW!" (Ever since, any long putt that goes in is known as a HOWITZER in our friendly matches.) They miss. Some members of the gallery rejoice. By the time we reach the first tee, every member at the club is in the gallery.

This is one of those cases where the shock effect in match play overcomes a player. Poor Lynn Creason never hit another decent shot that morning. On the 19th I hole a 10 footer for a bird, but tournament toughened Pennsylvania Champion Billy Haverstick rolls his 8 footer in on top. The 20th and 21st are both short par 4's with substantially elevated greens. It is very difficult to get close. Both halved in pars.

The 22nd (4th) hole is a par 5 of about 525 yards. The drive is straight away and downhill, an invitation to your macho instincts. The green sits at an angle, from short right to long left. All along the left edge there is a severe drop off to rough and bunkers. To the right the ground rises steeply up from the green. The real problem is the grove of young trees, about 15 or 20 feet high, in the middle of your second shot's trajectory. The alternative is to play to the left and then pitch on, not an easy shot because it's coming across the rather narrow and hard green. I hit my Sunday best drive. Haverstick is 10 yards past me. I took a chance and took out the three wood. I caught it per-



fectly and it rose just over the young trees, landed just short and bounced to the back half of the green. At that moment I thought I really had Haverstick; it's hard to imagine a more unnerving shot in extra holes. He was completely unaffected, took out a wood and duplicated my shot. Both our eagle putts were straight downhill. We both putted cautiously for sure birds.

The 23rd (5th) is a very long par 4 of about 480. I understood that the members played it as a par 5 from those tees. The green is narrow with bunkers on both sides, and it is steeply uphill with many subtle rolls, as might befit a par 5 green rather than a long par 4 green. The green was also hard as a rock. All of us missed the green and no one could get close to the hole on the hard green. Halved in 5.

The sixth extra hole is a par 3 of about 190 with the green slightly above the tee. There is a bunker just short of the right edge. The flag was in the right front corner. The green was hard. George hit his Brassie. It landed just short and trickled three feet over into the rough. I tried to cut a three iron in close to the flag, but I came off it and it ended just short of the right bunker; a bad spot. Haverstick hit an iron onto the middle of the green. Neither George nor I could get down in two, and we finally lost to Haverstick's par. What a match! For that 6 hole stretch I had been 5 under par and only picked up two holes! I gained a lot of respect for Haverstick. If I had played for the middle of that last green we might still be out there.

(Sooner or later, dear reader, as you hear these stories of intense personal, psychological and physical yet gentlemanly combat, you are going to wonder why I shot for the pin in these critical situations so often, and why I reached back for that almost impossible shot so often. There is no good answer. That is the way it was. Some came off. Perhaps it is Toynbee's response to the challenge. Perhaps it is the nature of match play. If you haven't felt the intensity of these matches, I have failed to communicate it to you properly.)

By the time our match was concluded and Creason and Haverstick had had a chance for a bite to eat, their poor opponents had been off the course since the 14th hole in the morning, and had been sitting around the clubhouse for many hours. I heard Creason and Haverstick swamped them by something like 8 and 7 in the finals. In that regard our owner in the Calcutta pool, who must have died a thousand deaths, was right. If we had won in the morning, we would have won in the afternoon.

In the Summer of 1951 I was unable to defend my two time Philadelphia

Amateur Title, which is really a shame. I was playing even better, and no one had ever won it three consecutive times. Instead I was at ROTC summer camp at Ft. Bragg, North Carolina. Those 82nd Airborne enlisted men really loved the chance to show these coddled Yalies about the Army. We ranked as cadets, which, for that Summer, was below Recruit, which was below Private. I learned a lot and I survived, but with all my golf muscles destroyed and placed in various other locations in my body.

The year 1951 was one I had looked forward to because the U.S. Amateur was at Saucon Valley's old course south of Bethlehem, Pa. Finally I could afford to play in a U.S. Amateur, since it was within daily driving distance of home. I returned from Ft. Bragg with no hope, because all my muscles had been broken down and reconstituted. I saw Duff McCullough on the practice green. He asked if I would like to play in the Anderson Memorial Better Ball Tournament at the fabled Winged Foot. I said..." I would love to, Duff, but there is no way I can be ready in three weeks." I don't think Duff understood my problem, and he said he would send in the entry. I practiced like mad and it was coming back slowly.

Winged Foot is a wonderful, dedicated golf club with two great courses, and a lot of golf history. The mature deciduous trees make the setting distinctively beautiful. Duff was welcomed like a conquering hero, since he had been the U.S. Amateur Runner Up in 1940 at Winged Foot. On the way to the finals Duff had beaten 4 straight Walker Cup players, a feat that will probably never be equalled. After enjoying one of the greatest buffet spreads ever seen, we were fortunate to qualify. Unfortunately we qualified 18th in a field of 32 which meant that we played the medalists, Howard Everitt, a friend and great player from Philadelphia who won the Philadelphia and Pennsylvania Championships, and his partner, Bo Wininger, who was planning to turn pro after this tournament. They qualified with a better ball of 62, five strokes ahead of the field. We had a terrific match. Duff was steady. I was erratic. But I birdied the fifth. On the 7th I hit a 3 wood 6 feet from the hole. Wininger hit a 6 iron 10 feet from the hole. He sank and so did I. On the 8th I hit two terrible shots, ending in the practice fairway; my next blind shot over the trees just made the green and stopped 3 inches from the hole for a bird! That missile from outer space (or at least from beyond the trees) must have been unnerving. Both Wininger and Everitt missed their short approaches. On 9 I salvaged a par from the left bunker for a half. On 15 I got down in two from the deep left bunker for a half.

As we reach the 16th tee Duff and I are one up. It is a very long par 4, sloping gently uphill. Duff hits a fine drive and then a hot 1 iron with a draw

which lands short and rolls to a stop 4 feet from the hole! That shot was a thing of beauty; it was a very long 1 iron and, as it flew, as it hooked in, and then as it bounced and rolled it was homing in on the flag. No one else is on the green. They salvage a par but Duff misses. We're still one up. The 17th is a par 3 of about 200 yards. The green is elevated and rather narrow, and the ground falls away very sharply on both sides. There is a small front section of the green, and then the green rises very steeply to the upper plateau, the main part of the green. The pin is on the upper plateau, not far behind the steep rise. I hit a soft, cut 4 wood to the front of the green; the others hit irons and are all down the bank on the left in very poor position. Only Wininger hits a decent shot, and he's about 10 feet away. Victory is in our grasp! I have to putt up this steep and high bank. My putt stops 8 feet short! Wininger sinks and I miss! Three putting to lose to your opponent's scrambled par always hurts. Now we are even on the 18th. Duff pushes his drive out of play. As we left the tee Duff says..."From where I hit my drive I know I can't get home. You're going to have to play this hole." I hit two good shots, but again I must putt up a steep slope to the upper plateau where the flag is. Overcompensating, I hit the putt 10 feet past! They get up for a sure four. Now I have to hole this putt to stay alive. Fortunately, it goes in! Shades of the famous picture of Bob Jones holing that crucial putt on the 18th green at Winged Foot to tie Espinosa for the 1929 Open.

On the first Duff and I each had relatively long putts for the win, Duff came up to me on the green and said ..."Isn't it a great feeling to have two tries for the win." Of course that's true, but I have never really understood why Duff made that remark. Neither of our putts was a serious threat to the hole. On the par 5 second, our 20th, Wininger got to the front edge of the green in two. Duff played a great pitch and putt for a halving birdie. Finally, on the par 3 third, Wininger knocked it three feet away for a winning birdie. After surviving such a harrowing match, I understand our opponents lost in the afternoon. This was a great way to warm up for the Amateur qualifying.

Saucon Valley is a golfer's paradise. It is located a little south of Bethlehem, Pa., in a beautiful, peaceful green valley. At that time they had two marvellous courses, the "Old" course and the recent "Grace" course, which was designed by Gordon, the successor to William Flynn's practice. Saucon also had a simpler 6 hole course for beginners and juniors. Legend has it that Saucon was built and supported at that time by Bethlehem Steel, one of the largest and most profitable corporations in the world in that period. Bethlehem Steel's interest was the direct result of their legendary Chairman and major shareholder, Mr. Eugene Grace, who loved golf. Mr. Grace wanted everything to be perfect, from the condition of the courses to

the beauty of the swimming pools, the (carefully screened) tennis courts, the beautiful clubhouse, the excellence of the food, and the graciousness of the service. No one came closer to achieving perfection. If this sounds like golfer's valhalla, it was (and still is). Bob Kiesling was lucky that this was Lehigh's home course.

There are a lot of stories about Mr. Grace. If there were weeds in the course, 50 men would come from the mills. They would be issued penknives and buckets. They would line up shoulder to shoulder and move down a hole removing every weed by hand! It was said that they planted 1000 trees a year for many years. I don't know how many were planted on the courses, but they were beautiful. As one example, a closely planted row of large blue spruces lined the entire left side of a 600 yard par 5! When Mr. Grace played a forecaddie would move in front of his match and, in the nicest way, would say... "Mr. Grace is playing through." The group ahead would stand aside until Mr. Grace's group had played through.

A few days after the Anderson tournament, Duff called and asked if I would like to play the Old course at Saucon to get a feel for the course where the Amateur would be played. The others in our group would be Gene Sarazen (Open Champion in '22 and '32, etc.) and Jim McHale (Walker Cup team in '49 and '51). Can you imagine a better invitation for a 20 year old who loved golf?

The weather was perfect. We had a wonderful day. Sarazen was hitting the ball solidly. McHale was driving so far the ball almost disappeared before descending. Duff was on his game. I was still erratic from my sojourn at Ft. Bragg. It was great just to be along and to listen in on their talk of golf. As we approached the 15th tee a forecaddie approached and says... "Mr. Grace is joining your foursome." Introductions all around. Mr. Grace said..."I'm playing the forward tees." We have been playing from the tip of the tips, and we do so on 15. The 15th tee was very long, perhaps 75 yards. Mr. Grace walks to the front of the tee and tees up his ball. By 1951 Mr. Grace was getting pretty old and it looked like he had lost some of the meat on his bones. Nevertheless he makes a remarkably good three quarter swing at the ball. He hit his drives with a good-sized draw, so that when the ball hit it rolled a good distance. On 15, when we get out to the drives, Mr. Grace is right there with Duff and Gene Sarazen! On those last four holes Mr. Grace played a solid game. When we were done a photographer arrived and snapped a picture of Mr. Grace with his arms around Gene Sarazen and me! Except for the poor quality of my golf, this was a great day. When we retired to the clubhouse for refreshments I had the opportunity to ask Sarazen if he had any advice for

me. He knew I had been struggling, and he thought for a moment. Then he said ..."You are trying to keep your head too still." Both Mr. Grace and Gene Sarazen treated a young kid very well that day.

Qualifying for the Amateur was at Whitemarsh. The field was large and strong because of the proximity of the tournament. The course was quite wet. As I came off the 27th green I ran into Ken Gibson, who had come over to watch. He asks me how I'm doing. I reply that I'm 4 over for 27 holes. Ken says, your in great shape, the scores are high. Unfortunately, I missed the green on the 385 yard tenth. My blast was only 3 feet away. The tenth green sits low and was quite soft. The sun was beginning to cast longer shadows. The footprints around the hole were clearly visible, and the hole itself was slightly raised, what we called the "volcano" effect. My 3 footer veered off line. So did my two footer coming back! Things went from bad to worse as the back nine unfolded. Fortunately I have forgotten the gory details, but I ended with 43 or 44 and just missed having even a shot as an alternate. It was with a heavy heart that I watched the Amateur in my back yard as a spectator.



*Sullivan*

REPORT OF EASTERN INTERCOLLEGIATE GOLF ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIPS - 1952

May 12-14, 1952

U.S. Naval Academy Golf Course

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TEAM SCORES FOR 36-HOLE MEDAL PLAY:

1. University of Virginia . . .	636	8. Holy Cross College . . .	655
2. Princeton University . . .	638	9. Brown University . . .	661
3. U.S. Naval Academy . . .	639	10. U.S. Military Academy . . .	663
4. Yale University . . .	646	11. Penn State College . . .	663
5. Dartmouth College . . .	649	12. Cornell University . . .	666
6. Harvard University . . .	652	13. Georgetown University . . .	672
7. University of Pittsburgh . .	653	14. University of Pennsylvania	691

INDIVIDUAL MATCH PLAY:

Sunday morning — Ragland (Princeton) def. Reilly (Pittsburgh), 2 and 1.  
Bryan (Princeton) def. Thompson (Navy), 5 and 4.  
Roden (Yale) def. Timpson (Harvard), 1-up.  
Hendrickson (Virginia) def. Tall (Cornell), 4 and 3.  
Harney (Holy Cross) def. Hall (Navy), 5 and 4.  
McVicker (Brown) def. Inman (Navy), 5 and 4.  
Smith (Virginia) def. Ball (Navy), 2 and 1.  
Eaken (Penn State) def. Hamm (Dartmouth), 3 and 1.

Sunday afternoon — Ragland (Princeton) def. Bryan (Princeton), 3 and 2.  
Roden (Yale) def. Hendrickson (Virginia), 5 and 4.  
Harney (Holy Cross) def. McVicker (Brown), 4 and 3.  
Eaken (Penn State) def. Smith (Virginia), 5 and 4.

Monday morning — Roden (Yale) def. Ragland (princeton), 2-up.  
Harney (Holy Cross) def. Eaken (Penn State), 4 and 3.

Monday afternoon — Harney (Holy Cross) def. Roden (Yale), 1-up.

E.I.G.A. TEAM CHAMPION FOR 1952: University of Virginia, 636.

E.I.G.A. INDIVIDUAL CHAMPION FOR 1952: Paul Harney (Holy Cross)

MEDALIST FOR 1952 E.I.G.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS: William Ragland (Princeton), 149

*467*  
*112*  
*450*  
*450*