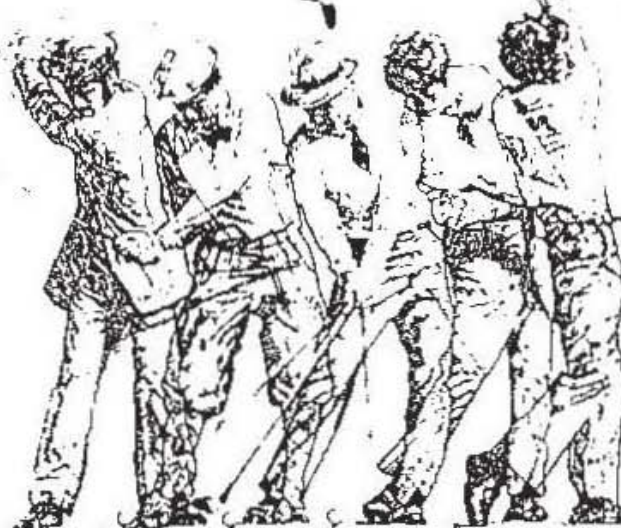


# THE BRITISH GOLF COLLECTORS SOCIETY



## through the green

4

..... IS THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE BRITISH GOLF COLLECTORS SOCIETY AND IS PUBLISHED QUARTERLY IN MARCH, JUNE, SEPTEMBER AND DECEMBER. HAVING DISCOVERED THAT MOST COMPUTER PEOPLE ARE EITHER UNABLE OR UNWILLING TO SPEAK IN COMPREHENSIBLE ENGLISH, YOUR EDITOR HAS THUS FAR RESISTED THE TECHNORABBLE FROM THE HIGH PRIESTS OF THE COMPUTER WORLD AND CONTINUES, FOR THE TIME BEING, TO PRODUCE THESE PAGES BY THE TIME HONOURED METHOD OF LICK, STICK AND TITP-EX!

THROUGH THESE PAGES WE CONTINUE TO AIM AT ENTERTAINING, ENCOURAGING AND INCREASING THE GOLF COLLECTORS' KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING OF THE RICH AND COLOURFUL HISTORY OF THE MOST GLORIOUS OF ALL GAMES.

WE ENCOURAGE OUR MEMBERS TO DEVELOP FRIENDSHIPS WITH FELLOW ADDICTS AND CONTINUE TO ACCEPT COMMENTS, CRITICISMS, NEW IDEAS AND ALL MEMBERS CONTRIBUTIONS FOR PUBLICATION WITHIN THE PAGES OF THIS JOURNAL.

ISSUE NUMBER FOUR - MARCH 1989



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BRITISH GOLF COLLECTORS SOCIETY

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SEAFORD

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I've moved! Over the past three months I've experienced greater frustration than at any other time in my life. I've drunk more than I should, squabbled more than I ought, given a giant thumbs-down to the estate agents of East Sussex, who get nought out of ten for efficiency, and pondered on the sanity of solicitors, especially the other fellows! Close on two thousand books have been carefully packed and labelled, together with a couple of hundred pictures and crates and crates of memorabilia - much of which my sanity is now in question for having purchased in the first place! Now, surrounded by unopened cartons and pieces of study furniture that fail to fit in the existing wall space, I am typing this page before my visit to the local copyshop to be delivered of the pages for collation and stapling. Then it's an evening of licking, sticking and stuffing before I can collapse in an armchair and enjoy a nice, quiet, nervous breakdown!

*David*





# Portrait of a Collector

Glynne Williams wasn't born rich, but it ever a man was born lucky it is he. The son of a big 19th century, Glynne was reared on the game and was to become known as a collector and amateur one editor. But a Welsh one in 1922 it was all so inevitable that he should follow in his father's footsteps and become a golfer. The bright boy's father must have shown in this keen as a talent to master who took to the game with such ease and demonstrated skill, his interests of his tender years. At 14 he was on his way, playing as assistant at Conway Golf Club. An early exposure to 'big-club' golfing, the shape of the 'M' Ryder Cup left a lasting impression. It he not. Heets now he and his father were taken by hired chauffeur and grand humbler to the Southport and Ainsdale links. Left to wander alone he joined the gallery that followed Denmore Shute, the fine young hero of the day. Eyes popping from their sockets at such an impressive personality he vividly remembers the larger-than-life golf bag carried in a 'Shute' addie. This was the first time he had seen a player's name on such a bag and there it was, in giant letters: GLENNY SHUTE, BOSTON, U.S.A. This must be some sort of God, he thought, and this bag, together with the initial form of play, demonstrated, made such an impression that on returning home he was to practice alone, playing the ball's end of which was an imaginary Denny Shute. In these most private imaginary Ryder Cup matches the Shute ball would be matched against that of Glynne's father, with some very close results.

As soon as tender age Glynne was entitled to hero worship and he delighted in just being around professional golfers, not just famous ones but those that were identified and he dreamt of the day when he also might become identified and have a club name following his own. The year of '38 was another bonanza for 'star-watching' when the fifteen year old was taken to see the English, Scotland, Ireland, Wales International at Llandudno. Here were the 'Gods' of the era; Dick Burton, Arthur Lees, Henry Cotton and Dai Rees, in the flesh and Glynne was in wonderland! Watching them was all very well, but our young hero had a further interest, collecting autographs and he was to add these star names to his collection - he was in seventh heaven!

Early in the war years Glynne left Conway to become assistant at Llandudno after their Pro was called up for active service. Whilst there he played with Tom Webster, the sporting cartoonist, and recalls that Webster played with a 'mix and match' set of clubs made up of those which had been given him by famous players - a 3 iron from George Duncan, a 5 iron from Gene Sarazen, a 7 iron from Walter Hagen etcetera. 'It was an impressive' write Glynne, 'that I kept those clubs cleaned and polished free of charge, just for the pleasure of handling them.'

A small collection of books from the family, including Bellamy's 'The World's Famous Golfers', and 'Taylor's Golf', formed the basis upon which his own library began, recalling the first purchase, Glynne writes 'I called at this small bookshop and asked for the pink book in the window. This was the proprietor, but a copy of Mitchell's 'Essentials of Golf' was exorated from the shelves of the window and handed to me. 'Pins', said the man, 'you must be colourblind! And, for the first time I realised that I was.' At Llandudno Glynne became joint record holder, with a 63, and his golf was, in his own words, 'not going badly.' But was service intervened and our hero was soon in the R.A.F. and posted to the Middle East. On leave in Cairo he played with the legendary Walker Cup player, Gordon Dykes, and at his base camp at Fort Said became a services golf course architect, laying out a nine-hole course, on sand, between the tented A lucky find in the R.A.F. in the shape of a Spalding M66 iron was a constant companion and when others carried a gun our Glynne was carrying a weapon of a different kind. Hence in '42 and a return to civilian normality found Glynne, still a youngster, appointed playing assistant at Moor Hall G.C. and it was here that he met both the Midlands Assistant and Watnash's Assistant's Championships, together with more exposure to National events and opportunity to impress amongst the reigning stars of the period. A few moves, first to Leamington and then to Hale before finding a plum job at a first class house, Bolton Golf, where he was to stay for ten years - again finding the course record to sixty-three! Books on golf were hard to find in Bolton and Glynne's acquisitions were of the Palmer, Player, Nicklaus variety.

Just before the advent of specialised golf book dealers. A brief, unhappy spell at Abbeydale, where Glynne's labours of glory of the Sheffield area is of snow, snow and more snow! What a delight for him then, when he was appointed professional to the Leamington Golf Club, a link course of great character and tradition and in an area where little bookshops abound. Here he was to be discovered Anglebooks - a trailblazer in specialist golf dealing - and was soon to meet with your Editor, Philip Thorne, and Gerard Lewis. 'All such nice, helpful people with a genuine love of the game'. Glynne has been at Leamington for approaching twenty-five years and is as much enamoured with it today as on the very first day he arrived. Still a fine striker, he has (G.C.) knicks around in the low '70's and not surprisingly has a record 63 to add to his records (the official) in record competition in a mere G.C.). His collection of books is quite remarkable - approaching 3000 titles and he continues to gather autographs whenever the opportunity arises. Almost as much a part of the character and tradition of Leamington as the club itself, he is much loved by members and friends and respected by all as a professional of the old school, with time to talk and an happy to discuss the finer merits of match-play as in well a single golf ball. As an expert later he is much in demand by both beginner and county player alike and, above all, he is a man of modesty.

It would not be proper to conclude this little piece without mention of Brenda Williams, Glynne's friendly and utterly delightful wife. It is she who is Glynne's able assistant at the club, a friend and a real partner who shares in her husband's addiction and who helps him in his time to time with a book which she deduces he will want. Rounding off, Glynne had this to say to me: 'I may be a professional golfer, but first and foremost I have always been a golf addict and it is no hope that fellow addicts will learn as much pleasure from addiction as I have gained myself.'



GLYNNE WILLIAMS - TOGETHER WITH HIS DAUGHTER LYNNE - WALKING THROUGH IN FINE FASHION.

## STOP PRESS!

Just as I was getting ready to call it a day I received a nice letter from Group Captain Alan Jackson in written, incidentally on an Apple wordprocessor and looking very professional indeed - I may yet weaken, but see below. \*) Alan is seeking help in the identification of the following model names of manufacturers. If you can help please write to him.

'KORREKT'  
'VERTA'  
'FLA 8'

\* HAAK (a dagger supplied by a South African firm)

'IMPERIAL' ('AIRBOR' brand)  
'CESTER'  
'DW' ('Brenda')  
'TERRER' (brand)

After I had sent this letter, I found the cable can be plugged into the control panel and the unit addressed either with the usual, IP-X commands with a hexadecimal (sic) address, or with a subunit call. The feeder is indeed called 'hooked with the system, the same cable can be plugged into an Apple II, for use as a standard Apple peripheral. (Instruction to a non-expert for connecting a computer to an electric typewriter.)



# An early lesson helps Colville stay the course

IAN WOOD journeys into the past with the remarkable Musselburgh Golf Historian, George Colville (93).

MAKING a telephone call to George Colville is a delightful but slightly unnerving experience. It is delightful because he's such an entertaining and cheerful character, unnerving because he's inclined to name-drop in the nicest possible way and when he drops names it's as well to hold on to your hat.

For instance, when I phoned him the other day to thank him for some golfing snippets he'd sent me, he happened to mention, in passing, his early golf training. It was at that point that I realised that I'd have to take a firm grip of myself, for George's first lessons were a little different.

For a start, the man who did the teaching was Bob Ferguson, who'd won the Open Championship of 1880, 1881 and 1882. And, as if that wasn't enough, the young Colville — he was aged around six or seven — was then advised to do something about his hands by Willie Park, winner of the first Open ever played, in 1860.

Park, though very old and infirm by then, was sufficiently interested, nevertheless, to ask the lad where he had learned to hold a club like that — "that" being Ferguson's own grip which was along Vardon lines. It was, in the circumstances, a distressing sort of query and when Colville told the old champion that Ferguson had been his mentor, Park deepened the confusion by instructing the boy to adopt forthwith his, Park's, two-handed grip, making the case for the change pretty well unanswerable by adding: "Remember, I was the first Open Champion, not Bob Ferguson."

So much for progress. George Colville was 93 in August and, as his memories have been well plundered over the years, it had not been my intention to subject him to further interrogation. However, I hadn't heard the Willie Park one before and, hooked, I was drawn to the cosy domain of the Musselburgh Golf Historian who still shakes a mean club when the mood is upon him — and it almost always is.

So it came to pass that I found myself sitting with the spritely George within yipping distance of the putter used by Willie Park Jr. in the course of upholding family pride by winning the Opens of 1887 and 1889. Also on the wall was a rut iron created by the brothers Carrick for the purpose of playing off the road flanking the old championship links down toward Levenhall where one intrepid trouser was seen playing a shot from a garden in Albert Terrace. They played it where it lay then.

Another club belonged to David (Deacon) Brown, the chimney sweep who was called in to make up the numbers on the very morning of the 1885 Open. Thirty-one entries had been filed and to round things up, John Anderson, the official who was doing the organising, sent for Brown, who was reputed to be in good form. Deacon duly arrived, black with soot, changed out of his lum-hat and striped trousers and, after a quick wash, dashed off to win the championship.

One of Colville's sadder impressions of the old professionals with whom he came in contact, was the lowly status accorded them, in spite of their prowess on the links.

It is incredible to think that Ferguson himself — a man who was denied four successive Open titles when Willie Fernie beat him in a play-off — worked as a caddie throughout his great years. Ferguson's prize-money for his three Opens totalled £22 — comprising first prizes of £7 in 1880 and 1881 and £8 in 1882, a boom year.

"Willie Park Jr., together with the members of the Triumvirate, Braid, Vardon and Taylor, were the first to set the standards which gained for their profession the respect of the public," said Colville, who suffered at first-hand from the unfortunate image which had been formed in the public mind. A scratch golfer himself, he was offered posts as assistant at Nice, Monte Carlo and in America. His parents flatly refused to countenance his accepting any of the jobs and told him to put any ideas of a

professional career in golf firmly from his mind.

George spent much time with the caddies and he recalls that life in the caddie shed was a curious mixture of hard-living humour and a Calvinistic line in morals. One man who had set up house with a lady without benefit of clergy, so to speak, was reviled by his fellows and banned from the shed in spite of his protests that she was a "no-nonsense woman." Colville, who was Town Registrar at the time, persuaded the man to take the plunge, performed the marriage ceremony for nothing (the fee was five shillings) and the caddie shed ban was lifted.

Not that this sensitivity was much in evidence on the course. As a boy, Colville once watched Andra Kirkaldy attempt to extricate himself from a large, steeped bunker behind the sixth on the old links. After five blows Kirkaldy was still in the sand and, as the language grew riper by the second, Colville's father turned and told George and a group of his young friends: "Clear out boys and let Andrew get on with his swearing."

George's father, Andrew, a watchmaker and jeweller, was captain of the Honestas and Merchants clubs, two of the 29 Musselburgh clubs which used the links. Once, playing with Bob Ferguson, Andrew asked the champion how it was that, into a wind, he was able to fly the gutty ball over the Pandie bunker at the sixth when other good players couldn't manage it. Ferguson confided that he'd "bored a hole in the ball" and put in two wee lead pellets.

The Pandie bunker, incidentally, was the setting for one of George's favourite stories of the links. It concerns one of the Lords of Session who had plugged his ball so hopelessly in the face of the hazard that he was obliged to turn in despair to his caddie and ask him what could be done about the situation. With a simplicity close to genius, the caddie suggested his lordship relieve himself in the vicinity of the ball and claim a free drop away from casual water.

In the course of his own playing career, George made the semi-final of the Dispatch Trophy with the Edinburgh Parish Council team, won the Malloch Trophy Foursonics Cup in partnership with Col. A.H. Buchanan Dunlop and, after various alarms and excursions, won — as he surely had to win — the Musselburgh Amateur Championship in 1937.

It was on another occasion in that championship, in the days when it was played over the old links, that, when playing a semi-final tie, Colville and his opponent repaired to the window at Foreman's pub which stands conveniently at the end of the course and called for refreshment.

As George toyed with a half-pint, a woman approached him and registered strong disapproval, not because she was opposed to the Demon Drink, but because she'd just slapped £1 on George to win and wasn't best pleased with all this wassailing. George, as always, had the words to suit the occasion but we won't record them here.

Colville's life has been unbelievably full. He has, in the course of a career in local government service in Musselburgh been a veritable Pooh-Bah. He has worked on behalf of the poor, he has been involved with the mentally ill, with birth, with marriage, with death. He has read the *Lines to the Fallen* at Inveresk War Memorial for the last 60 years. During the First World War he served with the Royal Field Artillery, fought at Passchendaele, was gassed at Ypres and was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

When he was a schoolboy he earned pennies — about one an hour, to be more precise — painting gutty balls at Peter McEwan's Musselburgh factory. Thus he did by rolling the balls between his palm and thumb while looking ruefully at older boys who were raking in 3d an hour for thinning hickory shafts with emery paper. Now, in the mellow years, he writes addresses, dinners and speeches and, as befits one of the first members of the British Golf Collectors Society, he collects resolutely.



When you're in George Colville's company, the years fall away and the game's roots seem dramatically nearer. Golfers who have become, with the passage of time, revered but distant names on an illustrious cast-list, suddenly develop personalities and become real people. As he talks, the gaunt, bearded images, so familiar and yet so remote, are given substance, human strengths, frailties, and eccentricities.

For those lucky enough to join George on his journeys into the game's past, it is a unique and wonderful experience.

THIS ARTICLE FIRST APPEARED IN 'The Scotsman' on December 29th 1987. Its reappearance here in 'Through The Green' is due to the generous nature of George Colville, who has given us his permission for its republication.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACK CROMBIE

#### NEW ADDRESS

Please note our new and only address for all correspondence is:  
BRITISH GOLF COLLECTORS SOCIETY  
P.O. Box 823  
SEAFORD  
East Sussex  
BN25 2HQ



George Colville

#### WHAT MAKES A GREAT GOLF COURSE?

As a follow on to the fascinating feature by Peter Bown in the December edition of 'Through The Green', readers may care to learn the criteria used by American 'Golf Digest' magazine in processing the 'One Hundred Greatest Golf Courses.'

SHOT VALUES - How fairly a course rewards power, finesse and accuracy.

RESISTANCE TO SCORING - How difficult the course is for the scratch player.

DESIGN BALANCE - How well the holes vary in length and configuration.

MEMORABILITY - How well you remember the holes after playing.

ESTHETICS - The beauty and enticement of the course.

CONDITIONING - How well and consistently the course is maintained during the competitive season.

TRADITION - Impact the course has had on the history and lore of the game.

#### REQUEST FOR HELP OR INFORMATION

Alastair J Macdonald is researching on how the following impinge and have impinged on the game - CLASS, RELIGION, THE LADIES, ARTISANS, PUBLIC COURSES, MANAGEMENT STRUCTURES, DIVISIONS WITHIN CLUBS, OTHER COUNTRIES AND THE POPULAR VIEWPOINT etc, etc. If you have any comments or know of any publication (golf or otherwise) please write to 'Mr AJ Macdonald', 100, Kewell Way, Park Langley, Beckenham, Kent, BR6 7RY.

# By Any Other Name....

No further debasement of our golfing language. A plea from the heart by Alistair Macdonald.

It could be said that we are now irrevocably and irreversibly well into third generation of the nomenclature and parlance of golf.

First there was braid Scots deriving much of its vocabulary from the Gaelic and Scandinavian languages at a time when English had exerted little influence on common usage in lands north of the Forth Valley. As the game spread abroad, and in this context abroad was no further than England, a natural Anglicisation of golf culture and language took place. While the names of the implements of the sport may well have survived the expansion, as the game codified, new terms and verbal embellishments were introduced.

The native conventions of golf, once having established a linguistic identity, became more fluid as the richness and flexibility of the English tongue enhanced their limited localised glossary.

The arrival of the third generation of vocabulary and expression was heralded again by Scotsmen but this time taken further afield to the other side of the Atlantic, where the Anglo-Scottish idiom and jargon was amplified, distorted and, to some people, debased.

As the inevitable Americanisation proceeds, loyalty to the vernacular recedes and is eventually forgotten. At the current rate of change it is possible that the bulk of the original, and much of the basic contemporary usage and ethics will have disappeared by the end of this Century.

This is the core of this brief study.

We should perhaps be grateful that the game is still played round 18 holes, played off a tee to a green via a fairway bounded by rough. However, it is with no little nostalgic regret that we play with a non-British ball, on a front nine then a back nine, occasionally scoring one over par and illogically calling it a bogey. More often perhaps landing in a trap and taking a sand wedge to extricate ourselves. When we play well we pick up a birdie, an eagle, or an albatross on holes bereft of the definite article and where applicable, possessive "it", and which are now starkly 14 or 15 or whatever.

What other etymological changes and customs are ahead of us as we emerge from the ginger-beer stall background and progress to the grandeur of the 'Country Club.' Will out of bounds become off limits? Will course rating take over from Standard Scratch Score? Does our wily handicapper become more or less of a menace if called a hustler? How often does one of our home bred TV commentators have to refer to the "British Open" before the unnecessary appendage becomes established and the "other one" becomes The Open? Will our happy debating haven remain the "19th", and what other changes does the future have in store?

How will spectator behaviour manifest itself at the big golfing occasions? Shrieks and whoops are not alien to here to stay, well established as they now are in other forms of entertainment. Will the shrill whistle of approval rise to be a general and permanent crescendo? Will a common sense of sportsmanship condemn the applauding of the other side's bad shot? If such conduct becomes part of the golfing scene, how far are we away from the soccer chant?

Language and convention are living and mobile, and it is unrealistic to expect a rapidly expanding sport not to acquire new linguistic adornments and fashions. None - the - less, it would appear that the other international sports developed and fostered in this country have retained much more of their original terminology. Perhaps the assumption is ill-founded, but despite the widespread adoption of soccer, tennis, cricket and rugby, the ethos of the sports has remained peculiarly British.

What then has been dropped by the wayside? What have we lost? The implements of the game and their simple, descriptive names - the cleft, mushie, niblick, huffy, bulger, brassie, bocker, spoon, and even the scumie, the scaper and the Scooscoo. The divot is still with us but it is highly vulnerable (PLEASE REMAKE THE TEE). Signie went out with the rule of 1951, and with it the six-inch score card, leaving behind the figurative "stylized" now giving way to "bookended", at least in the U.K. Dummie is still in general use, if not always accurately used to express the same number of holes up, as there are left to play. Its life span with such a suspect derivation ("I can't lose, so I'll have a nap"), must be limited. Whiff - that supremely descriptive word has gone forever and there is no acceptable alternative. Nor so the ubiquitous links burn which didn't travel at all well, and now long since, outside of Scotland, become an ordinary and common-place stream. The tee in both its noun-forms remains with us and is likely to do so. The word tee is well entrenched as one of the fundamental corner stones of early Scottish golf, this despite Dutch attempts to persuade us that the word comes from the Old Dutch 'tuitje' - (On the tuitje, etc.....) meaning a mound of sand. Such haggling can only serve to weaken its stature and encourage the emergence of a substitute, so let's kill it, if only as a digression. Usage of the word tee developed in Scotland in parallel with the sport of curling. The "tee" or "hoose" in 'the roaring game' is the seven foot diameter circle with the "bullseye" in the centre as the target for the curling stones. The word is derived from the Gaelic 'tigh' (curiously enough pronounced tree) meaning house, but where is the link?

CONTINUED ON THE SIXTH TUITJE.....



There is a substantial one. Rule 1 of the Leith code of 1744 states - you must tee your ball within a club length of the hole'. One club's length describes a radius, the hole was the target, and the circle -high, house or tee, the area for the next drive off. Argument is superfluous; the case is made!

One term remains undesecrated, at least at the time of writing, but claims as to its origin are many. The game is still called GOLF. It might well have been named with an entirely different name - the German kolbe, a club; the Dutch proliferation of koltje, solven, kull, colt and no doubt other variations on the theme. It has even been suggested, perhaps with tongue in cheek, that the old French stick and ball game 'dhole' could, from the spidery, slanted writing of some centuries ago, have been misread as golf (try it!)

There can be little doubt, however, that the origin of the word golf is derived from the old Gaelic word meaning 'to strike'. The word was, and still is in Scotland today, proof.

But, by any other name.....

Alastair J Macdonald,

#### ADVANCE INFORMATION FROM AMERICA

The E.C.S. Midwest(USA) Trade Fair will be held in Dayton, Ohio on May 12th, 13th and 14th 1988. The venue will be the Dayton Airport inn within the grounds of the Dayton International Airport. For those who arrive by air, transportation is available from the airport lobby to the hotel.

The first day, May 12th, will be a trade fair for G.C.S. members only (and, presumably for those who are members of the British Golf Collectors Society.) In 1987 this attracted 45 tables and incorporated an educational session in the afternoon. On May 13th a hickory hacker tournament will be played at HOMESTEAD GOLF CLUB, with a preference for suitable attire and clubs indicated. The final day will be an 'Open to The Public' day. In 1987 over 100 GCS members and spouses attended and the promise is that it should be an even bigger and better event in 1988. British members and those from the B.G.C.S. could well add the necessary 'touch of class' and make it a truly International affair.

For additional information and assistance contact ROBERT KUNTZ  
235 East Helena Street  
DAYTON, OHIO, 45404, U.S.A.

And from the G.C.S. comes news that the 1988 ANNUAL MEETING will be held in St. Louis, MO. I was at the meeting of 1981 and can vouch for this location, being home to some of the finest jazz bands and entertainers I have ever experienced. Date for this is September 29th, 30th and October 1st 1988. Garry and Lee Hawk are the organisers and they are at: 1624 Trendley, St Charles, MO 63301, USA.

On the question of usage and abusage of our language (see By Any Other Name.....) may I make a plea for those who sign their letters 'golfingly yours' to cease forthwith? This is an importation from America that we can very well do without!

And on the question of behaviour, can any reader tell me when the habit of raking bunkers was first introduced? And, since a bunker is placed to punish the less than accurate shot, why should they be raked anyway? By way of argument let me cite the thinking of those responsible for Pine Valley, that most classic of all courses, where a rake is never to be found. I had the pleasure of playing over this great course a year or two past with 'The Searchers' and did not find the unraked acres impossible. Punishing they most certainly were, but not an impossibility. And, lest there be howls of protest that not to rake would be unfair, I subscribe to the belief that the game isn't always meant to be fair anyway.....

#### NEW ADDRESS FOR B. G. C. S.

Our new and only address for ALL correspondence is PO Box 843  
SEAFORD  
East Sussex BN25 2HQ

My good friend Laurence Viney has written to me, telling of a discussion he had with Kayner Unwin (of the publishing company UNWIN & Co) when they met at a dinner given for the Society of Bookmen last year. He writes..... 'But first let me tell you of a little more that I have unearthed about William Barentz, the Dutch Arctic explorer, whose journal recorded the playing of 'het colfen' in 1596, when his ship was frozen in the northern ice. As a Dutchman he does not appear in the DNB, but he has a short mention in Chambers Biographical Dictionary, which is attached. (\* See below)

That his journal should have survived undisturbed in the Arctic ice for 274 years is extraordinary; I know that Fuchs found Scott's tinned food intact in the Antarctic after 43 years, but that a diary/journal, presumably written in 16th century ink on primitive paper or parchment, should have lasted so clearly is almost unthinkable. I am writing to Rayner Unwin, who told me of this fascinating reference, to ask him for a little more background.....'

BELOW ARE FACSIMILES OF THE RELEVANT PAGES FROM BARENTZ JOURNALS, FIRST PUBLISHED BY THE HAKLUYT SOCIETY FIRST SERIES NO. LIV IN 1876 AND REPRINTED BY BURT FRANKLIN, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

THE THREE  
VOYAGES OF WILLIAM BARENTS

## ARCTIC REGIONS

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SEVEN EIGHT, with its decorations.  
 \*\*  
 LIEUTENANT KOOLEMANN BEYEN,  
 (with its decorations)

BURT FRANKLIN, PUBLISHER  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

152 THE EXPOSITION

never, for that date = 500 = was too ridiculous for us to  
for it.

The 2nd of April it was fair weather, the wind south-east, and very calm. Then we took the height of the sun, and found it to be almost about the height 29 degrees and 30 minutes, the declination being four degrees and 40 minutes, which being subtracted from the height aforesaid there remaind 14 degrees, which be taken from 80 degrees, the height of the Pole was 74 degrees.

The 1 of April it was fair clear weather, with a north-east wind and very calm; then we made a staff of pines at noon,<sup>4</sup> thereby to stretch our joints, which we sought by all the means we could do.

The 6 of April it was fair weather, the wind variable. That day we took all to the ship, and put out (through the bows) the cable that was made fast to the (bow) anchor, to the end that if the ship chanced to be loose (or to drift) it might hold fast thereby.

The 5 of April it was foul weather with a hard north-east wind, wherewith the ice came drifting in again and did in great pieces one upon the other, and then the ship lay faster then it did before.

[illegible]

"*Ein half ein halbes* only is correct - literally, "a half is ruled with." The wall having shape of half, it half appears the same from the back as from the front (German, *hinter*, then a, *half* or *half*) was which it is pursued. A detailed description of the game, also played in Holland is given in the *Julius Caesar's* historical account of Gaul, vol. 2, p. 18. name *Ein half* (German) is derived from *Ein, Götze*.

and then the water became still, warmer than it was, and  
perfectly good comfort.

The 13 of May it was still overcast, but it warmed hard with a north[west] wind.

The Lord they felt was due their wealth with a good work. They had felt our art shed with fire wood, and our ears now showed marks of age - but our face, which was as red as roses with pleasure, and they purchased us much. At the same time we spoke to William Barrett again to assure the master about going for a chance, which he promised he would do on the following day.

"The 11<sup>th</sup> of May it was fair weather with a west wind, and it was agreed that all were to go out to examine the land with muskets, going<sup>1</sup> playing at roles and other amusements, thereby to excite their joy and to tame their cynicism. At nine o'clock [15<sup>th</sup> item], [Learns] spoke into the megaphone and showed them what the company had said,<sup>2</sup> who made him swear that they should stay no longer than to the end of that month, and that if then the ship could not be found, that preparation should be made to go away with the scouts and the hunts.<sup>3</sup>

The 15 of May it was fair weather with a west-wind: at which time the company were glad of the answer that the mariners had given, but they thought the time too long, because they were to have much time to make the boats sail

1. Were

[illegible][illegible]

<sup>1</sup> [Lq] muss sein; jtz. doch immer noch. Lautend als 1944-5; Lema + Dialekt 4-6  
Bd. 1017.

\* Extract from CHAMBERS BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY

BARENTZ, or Barents, William (died 1597) Dutch Navigator, was pilot to several Dutch expeditions in search of the Northeast passage, and died off Novaya Zemlya. Captain Carlsen found his winter quarters undisturbed in 1871, after 274 years, and in 1875 part of his journal was discovered by another explorer. See Van Campen's Barents Relics (1877).





# AFTER 'THE BALL' by JOHN GARCIA

John Garcia prepared the following for his forthcoming book on Harold Hilton, which explains the references to Hilton, which might not have otherwise been made. He says he is too lazy to edit them out!

\*\*\*\*\*

Harold Hilton's period as a champion golfer was from 1892 to 1913. Of the seven major championships he won, in the first four he played with the build gutta percha ball, known as the gutty. In the last three, in 1911 and 1912, he used a rubber-cored ball, based on the American Haskell ball, which was capable of being hit vastly greater distance than the gutty. In 1902, the year of its introduction in the UK, the two finalists in the Amateur Championship and the winner of the Open Championship all used a Haskell ball. During 1902, course records were being broken everywhere, sometimes by more than a handful of strokes. Why the R & A did not ban the Haskell ball immediately is something we shall have to consider, but before we do so, let us first look at the facts about the two kinds of ball.

Plainly there was a big difference between them. The gutty was quite a bit lighter than the first Haskell, and would float in water, which the first Haskell balls would not. \* But Robert Harris, in his book "Sixty Years of Golf" (1953), says that both the gutty and the early Haskell and other rubber-cored balls, from 1902 up to about 1914, were much larger than the balls we use now, being from 1.72 to 1.75 inches in diameter.

Harris's figures are difficult to confirm, but the American John Stuart Martin, in his book "The Curious History of the Golf Ball" (1965 ?) says that all the factory-made gutties were "1.70 inches or more in diameter", which supports Harris's remarks. Until 1921 the rules were quite silent about the minimum size and maximum weight of golf balls. Strangely, at the time when the gutty was still in widespread use, there was much less interest in size than in weight.

\* To check low scoring by small heavy balls, the USGA introduced in January 1931 a new rule that balls had to be no smaller than 1.68 inches in diameter and weigh no more than 1.55 ounces. A ball made to this specification would float in water. It was very unpopular. In 1932, the Americans accepted 1.62 ounces as the minimum weight, while retaining 1.68 inches as the minimum diameter, and this has remained their standard ever since.



It is really astonishing that so many golf history books which refer to the gutty fail to mention its very large size. This is even true of books written when the size of the little balls usually used in Britain was 1.62 inches in diameter, close to a huge tenth of an inch smaller. When you recall the fuss some of us made when we first played with the bigger American ball because it was .06 inches greater in diameter than our little ball, it is hard to imagine what it must have been like playing with an even bigger ball. Great credit is due to Robert Harris for drawing our attention to something which makes it easier to realise the enormous effect wind must have had on the big gutty ball especially when one bears in mind its lightness, for the gutty floated on water. \*

What is the difference in length between the solid gutta percha ball played with hickory shafted clubs, and the modern ball played with today's equipment? One accurate measure of this is shown by the scores on the seventeenth hole of the Old Course at St Andrews, the famous " Road Hole ", of the four leading players at the end of the 1900 Open, when everyone was using gutties. They were JH Taylor, Harry Vardon, James Braid and Jack White, and between them they played it sixteen times, scoring thirteen 6s and three 5s ! Braid did the best with two of the three 5s, and Taylor had the other one, which he made by holing a 7 yard putt, in his final round of 75 which established a new course record. Vardon, almost universally reckoned to be the best player of the four, and White each had four 6s. The Golf Illustrated account of the Open from which these figures are taken made no comment on these scores, and I think we can take it that they raised no eyebrows.

\* Harris also describes how the Rules Committee of the R & A was forced to impose a new rule ( he says in 1922, but it was in 1921 ) when a very small freak ball was introduced which could go for miles, and which really threatening the game. For the new rule the minimum diameter of 1.62 inches with a maximum weight of 1.62 ounces was chosen, making one suspect that the choice was essentially pre-technological. This rule lasted without change for ten years, but in 1931 in their rules the Americans raised the minimum diameter to 1.68 inches, in order to make scoring more difficult for the experts, while making the ball easier to hit for beginners and players of modest ability.



In 1900, even when the ground was dry and firm, only an exceptionally long drive would just enable a long hitter's second shot to reach the green. During the Open Championship of 1900, the ground was soft and, with the prevailing wind unhelpful as usual, it was probably impossible for even the longest hitters of the day to reach the seventeenth green in two shots. Then as now, an approach shot of any length to this green could easily finish in trouble, either on the road or in the pot bunker in front of the green. In 1900, even for the professionals, an approach shot was seldom the second shot, and was quite frequently the fourth. But some of those thirteen 6s of the four leaders in the Open of 1900 were probably due to safety play.

In his Reminiscences, Hilton described his own strategy for playing the hole with the gutty, which involved directing the tee shot left of the sheds, and staying far left with the second shot, so that his third would be played to the left of the pot bunker (instead of trying to slip past it from the fairway on the right). Of course, Hilton's way of playing the hole (which followed from discussions with the old St Andrews professional Andra Kirkaldy) added many yards to its length, and his third shot was usually a full one played with a wooden club.

In 1911, one of the first issues of "The Golf Monthly", as it was then called, had a piece about the Road Hole, including a splendidly drawn scale map, with marks showing how Hilton actually reached the middle of the green with his second shot, using the prevailing wind to draw the ball into it. Needless to say, he was using the rubber-cored successor to the solid gutta percha ball, but even so it was considered a remarkable feat.

Today, unless the wind is blowing hard against them, the best players are slightly disgusted if they don't get a 4, and although 5s are not uncommon they represent a mistake. I do not for a moment imagine that their greater length has much to do with improved technique, even though there may have been some improvements.

It is hard to understand why in 1902 the R & A did not act immediately to ban the new "rubber filled" ball (as it was called in a series of articles in Golf Illustrated). Probably one reason was that there was a large group of first rate amateurs who did not think that it conferred much, if any, benefit on a player who used it. There was a good deal of debate about it at the time, in which this view was often expressed. It may even have been reinforced by the fact that both the



finalists in the 1902 Amateur Championship used a Haskell ball. If only one finalist had used it and he had won, the argument might have gone the other way.

The crucial thought which prevented really good golfers from being in any way alarmed was that the new ball, although it might help the weaker brethren more than it helped the strong, would not enable the third rate to oust the first rate. Among the professionals, JH Taylor had felt alarm when he had first tried a Haskell ball out in America in 1900, two years before it was introduced into the UK. On the first hole on which he used it, he drove the green some 240 yards away, disturbing some players who were putting so that he had to hurry forward to apologise and explain. "Then and there" he wrote later, "I instantly realised that the gutty was doomed." But nearly all the professionals at first disliked the Haskell, and were opposed to its toleration.

One of those who strongly disliked the introduction of the new ball was John Low, a prominent member of the R & A, and chairman of its Rules Committee. He termed it "an evil to the game" and said that one reason why so many good golfers affected indifference to the question was that they were slow to admit that the credit for their improved scoring belonged to the ball. Certainly one can imagine how a golfer who had just knocked a few strokes off the course record would be inclined to deny, perhaps even indignantly, that the ball he used had much if anything to do with it. At any rate, though there were immediate calls from a few for action to prevent the continued use of the rubber filled ball, as more played with it the proportion of golfers who liked it grew. And, of course, since there were no rules about the weight or size, let alone the composition, of balls, it would have required the introduction of a new rule to prevent its use from continuing.

A few weeks later, Alex Herd won the Open Championship at Hoylake playing with a Haskell ball, and within a few months so great was its popularity that the chance of banning it had gone.

Recently watching on television some professional golfers taking an iron off the tee at the 16th hole on the Old Course at Walton Heath, and recalling the use of wooden clubs by Dai Rees and Henry Cotton when I watched them play there in 1949, I wonder whether we are not encountering the same sort of problem today.

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## LETTER FROM AMERICA . . . . .

"Now is the winter of our discontent" for those of us in the frigid north and when the wind doth blow and the snow doth fall, we are confined to our hearth. Of course, those of us who are in the tropic climes of Florida, Arizona and Southern California continue to whale away and are the envy of those who remain stuck in the snowbanks.

There are some compensations. We can catch up on all those hooks we bought and did not have time to read and those who picked up rare treasures in old clubs can spend evering hours scraping and sanding and re-fishing the old shafts and buffing those rusting heads.

It should be said that there are a few, old, crusty gentlemen who cannot understand why a guy would want to spend a few hours with a pot of varnish and a piece of sandpaper when he could be reading a book by Darwin or Hutchinson or, even, Peter Alliss but we suppose there is no method of accounting for taste.

Our particular winter - time project is to catalogue our library which may seem strange to some of you who know that the old boy has been collecting for thirty years. It is, however, a useful exercise and in the process, we find books that we added without prior reference and discover books missing that we are sure we had. It is proving to be a 'useful diversion' and it keeps us from the Pub - or that less elegant description, the Saloon.

We find it difficult to 'label' our Society these days as merely "The Golf Collectors Society" because we feel we cannot employ the prefix "The" when, obviously, there is a healthy and burgeoning British Golf Collectors Society. You will pardon us then, we hope, if in reporting our activities we simply label it 'G.C.S.'.

We are pleased to report that many of the (G.C.S.) members from countries outside The Empire have stayed with us and we rejoice in their support.

Under the intelligent direction of Charlie Yaws and Tom Kuhl, we are recovering from the 'hiccup' that disrupted the proceedings for a few months. We appreciate the affectionate humour they employ in describing themselves as 'Interim Secretary - Treasurer' (YAWS) and 'Interim Membership Chairman' (KUHIL). Further, they have an 'Interim Guiding Light' (WARREN OLSON) and an 'Interim Sounding Board' (BOB GRIFFITH).

Current activities are centred on an election of a Board of Governors, the adoption of a Constitution and Bye-laws and a registration of the name of the Society and its emblem. Fred Smith, one of the Founding Members, has agreed to serve as 'Spokesperson' for the Society and is prepared to field all suggestions and/or questions offered by members.

An election is taking place as of this moment for twelve Directors to represent given areas of this country and the rest of the world - except the U.K.

We think each of these steps are constructive steps to achieve a more business-like and professional organisation - although there is one old disposed Dictator who mutters in his beer that "the old days were never like this". Thus far, fortunately for the old fellow's ego no one has dared to put in to writing: 'It's about time' . . . . .

The outcome of those elected will be ammunition for my June ramblings but some of you will remember the following who were nominated or are hold-overs from the original Board of Advisors: JOHN WHITTEMORE, FRANK ZADRA, JUDE POLINDER, NORM HOLLANDER, ALLAN HUGHES, LEO KELLY, FARRIEL, SHOFFETT, FRED SMITH, ARCHIE BAIRD, FRANK HARDISON, JOHNNY (par shootin', highball drinkin' and low ball strikin') HENRY, WARREN OLSON & BARRY WILLIAMSON.

If the G.C.S. laboured there for awhile, one of its strengths has been the enthusiasm of 'local' chapters or groups to hold meetings. Currently to our knowledge, Chapter No. 1 (Maryland; Virginia, State of Columbia) are holding a meeting in early February and on March 12th the Tri-State Chapter (sometimes alluded to as "The Illustrious Norman J. Hollander Chapter", will hold a meeting at GOLF HOUSE, Far Hills N.J. On the East Coast of Florida your Editor's Springtime neighbour Fred Porter organises a trade show and golf tournament which attracts all the right people, this usually at the end of March. At the other end of Florida (Tallahassee) a Hickory Hacker tournament is planned to take place at Duncin on April 9th and 10th. Sid Matthew is organising. We are not as meticulous as we once were in keeping track of the new books and will offer a more complete report in June. One which should perhaps be mentioned, for those of you with giant coffee tables, is AMERICA'S GREATEST GOLF COURSES, (N.Y. Gallery Books \$24.95). If it cannot be easily accommodated on the knee it is handsomely produced with glorious photographs and a sensible text describing, as the title would indicate, this country's finer courses.

Perhaps to your regret, we continue to urge our members to come to your beautiful shores and play on your lovely courses and links. We have received a number of enquiries about your 'BRITISH GATHERING', which appears to be most efficiently misinterpreted by BILL BIRCH. You may expect some strange (and hopefully honest) faces. Sadly, this correspondent will not be among those - not those with the honest face, at least - but we do hope to invade in May when, we were once told by a Bard, the daffodils become a host. That is what we need . . . . . a host! One final thought, which we hope your next Editor will not delete, is that we feel privileged to receive your delightful publication, 'Through The Green'. (now why could not an un-named former Editor have thought of such a lovely title?) The most recent issue with the HILTON story by JOHN GARCIA, the articles by ALISTAIR MACDONALD and PETER BURN and not to forget the poetry of FRED RATSON were most enjoyable. We feel that our G.C.S. members are deprived in not knowing of the publication's delights.

.....more on thirteenth tee.....



It would not be proper to end without again noting our great pleasure in having so many of your members attend our most recent annual meeting. If we received with uncharacteristic reserve the rather exuberant display of Nationalism engendered by your winning of the Ryder Cup, we are pleased that you have (As a Nation) enjoyed such a marvellous year in world - wide competition. We cannot help but note, being as nasty as we are, that a tiny Welshman led the parade, but to have won the Ryder Cup, The Dunhill, The World Team, The Sunbury and having an American elected Captain of The Royal & Ancient Golf Club of Saint Andrews is certain testimony to the fact that Britannia rules the course. Of course.

Submitted humbly by.....MARTIN I .....

**GOLF AT WALTON HEATH, SURREY.  
FRIDAY 17th JUNE 1988**

A round of golf for London & Southern Counties members at this fine championship golf course. 4.00 p.m. start followed by beer and sandwiches. No entry forms necessary but PLEASE let Philip Truett or David White know if you plan to attend.

**SCOTTISH HICKORY HACKERS GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP  
ROYAL BUNGESS GOLF CLUB, EDINBURGH**

Friday June 3rd 1988. The premier event North of the Border. An interesting and enjoyable competition with a true touch of history to bring you closer to the authentic spirit of the game.

ENTRY FORMS ARE ENCLOSED AND AN EARLY BOOKING IS STRONGLY RECOMMENDED.

W.A. Hughes  
15

John Bode



The clubhouse overlooks the testing St Annes Old Links course.

The PREMIER event of the season. An 'Open' meeting at St Annes Old Links (entries limited to 40 golfers followed by a grand formal dinner at the CLIFTON ARMS HOTEL. Open to members & guests BUT places for this MUST be reserved and paid for prior to the event. Contact BILL BIRCH, 6 SQUARE ROAD, WALDEN, TOLMORDEN, W. YORKS OL14 7SU Tel: 070 - 681 - 6229.



And.....for the first lucky eighteen applicants, a weekend of golf at BREADSALL PRIORY HOTEL GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB - MORLEY, Near DERBY. A three star country house with nine twin-bedded rooms reserved exclusively for the B.G.C.S. Golf on Friday, Saturday and Sunday for an inclusive tariff of £57.00 per person. Details from PO Box 843, Sleaford, East. Sussex. PN25 2HQ

**REGIONAL  
NEWS**



JUNE 17th 1988

JUNE 3rd 1988

JULY 13th 1988

OCT 14th/16th '88

The Phillips auction held in Chester on Jan. 2nd again fulfilled its reputation as the most professionally organised of events and offered for sale some 400 lots, with several items which had once been the property of John Henry Taylor. Prices were higher than many expected and the 'gleam and doom' thinking that many had expressed (mainly attributed to the weak value of the once almighty dollar and the unknown state of play within the American based G.C.S.) came to nought. As examples, Beghies' book on JHT and signed by the great man himself made a staggering £170 and a signed, dedicated copy of Cottons' 'This Game of Golf', normally a book which can be bought for a fiver, made £140! I am always amazed at the continuing high prices which are realised for Darwin's works and gasp at prices like £280 for 'Green Memories' and £280 for a dedicated copy of 'Golf between Two Wars' (normally a Ten Pound book without such inscription). Surprisingly the limited edition Large Paper versions of Badminton (ridiculously underestimated) were sold at £340 and £40 which by any standard were the 'steals' of the auction. I recall copies of this cornerstone work changing hands a year or so back for close on £1000 a copy! Ceramics and Silverware, including some of JHT's awards, made for firm bidding and prices exceeded estimates. Artwork though was a trifle disappointing with Michael Brown's weakening and a 'star' piece, inscribed as 'William Gladstone as a Boy' failed to reach its estimated £3000/£5000 with bidding ending at £1800 and the piece was 'bought in'. A continuing interest in old golf balls does not surprise and the Gourlay making £1200 and a Marshall of Leith making £1500 raised only a very few eyebrows. Equally, there is a continued demand for good old clubs and prices were generally above estimates, with a lovely Mid Spoon by McEwan making the highest price of the day at £1300. It was good to see David Strick amongst the bidders (a pity, though, that he has not joined our new society, brotherhood) and amusing to witness Michael Hobbs waving to your scribe across the room and almost having a lot knocked down to him by mistake! Increasingly common were the telephone bidders and a few present were to bemoan the efficiency of British Telecom when the mysterious Mr Stein was running hot! The dinner held at Barnaby's prior to the auction was voted a fine though cramped success and our Captain was in good form, delivering an amusing speech to the continuous flashing of camera bulbs from the amateur photographers. A pity the snaps I've received are of a quality which will not allow reproduction by our photocopy method.

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## Auction Calendar

Sotheby's Billingshurst March 31st.  
Sotheby's Chester - July 11th.  
Phillips Chester - July 12th.



Rare Hand Hammered Gutta, £1450  
(Phillips)

A FINE MID SPOON BY  
MCEWAN (Phillips)



19th CENTURY ENGLISH SCHOOL  
"William Gladstone as a Boy"  
(Phillips)







# BOOKSHELF

A review of new books, and those that may have slipped through the net, presented this month by Bob Grant.....

I was very pleased to receive a copy of **CORK GOLF CLUB 1888 - 1985**, a club history recently sent to me by the Captain of the club. The last time I met the Captain was some twenty years ago when he was practicing as a dentist in my home town. I recall did five fillings on a Friday evening and then proceeded to beat me at golf the following morning. I still have the fillings but await to retrieve my honour on the golf course. The book is a typical club history but is also full of Irish National favour. Fred Daly, Joe Carr, the not so well remembered Jimmy Brown and Christy O'Connor all feature within it. There is the usual photograph of Dr Alistair Mackenzie who helped in some of the course redesigning work. (£8.50/£1 or £8.00 sterling from Grant Books.) A somewhat larger book is **GOLF TOURS AND DETOURS** - Golf's greatest moments captured by Laurence Levy and Brian Morgan. One of those awkward, oblong books but extremely well illustrated, as one might expect from two such masters of the camera. It concentrates on capturing the champions in both pain and joy and has chapters on ladies golf, caddies, spectators and officials. Not much in the way of text but truly great pictures. (£14.95 Sackville Books) Another oversized book is **GOLF IN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND**, a complete guide to courses, clubs accommodation and travel. Compiled by The Editors of Golf World it is the ideal Christmas book which missed Christmas! Its 160 illustrated pages feature fine colour photographs which really make the book. Golf courses in both countries are grouped by area and it certainly gave me itchy feet to see the marvellous courses at Donnegal, Killarney and Sligo. Lesser known courses are also featured. (£12.95 Sackville Books) **DOUBLE EAGLE** is a golfing novel by Keith Miles. It tells of a golf pro who, harassed by his bank manager and ex-wife, takes refuge in California and gets involved in murder and mayhem. Is it necessary to use foul language and sex scenes in a golf book? I didn't bother to finish it! (£9.95 Andre Deutsch). An interesting history is **A HISTORY OF ROYAL ST. GEORGES GOLF COURSE**, by B.L.W. Hill and Peter Hill. Featured are The Open Championships played there including the famous Bradshaw 'hole in the bottle' incident. (Published privately by Peter Hill; Sheffield £5.00, card covers) A book which perhaps understandably has not featured prominently is **THE PERSIMMON STORY** by Elmore Jun. This 45 page booklet traces the origin of a golf club head from the tree to the finished article. Nicely illustrated, it has been privately printed for the author in Kentucky and may be obtained from Grant Books at £5.00. Modesty forbids me from writing a great deal about **TOWARDS ONE HUNDRED YEARS** - Edghaston Golf Club 1896 - 1985 by Peter Heath (a new member of our Society, Ed.) Published by Grant Books in a limited edition of 750 copies, it is nicely bound and very well written. Edghaston Golf Club is close to the centre of Birmingham and yet, when playing the course you could well imagine you are a million miles from main habitation. The course is a true delight and the book a worthy one. (from the club, or Grant Books, at £9.95) \* Just about to be released in the UK is **CADDIES** by Gunby Jordan and Don Wade. Gunby has been working on this book for some years now, collecting and annotating the history of the caddie, together with caddie stories. With a foreword from Herbert Warren Kind, it is illustrated with both colour and monochrome photos and drawings. The author has skillfully woven a picture of caddies and their humour by using contributions from the best known names in golf. (£12.95 Grant Books)

\* In an unbiased way I can endorse all that Bob has written about this club history. The Secretary, Major D.R. Sullivan, was kind enough to send me a copy and I thoroughly enjoyed reading about this famous club, encircled by the sprawl of a major city. I look forward to the chance of playing over the course and meeting the author, our 'new man', Peter Heath. Ed.)

\*\* With a journal such as this I am sometimes tempted to take liberties. Thus I have done by 'lifting' the copy of my old friend Russ Gooden (GOLF DIGEST, USA) to tell of the most important network of interest to the collector. I freely acknowledge a copy of this, the most

## New source for the collector book collector

The book collector's paradise is the collector's bible, *The Book Collector's Guide*, published by the British Book Collectors' Society. It is a directory of book collectors, dealers, and publishers, and is a must for anyone interested in the book trade. It is published annually and is available for purchase from the British Book Collectors' Society, 10, Bedford Square, London, WC1R 4EJ. The price is £10.00 per volume plus postage.

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- Ken Gurney