TO THE BRINK OF FAME

By Gadd

The Life and times of Bert Gadd – Professional Golfer

This is not an autobiography – Just some memories of people, places and events.

It is dedicated to the memory of Paddy and Tim
– and to Jo, Brian and Mike who are still with us.

Bert Gadd

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Bert Gadd : 1909 - 2003

Forewords

Bert Gadd outlived almost all his contemporaries but one who knew him for over sixty years was an Open Champion who kindly provided a foreword. It is supplemented by tributes from his long golfing life, including some from newspapers of the pre-war period.

Dai Rees and Dave Thomas at Hesketh G.C., Southport (Courtesy of Derek Holden)

The foreword is introduced with a quote from one of our greatest match players, the Ryder Cup player and captain, Dai Rees, who was one of Bert's opponents in his tournament days. When he visited the North East, where Bert had his last professional post at Bishop Auckland, he told former Gadd pupil, Mike Cosgrove, that he had never seen a better iron player than Bert Gadd, a tribute endorsed by those who witnessed Bert's impressive ball striking including Mike himself, Bob Hindhaugh from another of Bert's clubs, Beamish Park and Dave Thomas, who was then a young assistant at the Northumberland Golf Club.

A member of Dai Rees's winning Ryder cup team in 1957, Max Faulkner, who passed away in 2005, was the last of the front line players who were Bert's pre-war rivals. He and Bert began their tournament careers in the halcyon golfing days of the thirties and both made their Open debut at Prince's in 1932 - Bert was 23 and Max, who was to win the championship in 1951, was a 16-year-old assistant at the Sonning club in Berkshire. Here are Max's memories of Bert:

> I am not surprised that Dai Rees said that he never played with a better iron player than Bert. I remember him as a wonderful player with a swing equal to the best and I always felt that his ability should have brought him more success. My abiding memory goes back to the 1937 Irish Open at Royal Portrush, where I was to win my Open Championship fourteen years later. I was well placed to celebrate my 21st birthday by taking the Irish title until Bert played a succession of magnificent long irons, finishing with two eagles. Bert's 69 that day left me requiring an eagle myself at the final hole and, in attempting to get my three, I charged past the hole and ended up having to settle for par, which dropped me to third place. When I met Bert again over sixty years later at Nailcote Hall in Warwickshire, where we celebrated the 50th anniversary of my Open win, I reminded him that he had done me out of thirty quid – on my 21st! - but we were still pals. He was a lovely chap
>
> Max Faulkner,
> West Chiltington Golf Club
> 2004 John Marshal Cameron

Bert Gadd's career on the professional tournament circuit began in 1932 and lasted for just eight years.
During that period he won two national open championships, one of which was clinched with two closing eagles, perhaps a unique accomplishment.
(There are very few championship courses that afford the opportunity to do it). He became a formidable match-player, representing England six times and was in the top dozen professionals in Britain when the Second World War brought about a long suspension of competitive golf.

Bert and Max pictured on the 50th anniversary of Max's Open Championship. Nailcote Hall, 2001

Tributes from that period are quoted from newspapers of the time: -

Bert spent his early years as a tournament player in the Midlands, where he was professional at Brand Hall and in 1933, after his great win in the French Open Championship, the Secretary of the Midland PGA and professional at the Moseley club, A.R.Wheildon, wrote in the *Birmingham Gazette*: -

"We have in Bert Gadd a magnificent golfer who is only 24-years-old, big and strongly built, with the collected nerve of a real champion. If he can only have opportunities he cannot help but become famous. I notice in the lists of bookmakers which are being broadcast at present he is quoted at 28 to 1, where two months ago his price was 200 to 1".

Unfortunately the odds were ultimately stacked against him and Wheildon's confident prediction was to be frustrated by events, but his reputation within the game was high as witnessed by another extract from the *Birmingham Gazette* in the fateful year of 1939: -

Memories of Bert Gadd - 12/6/39

"Bert Gadd's progress at the Penfold League Golf Tournament at Little Aston this week will be watched with keen interest by many Birmingham people, for although it is several years since he left Brand Hall, he has many friends here who still regard him as a Midlander.
His would be an extremely popular win. This powerfully built young man – good golfer that he is – has not had the success in major golf to which his skill entitles him.
His outstanding performance, which will never leave the memory of those who saw it, was in the (1937) Irish Open, which he won by coming 'up from behind' with a burst of brilliant golf. Bert should also find inspiration in the fact that he had the pro record at Little Aston with a round of 66 . . . ."
(Bert's course record 66, set in the 1935 Midland Open, was described by the *Gazette* as "the best display of golf that has been seen in the Midlands for a long time")

Bert Gadd was third in that last *Penfold League* tournament behind the joint winners: Henry Cotton and Charles Whitcombe.

In 1928 Bert went to the Shropshire club, Market Drayton as Pro/Greenkeeper, beginning an association with the club that lasted for over seventy years. This is what Past President and Captain, Bob Bayliss wrote after Bert passed away in 2003.

> Market Drayton Golf Club is very proud to have been associated with Bert Gadd. Bert was not only a superb golfer but a true gentleman; a lovely person held in high esteem by everyone and the game of golf – and those who play it - are the richer because of his contribution to it. His name will live on at Market Drayton Golf Club.
>
> Bob Bayliss,
> Market Drayton G.C.
> 2003

In 1984 Bert Gadd returned to the game of golf after an eighteen year break and joined his last club, Ellesmere Port on the Wirral. He regained his amateur status at the age of seventy-six and played on until he was nearly ninety years of age, maintaining a single figure handicap and winning forty competitions. Ken Jones, Ben Jones, Colin Craggs, Les Collins and all Bert's friends at the club held him in high regard.

Here is a tribute from Ken Jones: -

I first met Bert when I joined the ranks of the 'Vets' at Ellesmere Port and it was my weekly rounds with him that enabled me to reduce my handicap from 15 to 10 in 2 ½ months. Bert was Handicap Secretary and I would help him to check the cards after our competitions. Although he was then in his late eighties nothing got past him – he would often phone me if I made a mistake saying: "Ken, you ought to go back to school".
We often talked about his life in professional golf and the great players he knew, who feature in this book. He achieved so much in such a short career at the top and we will never know how many more titles he would have won if war had not taken away his 'prime' years in the game, as it did for so many of his contemporaries.
Bert always said that his brother Charles, who was badly disabled in the First World War, was a better golfer than he was. I can only say that Charles must have been some golfer. Mind you, that was the way Bert was – a quiet, unassuming, gentleman. The best tribute I can pay to him is that I hope some of his qualities have rubbed off on me.
I will never forget Bert, nor will anyone who knew him. We were very privileged to have such a great golfer – and great man – at Ellesmere Port Golf Club.

Ken Jones
Ellesmere Port G.C.
2004

Bert Gadd was based in the North East from 1939 to 1959 as a part-time professional and won 33 trophies one of them in nine consecutive years, surely a record! In seven consecutive seasons from 1953-1959 he won the Northumberland and Durham Golf Alliance Cup for the lowest aggregate score, a trophy that had been won on six occasions by his brother Charles. Bert's friend and fellow professional, Maurice Strong from the Chester-le-Street club, recalled how they carried their clubs on to buses and in to pubs after playing in those tournaments.
A final tribute comes from one of Britain's finest ever golfers, who was a young assistant in the North East when Bert was dominating golf in the region in the 1950s. The former Ryder Cup player and Captain of the PGA in their centenary year of 2001, Dave Thomas, now a respected course designer, had this to say: -

"When I first became a professional when I was 16 years of age, Bert Gadd was a legend in the North East as the best player and it was one of my ambitions to be as good as Bert Gadd. I used to go and play at Brancepeth Castle in Co. Durham hoping to see Bert, but of course wouldn't dare go and speak to him!

It was very pleasing for both of us when we met a few years ago, when he was in his nineties, at the 2001 Nailcote Hall celebration dinner in honour of Max Faulkner and he was amazed when I told him he was one of my heroes. I was astonished when he told me that I was a hero in his eyes when I became a Ryder Cup player."

Dave Thomas,
Marbella
2004

Dave Thomas pictured at the Belfry, where he was accorded life membership of the PGA in 2005

Introduction

Golf often runs in the family, but there have been very few in which more than one brother has been good enough to compete at the highest level and cases of three having such talent are rare indeed. The Whitcombe brothers are the most famous three-some, all having played in the Ryder Cup, but there were three other talented brothers from their era who came to the brink of fame. The Gadd brothers: George, Charles and Bert were three of six brothers, five of whom became professionals, born in Malvern, Worcestershire – a breeding ground for professional golfers in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. In the years between the wars, the name Gadd constantly appeared in the record books as George, Charles and Bert won several important events of the day, but never the Open title or Ryder Cup appearance that would have made theirs a 'household name'. In the twenties and thirties, the eldest of the brothers, George and Charles, played with amazing skill and courage. Both lost their prime years to the First World War and Charles' war wound was so severe that it prevented him from putting weight on his left leg, but he adapted his game very successfully and, between the wars, he won twenty-five regional tournaments in his adopted North East and the prestigious *Northern Professional Championship*. The local newspaper said: "His victory was extremely popular amongst his brother professionals, by whom he is held in high esteem, as he is indeed by all golfers in the North of England. The new Northern champion provides a fine example of courage and determination, for he has never allowed a physical infirmity to keep him from his chosen game". George overcame injuries on more than one occasion, notably when he won the *Northern Professional Championship* in 1926 and previously in the 1922 *News of the World Tournament* when he was afflicted with a knee injury that meant that he also could put practically no weight on his left leg; He played 'off the back foot', fashioning a soft high slice to keep the ball in play and, giving the ball his characteristic 'snappy blow', as the famous golf writer, Bernard Darwin called it, he putted brilliantly to take the title. Darwin wrote of George: "He remains quite the most cheerful and good-natured sufferer of 'the card and pencil fiend' imaginable". They may not be in the books of 'Greatest Golfers', but there were no greater examples of guts and determination than the Gadds.

Courtesy of the Hobbs Golf Collection

This is their story told in the memoirs of Bert, the youngest of the three, born at the end of the Edwardian era into a world of austerity and hard work. It is set in the context of the historical and sporting events of the turbulent period in which he was brought up and pursued his career. In the year of his birth, 1909, Blériot made his pioneering flight across the English Channel; when he passed away in 2003 the supersonic airliner Concorde had just been retired from service. His golfing life spanned over three-quarters of the last century from the period when the British Empire occupied some 25 % of the earth's land surface until it had all but disappeared. The Great Triumvirate were dominating the golfing scene when he first took to the game in his early childhood before the Great War; when he finally laid down his clubs over eighty years later he was nearly ninety and still had a single figure handicap. The PGA celebrated its centenary year in 2001 and was just eight years old when Bert was born. He joined the Association when it was in its third decade and fifty-five years ago he was instrumental in the foundation of the Northumberland and Durham Professional Society - now the North East PGA.

When this book was written Bert was a very young in spirit nonagenarian; his demeanour was always cheerful and courteous whatever his state of health and his mind was sharp until the end of his days. He was, in the words of people who knew him throughout his career – "A lovely man" - and a very talented one, but one who fame had eluded. So why record the memoirs of Bert Gadd, who was known only to a relative few who remember him as a tournament player and those who know of his exploits as an amateur in his latter years?

It was his friend Keith Burrows who suggested the idea and introduced me to Bert. I had heard of his remarkable longevity in the game and had wanted to meet him and, like others who you will hear from in these pages, I was impressed with the man and his fascinating story. It begins in the infancy of professional golf and gives us an insight into the life of a pro in the second quarter of the last century - when steel replaced hickory. In those days the professional was often the greenkeeper – and sometimes the steward as well. Even the top professionals had club jobs and, even though their sport was patronised by Royalty, they were treated as second class citizens in Britain - a sharp contrast with the status and lifestyle enjoyed by players with his talent today.

For most good golfers who reach pensionable age the game becomes a sociable weekly recreation and very few will be able to maintain their game into old age as Bert did; In his late eighties he was still

scoring in the seventies, before deteriorating health finally forced his retirement from the game. He was a scratch player for the best part of fifty years and was still playing to single figures over seventy years after he first achieved that mark - and that after returning to the game at the age of 75, following an eighteen-year break during which he played no golf at all! The advent of the Seniors Tour has encouraged many tournament professionals to compete again and there is little doubt that Bert would have made his mark in the senior professional game, had the Tour been so attractive when he was in his fifties and sixties.

At his modest house in Chester, where he lived alone until he was 93, Bert told me about his life in the very different world of pre and immediately post-war golf and showed me the cuttings he had kept (some from his own newspaper columns) and I filled in the detail from contemporary accounts. When I showed him my research it often triggered off more memories and the manuscript gradually grew into the story you are about to read. We were wary of the inconsistencies to be found in golf reports and he would strictly edit anything that he was doubtful of. In his contribution to the foreword, Ken Jones tells us how keen Bert always was to 'get things right'.

Bert's fame locally did reach the ears of one of the national 'glossies' a few years back and an article was published which suggested that he did not include the new phenomenon, Tiger Woods, in his list of greatest players, a judgement that looked bad in view of Tiger's subsequent record. "I didn't mean that", Bert said with a chuckle (he wasn't one to get too excited about such things); "All I said was that he would have to change his swing if he wasn't to retire early through back trouble". Bert knew a thing or two about the golf swing and Woods, under the guidance of Butch Harman, certainly did change his action before going on to dominate the game, beginning an unbroken five-year reign as World number one and swiftly climbing the list of major championship winners.

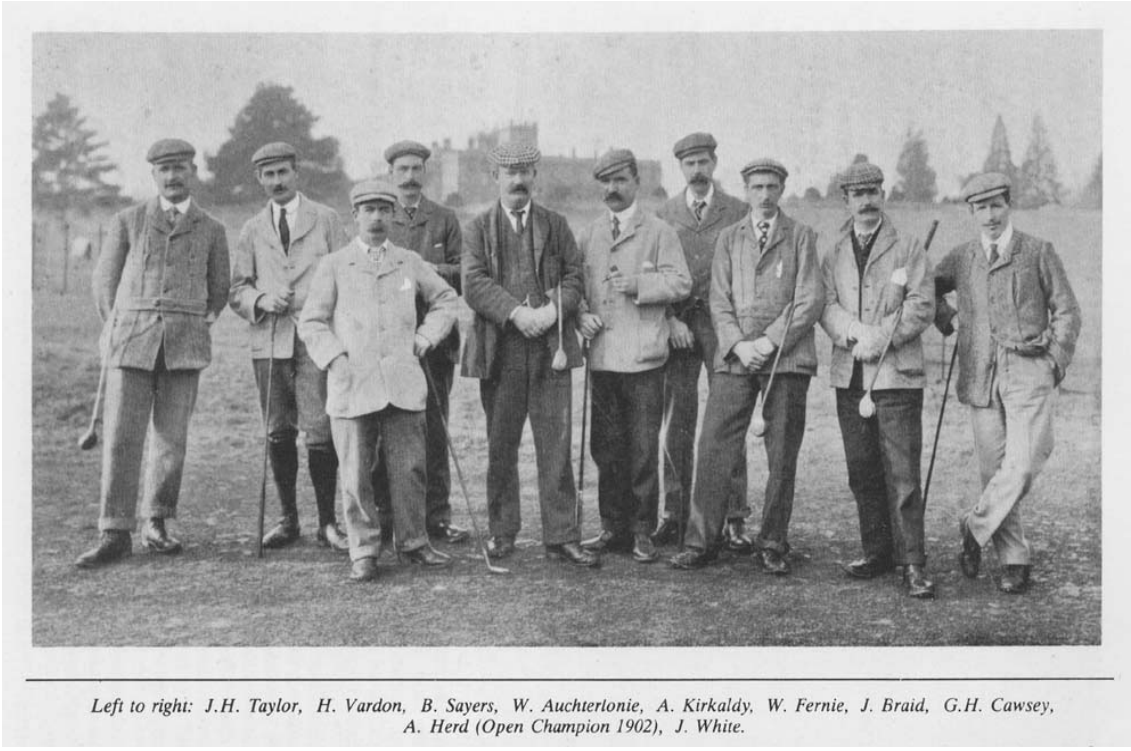
At the head of Bert's list was Bobby Jones and, not surprisingly, he chose the others from the greatest golfers of the last century who he had competed against, including: Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazan, George Duncan, Abe Mitchell, Henry Cotton, the Whitcombes, Alf Padgham, Dai Rees, Charlie Ward, Max Faulkner, Bobby Locke and Percy Alliss, father of Peter. Peter Alliss wrote in his autobiography, *My Life*: "Someone once said that two weeks after a funeral, apart from the immediate family, it seems as though the deceased never existed. Life moves on. There is a generation, indeed generations, to whom the name Percy Alliss means nothing. " How true that is; even more so where Bert is concerned, for his career as a tournament professional was a short one and he never got his name in the Ryder Cup records. But, like Percy, he was a noted match player and represented England six times in home internationals, remaining unbeaten in his singles with five wins and a half to his credit. Bert was ranked in the top dozen players in Britain and was himself in line for Ryder Cup honours when the outbreak of the Second World War brought his blossoming tournament career to a premature end. (One piece of research that he was happy to accept was the account of events surrounding the selection of the 1939 Ryder Cup team, which was never made public).

As Bert says in his dedication, this is not an autobiography - there was not the time or the inclination to go beyond his long and eventful life in golf. It is a celebration of the sportsmanship that Bert and his brothers epitomised and features many of the great sporting heroes of those days. It is a pity that Bert remained an 'unsung hero', but he was a modest and private man and was content with his lot. He always took a keen interest in the game that now brings such wealth and prestige to his successors and he was glad to see them enjoying the status denied to most professionals in his era, but he did not envy them and he never complained about the cards that were dealt to him. He savoured the memories of a time when golf was a sport to be enjoyed and he felt that the big money has taken that away.

Typically Bert never disclosed the remarks made to him by Dave Thomas to anyone and there were probably other things that modesty forbade him to mention to me over the all too brief period of our friendship. New information would come to light each time the book was 'put to bed', adding to the impressive record of the Gadd brothers and making it very difficult to bring it to a conclusion. At the eleventh hour, in June 2005, the long-awaited Times Digital Archive was found to be on-line and much that had been lost in 'the mists of time' was suddenly revealed. There may still be some stones unturned but access to that indexed on-line archive means that information hidden in small columns and under obscure headings, which could only be found by chance in a manual search, is now easily accessed. [Anything added or revised as a consequence is in square brackets]

Bert was not given to 'blowing his own trumpet'. I have had the privilege of blowing it on his behalf - and telling the story of the 'Golfing Gadds' – not a 'Great Triumvirate' maybe, but a remarkable one all the same.

J.M.C.



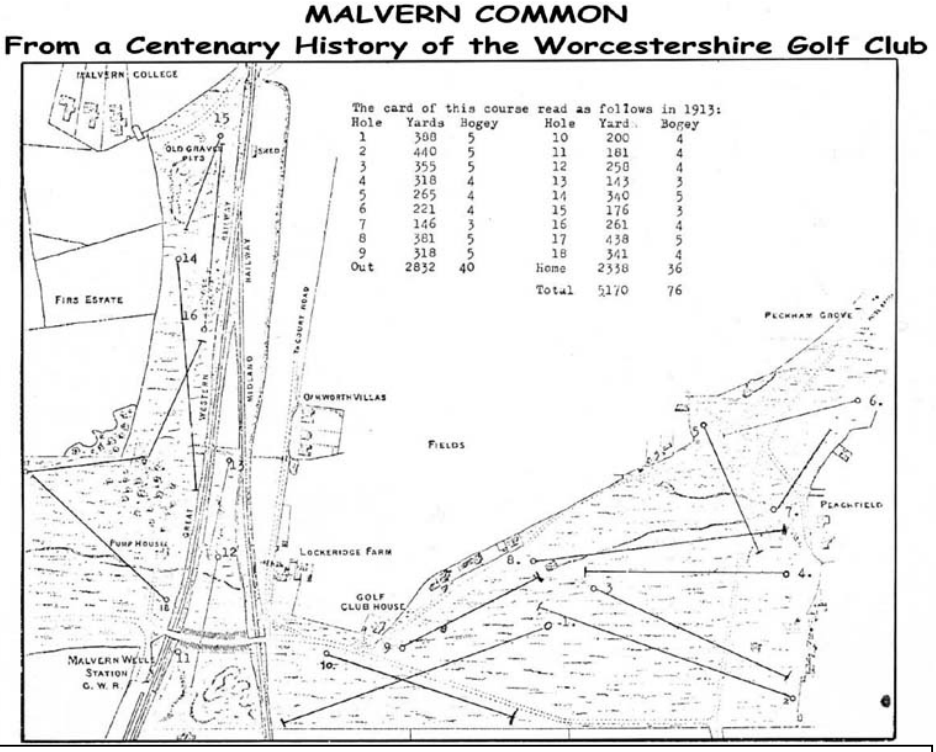
Left to right: J.H. Taylor, H. Vardon, B. Sayers, W. Auchterlonie, A. Kirkaldy, W. Fernie, J. Braid, G.H. Cawsey, A. Herd (Open Champion 1902), J. White.

The Great Triumvirate and contemporaries pictured in 1902
In the photograph are six Open Champions
(George Cawsey was the professional at Malvern from 1898 to 1912)

From Golf Illustrated, courtesy of the Worcestershire Golf Club

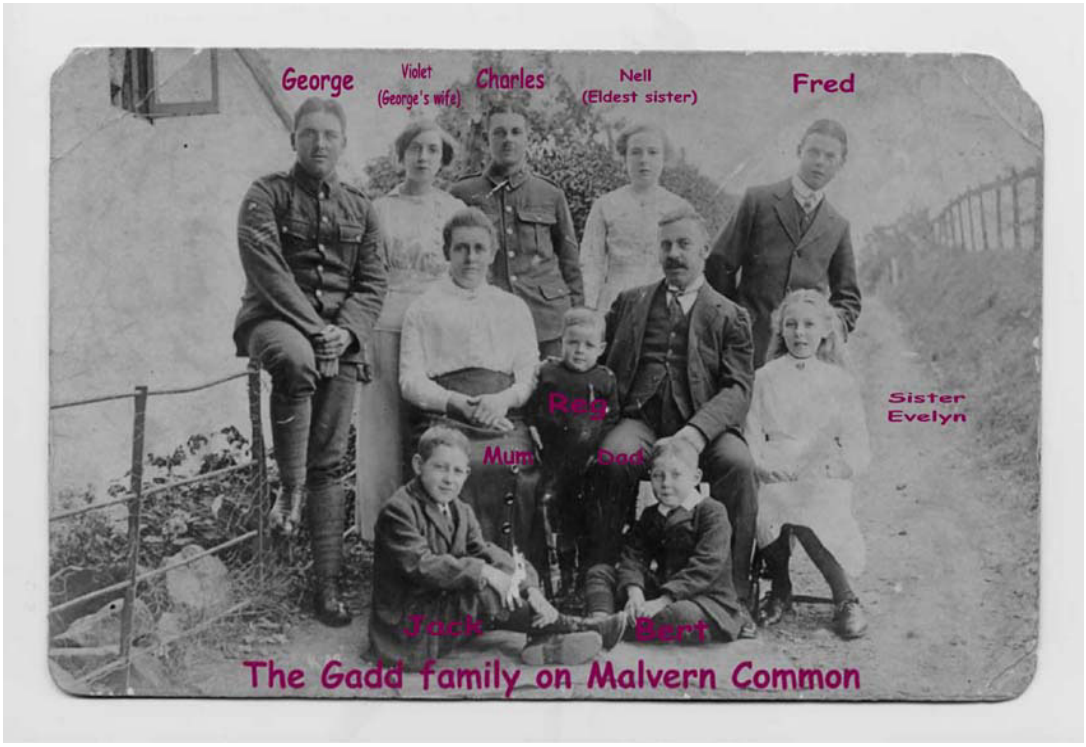
1. Early Days on ‘The Common’

Many times I have been asked - "When did you start to play golf". The answer is – some eighty odd years ago, and it had nothing at all to do with a golf course. My first recollection of the game is of three holes, which my brothers and I contrived in the lane passing our house on the edge of Malvern Common. The holes were scraped out of the soil at the side of the road and, as you can imagine, bore little resemblance to the regulation size. They were usually about 6 inches wide with the sides sloped in to gather the ball - well you needed some help when the fairways and greens were the surface of a road, which would nowadays be described as 'unadopted'! We cut down a golf club to roughly half size – no grip of course. It would probably be a collector's item today. We had great fun trying to beat par on this makeshift course (it was bogey in those days).



The course on Malvern Common as it was between 1905 and 1927. Note the 'bogey' of 76 and the bogey figures in relation to the length of the holes. Clubs and balls gave you much less distance in those days.

It was a year or two before we were allowed on 'The Common' – the course over which the Worcestershire Golf Club and the Malvern Working Men's Club then played their golf. Perhaps the most famous member of the Golf Club in those early days was Sir Edward Elgar but, as the *Centenary History of the Worcestershire Golf Club* puts it, he was better known for his musical scores and does not feature prominently in the club's golfing records. The tees and greens were out of bounds to us, but again we improvised our own course, utilising the watering system hydrant covers adjacent to two of the greens and a disused tee for one green. These served our purpose for quite a long time, although inevitably we had little 'gos' on the proper greens when we thought that Bert Phipps the greenkeeper was not about, but he had eyes in the back of his head and we were often chased off. He was very proud of his greens, which were of excellent quality, despite the course being on common land, and were certainly too good for the use of little boys. As we grew older and were judged to be more responsible, we were allowed to play a few holes and it was then that I fell in love with the game, as did many of my friends. The families living around the edge of the common produced around thirty professional golfers in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. One of the first was Fred Whiting, who was to succeed Harry Vardon's brother Tom as pro at Royal St George's, beginning a long association of Whitings with the club. One of eight brothers, seven of whom took up the golf profession, he started club-making in 1890 under the Malvern professional – David Brown, the 1886 Open Champion. ((Another Open Champion, Jim Barnes (1925), was Fred's assistant when he was pro at West Cornwall)). The Lewis family also had seven professional sons, the best known being Martin who spent most of his career as pro at the famous midland club, Little Aston.



I would have liked to be out on the course every day, but life was by no means all fun and games for us youngsters, particularly after Mum died in 1918, when I was just nine years old. The elder of my two sisters took on the role of mother to our large family, until she married. Wages in those days were far from princely and it was very hard for my father bringing up a family on his own in a period of post-war austerity. Everyone in our small house was expected to make a contribution to the household budget and there was always work to be done. My day started when Dad got up to go to his job with the local Council, usually around 6.30 am. I had a job at one of the big houses at the other end of the town, which entailed a walk of some two miles. There I was required to clean the family's shoes, polish the cutlery, fill the coalscuttles and do other little jobs around the house. I received the sum of two shillings and sixpence a week (12½ p) and breakfast on school days – usually a thick slice of bread and something and a mug of tea. School was about a mile back in the direction of home and afterwards I went on to another big house nearby to do the same kind of work. It was then a short walk home, but that was not the end of the day's work – not by a long chalk! We had a big garden at the back of our cottage and a very large plot in the allotment, well stocked with vegetables, fruit trees and bushes and we were expected to take our share of the gardening. By the time we had finished, usually about 8-8.30 p.m., bed was the only thing we wanted.

It was a hard life, very different to the one a young aspiring golfer experiences today, but typical of the average working class family in our community. There was very little time left to play or practice. We did go to the club on Saturdays and holidays to earn a little extra money by caddying for the members, but that was not as simple as it sounds. Before you could join the caddie ranks someone, usually a parent or relation, had to speak to the professional on your behalf. He would then put you through an examination. You were required to have good eyesight and be able to find balls in the rough. Before the advent of tee pegs the ball was teed up on sand and you had to know how to make a high or low tee for your player if required, with the special twist of the fingers that made a perfect tee. Each tee had a box of sand provided for this purpose; you can still see them on some courses, now serving as tee markers and being used as receptacles for litter, although much of that seems to be deposited on the course these days.

If the professional decided that you were suitable your name would be entered in his register, initially as a second-class caddie. You received a fee of one shilling (5p) for each job and the professional took a booking fee of a penny. After a year or so you could apply to be up-graded to first class, which involved a more severe examination of your capabilities. Clubs were not numbered then and you had to know all the clubs by name – Driver, Brassie, Spoon, Baffy, Cleek, Driving iron, Mid iron, Light iron, Mashie, Jigger, Niblick and a few more besides. I can well remember how the examination ended. He

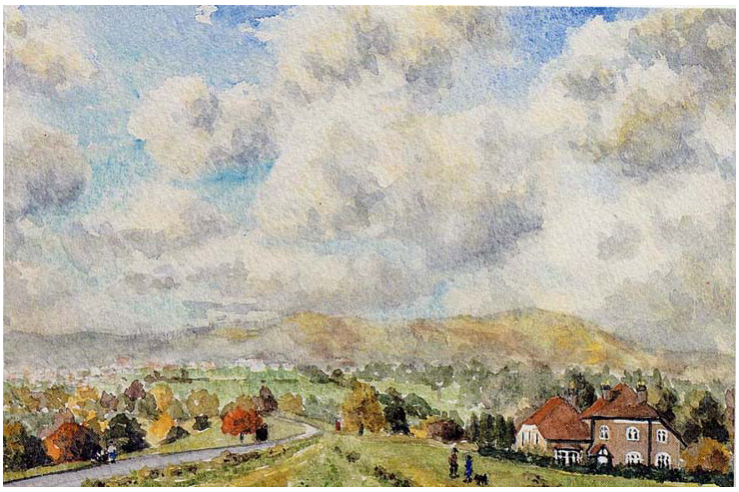
would drive a ball into a large patch of very deep rough, some 150 yards away and you had to find it. If you did and had satisfied him on the other points, you were registered as a first class caddie. Your pay then went up by 25% to 1s 3d (6.25p) and he received a booking fee of tuppence. Everything was done in a very orderly fashion and you were required to register as soon as you arrived at the club, then go to the caddies hut at the back of the pro's shop. The rules were simple - registered caddies were employed first, casuals after that and you behaved yourself or you were likely to be moved to the bottom of the list. If you then failed to get a job there would be some explaining to do when you got home.

Frank Larke was the professional and our Lord and Master while we were at the club. Although not a big man, he was very forbidding with a swarthy complexion and a fierce black moustache. He was one of the old school - a strict disciplinarian who demanded instant obedience and acceptable behaviour, which he usually got due to his fearsome appearance. Any caddie who was reckless enough to step out of line would receive a severe punishment. One thing that I particularly remember was his smoking habit. He was an inveterate pipe smoker and always smoked *Three Nuns* tobacco. This came in coils about ¼ inch in size and seemed to take half a box of matches to get going, but what really amazed me was that he rolled his own cigarettes - and used the same tobacco! It was a miracle that he ever got it to light. He was still doing it when I called to see him many years later, when he was just about to retire from the club. He could have bought a packet of 10 'Pure Virginia' cigarettes made by *Three Nuns* for 6d, but 'old habits die hard'.

Registered caddies were always very partisan when inter-club matches were played. - quite a feature of club activities in those days. The home team could always count on enthusiastic support from us and there were some pretty long faces in the caddie's hut if the team lost. Whether or not they were aware of it we never knew. Inevitably, as I suspect is the case with most groups of youngsters, we formed our own opinions about certain players. They might be the subject of criticism, approval or a kind of hero worship. Nicknames were given to some players. I can recall one we always referred to as "Tuppenny Rice", because he always tipped his caddie two pence. No one was exactly 'over the moon' if they got his bag.

There was one family of single figure handicap golfers who always caused great excitement among the caddies when they turned up to play – 'The Humphreys'. We always referred to them by their initials (not in their hearing of course). The father J.P., known to us as 'the Judge', who had won the Midland Championship in 1910, had the highest handicap at four. The eldest son, R.P., reached the semi-final of the Amateur Championship in 1914 and was to win the Midland Championship in 1925 and 1926. He always excited us most because he was a big hitter and, if we hadn't got a bag at the time they were playing, he could be sure of an enthusiastic send off from the first tee, where we would assemble to see if he would drive over the road. He was about the only player at that time who did it most times he played and there was great disappointment (and some cryptic remarks) if he failed to make it. Today's professionals would probably do it with a five or six iron, but it was a mighty hit with the clubs and balls we used. The younger brother G.N.P., Captain of Cambridge University in 1920, was always known to us as the steady one, not nearly as long as R.P. but a good deal more accurate and he often came out on top. His name appeared under 'Record Ties' in the Golfer's Handbook after he halved the first eight holes in the 6th round of the1923 Amateur Championship at Deal with the American D.Grant. In the 1925 English Amateur at Royal Liverpool he holed in one at the 13th (Rushes).

The car park, adjacent to the pro's shop, had a capacity of about half a dozen vehicles. It was seldom full as most of the players arrived by train, the station being no more than a drive and a pitch from the club. The Midland and Great Western lines crossed the course and were formidable hazards on some holes. At the 11th you had to drive over the Midland lines to a green just in front of the GWR station and, at the next two holes, you played between the two sets of lines. At the short 13th, where my eldest brother George had one of his eight holes-in-one, they were only 25/30 yards apart and at no point was there more than 50/60 yards between them. There were rushes and ferns in great abundance and a considerable variety of ditches and streams had to be negotiated. The course, being on common land, was used by the locals for grazing and I can never remember the fairways being mown. A wonderful array of animals and poultry kept the grass short and I often wonder what today's stars would have made of those 'close to nature' conditions.



A painting showing the old clubhouse on Malvern Common. (Artist unknown) Latterly it was a relic from the early days that assisted the Worcestershire Golf Club to complete a fine new clubhouse overlooking the present course. A rare 'Henry's Rifled Ball' sold for a record £29,500.

During my early childhood came the first of the twentieth century conflicts that were to have such a big impact on our lives and my elder brothers, George and Charles, went off to war; George joined the Welsh Fusiliers and Charles, the Worcestershire Regiment. I was nine years old when the First World War ended and I can still recall some of the happenings of those days. Shortages in the shops were just a way of life and ears were always tuned to the grapevine in case there was anything to be had. Many times I stood in queues at the 'Maypole' in the hope of getting perhaps a pound of margarine – there was little else available. Bread was almost black – pretty horrible stuff it was too! Each family was allowed one pound of sugar per head per year for jam making, which believe it or not had to be collected from the Police Station. I had the job of collecting our family's 6lbs. This was weighed out by the policeman in charge, usually into a strong pillowcase, and then it was a two-mile walk home. Meals were largely vegetarian, thanks to the very large gardens we cultivated and the jam that was made from the sugar allowance was mainly 'plum and apple' – *the soldiers favourite.* To this day I detest it, but it was the teatime mainstay during the war years. Breakfast usually consisted of porridge – with black treacle. No milk, or sugar - Fancy it? Looking back over those years I am sure that the country was nearer starvation during that war than it ever was in the second conflict. However, we got through it and George and Charles returned safely, although Charles received a severe leg wound, which could only be 'patched up' by the surgery available then and was eventually the cause of his premature death. Life returned to something like normal on 'The Common' and so it continued until it was time to take to the road.

Just after the war my brother George, who was then Professional at Roehampton, came home to Malvern with a selection of clubs to provide the three boys with a very short set apiece. We were the envy of the "the kids on the common", as the adults called us, and they all wanted to try them. There was much discussion among the young 'experts' as to the merits of the various models. Having now acquired a set we were allowed to play on the course, generally restricted to the 'Bottom Common', which accommodated the first ten holes.

Dad used to play with Malvern Working Men's Golf Club as a young man and had been a near scratch player. He hadn't played for many years and we were always pestering him to come down and play with us. We really wanted to show him how good we were but, when we did finally get him to play, it took the wind out of our sails. He dug out his old clubs (museum pieces by that time), with enormously thick grips, spliced woods and irons with heads so small that it seemed almost impossible to get the ball on the clubface. He scored near level bogey (par today) for the holes we played and we returned home suitably abashed. Never again was he invited to play with us – he was far too good for a ten-year-old's ego.

Being firmly put in our place by Dad in no way dampened our enthusiasm for the game and there was always a healthy rivalry between the kids on the common. From this competition emerged a succession of recruits for the professional ranks in the coming years, many following in the footsteps of their elders. In our family I was the fourth to take this path. George had been first, followed by Charles, both turning professional in their teens. Jack, three years my senior, started as assistant to George at Roehampton and might be described as the 'gadabout' of the family. He set off for the Indian sub-continent and spent most of his career at the Royal Calcutta and Royal Bombay Golf Clubs, the oldest clubs outside Scotland and England.

George at his second club, Caernarfon - on the left holding the flag

Photograph courtesy of Mr J.Breen -Turner

My younger brother Reg was to be the fifth Gadd brother to turn pro. and the second one to become a nonagenarian. He went to Market Harborough, where he was pro/greenkeeper for a time before leaving the golf profession. Fred, the third son, was struck by polio as a youngster, but he still managed to play a good game, even with his seat propped up by a walking stick – quite a performance!

Much as I loved the game of golf my ambition as a boy did not lie in that direction. The son of the house where I was employed after school was a Naval Officer and often talked to me about life at sea. I was convinced that this was the life for me and was overjoyed when he offered to sponsor me to enlist in the Royal Navy when I was old enough. My hopes were dashed when the required parental consent was not forthcoming and the opportunity was lost. This was a huge blow to me at the time and it was small consolation when I was told that it had been agreed (not by me) that I was to join my brother Charles as a golf professional. I was to leave at the earliest opportunity – perhaps they thought I would run away to sea – but, in the haste to send me on my way, something had been overlooked.

Charles Harry Gadd

Judith Gadd Collection

2. A False Start

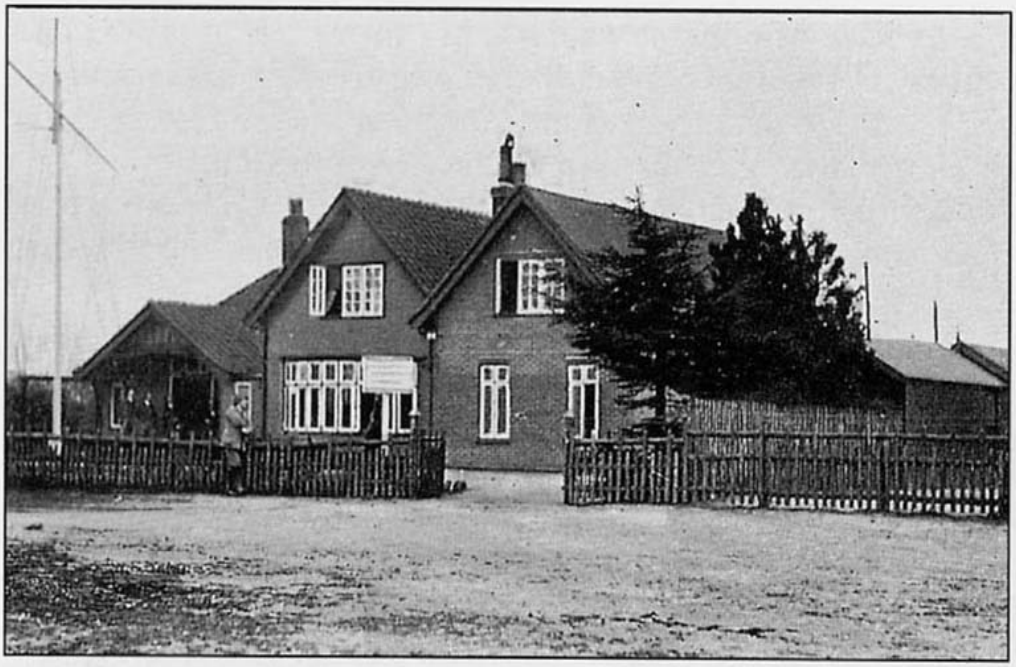
My journey started eighty years ago in 1923, the year that England's Arthur Havers won the Open at Troon, the last British victory for eleven years; the 21-year-old American amateur Bobby Jones took his first major title – the US Open and the first Wembley Cup Final-the famous 'White Horse' final-was won by Bolton Wanderers.

I left home with few regrets, for in retrospect, the last few years had been little else but work and school – and I really was glad to get away from school. For the last year I had spent most of my time standing in for teachers while they were doing something other than teaching. I was in what was known as 'Standard X7' – and I was the only one in it. I was expected to study on my own, which was difficult in a classroom with upwards of twenty pupils. As I approached my 14th birthday, Dad decided that it was time to leave and this I did at the Whitsuntide holiday.

A week or two later I was on my way to Ipswich to join Charles at the club he had joined after the war and begin my career as a professional golfer. I was put on the London train at Malvern and was met by my brother at Paddington Station for the onward journey to Ipswich - quite an adventure for a 14-year-old in those days. I was now looking forward to working in the shop and learning the trade, but school had not quite finished with me yet. Charles had received a letter from the Education Authority stating that I had left school too soon. The rule was that you could leave at the end of the school year in which you attained the age of fourteen, so I had to attend a local school on weekdays and work at the Golf Club at weekends. I finally completed my education at the end of July, without adding very much to my knowledge.

After this 'false start' I returned to full time employment at Ipswich Golf Club, where it was now time to get down to work in the shop and learn the trade - and there was much to learn. It was a busy club and there was always something to do, but the modern assistant will not recognise the job as it was then. Minor repairs like replacing whipping and fitting grips will be familiar enough, although whipping is little used now and the process of fitting the leather grips was quite different to the modern rubber ones, which were to appear in the thirties. Leather grips were still in regular use for another thirty years and they needed constant maintenance with substances like beeswax or castor oil to ensure a good grip. Alternatively a powder could be applied, such as flour or the special dry hand powder that my brother George promoted for a Manchester dealer. Wooden shafts were still the norm and I had to learn how to finish off the shafts fitted by Charles. This was a lengthy job. You had to sandpaper the shaft until it was smooth then rub water into it to bring up the grain. When it was dry you repeated the sandpapering and wetting until all the grain was brought up. The final rub down was always with a very fine grade sandpaper. The next stage was to fill the grain by rubbing solidified pitch over the shaft and heating it gently over a gas jet to soften the pitch. Having done that, you then rubbed as much off as you could, using a cloth moistened with linseed oil. This would leave the pitch filling the grain and produced the mottled look. The final stage was to polish the shaft using French polish. A wad of cotton wool was soaked in the polish and wrapped in a piece of linen, which had a touch of linseed oil applied. The shaft was then polished working from end to end and turning constantly to get an even spread and a good finish. These jobs kept me very busy as shafts were always splitting or bending with age and most players would have a club repaired rather than buy a new one, particularly if it was a favourite. Making up an iron club could take as long as two hours – and in those days would sell at about 10 shillings (50p); 15 shillings was in the top range. Woods were a little more expensive; in the 17s 6d to 21s range – how times have changed!

One of my less enjoyable tasks was to deal with 'repaint balls'. These were the used balls we bought in from 'finds' on the course – and there were many. The first job was to wash them in a large bowl filled with a solution of caustic soda. This was left overnight to remove the old paint, but considerable care was needed, as too strong a solution would burn the covers. The repainting was a messy job, done entirely by hand. A spot of special golf ball paint was deposited in the palm of the hand and applied to the ball, turning it until it was loosely covered. It was then rolled between the palms of both hands until an even spread was achieved. The ball was then placed gently on to a special rack and left for a couple of days to dry and harden before a second coat of paint was applied. Nowadays the process would certainly not meet with the approval of the Health and Safety Executive. The balls sold at 4 to 6 pence each and there was always a ready market due to the heavy loss of balls in the gorse and heather on the course. Balls were by no means as durable as they are today and they were very easily cut if you 'topped' a shot. Golfers were known to repair the cuts with tacks to prolong the life of a ball, but they would have to abandon them eventually.



The Rushmere Clubhouse as it appeared in the Official Handbook and Souvenir for 1912 Picture from The First Hundred Years-the Ipswich Centenary book

My first real experience of 'competitive' golf was courtesy of the Ipswich Artisans Club, who made a special concession and allowed me to become a member at fourteen years of age, rather than the minimum of sixteen that normally applied. I duly put in my three cards and was given a handicap of 16. I responded to this by winning the first competition I played in and was promptly cut to 12. No messing about in those days! Entrance fees were around 3d – and the prize for winning was a golf ball. That first golf ball was very special to me and I didn't use it for weeks. My progress was fairly rapid and I won several more Artisans' competitions. At the end of the year I was down to 4 – and I can tell you, I didn't win much off that mark. The competitions took place with the concurrence of the parent club – the Ipswich Golf Club, then located at Rushmere Heath, who gave Artisan members free use of the course starting before 8.30am and after 6 p.m. These times had to be strictly observed, but the arrangement worked very well and I can never remember any problems arising. Ipswich was a very happy club and I was sorry indeed when, all too soon, the time came to leave.
Three years later the club moved to their present home at Purdis Heath. The new course, designed by James Braid, was officially opened in 1928 by Braid himself, playing in an exhibition fourball with Abe Mitchell, J.H.Taylor and a promising 21-year-old named Henry Cotton.

> [In 1913, when pro at Aberdovey, Charles Gadd had played in a match at Machynlleth, then in Montgomeryshire, in which he partnered J.H.Taylor, (the Open Champion of that year), against James Braid and Ernest Lewis (Aberystwyth). The match finished all square.]

3. My Brother Professionals

In 1924, the year that the first Labour Government was elected and Mallory and Irvine were lost on Everest, my brother Charles was appointed Professional at the newly formed Brancepeth Castle Golf Club in County Durham and I, aged 15, joined him as assistant. With the castle as a backdrop it is a wonderfully scenic course and a severe test of golf. The designer was one of Britain's greatest architects, Harry Shapland Colt, who learnt his golf on Malvern Common about thirty years before me. His designs included some of the most famous courses at home and abroad. Brancepeth was to go on to host a number of important competitions and was rated in the top hundred in the country as late as the 1980s. It is a splendid layout on part of the old Deer Park, with lovely springy turf and is a joy to play on, but in the early days the course was tough going in every respect. It consisted of tees, fairways and greens and near waist high rough, with nothing in between and many a game came to an end when the ball supply ran out, including one match involving a future Walker Cup player – who lost nine balls! Deep ravines added to the challenge, involving a steep descent to cross a small bridge over the stream at the bottom and then a stiff climb. Eventually trestle bridges were built across the ravines, but in those early days a round was a severe test of stamina as well as golf. If your ball supply held out until the final hole you were faced with the hardest tee shot of the round – a carry of nearly 200 yards over the biggest of the ravines. Most players didn't fancy their chances and bailed out by hitting to a narrow plateau half way across. The 207-yard 9th is a memorable par-3, below the Castle walls, played across a wooded ravine to a target green and guarded by a large cedar on the left side – planted to commemorate the visit of Queen Mary. An American magazine made it the most difficult in the world and Peter Alliss included it in his best 18 holes in the world.

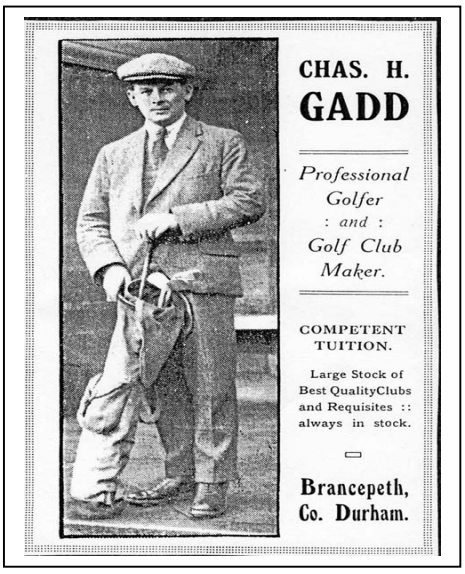
H.S.Colt

Brancepeth Castle: overlooking the 9th green and 10th tee.

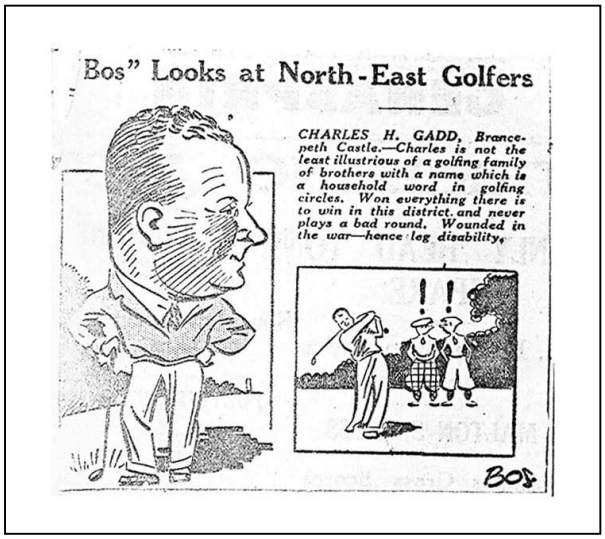
The club is situated in a very small but lovely village about 4 ½ miles out of Durham and somewhat isolated in those days, so it took some time for the membership to build up. Most of the members came from Durham, Sunderland and Seaham harbour, involving quite a journey at that time. A few came by car, but most travelled by train or bus. The club had a special relationship with the Railway Company, as the public 'Motor Train' service was rather infrequent. They usually managed to get there somehow and the membership grew steadily.

With few members to look after in the early days there was little to do in the way of repairs or shop-work and part of my duties entailed tending to the hot water boiler and keeping an eye on the radiators in the clubhouse. My pay was five shillings a week (25p). There was plenty of time for practice and I was able to get out on the course quite frequently – mostly on my own, as there was little opportunity to play with members. I was officially scratch by the age of sixteen and I felt that my game was coming together well, but I had to wait some considerable time to test it in competition – quite a few years in fact. Although I enjoyed being at Brancepeth, I began to feel that my progress as a competitive player was being held back. As for teaching, there was scarcely enough for Charles to keep his hand in so I gained no experience to speak of. At times there was so little to do that I became thoroughly bored and felt that I was wasting my time and getting nowhere fast.

My best friend was Jack Dawson, one of the locals, who was apprenticed to a Stonemason and in the same frame of mind. We had seen a notice in the national press asking for volunteers for the Canadian North West Mounted Police and we sent off for the application forms, duly completed them and returned them to the London Office. We were devastated when they were returned for parental consent – we had not read the small print. Again my ambitions were thwarted just as they had been a few years earlier. Whether or not I would have had the same measure of success in the Navy or the Mounties as I did in the golf profession is something we shall never know.



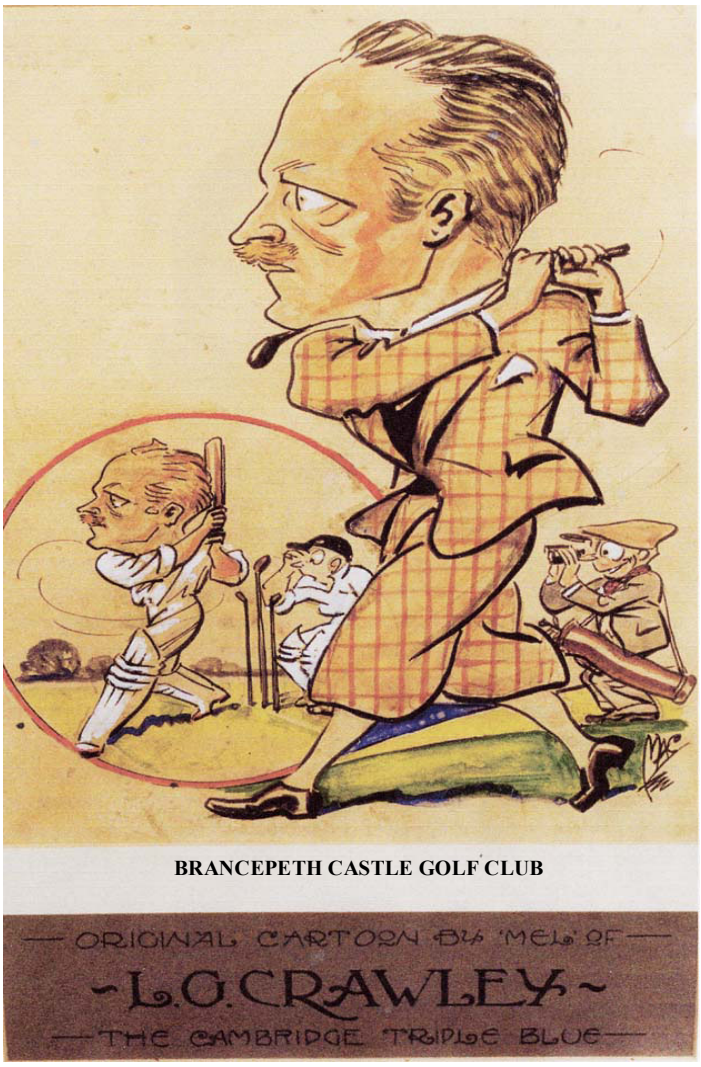
Charles was a fine player who made his mark in the local events held throughout Northumberland and Durham, winning most of the trophies to be played for. He was a courageous man and made light of the war wound, which shattered his left leg below the knee. It took half an hour each morning to bandage his leg before putting on the specially made boots he had to wear. The ravines of Brancepeth were a real and painful problem to him - nevertheless, it was at his home course that he had his greatest triumph, winning the 72-hole Northern Professional Championship in 1930 with a score of 294.



In 1935 he had a round of 63, still the lowest score to be recorded at Brancepeth at the time of writing, but it was not an official competition and therefore did not qualify as the course record. Had he not had the disability I am sure that Charles would have been a force in major competition.

One of his pupils was the most famous member of the club, Leonard Crawley, known as "L.G." His father was the agent for Lord Boyne, whose land the course occupied, and the family lived in the 'big house' above the village. L.G. was a Cambridge 'Blue' and the whole Varsity team frequently joined him when he came home to play at Brancepeth. He was not only one of our finest amateur golfers, but played cricket for the MCC in the West Indies, for the Gentlemen v Players at Lords in 1932 and scored several first class centuries. Guy Morgan, a Cambridge and Glamorgan medium pace bowler, once said that the only way to bowl at L.G. was to "let it go from thirty yards and hide behind the umpire". He was also an excellent shot, ice skater and tennis player - a real all-rounder. L.G. attained some of the highest honours in golf and played four times in the Walker Cup between 1932 and 1947. (It was he who lost those nine balls in an early match at Brancepeth). This very talented ball striker was known to accomplish the long carry over the ravine at the 18th – with his putter!

"Mr Leonard Crawley seems to have all the attributes to make him one of the players of the world", wrote the famous amateur golfer, author and golf correspondent Bernard Darwin, the grandson of Charles Darwin. (Bernard Darwin was a founder member of Aberdovey, where Charles had been pro



BRANCEPETH CASTLE GOLF CLUB

before he enlisted in1914). Crawley was to become a famous journalist himself and, for thirty years, he wrote on golf for the *Daily Telegraph*.
The achievements of Charles and L.G. put Brancepeth Castle on the golfing map and the club recognised this by giving a dinner in their honour in1931, the year that Charles played all four rounds of the Open over the long demanding Carnoustie links and Crawley won the *English Amateur* at Hunstanton. Charles had recently returned from the *Roehampton Tournament*, where he had broken the course record with a 67 (38 out, 29 back). In the subsequent match play he defeated the famous Abe Mitchell, a member of that year's Ryder Cup team whose figure tops the trophy. [Charles won a professional invitational match held that year at Eaglescliffe GC, Stockton-on-Tees, four shots ahead of two men who would become Ryder Cup players: Alfred Padgham and Arthur Lacey, with three of the 1931 team members at the rear: Arthur Havers, Syd Easterbrook and Ernest Whitcombe.] Paying tribute to his tutor in his speech, L.G said: "I feel sure you will realise that Gadd deserves all the congratulatory words said about him. I still hope the Ryder Cup selectors will regard him as a serious candidate in the team shortly to visit America". Charles' disability made that impossible of course, but for that I feel sure that he would have made the team.

The Charles Gadd Trophy and the Leonard Crawley Medal are amongst the prizes played for annually, as is the Brancepeth Boar, the club's premier competition, for which a magnificent trophy and medal are awarded.

The Boar is the club's crest and there is an interesting legend attached to this: -

THE BRANCEPETH BOAR

At what time the Brawn, or Boar ceased to exist as a wild animal in Britain is uncertain but it was at one time a common inhabitant of our British forests and was protected by law in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The village of Brancepeth (which may be a corruption of Brawn's Path) is said to have derived its name from a formidable Boar of vast size, which made its lair on Brandon Hill and walked the forests in ancient times and was a terror to all the inhabitants from the Wear to the Gaunless.

> "He feared not ye loute with his staffe, ne yet for ye knyghte
> in hys mayle, he cared no more for ye monke with his boke
> than ye fyendis in deep Croix Dale"

According to tradition, Hodge of Ferry after carefully marking the Boar's track near Cleves Cross, dug a pitfall slightly covered with boughs and turfs and then luring on his victim by some bait to the treacherous spot stood armed with his good sword, across the pitfall. At length the gallant brute came trotting on his onward path and seeing the passage barred, rushed head long on the vile pitfall to meet his death.

It is generally believed that this champion of Cleves sleeps in Merrington Churchyard, beneath a coffin shaped stone, rudely sculptured with the instruments of victory - a sword and a spade on each side of a cross.

The Brandon Hill mentioned is North West of the village of Brancepeth. Ferry Wood is South East of the golf course, Cleves Cross is also South East of the golf course near Ferryhill Station. Kirk Merrington is due South and a landmark from several parts of the course.

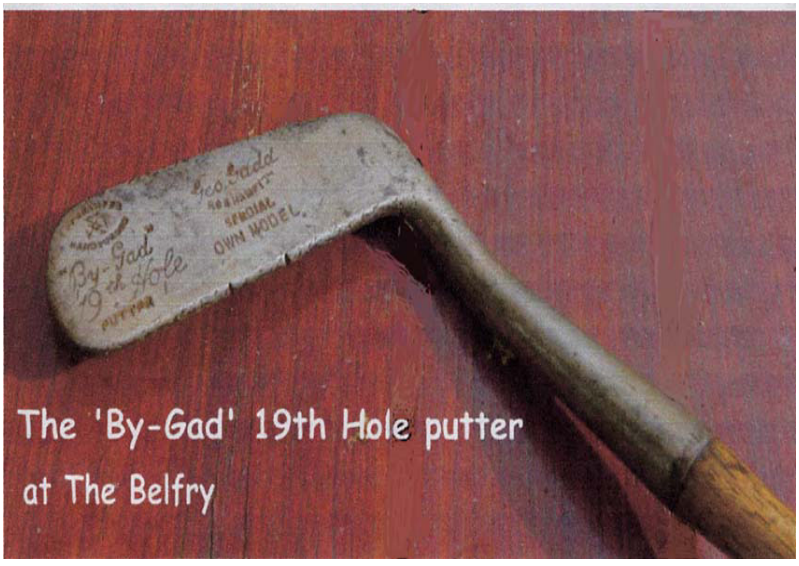
From the 75th Anniversary booklet published by Brancepeth Castle Golf Club: 1999

After two years it was time for me to move on and in 1926, the year of the General Strike, I departed for London to join brother George at the Roehampton Club, where I was to replace my elder brother Jack as assistant. Roehampton is a prestigious sports club whose captains have included the then Duke of York, later King George V1, Prime Minister David Lloyd-George and Admiral Jellicoe, who I remember would run round the course like a rabbit; He was very careful with his money and would not take a caddie. I became the fourth Gadd to serve the club as during the war Charles had been repatriated to the military hospital at Roehampton for treatment to his wound and had afterwards acted as professional until George was demobilised. My move to Roehampton had been planned, but I believe that it was brought forward after I applied to join the Mounties. So I left Brancepeth little realising that my connection with the club would be renewed many years later by a quirk of fate.

GEORGE GADD defies a Legend.

George cut a cheerful chubby figure and was often depicted in cartoons in those days. He was included in Bernard Darwin's list of 'Great Players' -"an eminently solid one", he said, "with a characteristic style and flourish of his own". In 1912 he came up against the Tiger of the day, Harry Vardon, in the *News of the World* match-play tournament at Sunningdale. Like most of Vardon's opponents he lost and the great man went on to take yet another title. [In 1913, while at Wrexham, he and his partner beat James Braid and partner in a foursomes at Deal and George consistently out-drove Braid]. George won the Welsh Professional Championship (played that year at Chester) before being appointed to Roehampton in 1914, just as war broke out. He joined the Welsh Fusiliers and served as a Lieutenant. He was on the RMS *Leinster* when she was torpedoed in the Irish Sea and was adrift on a raft for eight hours before being rescued. [Of the 771 passengers 500 lives were lost and George was one of only six survivors from the twenty-two members of his regiment on board].


George Gadd (+4) & Peter Miller (Scr) after winning the Croydon Alliance foursomes in November 1925. FROM 'A HISTORY OF ROEHAMPTON CLUB'



George returned to take up his job at Roehampton and in 1919 he and a group of fellow professionals set up the

Croydon and District Alliance, possibly the earliest of the professional/amateur alliances that now flourish throughout the country. [In 1921 George shot a course record 63 at Roehampton]. He qualified for the Open several times in the twenties and thirties and was in a share of 16th place on his first appearance in 1922 at Sandwich, where Walter Hagen was champion for the first time. George became a noted match-player and that year he won the PGA *News of the World* £750 tournament, then considered second in importance only to the Open, but worth 2 ½ times the £75 cheque won by Open Champion Hagen, who famously handed it straight to his caddy. George received £200, plus a large gold medal for beating Fred Leach 5 & 4 at Sunningdale. Before reaching the final he had been taken to the 19th in all but one of the five rounds [The Times reported a mystified spectator's question: "But where is the 19th hole?"] The hickory-shafted putter he used was afterwards named the "By-Gad 19th hole". In their centenary year of 2001 I presented one of 1923 vintage to the PGA for their museum at the Belfry, in which the *News of the World* trophy is exhibited.

News of the World Tournament 1924
George with Ernest Whitcombe

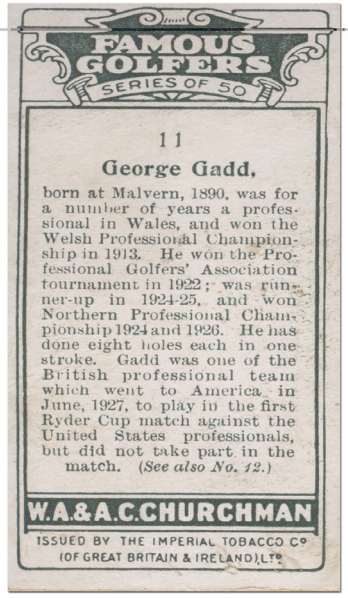
In 1924 he reached the final again, losing to Ernest Whitcombe, eldest of the famous golfing brothers. En-route to that final he met a wily match player - little Tommy Barber, but was too experienced to fall for his tricks. (Tommy was to give the younger Gadd brother a valuable lesson when I embarked on my tournament career eight years later). That year George was in the top ten at the Hoylake Open, again won by Hagen. He made it to the final of the *News of the World* for the third time the following year, loosing to Archie Compston.

How 'The Tout' saw the 1924 News of the World

He won the *Northern Professional Championship* twice, in 1924 at Wilmslow (totalling one under fours and breaking the course record with a 69) and in1926 at Formby, the year of my arrival at Roehampton and a very eventful one for George. There were just eight events in the professional calendar in those days and the season opened in April with the annual Roehampton tournament, which had begun in 1920 at the instigation of George and was a very popular event that attracted the best players. On his 'home green' George equalled the new course record of 66 in the first round, an indication of his form that year. The Roehampton course crossed two of the club's Polo fields and, when matches were being played, you had to walk around the first and third. The course was no pushover, but the fairways were quite generous and a visiting Irishman aptly expressed its merit – "Sure a Scotsman could play here all day and not lose his ball". One Scot who played all the last day was the winner of the first Roehampton Tournament in 1920 (and the Open Champion of that year), George Duncan, who reached the final, losing by 3&2 to Abe Mitchell, one of the greatest British golfers never to win the Open. Another event won by Mitchell that year was the *Evening Standard Moor Park Target Tournament*, held at the famous Hertfordshire club, in which points were awarded for hitting the fairway and landing in concentric circles marked on the greens: "Perhaps a misguided search for novelty", said the *Times*. It did not catch on.

The *Times* announced in April that: "Mr S.Ryder, of St Albans, has presented a trophy for annual competition between teams of British and American professionals. The first match for the trophy is to take place at Wentworth on June 4 and 5. The matches will be controlled by the Professional Golfers' Association, but the details are not yet decided". George was a member of the British team, which defeated the Americans by 13 ½ to 1 ½ on Wentworth's two-years-old West course, but his only outing in the match was not to be included in the records. The match was reported by the *Times* under the

heading 'RYDER CUP', but the PGAs on both sides of the Atlantic later decided that it should not count in the series. The reason given for the decision was that the US team was not representative, having too many players who were born overseas, but *Golf Illustrated* revealed that Ryder had already decided to withhold the Cup for 12 months; Owing to the uncertainty of the situation following the General Strike it was not known how many Americans would come until a few days before the match. Gold medals were awarded to the players instead. George's opponent in the singles was the famous trick-shot exponent Joe Kirkwood, who was born in Australia. *Golf Illustrated* reported that Gadd had played 'perfect golf' in his 8 & 7 victory. In the foursomes he and his great friend, Arthur Havers - the 1923 Open Champion, beat the strong American pairing of 'Wild Bill' Mehlhorn and Al Watrous.



A few days later George went up to Formby for the *Northern Professional Championship*. In the field were nine of the ten Americans who were over to play in the Open at nearby Royal Lytham and St Anne's, including Kirkwood, Mehlhorn, Watrous and the 'Ryder Cup' team captain, the flamboyant Walter Hagen. He had brought his own caddie, Macfarlane, who had to carry a bag of 22 clubs, which none but the strong would attempt to carry twice round a golf course. (Hagen was paid $500-a-year for each club he carried). He finished down the field at Formby, but he made the trip worthwhile by playing in an exhibition match at nearby Southport and Ainsdale and earning £40 plus £10 expenses. He and fellow American Joe Stein beat two local amateurs by a 'dog license' (7&6).

Walter was a notoriously bad timekeeper and at Formby he arrived by taxi to hear his name being called. He attracted the attention of the starter, dashed into the locker room to change and was allowed to start. Two other members of the American team were disqualified for the same offence - Kirkwood and the reigning Open champion, the émigré Cornishman Jim Barnes.

In the opening round George equalled his own course record of 70, set in Open qualifying two years earlier, to share the lead with a local player, Bill Davies, then at Prenton, Birkenhead. Aubrey Boomer, the twenty-year-old Channel Islander based at St Cloud, France, was close behind. A few weeks earlier Boomer had won the *Daily Mail £1200* tournament at St Andrews and George had shown good form when sharing the lead after the first two rounds, but faded away on the final day when a violent rain storm broke over the *Old Course* and disrupted play. On another difficult final day of wind and rain at Formby it was George who went on to take the Northern Professional title with a total of 296, despite aggravating an old ankle injury when he slipped on the clubhouse steps before the final round. A Surgeon bandaged up the foot and George limped round in 77 for a "gallant victory", as the *Times* put it. Sharing second, three shots behind, were Davies, Mehlhorn and Ernest Whitcombe; Watrous finished well, setting a new Formby record with a 68.

George Gadd

In June regional qualifying for the Open took place for the first time and George went to Sunningdale, his favourite course (along with Gleneagles), for the southern region event. He was drawn with the young Henry Cotton, now setting out on his relentless pursuit of golf's greatest championship. George had an individual style of putting, (famously adopted by the American Leo Diegel) with which he gave the ball a confident rap. He used it to great effect in rounds of 71 and 70 for 141 to qualify in second place behind one of the greatest ever players of the game, Bobby Jones, who shot his famous 'perfect round': 33-33: 66, which Bernard Darwin maintained was the best round of golf ever seen. Jones added a 68 for 134 to be seven shots clear of George. *The Times* reported that George was still limping and looking as if the game was hard work – "a very courageous as well as skilful effort".

Cotton wrote in his book *This Game of Golf* that George "was a really extraordinary putter at that time." His own scores of 80 and 81 failed to qualify and he went on: "—I, childlike, worked out afterwards that if I had putted as he (George) did and not taken any three-putt greens, I would have even beaten his score." Hagen was by now in fine form and led the qualifiers at St Anne's Old Links, in what was then the Midland region, with rounds of 72,71 for 143. He had played brilliant golf at Moor Park where he partnered Jones in a 4&2 victory over the pairing of Abe Mitchell and Cyril Tolley, a giant of the amateur game, who was twice a winner of the French Open in the twenties - the only amateur to win the title.

I think George's injuries must have finally got the better of him when the Open commenced at Lytham for he took 80 in the first round and, despite rallying with a second round 71, lower than any of the winner's rounds, he declined into a share of 24th place with Joe Kirkwood. If George and Charles had not had to fight injuries as well as the course who knows what they might have achieved.

Al Watrous carried the form he had shown at Formby into the Open. In round three he had a fine 69 and was level with Bobby Jones on the 17th in the final round. Jones' drive finished in 'sand waste' from where he played one of the most famous shots in golf, now commemorated by a plaque marking the spot (placed there at the suggestion of Henry Cotton). Jones found the green and got his four, going on to take the title for the first time. Having suffered from Jones' miracle shot the unfortunate Watrous took three putts on 17 and finished second by one. Between the two rounds on the final day Jones and Watrous left the course together to get a sandwich at their hotel across the road. Jones had forgotten his player's badge and was refused re-admission to the course. Without fuss he went over to the public gate and paid his half-crown, probably the only time a champion has paid to get in. Hagen had opened with a 68, and was to finish in a tie for third with the American Amateur champion George Von Elm, who had beaten Jones in the final at Baltusrol, NJ. The 'Haig' departed in an open-topped Rolls, tossing golf balls to the crowd. It was the only British Open in which both he and Jones competed. That year Hagen completed a hat trick of US PGA championships when he defeated Leo Diegel 5&3 at Salisbury, NY. He was to win the PGA title again the following year, for the fifth and last time. Nearly eighty years later his total of eleven major championships was still second on the professional title list and Bobby Jones did not institute the Masters until after Hagen's time. [Tiger Woods went to twelve in the 2006 season]

The leading British players at Lytham shared fifth place - Abe Mitchell and little Tommy Barber, then at the Derbyshire club, Cavendish. With the Americans occupying the first four places, a remark by Hagen's caddie, Macfarlane, was much quoted in the press. He said that the British "played like world beaters" in the international matches but in their championship "they could not hit a balloon!"

A long period of US dominance was now well under way and, four years after Hagen had become the first Open Champion born in the USA, native-born Americans were to win all four of the 'majors' of those days for the first time that year. Fifteen days after his victory at Lytham Bobby Jones won the US Open at Scioto, Ohio. In the second round his ball had rolled over as he addressed a putt and he called a penalty on himself. He considered the admiration he received for his action to be misplaced, saying: "To praise me for that is to congratulate someone for not robbing a bank". Jess Sweetster was the first native-born American to be Amateur champion, when he beat the Scottish Walker Cup player A.F.Simpson 6&5 in the final at Muirfield. At St Andrews all three of the major winners: Jones, Sweetster and US Amateur Champion - Von Elm, were in the US Walker Cup team that defeated GB&I, with Jones beating Cyril Tolley 12&11 in their 36-hole match.

The return professional match with the Americans was to be played in the USA the following year and, as plans were made for that first official Ryder Cup at Worcester, Massachusetts, (designed by the famous architect Donald Ross of Dornoch), the players had assumed that Samuel Ryder would sponsor the venture, but they were to be disappointed. Having already pumped a great deal of money into the professional game he felt that it was expecting too much of him. It was beyond the resources of the PGA so *Golf Illustrated* launched an appeal for the £3000 required to fund the trip to America. The largest donation was 200 guineas from the Stock Exchange Golfing Society; the PGA chipped in with 20 guineas and there were contributions from enthusiasts as far afield as Canada, Australia, Nigeria and even the USA. However, the appeal fell several hundred pounds short of its target, with only 216 of the 1750 golf clubs approached having responded. Most club members were not inclined to finance their

servants' on an all expenses paid trip and their feelings were summed up in a letter to *Golf Illustrated*: "I would no more send a professional player off to America to play golf than I would my chimney sweep". The magazine and Ryder made up the shortfall and The Great Triumvirate – Vardon, Taylor and Braid were asked to select the team: Abe Mitchell was chosen to captain the team of Ted Ray, George Duncan, Charles Whitcombe, Aubrey Boomer, Archie Compston, Fred Robson, Arthur Havers, and George Gadd. *Golf Illustrated* editor, George Philpot was appointed team manager. He wrote: "We have a team that carries confidence, led by one of the greatest players the world has ever known, Abe Mitchell, but on this rare and distinguished occasion, it is a sorry circumstance that the nation has, for the most part, been so lacking in encouragement and generosity." The gold 'Ryder Cup', (variously valued at 100 guineas to £250) was commissioned from the famous jewellers, Mappin and Webb, topped with the figure of a golfer in the likeness of Ryder's personal tutor, Abe Mitchell. Unfortunately Abe was unable to make the trip due to his appendicitis. Ted Ray took over the captaincy and Channel Islander Herbert Jolly followed later on the *Majestic* to fill the gap. He had a fairly good crossing, but four days ahead his team-mates were finding it very rough indeed.

George Gadd was at Harrods in March, 1924 with the Great Triumvirate, Sandy Herd and Ryder Cup players: Abe Mitchell, George Duncan and Fred Robson (James Sherlock was also there)

My brother was Chairman of the PGA in 1927 and he had the honour of receiving the new trophy from Mrs Samuel Ryder, which the team took with them to America. In his speech George thanked Sam Ryder for his support of professional golf, acknowledging his efforts to raise the status and conditions of club pros and concluded by saying that the team would spare no effort to bring the trophy back home. Sadly they left it behind as the Americans triumphed by 9 ½ to 2 ½. The British lost the foursomes 3-1, their lone win coming from Boomer and Whitcombe, who defeated Diegel and Mehlhorn 7&6. Diegel and Bill Mehlhorn were friends and it was Leo Diegel who coined Mehlhorn's nickname of 'Wild Bill', which was not a comment on his temperament but referred to his tendency to sometimes embark on a wild spree of low scoring (often wearing a cowboy hat). In 1925 he lost to Walter Hagen in the final of the US PGA, the second of Hagen's four consecutive victories. He must have known it was not his day; after a 3-under 69 he was 3 down. [A golf chronicle records that The Haig holed his opening tee shot, but that appears to be one of the apocryphal Hagen stories (* p 50)]. In the Ryder Cup singles matches Duncan was the only winner, beating Joe Turnesa 1 up and Whitcombe got the half against Gene Sarazen. My brother George was to enter the record books as one of the 'most under-utilised internationals'. He was the first of the seven men to be picked for the team over the years who were never to play a match, so his record in the Ryder Cup statistics shows a row of noughts. The history books record that he had suffered badly during the very rough six-day crossing on the *Aquitania* - after his experience during the war George was not the most enthusiastic of sailors. He did not perform well in practice and was left out at his own request.
[An accident forced George to withdraw after two rounds of that year's Open at St Andrews; he reached into his travel bag and badly cut his hand on a 'cut-throat' razor, but there was another gutsy performance from his brother Charles, who played all four rounds and finished in the top thirty. Bobby Jones retained the title, five shots ahead of joint 2nd placed Aubrey Boomer and Fred Robson; joint 4th were Ernest Whitcombe-and Joe Kirkwood, who George had soundly thrashed in that first match against the Americans a year earlier.]

The 1927 Ryder Cup team about to leave for Southampton.
L to r: George Duncan (hands in pockets), Archie Compston, Ted Ray, Fred Robson, Samuel Ryder, George Gadd, Charles Whitcombe, Arthur Havers, Abe Mitchell (who did not sail with the team due to illness) and George Philpot, the team's manager. Aubrey Boomer, then professional at St Cloud near Paris, was picked up in Cherbourg

George was engaged to report on the Ryder Cup matches and wrote in his despatches to the newspapers that he put the Americans' victory down to two factors. Firstly, he said: "They never missed a putt" and secondly they had "mechanised the game"; in other words, they had grooved repeating swings that stood up under pressure, not a feature of the British game at that time. The record of the Americans in our Open proved the point – from 1924 they had a run of ten consecutive victories.
Al Watrous had recovered from his disappointment at Lytham and won both his matches at Worcester. He partnered Gene Sarazen in a 3&2 victory over Havers and Jolly, then won his singles match with Fred Robson by the same margin. He was a formidable match player, but the fates that brought about his demise at Lytham were to visit him again five years later. In the 1932 *US PGA Championship* Watrous was nine up on the Scot Bobby Cruickshank after 24 holes of the 36-hole match. On that 24th green he became complacent and conceded a six-foot putt to his opponent. Thus reprieved Cruickshank began to come back at the ill-fated Watrous and squared the match at the last hole, then went on to win at the 41st. It was a classic case of 'counting chickens before they are hatched'. Cruickshank, who hailed from the Highland town of Grantown-on-Spey, did well on the US tour between the wars and was runner-up to Bobby Jones in the 1923 US Open. He later placed a $100 bet on Jones winning the Grand Slam in 1930 and was said to have collected $10,000. (The *New York Times* reported that the actual winnings were $108,000!).
In 1928 my brother George travelled to Argentina with Arthur Havers, to play in exhibitions and teach the enthusiastic Argentines. During the trip they went to Cordoba to play in the Open, where George came second. The Hurlingham Club course in Buenos Aires was co-designed by George and Arthur. George was also to be involved in course design at home and had a hand in revisions at some of his clubs, including Wrexham and Malden.


Mr J. BURKE
Irish Amateur Champion, 1931

John Burke used George Gadd's newspaper articles as a text book

A series of articles by George appeared in a Sunday newspaper, each dealing with a specific club and how it should be played. The series also covered playing from rough, bunkers and hanging and uphill lies. One article featured "an old favourite – *a slice with the putter*", a technique used by some leading golfers in those days, including my brother Charles. Dai Rees, adopted the method early in his career, when he was an assistant to George and had that confidence of youth that enables you to just walk up to the ball and knock it into the hole. He was using it when he made his debut in the Ryder Cup in 1937. The only top line player to putt that way these days is the American Billy Mayfair.

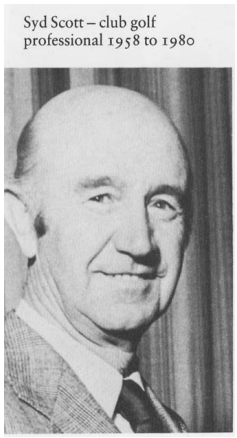
The famous Irish amateur John Burke from Lahinch, a Walker Cup player, Irish International and Irish Amateur champion, used George's articles as a textbook. He had a favourite saying taken from the articles:

"Good, better best, and you should never rest,
until your good is better and your better best"

George left Roehampton in 1934 to become pro at Malden in Surrey. He returned to Roehampton after the war in 1946 and retired ten years later on medical grounds; over forty years after he first joined the club, with gaps for his five years service in the Great War and the twelve years he spent at Malden. The Roehampton club's centenary history paid the following tribute:

"He had been extremely popular, a fine golfer and renowned in the club for his integrity, generosity and kindness (he would often, for instance, give lady members on the first tee a new ball 'for luck')".

His successor as pro was Ryder Club player, Syd Scott, who served the club for twenty-two years and was then succeeded by his son Alan.



From 'A History of Roehampton Club'

COURTESY OF THE ROEHAMPTON CLUB

George Gadd in his heyday pictured at Samuel Ryder's Golf Club, Verulam and playing with Harry Vardon at the Roehampton Tournament, 1924

[Quoted from the *Times*]:

> "Gadd is of average height, but is so thick set that he looks short and almost *Basque* like --- He has a marked check for 'readjustment' at the top of his backswing --- he hits a very long ball", Bernard Darwin, 1922

> "Gadd's natural configuration causes him, I suppose, to take the club up by one road and bring it down by another, but he brings it down on the ball very hard and very accurately and is beyond doubt a good golfer", Bernard Darwin, 1924

[Quoted from *Golf World* in *100 Years of Golf at Powfoot,* with thanks to the club]

> "George Gadd, well known pro of the twenties, declared that he never played really good golf when not sucking humbugs", George Houghton, 1975

Courtesy of The Roehampton Club

4. Gadding About

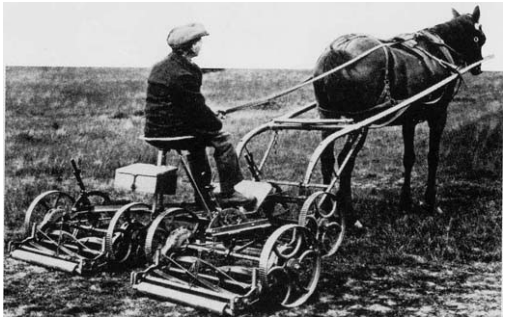
In 1927, the year of that first official Ryder Cup match, Charles Lindbergh won $25,000 for the first solo flight across the Atlantic and I took up my first job as professional at Amport, near Andover in Hampshire. It was a hotchpotch of a job, not much like that of the modern club professional. I started, as most did in those days, as pro/greenkeeper, with the emphasis on the greenkeeping aspect! Amport was a private course on a country estate, at one time owned by the Marquis of Winchester but now in the possession of Colonel Sofer-Whitburn. To entertain their houseguests, his wife decided to revive the golf course on which young noblemen had played as guests of the Marquis. My brother George was brought in to lay out the new course and he recommended me for the job of professional. I was employed at a wage of £3 per week, not too bad in those days and my main duty as pro was to be available to play with, or teach, any member of the family or their guests. In the event, only the Lady of the House played and hardly any guests wanted to avail themselves of my services. On the greenkeeping side, I could call on an estate worker to cut the fairways with a gang mower and the rough was kept down by sheep – a bit smelly, but effective. I had only the greens and tees to attend to; we had no bunkers, so I had plenty of time to play, mostly with members of the staff. Some, like the butler and greyhound trainer, were keen to learn and came regularly. Mrs Sofer-Whitburn was not so keen. A strong character, who enjoyed country pursuits, she was a fearless rider and a crack shot – one of the best in the country. She owned a string of racehorses and was part owner of a large kennel of coursing greyhounds. She also had a taste for fast cars and once took over the wheel of the Rolls-Royce when the chauffeur was driving too slowly for her liking. She frightened the life out of him. "A Rolls was never meant to be driven like that", he said. Golf was just too tame for that 'fast Lady'.

PICTURE FROM THE ARMED FORCES CHAPLAINCY CENTRE HISTORY BOOKLET

For much of the year the family were at their London house, often for weeks at a stretch, which left me to my own devices. I assisted the greyhound trainer, helping to exercise his 48 coursing dogs and had a go at 'slipping', not very successfully for that is a real expert's job. I was 'in digs' with the Head Gardener and spent quite a lot of time with him, sometimes lending a hand. On one occasion he was preparing blooms for the London Horticultural show and I offered to help in 'dressing' his giant chrysanthemums. I was handed a jar of water and a small paintbrush with which to dress a truly enormous bloom – a good ten inches across and twelve inches deep. Each petal had to be separated and looped over your finger then smoothed out with the damp brush so that they all lay in the same

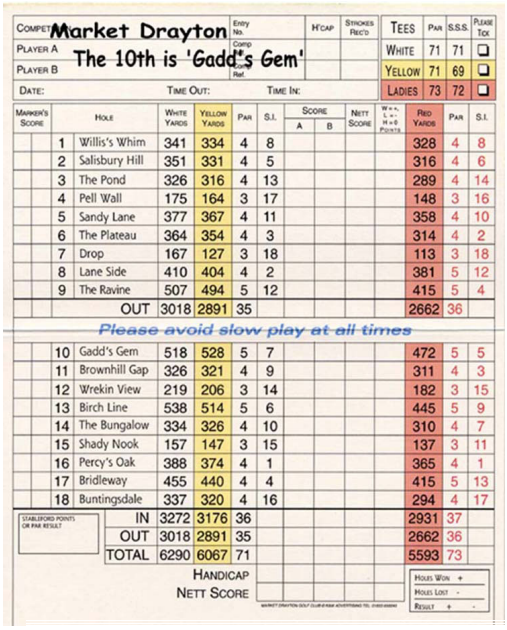
direction – top to bottom. It took hours! I didn't volunteer for that job again. He won the silver medal at the show with his carnation: 'Amport Glory'. The formal gardens he had charge of were laid out by the famous architect Sir Edwin Lutyens in 1926 and the planting was managed by Gertrude Jekyl, one of the great horticultural figures of the early twentieth century, who often worked with Lutyens. The gardens were restored by the present owners, the Ministry of Defence and, along with the House, are now Grade 2 listed. Amport is now the Armed Forces' Chaplaincy Centre.
Another diversion from golf was the local cricket team, for whom I played when the family were away in the summer. English cricket was in good heart at that time, with Jack Hobbs at his peak scoring 16 centuries in the 1925 season. He followed this with two for England when the Ashes were regained at last in 1926, after Australian domination since the war. It was a favourite game of mine and I was quite useful as an all-rounder. This was recognised by the owner of one of the clubs we played and he offered to put my name forward to the County, with a view to my joining the Hampshire Club and Ground staff. I was very tempted but decided to stick with golf.

I couldn't close my account of life at Amport without mentioning two stories told by the locals. The 14th Marquis of Winchester used to walk the estate looking just like a tramp. On one occasion he met up with the local poacher carrying the nights 'bag', and challenged him – only to get a round of abuse. His Lordship then disclosed his identity, but the poacher was not at all impressed and told him: "If you're a Lord, why the ****** **** can't you dress like one?" Another incident occurred during the annual meet of the Tedworth Hunt at Amport, when the hounds bowled over a hare. The disreputable-looking peer was walking in the park and a huntsman tossed him the hare saying: "Here y'are man. One of his lordship's hares for your dinner, but don't tell the old devil that I gave it to you!" A very acrimonious correspondence ensued between the 'Devil' and the Master of Foxhounds.
I enjoyed the cushy life at Amport but it was not the ideal preparation for a budding tournament player; nor did it prepare me for the realities of a greenkeeper/pro's life, which I was to find at my next job.



I had a single-cut *one-mule-power* job

Market Drayton in Shropshire is a busy market town known as the 'Gingerbread Town' because of its secret recipe for the cake bread. I arrived at the golf club in 1928 and came face to face with reality – and hard graft. It was a 9-6 job, six days a week, with a ½ day on Wednesdays and the equipment for the upkeep of the course was very basic. Light rollers for the greens were constructed from lengths of drainpipe filled with concrete with a spike at each end. The handle was an iron rectangle with a loop on each leg to fit onto the spikes. Three or four rollers were left at strategic points on the course and you carried the handle with you. The mowing of tees and greens was by hand machine and the fairways by a one horse, or rather one *mule* power job, with a single-cut 36-inch mower. The mule was not a joke - he really existed. The Shropshire club's history records that: - "the Secretary was requested to write expressing thanks for the kind loan of a mule to the club, and confirming that the mule must not be sold, but be returned in the event of the club no longer requiring its service". Well, Sammy was there when I arrived and, believe me, he had all the characteristics associated with mules and a considerable amount of animal cunning. At work time in the morning he was invariably at the far end of the course and it was always a lengthy performance to get him to the machine. He then refused to back between the shafts and we had to manhandle the mower into position behind him before he could be harnessed. Once in it was the devil's own job to stop him breaking into a gallop. We certainly had some fun with Sammy!
My brother Charles took up his first professional



Market Drayton
The 10th is 'Gadd's Gem'

	Hole	White Yards	Yellow Yards	Par	S.I.	Red Yards	Par	S.I.
1	Willis's Whim	341	334	4	8	328	4	8
2	Salisbury Hill	351	331	4	5	316	4	6
3	The Pond	326	316	4	13	289	4	14
4	Pell Wall	175	164	3	17	148	3	16
5	Sandy Lane	377	367	4	11	358	4	10
6	The Plateau	364	354	4	3	314	4	2
7	Drop	167	127	3	18	113	3	18
8	Lane Side	410	404	4	2	381	5	12
9	The Ravine	507	494	5	12	415	5	4
	OUT	3018	2891	35		2662	36	
	Please avoid slow play at all times							
10	Gadd's Gem	518	528	5	7	472	5	5
11	Brownhill Gap	326	321	4	9	311	4	3
12	Wrekin View	219	206	3	14	182	3	15
13	Birch Line	538	514	5	6	445	5	9
14	The Bungalow	334	326	4	10	310	4	7
15	Shady Nook	157	147	3	15	137	3	11
16	Percy's Oak	388	374	4	1	365	4	1
17	Bridleway	455	440	4	4	415	5	13
18	Buntingsdale	337	320	4	16	294	4	17
	IN	3272	3176	36		2931	37	
	OUT	3018	2891	35		2662	36	
	TOTAL	6290	6067	71		5593	73	

Tees: White 71 71; Yellow 71 69; Ladies 73 72

Handicap
Nett Score

By permission of Market Drayton GC

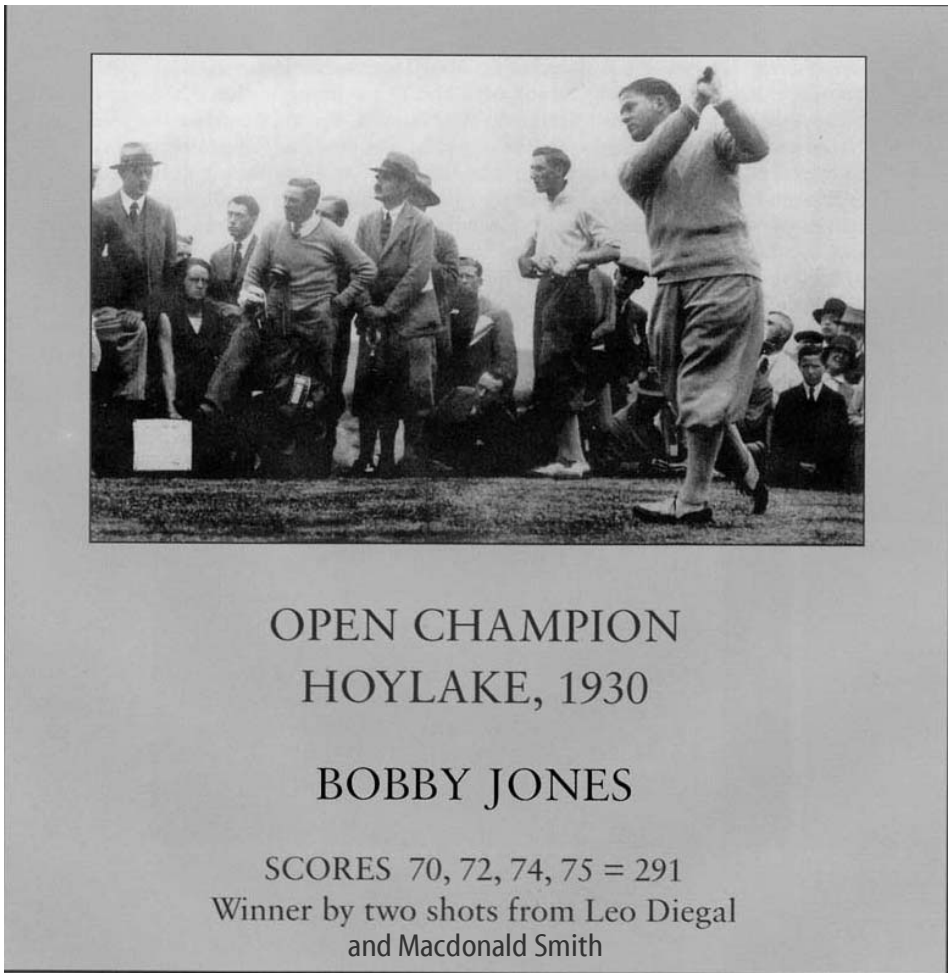
appointment at Market Drayton from 1909 to 1912 when the course was at nearby Adderley. The records from that period have been lost and the club were not aware of this, but their history does record that one of my recent predecessors was a nephew of Harry Vardon. He had been appointed in 1925 as professional/greenkeeper and given responsibility for the design of the club's new course for which he was paid £2.10s (£2.50) a week. When the course was finished he was to revert to £2.00 per week; adapting a phrase, this must have been the 'price of fame', as my wage was £1.10s (£1.50) – a cut of 50% from my previous job, but I had the benefit of profit from the 'sale of golf balls and *other golf appliances*' and the repair of clubs. Wage inflation for pros was very low over a long period. History records that Old Tom Morris had received 15s per week when he moved from St Andrews to Prestwick in 1851 and forty years later Sandy Herd's pay was a pound a week when he went to the West Lancashire club in 1891. (Exceptions were pros like George Duncan and Abe Mitchell who were employed by wealthy patrons. When he became personal coach to Samuel Ryder Abe was on £20 per week-a huge amount in the twenties). When Vardon had completed most of the work on the Market Drayton course he suffered the indignity of being given a month's notice for financial reasons. Another extract from the history of the club gives a good indication of conditions at that time: "We can say with some certainty that the club continued in a similar vein, hiccupping from one financial embarrassment to another". I was very sad when I became another victim of the financial crisis as, in spite of the difficult conditions, it was a happy club and I really enjoyed my time there. The course has been extended to 18 holes since my day and the 2nd on the old 9-hole course is now the 10th. The club has named the hole –: *Gadd's Gem*. A great honour and a thought I treasure.

One of the sporting headlines of 1928 was the goal-scoring feat of the Everton F.C. Centre-Forward Bill 'Dixie' Dean, who was born in Birkenhead on the Wirral and loved to play golf with local pros like Harry Rimmer of Bidston and Bill Davies, the Ryder Cup player from Prenton and later Wallasey. In his biography by John Keith, we are told that Dean got down to scratch in his teens and was a winner of the now defunct Wirral Amateur Championship; many who saw him play thought that he would have made a good pro. The star of Everton's First Division title-winning side was one of the most powerful ever headers of a football and possessed a fierce shot in both feet. He scored sixty goals in thirty-nine league matches - a record that still stands and will probably never be beaten. Dixie would be worth his weight in gold now, but the days of the multi-million pound transfer were a long time ahead. (Arsenal doubled the transfer record that year when they paid £11,500 for Bolton's David Jack).

In 1929, the year that Wall Street crashed and George Duncan captained Great Britain to a first Ryder Cup victory over Walter Hagen's US side at Moortown, my brief stay at Market Drayton came to an end and I replied to an advertisement for a pro/greenkeeper at another Shropshire club – Bridgnorth. [The town was to have an unexpected claim to fame in 2005 when it was revealed that Hitler apparently chose it as the location for his HQ when his planned invasion of Britain was completed] I was short-listed for the job and requested to attend an interview and to bring my clubs as the committee wished to assess my playing ability. On the day I found that I was required to play a match against another young applicant, a kind of 'trial by combat'. We teed off and I hit a real 'corker', which left my opponent 50 yards behind – and ran out of fairway. I think it must have unsettled him a bit and I had an easy win. After the match I was invited back to the Secretary's house for tea and was told that the job was mine - good old-fashioned courtesy! My retainer was again £1.10s per week and I operated a very limited bar in the pro's shop - a little hut at the back of the corrugated iron clubhouse. Once installed, I found myself facing more hard graft. At small clubs the equipment was invariably basic and here the fairways were cut with a 24-inch motor mower. Just imagine how long it took to mow a 480 yards long fairway with a mower two feet wide. In my second year it was up-graded to a 36-inch machine with a trailer seat – almost luxury! Pro/Greenkeepers were the norm back then and were still around until the sixties, but nowadays the average club has half a dozen greenkeepers to do the job I did on my own – and 'space age' machinery to do it with. Once the course work had been dealt with you were available to play or teach, although there was not a great demand for either, which was just as well as spare time was very limited. Most of mine was spent practising.

In 1930 I went up from Bridgnorth to Hoylake to watch Bobby Jones play in the Open at Royal Liverpool and to meet my brother George, who qualified for the championship and played all four rounds. Jones was the best golfer I ever saw; with his stylish, smooth, rhythmical and graceful swing generating remarkable power from his hickory shafts. Despite this incomparable talent he was never comfortable during championships, chain smoking on the course and suffering from a nervous stomach. Sometimes after a championship he would be physically sick on returning to the clubhouse. He started the final round well enough but at the par five 8th hole I saw him fluff two chip shots and

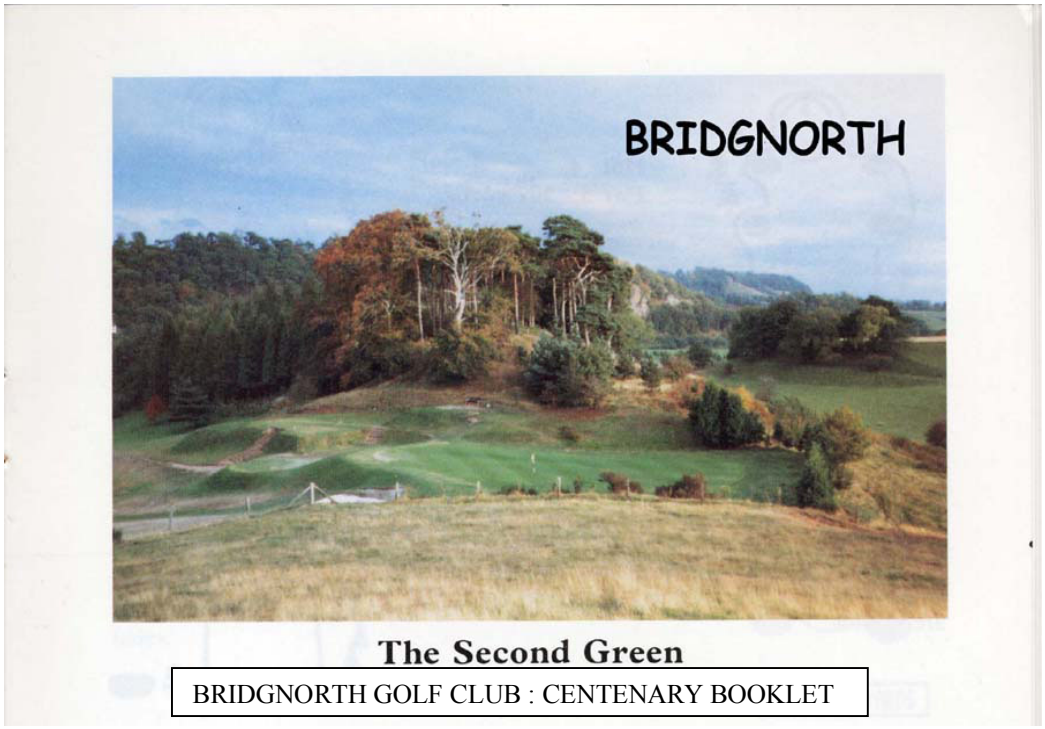
thin a third. Bernard Darwin was also watching and described it thus: “Mr Jones hit a fine tee shot, and followed it with an almost equally fine brassie, and lay towards the left within some twenty-five to thirty yards of the green. His third, which just reached the green, was worthy of a ten-handicap player not at his best; his fourth, very short, was worthy of an honest, full-blooded rabbit; his fifth would not have got him a club handicap; and his sixth was reminiscent of an L.G.U. thirty-six”. A seven went down on the card and he later told Darwin that it was the most inexcusable hole he had ever played, adding: “An old man with a croquet mallet could have got down in two. I will play that hole over a thousand times in my dreams”. He gritted his teeth and ground out a 75, then had a long wait to see if anyone would catch him. No one did and, although he had played by his standards, “sloppy golf”, he won by two shots. That year he took the four tournaments that made up the Grand Slam of those days- the British and US Amateur and Open titles, then retired – at the age of twenty-eight! Perhaps we can understand why when we consider how the strain spoiled his enjoyment of the game. He used to say that there were two kinds of golf – golf and tournament golf - and his feelings were revealed in his remarks to reporters during that anxious wait in the Hoylake clubhouse: -
“Golf championships are no fun, even when you win. In that last round it was simply a matter of getting home as best I could”. Bernard Darwin said: - “He was utterly exhausted and had to hold his glass in two hands lest the good liquor be spilt. All he would say was that he would never, never do it again.” Jones revealed how he overcame the jitters after the eighth hole debacle: - “I kept in mind Harry Vardon’s advice that, no matter what happens, you must keep hitting the ball”. *Amen to that*.



Courtesy of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club

It was while I was at Bridgnorth that one of the biggest changes in golf took place – the legalisation of steel shafts and I was faced with the problem of fitting the new shafts into the old hickory shafted irons. This was achieved with the use of adapters made of aluminium, which were shaped like the bottom of a hickory shaft. This little gadget had to be filed until it fitted the hosel; then the steel shaft was driven through the hole in the adapter until it was a tight fit. It was then riveted in the same manor as a

hickory shaft and the adapter filed down and smoothed to the size of the hosel. Not very pretty, but it sufficed until heads to fit the steel shafts became available. Both shafts and iron heads were rather crude, and bore little resemblance to the clubs we know today. Woods were easier to adapt as they required a smaller bore, but re-shafting a set of hickories was a lengthy procedure.
I had a brief but happy time at Bridgnorth and it will always be a special place for me for it was there that I met the young Lady who was to become my wife. There was some opposition from her family, particularly Grandma (my family knew nothing about it), so we just went ahead on our own, with two friends as witnesses. Grandma was sure that the union would be short lived. "I don't know what you're thinking about", she told Paddy, "Marrying a man who hits a little white ball and walks after it for a living, in six weeks you will be back home". Her prediction was a little out – it lasted over sixty-five years.



The Second Green

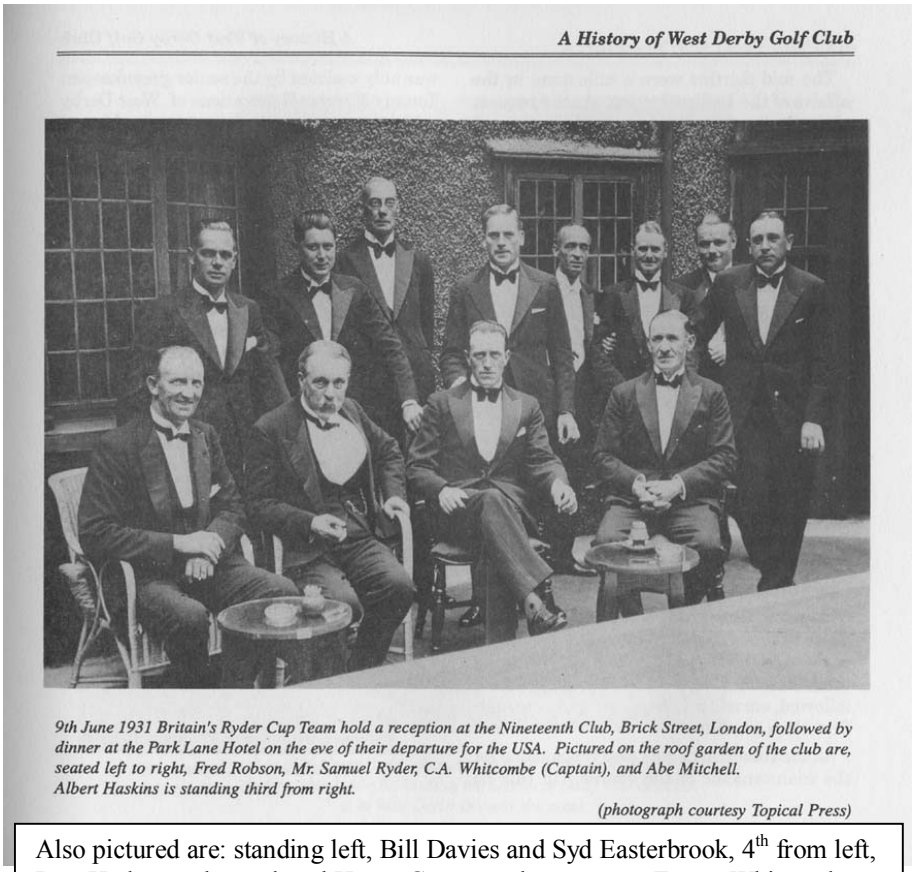
BRIDGNORTH GOLF CLUB : CENTENARY BOOKLET

When I was working on the course Paddy would bring my tea out to me and, on fine days, we would sit on the tree-clad hill behind the 3rd tee (beyond the 2nd green on the left of the picture) - a delightful corner of the course set amongst the woods and green fields of the picturesque Severn Valley.

I left Bridgnorth in 1931 and moved to Brand Hall in Birmingham, where I was to stay for four years – the longest period I had spent at one club in my career so far - stability was not a feature of my life as a professional. I was employed on a retainer of £2 per week as pro and I had only to supervise the greenkeeping, which left me more time for practise. Brand Hall had a decent sized practise ground and I made full use of it, going 'through the bag' each day and hitting at least 500 balls, often more. Fortunately I had a caddie to field them so I was spared the task of picking them all up. I was now confident that I had the game to compete and soon I was entering all the competitions available to me, following the pattern for club pros at that time – play a tournament one week and catch up on club affairs the next. Golf was not a big spectator sport then–you were lucky to get five thousand watching in a week, and of course there were no stands.

That June the Ryder Cup was played at the Scioto Country Club, Columbus, Ohio, where Bobby Jones had won the 1926 US Open and where Jack Nicklaus would play his first shot twenty years later. A lot was expected of the British team following that first victory at Moortown in 1929, but the trip was to be overshadowed by controversy and labelled a fiasco; the result was a 9-3 defeat. The oppressive heat of Scioto did not suit the British (in future matches were to be arranged for September) and they were without three key players, including the rising star, Henry Cotton, who had made his debut at Moortown and defeated Al Watrous to ensure a home victory. He had been picked for Scioto but withdrew when the PGA ruled that exhibition money would be equally shared, which he considered

unfair and insisted on him returning to Britain with the team after the match, denying him the opportunity to stay on and play some events on the American circuit. Percy Alliss and Aubrey Boomer were ruled out because of a disputed stipulation requiring all members of both teams to be natives of, and residents in, the country they represented. Alliss was resident in Germany and Boomer, who had played in 1927 and 1929, was employed in France and Belgium. All three went over on a private American tour and, like my brother George, Percy and Henry were engaged to report on the match for the press. They played a few tournaments and Percy tied Walter Hagen for the Canadian Open Championship and nearly became the only man to beat him in a play-off, eventually losing at the 37th hole. Cotton suffered from an outbreak of boils and his golf suffered with him, but the trip was to change his life when he met the woman who was eventually to become his wife – 'Toots'.
By the time of the next match in England I would be in the reckoning. A Ryder Cup selector appears in a picture with members of that 1931 team (below), Albert Haskins, professional at Liverpool's West Derby club for forty years. He was to play a part in the final chapter of my attempt to follow brother George into the Ryder Cup record books, but a lot of water was to go under the bridge before then.



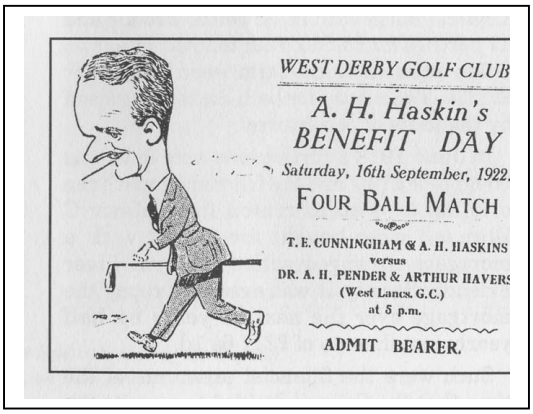
A History of West Derby Golf Club

9th June 1931 Britain's Ryder Cup Team hold a reception at the Nineteenth Club, Brick Street, London, followed by dinner at the Park Lane Hotel on the eve of their departure for the USA. Pictured on the roof garden of the club are, seated left to right, Fred Robson, Mr. Samuel Ryder, C.A. Whitcombe (Captain), and Abe Mitchell. Albert Haskins is standing third from right.

(photograph courtesy Topical Press)

Also pictured are: standing left, Bill Davies and Syd Easterbrook, 4th from left, Bert Hodson, who replaced Henry Cotton and extreme rt. Ernest Whitcombe.

Illustrations from 'A History of West Derby Golf Club' by Moya Jones



At that time Brand Hall had some of Worcestershire's leading amateurs, people like Harley Roberts, E.W.Rigby, J.T. Mitchley, and G.H.Litherland. I played with these members many times in various events and won three successive Alliance titles with Jack Mitchley, but he and Geoff Litherland remain in my memory more for three motoring experiences, the first of which was to occur the following year during my first Open Championship.

5. Baptism of Fire

In 1932 I embarked on my career as a tournament professional. That year the golf ball manufacturer Penfold began their sponsorship and there were eight big events in Great Britain and Ireland, but the worldwide depression caused by the Wall Street crash was reaching its peak and there was not much money in the coffers, particularly for the smaller golf tournaments. I remember receiving an SOS from the organisers of one that I had not entered asking me to play. Bill Button, from the Birmingham club Harbourne, had won their event for the previous two years and they were afraid that he would win the trophy outright and a new one would be required. In the prevailing economic climate such expenditure would be most unwelcome – so they issued invitations to a few of the leading Midland players. I went on to take the title and their trophy was safe for another year.

My first taste of real success was in the *Midland Professional Foursomes*, which I won in partnership with Charlie Ward. It was an open event attracting a big entry from all parts and the names on the trophy included Henry Cotton, who had won it two years earlier partnered by his brother Leslie. Mine was the fourth name from the golfing families on Malvern Common, the other winners being Alfred.J.Lewis (Martin's brother), J.W. (Billy) Whiting (Fred's brother) and Jack Stait.

There was no restriction on the number of clubs carried in those days and it was by no means unknown for players to carry up to thirty, but I usually had only twelve in my 'mixed bag'. On the second I told Charlie that my old seven iron, converted from a hickory shafted club, would not reach the green and he offered his 'new' one. With this stronger club I put the ball on the green and Charlie holed for a birdie. I kept the club in my bag for the rest of the round.

I won the *Staffordshire Professional Championship*, which was at the Brocton Hall club near Stafford, was gold medallist in the *Birmingham Alliance*, the first of four successive titles and I tied for the *Midland Professional Championship*, claimed to be the world's oldest pro golf title. It was played at Henbury in Bristol; the Midland Region of the PGA covered a much wider area back then and it was there that I, an immature and inexperienced young player, was given a valuable lesson by an 'Old Timer'. At the end of the 36-holes I was tied with Jimmy Adwick, from the Olton club in Birmingham and a player I mentioned earlier - little Tommy Barber from Derbyshire, one of the great characters of those days. Tommy was a very good player - as he showed when coming 5th in Jones' 1926 Open - and he had made the final Ryder Cup trials as recently as 1930. In 1932 he was in great form and had played inspired golf in beating Henry Cotton in the *Yorkshire Evening News* tournament at Moortown, going out in 32 on his way to a 5 & 4 victory; Tommy single-putted nine of the fourteen greens. He was always completely unruffled, no matter what the circumstances or conditions - the Bobby Locke of his day. The fact that I was playing against a 'national figure' in the play-off got me into a state of 'jitters' before we even started. Having three-putted on four of the first five greens and watched Tommy just playing serenely on as though in a Sunday four-ball, my nervous system was just about shattered and I started taking all sorts of chances to try and make up the leeway. Many reading this will have anticipated the result; I quickly found myself trailing behind both players and I 'tailed off' to finish in third place. Tommy was a man of few words, but those words were well worth listening to and, having administered a very handsome hiding, he then took me aside and gave me a good 'talking to' containing a lot of good advice

Tommy was a very tricky opponent in match play and my education was to be continued when I met him the following year in the final of the *Midland Matchplay Championship* at Sandwell Park in Birmingham. He was only about 5 feet 6 but what he lacked in inches he made up for in guile. By that time I had gained confidence and I had Tommy two down with 11 holes to play. It was time for Tommy to use a little 'gamesmanship' and at the next, a hole with a semi-blind second shot, I was about 10 yards in front and watched carefully as Tommy took a brassie (2-wood) and came up short. He had a long swing and I reckoned that he had fairly wound himself into that one, but he had deceived me, just like a bowler puts in a 'slow one' in cricket. We didn't have yardage charts in those days of course and I fell for it, taking a spoon (3-wood) and ending up 30 yards over everything in a ditch against the boundary wall. It was one of the most salutary lessons I ever received and it cured me for good of taking notice of the club my opponent was using.

He beat me on the last and, as I left the green, disappointed to have been bettered by Tommy again, he gave me some more advice "To win matches you've got to be ruthless", he told me, adding as an afterthought, "don't ever forget it". I never did and it was to serve me well when I became an International player.

My other trip down to Bristol that year was for the *Evening World £350* tournament at Long Ashton, where I met the famous Abe Mitchell for the first time. He was then in his prime and he broke the

course record with a 65 in the third round, finishing with a 67 for a record total of 271 to win the tournament by a shot. The only player who could live with him that week was his teammate in the side that had lost the Ryder Cup in America the previous year, Syd Easterbrook. Syd, the professional from a local club - Knowle, finished with a last nine of 31 to be second on 272, nine shots ahead of third placed Walter Pursey, who had performed well in the Open in the early twenties when based at East Devon, but had since joined the growing exodus of pros to the USA and was now visiting from Seattle. I was to play Syd Easterbrook in a memorable match the following year. He was a very attacking player who swung hard, finishing with a Palmer-like flourish. Tommy Barber was thereabouts again, finishing in a share of fourth place with Charlie Ward. I was well off the pace in a tie for 12th.

The Open was at Prince's in Kent that year, the only time it was ever to be held there. At 7060 yards, the course was the longest used for the championship up to that time, beating the 6750 yards of neighbouring Royal St George's in 1928. Before the championship a match took place over Prince's between pros representing England and Scotland, reviving the international series last played in 1913. England beat Scotland 13-3, with the top match in the singles between two of the fiercest competitors, Scotland's George Duncan and the giant midlander, Archie Compston, resulting in a half. Henry Cotton again demonstrated his disinclination to be bound by authority and refused to play because the match was too near to the start of the Open. His burning ambition was to win the Claret Jug and end the eight-year run of the Americans - and he did not consider that the International matches were the ideal preparation. Such was Henry's determination to win the championship that his preparation for the next Open would began the day after the event finished. I had yet to be selected and was at Sandwich to make my debut in the Open, as were the late Sam King and the sixteen-year-old Max Faulkner, one of the very few of my rivals from those pre-war years who is still with us today. (Max Faulkner passed away in 2005) Not far from my club another long-lasting sportsman made his debut that year for Stoke City Football Club; the seventeen-year-old Stanley Matthews, who became the first footballer knight, was to return and play for them again - on his 50th birthday!

I went down to Kent with the aforementioned Brand Hall member, Jack Mitchley, who was also entered for the Open. He had borrowed his Dad's car; a big Austin built like a Tank and almost as difficult to steer. We both had early finishes on one of the qualifying days and decided to go over to Margate. As neither of us had visited the resort before we had a good look around and ended up running late for dinnertime at our digs in Deal. Jack put his foot down throwing the 'Tank' round the bends but he was not prepared for a very sharp one on the unfamiliar road. He wrenched the wheel hard over and just made it, but one of his back tyres came off and was last seen careering across a field at a spanking pace. The car continued bumping along on the rim until he brought it to a stop and the wheel was beyond repair. Fortunately the spare was in working order and we were relieved to get back on the road, - but how would he explain the damage to his Dad? We had a late dinner in Deal that night – in the local Fish and Chip shop!

It was something of a baptism of fire for me. You can imagine my feelings when I saw the draw for the qualifying rounds. In those days even the top ranked players had to go through qualifying and the name next to mine was E.Sarazan (Lakeville, USA) - the famous American Eugene (Gene) Sarazen, known as 'The Squire'. He had been a regular member of the US Ryder Cup team since the first official match in 1927 and was third equal (with Percy Alliss) at the previous year's Open at Carnoustie, a shot behind the second placed Argentinean, José Jurado and two behind Tommy Armour's winning total.

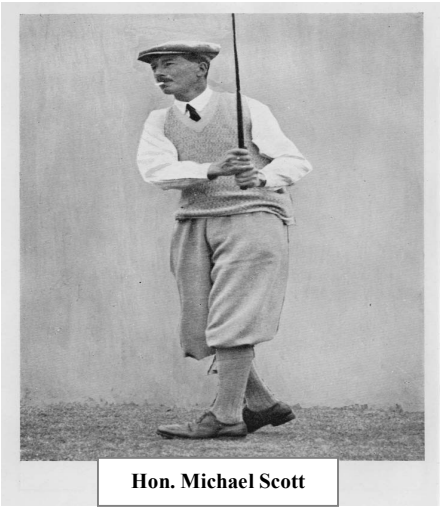
On the Prince's first tee my brother George (who again qualified and went on to make the cut) introduced me to the cheerful looking American with the infectious grin and told him that it was my first Open. Gene advised me to ignore him and just concentrate on my own game. I replied that it was not so much him I was worried about as the two thousand people that had gathered to watch him. They had paid 2/6d (12 ½ p) (plus another 2/6d for the car park), the

Tommy Armour, born in Edinburgh, played for Britain as an amateur and the USA as a pro – in the matches that preceded the Walker and Ryder Cups

proceeds going to two local hospitals at the request of the PGA. The Open was not the huge money spinning affair it is today of course. A frequent 'omnibus' service was laid on to ferry them between the two qualifying courses - Prince's and Royal St George's. They came to watch the great Americans - Sarazen and the two émigré Scottish pros – defending champion Tommy Armour and Carnoustie born Macdonald Smith who the *Times* described as 'The Big Three', a title bestowed on Nicklaus, Palmer and Player in years to come. British hopes were pinned on 24-year-old Henry Cotton, Arthur Havers, Percy Alliss, Abe Mitchell, Alf Padgham and Archie Compston. 5 ft 3 in Tomokichi Miyamoto, the only entry from the infant golfing nation of Japan, was also attracting attention. The ex-caddie had played in the Californian tournaments that spring and he sported the brilliant style of dress favoured by the Americans. He carried a small armoury of clubs, usually fourteen irons and six woods.

With Gene's gallery following us in the first qualifying round I played like a novice and dropped five shots over the opening holes. After that my nerves settled and I managed a 78. Sarazen was a 'shut face' player and nearly all his shots had a slight draw. From tee to green he was immaculate but where, I thought, is the brilliant putting we had come to expect from the Americans. He holed very little in his round of 73. On the second day at Royal St George's a terrific gale was blowing and he was no longer finding the middle of the fairways as his draw had developed into a vicious hook, which regularly put him into either thick rough or sand. It was then that this short, but powerfully built, golfer really showed his strength and class. In all the years that I have played the game, I have never seen such a brilliant display of pitching and putting and I was amazed at his powers of recovery from rough and bunkers. What I did not realize was that he used, for the first time in that Open, his 'blaster' - the sand wedge design he had conceived after studying the behaviour of aircraft when taking flying lessons from his friend, the eccentric playboy millionaire Howard Hughes. At that time finding a bunker was a real penalty and Gene was not noted for his sand play, but with this in his bag he had no trouble with the Sandwich bunkers and it helped him to get round in 76. In those days we were using a laid back 'niblick' in the sand; just getting out was a problem and getting 'up and down' was something of a rarity. Bernard Darwin regarded playing out of bunkers as a "trick shot" and said that it "took a real expert to escape from the sand – and a lucky one at that". One who was an expert with the niblick was the four-time champion Walter Hagen, who could nip the ball cleanly and stop it in reasonable proximity to the pin. Gene's new club, with a flange on the back, made it much easier to escape from all types of sand and he was concerned in case it fell foul of the championship committee. I never got a look at the club at close quarters because he put it head-first into his bag and kept his hand over the head until he came to play his shot. When off the course he hid the club from view. In that second qualifying round we matched each other shot-for-shot, with Gene's revolutionary blaster coming to his rescue on several occasions, whereas my score was achieved in a more conventional fashion. Our scoring was not great, but good enough to qualify for the championship proper.

There were many more amateurs playing in the Open in those days and one who was in the field was Mr H.C.Longhurst (Bedfordshire), later to become famous as the writer and BBC commentator. Neither he nor Jack Mitchley was amongst the eighteen amateurs who qualified, but two who did were the interesting partners drawn by Gene and me. I played with Mr W.L.Hope from the delightful St George's Hill Club in Surrey, a Walker cup player and Scottish International who was born in Calcutta.



Hon. Michael Scott

He had finished close behind my brother George when he won the Surrey Open three years earlier. (George's course record 68 at Royal Mid Surrey lasted until 1936.) Hope was one of the eight amateurs who made the cut and he was to be leading amateur that year, finishing in a tie for 16th place. That October he emigrated to Australia and won the *Australian Amateur Championship* the following year. Gene's partner was a man described by Darwin as a 'remarkable golfer', the Hon. Michael Scott, a Walker Cup teammate of Hope's and an English International, who was also a winner of the *Australian Amateur Championship* - four times. He won the *French Amateur* twice and was the winner of the first *Australian Open Championship*, which he also won twice. He was to win the *British Amateur Championship* at Royal Liverpool the following year at the age of 54 to become the oldest champion, a record that still stands. (In 1934, as Captain of Royal St George's, he would present the Auld Claret Jug to Henry Cotton).

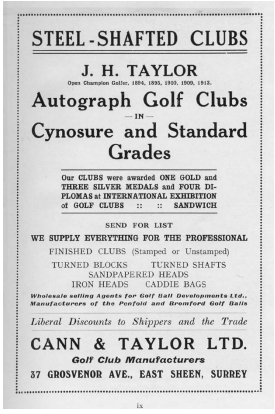
My brother Charles also qualified, only a shot behind Gene, but we both failed to make the cut whereas he had scored 70, 69 and was leading the field.

The other advantage Sarazen had in that Open was to have the services of Hagen's old caddie, 'Skip' Daniels, who had worked for Gene when he came second to the Haig in the 1928 Open at Royal St George's, after which he had told him: "I'm going to win the Championship for you if it's the last thing I do before I die". By 1932 'Dan', as Gene called him, was almost seventy with failing health and poor eyesight. On the advice of Prince's members Gene reluctantly told him that he was not fit enough and employed a younger man, but he did not get on with his new caddie and played poorly in practice. He turned to Daniels again and with him on his bag Gene's game improved dramatically and he led from start to finish to take the Claret Jug and the £100 first prize. His score of 283 was a record for the championship and left him five shots clear of Macdonald Smith, in second place for the second time in three years and six ahead of England's Arthur Havers. You could say that I had been an unwitting witness to the first steps in the modern era of golf as 290 was broken for the first time using "the greatest stroke saver in the game", as Gene was to call it. His new 'blaster' was eventually recognised as one of the greatest advances in club design, but it was a while before it came on the market and three or four years passed before I had one in my bag. He got little out of his invention, other than the prize money and titles it won him. His equipment company, Wilson, claimed all the income from sales. Sarazen requested that Daniels be allowed to join him for the presentation ceremony, but this was sadly refused. Within months Skip was dead. "When old Dan died the world was poorer by one champion", lamented Gene when he heard the news.
Playing with Gene was a tremendous experience for me in my first championship and I am glad that I had the opportunity of playing with this grand golfer. He went on to win the *US Open* that year and became the highest paid sportsman in the world, when he signed a contract worth an annual $25,000. Seventy years later the highest paid golfer, Tiger Woods, earns a reputed $2.50 per second and, bearing in mind that his rounds of golf take two hours longer than Gene's, Tiger surpasses Sarazen's annual total early in the back nine of a single day on the golf course.

60 years on – back at Prince's, 1993

Gene Sarazen
Photographs courtesy of the Prince's Golf Club

This was the last championship for the great Harry Vardon, who had won the title six times between 1896 and 1914 - a record that still stands. He failed to qualify and I did not have the opportunity to make his acquaintance, but I did meet one of the Great Triumvirate there - the five times Open champion, J.H.Taylor, who was a founder member, and first chairman, of the PGA. He was then in his early sixties and headed a golf club manufacturing company called Cann & Taylor. I remember the scrupulous attention to detail in the making of his clubs. When I was at Roehampton the Cann & Taylor clubhead maker, Bert Nash, worked for my brother George in the evenings and it was he who taught me clubmaking. He was a very hard taskmaster and insisted on us meeting his own exacting standards. Everything had to be 'just so', even down to the screws in the sole plates of the woods being aligned with slots facing parallel from front to back.
In the thirties Bert's younger brother Harry worked for the Aga Khan and often accompanied him during rounds at Roehampton. Harry described the



12-handicapper, best known in horse racing circles, as a very enthusiastic golfer who would often tee off before 8.30am attired in white cricket shirt and flannels that "looked as if they were only held up by a miracle". He recalled that his partner, one of the world's wealthiest men, never played for more than half a crown and never gave a putt. Harry "found it best not to beat him by too much, and not until the last hole!" but he still managed to save enough from his winnings and tips to buy a motorbike.
(In 1938 the Aga Khan was to be elected to the R&A).

Following my eventful introduction to the Open Championship there was plenty to talk about on our return trip to Birmingham and Jack Mitchley was not looking forward to 'facing the music'. I never found out how he explained the damaged wheel, but it must have been convincing for his Dad never mentioned the incident to me and Jack still had use of the car.

My performance in the *Midland Professional Championship* qualified me for the *News of the World £1040 Matchplay* championship at Moor Park. I progressed to the 2nd round, before losing to Ryder Cup player Herbert Jolly. Another two Ryder Cup players contested the final, Henry Cotton, then at Langley Park in Kent and Alfred Perry, a powerful fair-haired player from Leatherhead. Perry had impressed at the previous year's *Roehampton Tournament* where he had recorded two 68s; the course record before it was later lowered to 67 by my brother Charles. Cotton won the 36-hole match by 10&8. It was the first of three victories in the event for one of Britain's greatest players. His winner's cheque was three times bigger than the one received by Sarazan at Prince's, although that was irrelevant to Henry; it was the Claret Jug that he wanted to get his hands on; The Open winner now received £100, but the *News of the World* had put their first prize up to £300 plus a 'large gold medal'. For reaching the second round I received £10 and a 'small silver medal'.

Great Britain and Ireland lost the seventh Walker Cup match that year by 9 ½ to 2 ½ and were still waiting for their first victory. The match was played in the USA at the Country Club, Brookline, referred to as the 'Bear Pit' in a book by European captain, Mark James, after the controversial Ryder Cup match played there in 1999. The more gentlemanly encounter of 1932 saw the eventful debut of L.G. Crawley of Brancepeth Castle, who had been absent from the Open that year, having recently accepted a headmastership at the Warriston School near Moffat in the Scottish borders. (His career as a golf correspondent began after the war)
L.G. made a lasting mark on the Walker cup - He recorded the team's solitary victory and put a dent in the trophy with his wayward approach at the 18th hole.

L.G.Crawley

6. The International Golfer

In 1933, the year that prohibition came to an end in America, GB won the Ryder Cup back in the second 'home' match and Jack Hobbs scored his 100th century, I entered my first (and only) European tournament-the French Open. I travelled with several players of national fame, including my friend Charlie Ward and George Duncan, the 1920 Open Champion. George, a winner of two French Opens, had been one of the closest challengers to the 'Great Triumvirate' and was now approaching an age when he would qualify as a 'Senior' today. Like my brothers he went to North Wales early in his career, to Rhos-on-Sea and then the Caernarvonshire club at Conwy, where he played for the town's football club and attracted the attention of Liverpool, who offered him terms. He turned them down, but his enthusiasm for football eventually cost him his job and he returned to his native Aberdeen, before coming south of the border again to the old clubs at Timperley (Manchester) and Hanger Hill, near Ealing. He had a three-year stint as pro at Wentworth before going 'freelance' in 1929 and securing a very lucrative appointment as private coach to the Aga Khan, with whom he often played at Roehampton. He was one of the great characters of golf and had a very simple approach to the game. "The right way to play golf", he said, "is to go up and hit the bloody thing". No one ever played the game quicker than George did, whether he was playing brilliantly or direly. His friend James Braid said of him: "I cannot make him out. He plays so fast that he looks as if he doesn't care…he's the most extraordinary golfer I've ever seen". George called his book 'Golf at the Gallop' and, having played with him, I can confirm that the title was very apt. [Bert played for a Midland team that year in a match at Stoke Poges and beat Duncan 5&4]. Nor was this irascible yet loveable Scot slow in expressing his opinions. His other famous saying was "If you are going to miss it, miss it quick" and that was most evident on the greens, where he did not seem to give his putts due attention. When he was Open champion, a spectator mocked him for missing a three-footer, saying he could have holed it with his eyes closed. George rounded on him and shouted "Aye Sir, the balls no in the hole, but the hole's four and a quarter inches across and the whole bloody world is around it". When teaching he could be caustic and sarcastic; I was soon to feel the rough edge of his tongue, as you will see later on.

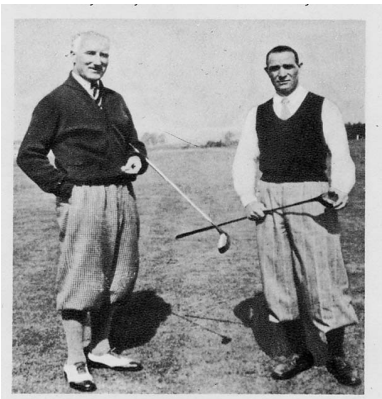
Neither Charlie nor I had been to France before, so we were both looking forward to the experience. The fun started at Boulogne where we boarded a train for Paris. The day was hot and, when the train started, I immediately got up and opened a window. Just as quickly a Frenchman sitting opposite got up and closed it. He received some black looks from our party but the window remained shut for a few minutes; then up got Charlie and opened it. Up got the Frenchman and shut it again. The French farce continued as the window was opened and shut several times, until eventually the Frenchman remained seated. Feeling smug we now settled down to a game of solo. Inside five minutes we were picking pieces of coal out of our eyes and hair, while the Frenchman had a good laugh at our expense. We shut the window and sweated for the rest of the journey.

We stayed one night in Paris before going on to Chantilly (of lace fame), where the championship was to be played. Before getting down to business we enjoyed a day out at the French Derby on the town's famous racecourse with Dick Penfold of the Penfold company, whose golf balls I played and whose company was sponsoring me on that trip. He was the son of Albert E. Penfold, who played an important part in the development of the golf ball. In 1927 he founded Golf Ball Developments, makers of the Bromford ball. Sadly Albert was to be killed when a Trans-Atlantic liner was torpedoed in 1942. I did not have much success on the racecourse and Dick's tip did not make anyone rich when it came in - at 10 to 1 on!

Set in one of the great forests of the Ile de France, the picturesque Tom Simpson designed course at Chantilly, since modified, is still widely regarded as the best course in France and is among the toughest in Europe. Here the agent who was handling our trip fixed us up with caddies and I found myself with a girl caddie (many female caddies were employed on French courses). I viewed this with some trepidation as the only French I knew was *un* to *neuf* and she didn't have any English. However it turned out to be a good partnership. She called out the number of the club she thought I needed – and she was seldom wrong, other than that we did not communicate, but she let me know what she thought of my bad shots. "Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu", she said

in a tragic voice, much to my amusement. Another amusing story tells of a critical female caddie who carried Harry Vardon's bag in the French Open about twenty-five years earlier. His second shot at one hole put the ball close to the pin and Vardon turned to his caddie and said: "A good one". He was not amused when she replied, "Damn fluke", but saw the joke when he realised that these were the only English words she knew. She had obviously been well tutored by some of his fellow competitors, probably his brother Tom, who spoke French and the great old time Scottish pro and inveterate practical joker - 'Andra' Kirkaldy.

In the first round I played with a very excitable little Frenchman. He couldn't speak any English but that did not stop him jabbering away in French for most of the round. He was a dreadful player and got worse as the round progressed. Periodically he would wander away to the other side of the fairway and rummage in his bag and after a while I became curious and followed to see what he was doing. Believe it or not he was taking swigs from a bottle of wine and, as the bottle got lower, his temperature got higher and so did his scores. Then the clubs started to fly. He eventually finished the round with half his clubs littered around the course, the bottle empty and "No return" against his name on the scoreboard. Was I glad to see the back of him! I was happy with my 70 in the circumstances, which was good enough for the joint lead. [Bert's tee shot at the short 3rd buried in the soft putting surface and he had to take a niblick to extract the ball from its plugged lie on the green].A fresh draw was made for the second round and I had a better playing partner. I posted a 69 to stay joint leader with the holder, Arthur Lacey, and Auguste Boyer of Nice. I shot 71 and was clear in the lead on 210, with the two best players in France, Boyer and Marcel Dallemagne (St Germain), joint second on 213. My last round contained some anxious moments. A Visit to the woods on one hole could have run up a 7 or 8, but I extricated myself and found the green with my fourth shot, then holed a 'tram ride' putt to escape with a five. Later in the round I took five at a short hole, after finding two bunkers. My playing partner and nearest challenger, Boyer, holed from about ten yards for a two and picked up three shots.

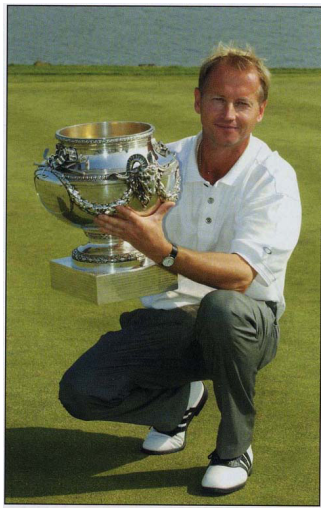


Two of the big guns of the day. Arthur Havers and Marcel Dallemagne (France). Photo taken at Waterloo Golf Club, Belgium. Summer, 1934

This Game of Golf: Henry Cotton

When I came to the last hole I had restored a three-shot cushion and victory was mine – barring complete disaster, but the 18th invited disaster. It was nearly 500 yards in length, with a ravine across the fairway about 40-50 yards short of the green, which in those days was filled with gorse, bracken and all kinds of trouble. I took the brassie (2-wood) and found the middle of the green for a comfortable birdie four. I walked off the green virtually certain to be French Open champion, but instead of congratulations I received a severe telling off from the old hand - George Duncan, winner of the first French Open to be played on the Chantilly course in 1913, [in which George Gadd had played]. He told me that I had taken a stupid risk by going for the green and could have thrown the championship away if I had "nobbed" my brassie into the ravine. He was right of course, but I was so keyed up I never even thought of playing safe and like a certain Frenchman in our Open at Carnoustie 66 years later, I went for it! Fortunately, unlike Van de Velde, I pulled it off. My 73 for a total of 283 gave me a three-shot victory over the French pair and, at the age of twenty-four, I was French Open Champion. I received the trophy without understanding a word of the presentation speech. It was a magnificent work of art standing two feet high, but when I was told that it would cost me £30 in import duty to bring it back to England, I decided to leave it where it was. The prize money was Ff. 9000 (app £92); seventy years later when another Englishman, Philip Golding, won the 2003 championship, he received his prize in Euros - worth over £290,000.

C'ést la vie!



Philip Golding with the French Open Trophy: "A magnificent work of art"

Our party returned to Paris to celebrate. The Penfold company had let it be known that if any of us did well in the tournament we were to 'push the boat out' and the company would stand the cost. We took them at their word and in due course they received a bill for £134 from their French Manager. That was a huge amount in those days and they never asked us out again! I was on a £50 win bonus from Penfold at that time, so I did quite well out of them on that trip, but the spree in Paris cost me the opportunity to play in the Belgian Open when they abruptly withdrew sponsorship. The winner of that tournament with a total of 282 was one of the runners-up at Chantilly, Auguste Boyer.
Charlie Ward had returned to the Hotel earlier in the evening and was sound asleep by the time we eventually rolled up. He was not amused when we roused him from his slumbers by peppering his window with stones until he came down and let us in.
During my stay at the hotel I went to the manager and complained about the hordes of flies around the WC. "What time was that?" the manager asked. I answered: "Half an hour ago, about 11.30". "Ah oui," said the manager, "you should have waited a little longer, then they would have been in the dining room." Continental travel was not so comfortable as it is now, but there were a lot of laughs along the way.
I eventually arrived home in Birmingham with a bundle of francs in my pocket - very late, very dirty and very tired. I opened the door and called to my wife, "I'm home", to be greeted with, "Come and kill this damned moth, it's been flying round for ages", she couldn't stand the little creatures. – French Open Champion! Happy days!!

BERT GADD
French Professional Champion, 1933
xxxii

Bert Gadd
French Open Champion
pictured in the 1934
Golfer's Handbook

It was the only time he
played in a tournament
outside the British Isles.

The *Open de France*
Winners on the Honours Board at Chantilly include five Open Champions. Bert Gadd is sandwiched between four of them.

A less happy memory of that year was my visit to St Andrews for the 1933 Open Championship. The status of a professional golfer was still akin to being 'in service' in those days and we were customarily referred to by last name only. On my first visit to the home of golf I was to experience for the first time the full impact of this 'us and them' attitude. I went up on the night train with my buddy and regular travelling companion, Charlie Ward, arriving at St Andrews about 9am on the Friday prior to the week of the championship. We decided to play as soon as we could get a time and I went to the locker room of the R&A clubhouse, to be met by a somewhat supercilious attendant, resplendent in livery, who demanded to see my badge. As in cricket a distinction was made between 'Gentlemen' and 'Players' and, believe it or not, amateurs and professionals had different shaped badges. If memory serves me right, for that event it was discs for the amateurs and shields for the pros. "You can't come in here", said the attendant on seeing my badge. I said that we only needed to change, but was told that it was out of bounds for pros and we would have to find somewhere "down the side", i.e. the side of the 18th hole where several of the town's clubs have their premises. They opened their doors to the pros and emptied their lockers for our use. We were made very welcome – the real bright spot of the visit.

The R&A clubhouse & 'Down the Side' where the golf clubs of St Andrews line the 18th

The following day I had my first taste of international golf and it was not quite what I expected. I had been selected to play for England against Scotland in a match scheduled for the Saturday prior to the Open, which commenced on the Monday. Following the pattern of previous internationals I had thought that the match would be played on the Open course, but the PGA's request to charge an entrance fee in aid of their Benevolent Fund was refused, so they decided to play the international at the Royal Burgess Golfing Society club at Barnton near Edinburgh (Said to date from1735 and to be the oldest club in the world, although the English club Royal Blackheath claims 1608 as its foundation date; The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, Muirfield, founded in 1744, has the best documented claim).

Royal Burgess Golfing Society, Barnton

The teams travelled by coach, crossing by the Forth ferry on the Saturday morning - there was no bridge then - and played the match during that afternoon and evening. Nine members of our victorious Ryder Cup team were in the party and Barnton celebrated the team's visit in gala style. *Golf Illustrated* said: "The town was *en fete* with bunting and flags displayed in profusion. --- Every train and bus disgorged hundreds of spectators until a crowd of over 5000 was assembled". The ferry had closed down when play ended necessitating a long detour via Stirling and we did not arrive back in St Andrews until nearly 2am on Sunday morning. This was hardly good preparation for the Open and I could see why Henry Cotton again refused to play, but I did enjoy the match. I was successful in the foursomes, partnered by Reg Whitcombe, also making his debut, and in my singles against Jimmy Adams from Troon, then based in Northern Ireland at the Royal County Down club. It was the first of many encounters with Jimmy, who was one of the great characters of our

era. Captaining the England team was former Open and US Open champion, Ted Ray, then in his mid sixties. Just as in his tournament playing days he was rarely seen without his battered felt hat and a pipe clenched between his teeth. He was pro at Oxhey Golf Club from 1912 until 1941.

St Andrews was parched that year, with brown fairways on which the ball seemed to roll forever. In qualifying, on the par-4 12th with its bottleneck green, Arthur Lacey, who had made his Ryder Cup debut at Southport & Ainsdale, drove to the foot of the slope below the putting surface. His first putt came back to his feet, then he went over the back and, after further toing and froing his high hopes of a birdie had turned into a nightmare eight. He picked up and made no return.

The Prince of Wales was at St Andrews that week and he joined the gallery to watch the first round match of Henry Cotton and Archie Compston, who was pro at the famous Coombe Hill club where the Prince was a member.

The Prince of Wales and Archie Compston

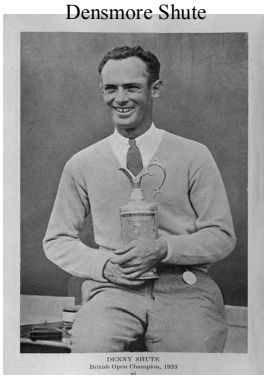
Archie was five under fours on the 15th tee, but when Prince Edward appeared he began playing to the gallery even asking a small boy to advise him on the choice of club for his second. He fluffed the shot into a bunker and went on to finish with a 72 before making a furious exit from the last green. The Prince attracted a great deal of attention as he had when he attended the Ryder Cup and presented the trophy to the British captain J.H.Taylor. 150,000 went to watch at Southport and Ainsdale, many of whom had more interest in the Prince than the golf, but that summer the 11-handicapper played in the final of the Parliamentary Handicap at Coombe Hill, almost un-noticed. Only four people followed his match, which he lost 5 & 4 to the 67-year-old Liberal M.P., George Lambert (14).

In those days the Open Championship finished with two rounds on the Friday, as most pros had to be back at their clubs for the weekend to serve their members. I was going fairly well until the last round, when it really started to blow. Two things happened in that final round, which are indelibly imprinted on my memory. The gale was helping on the outward holes and at the 2nd my drive finished just short of the green, but here it was my turn to suffer. I played a pitch and run shot, which hit the green and ran on and on, finishing on the far side of the double green, which the hole shares with the16th. I was 60 yards from the pin, further away from the target than my drive had been, and I took four more to get down. Those of you who have played the Old Course will know how daunting it is to be faced with a 60-yard putt. The rules don't demand the use of a putter of course and you can understand why many years later American Mark Calcavecchia, when facing a similar shot, decided to chip, but it did not go down too well with the authorities.

The second incident occurred at the 13th, coming back against the 'sandstorm'. In the morning I had used a spade-mashie (six iron) for my second; in the afternoon it was a spoon (three wood), which found the double green but was a long way from the hole – 43 yards in fact. The reason I know the exact length was that I paced it out after it dropped into the cup. It was the longest putt I ever holed. The round was completed in 80 strokes and I was one of twenty-five out of the fifty-eight players who did not break 80 in that wind blown final round. Another was Walter Hagen, who had opened with a 68 and added a 72 to lead the field, but finished with an 82 to join me in a share of twenty-second place on 301.In only my second Open I felt that was not too bad, given the circumstances. Our prize was £10, which was pin money for Walter. On his annual trips to Europe golf's first superstar was spending over $10,000, by the time he had paid his travel expenses and the bill at London's Savoy Hotel for himself and his retinue. (When staying at the Savoy he practised on the roof, hitting balls into the Thames). Then there was the hire charge for his Rolls-Royce, which doubled as transport and mobile changing room – if they expected him to change in the car park he would do it in style. He famously said that he did not want to be a millionaire – "just to live like one". That he certainly did! 1933 was his last hurrah in his favourite championship. "If I can have that one the others can have all the rest", he said.

Walter did as much as anyone for trans-Atlantic relations; As American Ryder Cup Captain that year he led all the American players to the St Andrews Cathedral grounds, where he laid wreaths on the graves of Old and Young Tom Morris. Amongst them was Densmore Shute, the son of a Royal North

Densmore Shute

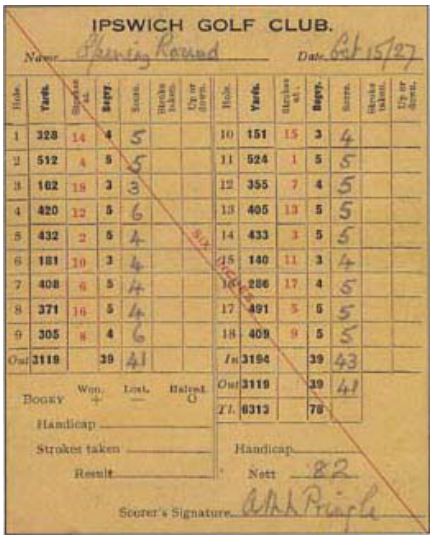


Devon golfer who went to America to become a professional. Shute had three-putted the final green at Southport & Ainsdale two weeks before to lose the Ryder Cup, but recovered well to shoot four rounds of 73 at St Andrews and tie with compatriot Craig Wood. In the final round, on the long 5th, the big hitting Wood had driven into a bunker 425 yards down wind from the tee, an incredible shot which caused Bernard Darwin to write: "That the thing happened there is no shadow of doubt, as to how it happened I give it up". He then took another four to get down. Wood, the perennial runner-up, was defeated in the 36-hole play-off, one of the three majors he lost that way. Shute's win was the tenth in a row for the USA. Three men finished a shot behind. Defending champion Gene Sarazen, my partner from the previous year, had taken three to get out of Hill bunker on the short 11th in round two – in spite of his blaster. Darwin described it as "the most dreadful bunker in all golf". It is so deep and Gene was so small that, for those watching from the green, only the puffs of sand betrayed his presence. There was an embarrassing incident when the Championship Committee had to investigate an over zealous steward's accusation that he had taken four shots in the sand, without the benefit of TV replays of course. He had actually swung his club in frustration after failing to get out of the sand and had not made another stroke - his score of 6 was found to be correct. In the final round he found the dreaded Hell bunker on 14 and, in throwing caution to the winds, he left it in and had an eight. He did not realise that the leaders were faltering and he could play safely out of Hell. Despite his new club the St Andrews bunkers had cost Gene a second Open. His Ryder Cup team mate – Leo Diegel, had a short putt on the 18th to tie the lead, but his suspect nerves and his unorthodox putting style let him down. If anything it was a worse miss than the Doug Sanders putt on the same green that cost him the 1970 Open. Did Leo miss the ball altogether to incur that tragic extra stroke? Bernard Darwin described the scene thus: "Finally he laid his putt apparently stone-dead in three at the 'Home' hole and missed the putt by the widest possible margin". In his book *Golf Between Two Wars* Darwin said that Leo had utterly failed to hit it, which was reasonably taken to mean that he had not just missed the putt – he had missed the ball, although that other doyen of commentators, Henry Longhurst, did not see it that way. The news reels do not seem to have captured the putt, but if Leo did have an air shot it was a very costly lapse of concentration that was to be repeated fifty years later by his compatriot Hale Irwin. His miss from 3 inches, repeated many times on TV, came in the 1983 Open; He finished just one shot out of a tie with the champion - Tom Watson.

Leo Diegel

Leo used a long putter, the handle of which was anchored to his waist - an early appearance of the 'belly' putter that is now so popular – hence his extraordinary hunched style, with elbows out and forearms parallel to the ground. Gene Sarazen said that he putted: "Like a man seized with cramps". The method was widely copied for a while and it became known as 'diegeling', after Bernard Darwin created the verb 'to diegel' and conjugated it – 'I diegel, thou diegelest, we all diegel'. (Note the similarity with the Wills cigarette card depicting my brother George in Chapter 3). The third man in the second placed group was the leading Britain - Syd Easterbrook. He was the hero in the narrow victory over the Americans in the Ryder Cup, when he had beaten Shute in the decisive match. He was the only British player in the top six and had been in a position to win, after starting the last round as joint leader with Diegel, Cotton, Mitchell and Joe Kirkwood, the Australian born Trick Shot Artist, who had also finished 4th in 1923 and would again in1934. (He was in the top ten in four Opens) A seven at the 14th finally put paid to Syd's challenge, but in the foreword to Kirkwood's book *Links of Life*, author Barbara Fey said that it was the "bookies and bettors" who toppled Joe, a startling accusation, which she explained as follows. "With the lack of control over the gallery crowds in those days, his ball was surreptitiously moved and trampled on; noise came inopportunely from the spectators with more than coincidence during putts and stroke play. And on the final round, when he was well within the winner's circle, a man yelled an obscenity during the back swing of his drive, causing Joe to falter and slip his shot off line. The ball hit a spectator full face, injuring him badly and frightening Joe so much that finishing the round became a dull nightmare. There was such a quantity of money riding on the outcome of the match that the bookmakers couldn't afford to let the newcomer win and had set out to sabotage the tournament, which they did." Kirkwood was three ahead of Shute after three rounds and he did decline dramatically with 81 to finish tied for 14th, but twenty-five players did not break 80 in the windy final round. What part the lack of crowd control played in his demise is open to debate, but when the Open returned to St Andrews six years later matters came to a head and I

would be a victim of the unruly galleries-as you will hear in Chapter 13. Henry Cotton had a disappointing 79 dropping him to 7th place. His preparation for 1934 would now begin in earnest.
I never had the yen to return to St Andrews that I felt for other places with happier memories. Attitudes did not change until after my time and, unlike Bobby Jones and Henry Cotton, whose initial dislike turned to love, my first impression of the 'home of golf' never really left me. Maybe it would have grown on me as well in time if I had played there more often. Eventually Hagen and Cotton were made honorary members of the R&A and their influence was a major factor in raising the status of the professional golfer, but that was still a long way ahead. In that Open one of our instructions told us not to sign for spectators when leaving the 18th, where a sign said: 'Please do not pester the players for autographs'. How times have changed! The dignity of the proceedings was disturbed by the antics of another famous Trick Shot artist of those days, the American Joe Ezar, who chased his eight yard putt across the last green and dived to drop his hat over the cup as the ball dropped in. The R&A would not have been impressed. More of Joe's outrageous exploits come later.
Syd Easterbrook is not well remembered these days, but at that time he was at the top of the game, frequently in the big money and feared in match play. That year I had met him in the Y.E.N. (the *Yorkshire Evening News Matchplay* tournament) at Temple Newsam near Leeds, (where Percy Alliss was pro in the mid thirties) and it was there that I played what was probably my most memorable shot, in what I regard as being my toughest match. It was a fluctuating game and the balance was in favour of Easterbrook on the 17th tee. At this hole I went over the green with my second shot; he was short and played his approach first laying it about two feet from the hole. I then had to play a blind pitch from down the bank, which finished about four feet away. Syd's ball was on my line, but in those days the 'stymie' rule applied in match play and you could not have your opponent's ball marked if there was more than 6 inches between them. (The scorecard was sized 6" so that it could be used as a measure). On the bone hard green I was confronted with a dead stymie and was one down so it looked like 'curtains'. I had to hole to get a half and keep the match alive so I decided to play a bounce shot with a mashie-niblick (7 iron). I pitched in front of his ball and bounced over it into the cup. At the 18th I hooked my drive and was on the wrong side of the fairway, leaving a very difficult approach over the side bunkers to a double-decker green. With nothing to lose I went straight at it with a full spade-mashie (6-iron) and was delighted to see it carry the bunkers and finish about five yards beyond the flag. I holed the putt to square the match and was round in 69 to Syd's 70. Off we 'scrambled' down the 19th and halved the hole in one-over fives. On we went to the 20th, a hole of almost 300 yards in those days. I drove the green and Syd's drive also made it but fell off into the right hand bunker. He failed to get up and down and my birdie three secured the win.


IPSWICH GOLF CLUB.

Name Morning Round Date Oct 15/27

Hole	Yards	Strokes	Score	Strokes Taken	Up or Down	Hole	Yards	Strokes	Score	Strokes Taken	Up or Down
1	328	14	4	5		10	151	15	3	4	
2	512	4	5	5		11	524	1	5	5	
3	162	18	3	3		12	355	7	4	5	
4	420	12	5	6		13	405	13	5	5	
5	432	2	5	4		14	433	3	5	5	
6	181	10	3	4		15	140	11	3	4	
7	408	6	5	4		16	286	17	4	5	
8	371	16	5	4		17	491	5	5	5	
9	305	8	4	6		18	409	9	5	5	
Out	3119		39	41		In	3194		39	43	
						Out	3119		39	41	
						Tl.	6313		78		

Bogey Won + Lost − Halved 0
Handicap
Strokes taken
Result
Handicap
Nett 82
Scorer's Signature

Scorecards could be used as a measure
(By permission of Ipswich G.C.)

The stymie rule seems incongruous now and it certainly caused a lot of ill feeling between golfers back then; the deliberate 'laying of a stymie' won and lost many a match and some big events and it was very irritating when you stymied yourself. Most players were in favour of its abolition, but the powers that be steadfastly supported it and it surprises many people when they learn that it was not finally abolished until 1951.
In the quarterfinals of the Y.E.N., I beat Syd's Ryder Cup teammate, Alf Perry, at the 19th, before losing to another Ryder Cup player, Alf Padgham, in the semi-finals.
Alf lost to his friend Arthur Lacey in the final - the two had practised together and had taken turns to drive Arthur's car up from London. Arthur was a very long but erratic player. He once reached the semi-final of the *News of the World,* but won little at home. His biggest wins were on the Continent, where he had preceded me as French Open Champion and was twice a winner of the Belgian Open.
[On completion of the six qualifying events that year, Bert was to finish third in the averages in only his second season on tour. His average of 74.66 was just behind Easterbrook's 74.62. Padgham was top with 73.91]
I qualified for the *Penfold Porthcawl* tournament with the 6th best qualifying rounds of 75 and 74. In the championship proper a hitherto little acclaimed player had a round to remember - John Burton of Hillside, Southport, brother of Dick, the next St Andrews Open Champion, shot a 67. It was the only sub 70, score - rounds under 70 were not that common in those days and the Royal Porthcawl links is

not an easy course, particularly in the strong wind which blew on that second day. (In the St Andrews Open the 68s scored by Hagen, Mitchell and Wood were the only three sub 70 rounds out of 232 played over the Old Course by the 58 qualifiers).
John went on to win by two shots from Reginald Whitcombe, with Aubrey Boomer taking third place and the defending champion, Percy Alliss, fourth. The local press had shown little interest in the event and *Golf Illustrated* reported that there were no photographers present to provide a picture of the winner - John provided them with one of his own.
I finished on 303 in joint eighth spot with Bill Branch, from the Henbury club in Bristol.
Henry Longhurst told a Hagen story from that tournament. Walter, still in London, had been advised by telephone that he would be paired with a 'certain Ryder Cup player' and his tee time would be 10.30am. "I'll start at 3", was his reply. It would not have been accepted from anyone else in the game, but the schedule was re-arranged just for him and he arrived with his 16-year-old son, Walter Junior, in a huge Daimler genially waving a large cigar. A huge crowd watched him tee off and followed him to the end, to see him complete his round with a 7 at the last, to record a second 81 and miss the cut. He had a bigger crowd than any of the stars of the day; it did not matter that he performed well below his best – they had seen Hagen play.
The Haig got into conversation with three young ladies, who offered to give him a lift to Cardiff the following morning. They arrived at his hotel and waited around growing increasingly agitated. At noon Junior came down to the lobby to tell them that he was still in his bath. "He can't be" they said, reminding him that they had been told that at 11 o'clock. "Gee you don't know Pop", replied Junior. "He'd do anything". That was Walter in a nutshell. He eventually came down to graciously accept his lift - at 1pm!

Charlie Ward

My friend Charlie Ward was a small wiry figure with a lightning fast swing, hence his nickname: 'Whip it quick Ward'. Charlie and I were by now regarded as the leading midland professionals and Dick Wheildon, the pro at Charlie's club - Moseley, discussed our styles in June of that year in his column in the *Birmingham Gazette* called *Gossip from the Links*: -

"Gadd is very powerfully built with very large, strong hands and he plays his full shots in exactly the same way as Walter Hagen – a perfectly timed forward body movement on impact which makes him a long driver. Ward, slightly built, has a perfect and delightfully easy swing, but on impact his body is all at the back of the ball. Contrasting styles, but very interesting to study. Both were possible candidates for Ryder Cup selection. Bert Gadd is in great form and improving daily and we should hear great things of him in the future".

(Dick Wheilden was a fine golfer himself. He equalled the course record of 66 at the Roehampton Tournament that year and had shared 16th place with my brother George at the 1922 Open).

I did have high hopes of becoming the second Gadd to be picked for the Ryder Cup that year, following in the footsteps of brother George six years earlier, but I was rejected on the grounds that I lacked experience. The man who was chosen instead was Allan Dailey, who was born the year before me not far from St Andrews, but spent most of his career at various English clubs, including The Berkshire. His early promise earned him the title of the 'Scottish Harry Vardon' and he had played in the Ryder Cup trials in 1931. He won the 1933 Roehampton Tournament, beating three internationals including Charles Whitcombe, who he trounced by 8&6. It was probably this that gained him his place but, with nine tried and tested players to choose from, the captain, J.H.Taylor, left him out of the victorious side and he became the third of the British players who were selected but would never get a game since my brother George in the first match at Worcester, Massachusetts. (The second was little known Scot, Stewart Burns who was sidelined in 1929, along with Percy Alliss, on the occasion of Percy's first selection. (Alliss was to go on to play in three matches)). If I had been selected in 1933 and left out by J.H., the Gadds could have been the only brothers on the list of seven to have that unwelcome distinction.
Charlie Ward didn't make the 1933 team either. His best years came after the war and he had to wait until 1947 for the first of his three consecutive Ryder Cup appearances.

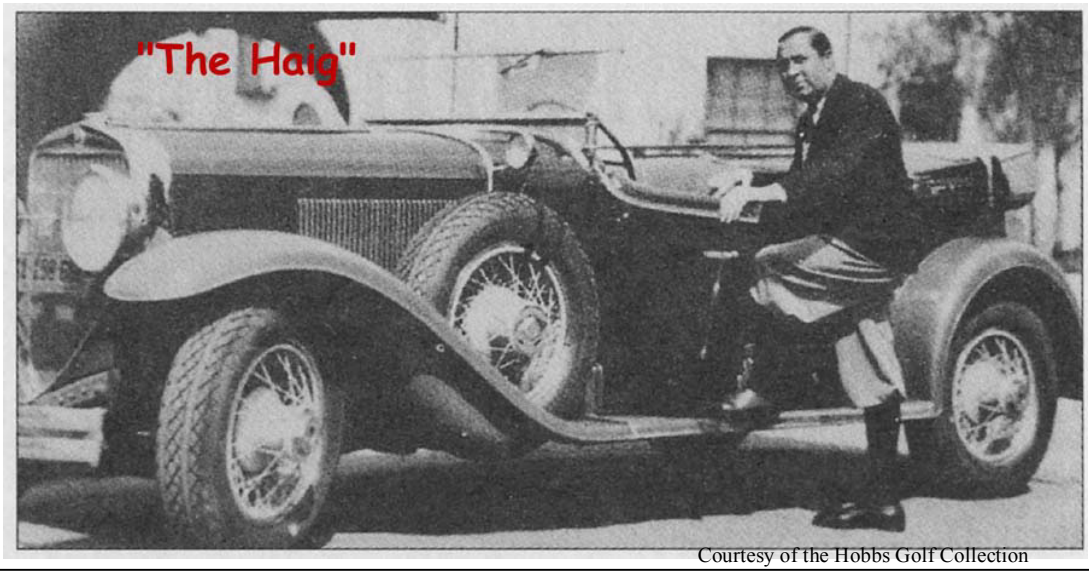
The 1933 Ryder Cup team – The last British team to win the Cup for twenty-four years.

Back row: Alf Perry, Syd Easterbrook, Arthur Havers, A.Stark (trainer), Alf Padgham, Arthur Lacey, Percy Alliss
Middle row: Charles Whitcombe, J.H.Taylor, (Captain), Abe Mitchell Front row: Allan Dailey, Bill Davies
(Note the absence of Henry Cotton who was now ineligible, being based at the Waterloo Club in Belgium)

Arsenal were Football League champions in 1933, but were dumped out of the FA Cup in the third round by a midland club not far from Brand Hall, Third-Division Walsall. It was one of the greatest Cup upsets of all time. Arsenal, dubbed by the press, the 'Bank of England' team, had cost £30,000 – Walsall just £69. Arsenal's costly imports were written of as enjoying "champagne, gold and electrical massage in an atmosphere of prima donna preciousness", whereas "Walsall men eat fish and chips and drink beer". At a time of severe unemployment in the Midlands and the North, the result was received with widespread rejoicing. The writer would not have believed that sixty years later imports would come from far and wide at an astronomical cost, or what today's precious prima donnas would enjoy and would be allowed to get away with. The standard of behaviour expected of a player was somewhat stricter back then. The Arsenal left-back, Tommy Black, gave away a penalty with a bad and gratuitous foul, from which Walsall scored their second goal. Black was immediately put on the transfer list!
In the Cup Final Dixie Dean scored for Everton in a 3-0 victory over Manchester City to complete a hat trick of successes – they had won the Second division championship in 1931 followed by the First Division title in 1932. It was the second time they had won the FA Cup; the first was back in 1906 and they had not reached the final since 1907. The Wembley receipts totalled £24,831-6s from the 92,950 spectators who watched that 1933 Final, in which numbered shirts were worn for the first time; Everton being numbered from 1 (the goalkeeper) to 11 and City from 12 to 22 (the keeper). Fittingly the first man to wear a number 9 shirt was Dixie Dean, " --- the greatest centre-forward there will ever be", in the words of Bill Shankly. (Wearing the number 19 shirt was City captain Matt Busby).
The Duchess of York, later to be Queen Elizabeth, presented the cup to Dixie, the Everton captain. During the match the Lord Mayor of Liverpool had pointed out that he was the No 9; she replied:
"Even I know Dean!"
After the war Dixie was Landlord of the 'Dublin Packet' pub in Chester for 15 years. He died in 1980 – at Everton's Goodison Park – minutes after the final whistle of a derby match with Liverpool.

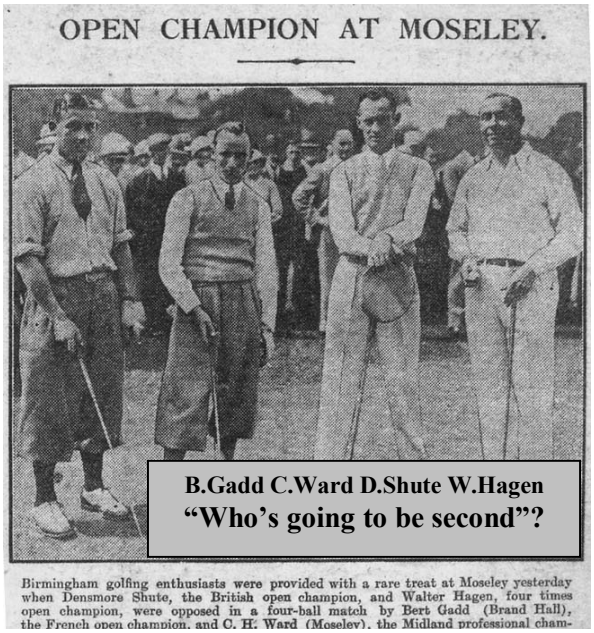
7. A Week to Remember

Shortly after the 1933 Open I was to witness at first hand the way that Walter Hagen dealt with the attitude to professional golfers in Britain at that time. On the Monday after the Open the champion, Shute, came to Birmingham with Hagen, four times Open Champion himself, to play a match against Charlie Ward and me, which had been arranged by the Moseley club. (Walter played in a lot of exhibition matches; around 1500 in 11 years; his manager, Bob Harlow, the founder of *Golf World*, collected the money in a suitcase. A typical fee was the £60 paid to Hagen and Joe Kirkwood for an exhibition at Penrith in 1937. Three hundred Cumberland golf fans attended, but the club made a loss of £8.16s). At Moseley a special luncheon was attended by dignitaries, including. the 'top brass' of the golf club and the local authority, who were to sit at the top table with the two famous American golfers. Charlie and I were invited, but seated at a side table well away from the official party.
The party arrived and were being ushered to their table, when Walter Hagen spotted us and came over to ask if we were the boys they were playing; He then pulled up a chair and chatted to us, keeping the main guests waiting. After a while a waiter was sent over to ask Mr Hagen if he would join them. His reply was a somewhat impatient "I'll be there in a minute". When several more minutes had elapsed the waiter was sent over again to inform him that the party was waiting to start lunch. "OK", said Hagen, "bring mine over here – I'll have it with these boys". There were some glowering faces on the big table, but we had a most enjoyable meal. The Haig was a great de-bunker and his view on separate dining and changing facilities for pros was well known; there were many stories of him 'thumbing his nose'. At George Duncan's Open at Deal in 1920 and two years later at Royal St George's, when he won his first Open, he was refused clubhouse facilities so he hired a huge Austro-Daimler limousine to act as changing room and parked it as close as possible to the clubhouse. At Sandwich the car was filled with food from the Ritz for impromptu picnics and parties in between his winning rounds; it was also reported that on one occasion he hired an aircraft to fly himself and his friends to an inn for their meals. When he was second to Arthur Havers at Troon in 1923, he declined the invitation to the presentation in the clubhouse because none of the professionals had been allowed to enter it during the week. He issued his own invitation to spectators to join him in the pub where he was staying.



Courtesy of the Hobbs Golf Collection

"Who's going to be second", the self assured Hagen would ask on the first tee and that day it was us. The American's reeled off a string of birdies, just how many they had I don't remember, but it was a lot. Walter started with two, nearly getting the third hole-in-one of his life at the 2nd, and I can recall that Denny Shute holed out from a bunker. He was a very focused player and spoke to me only once – when we met on the first tee. This was in stark contrast to Hagen, who chatted with his partners and the fans as readily as Lee Trevino does today. Bobby Jones had this to say about Hagen, explaining why he loved to play with him: "He goes along, chin up, smiling away, never grousing about his luck, playing the ball as he finds it". Walter had been influenced by Harry Vardon during his early career and said



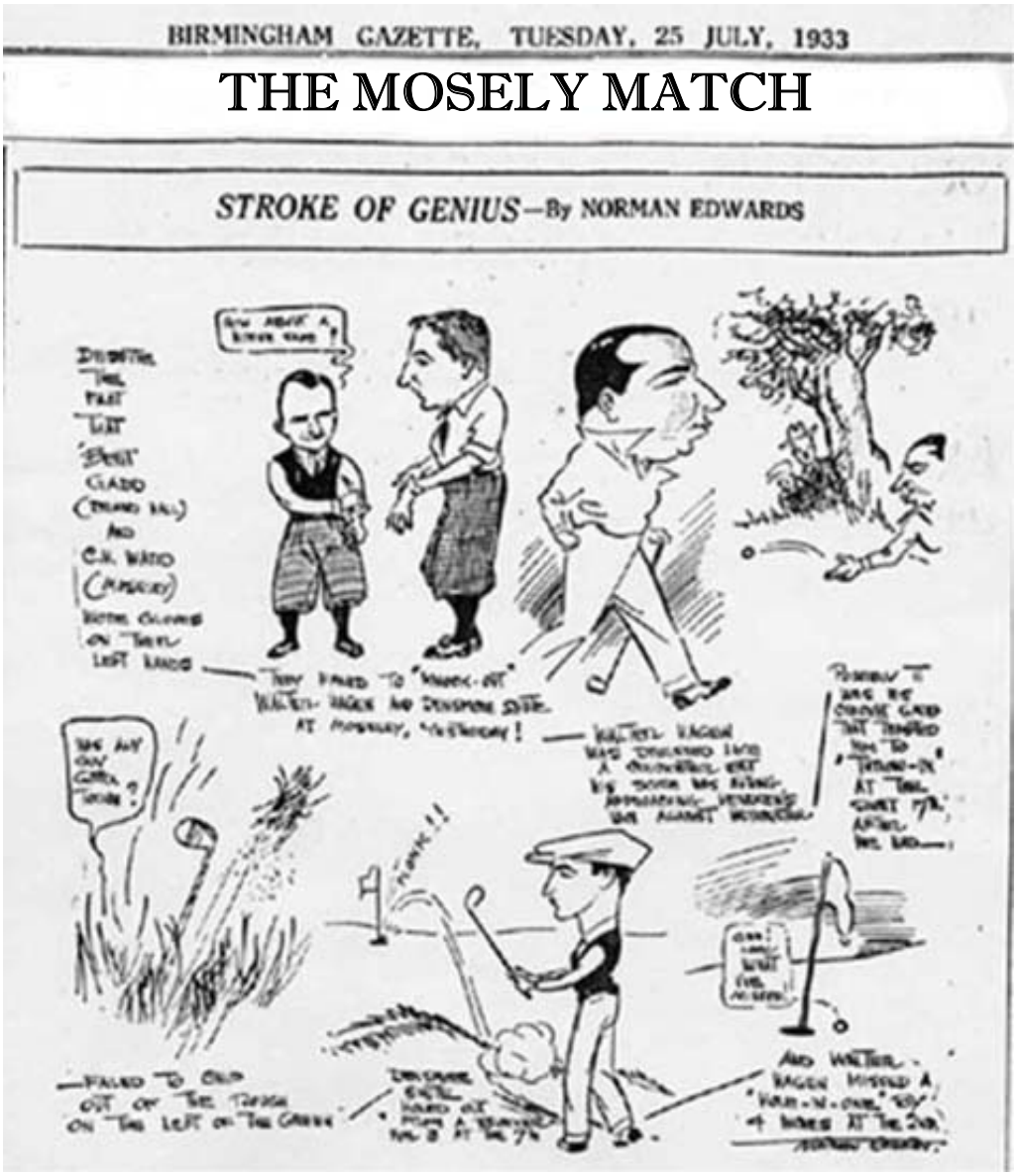
OPEN CHAMPION AT MOSELEY.

B.Gadd C.Ward D.Shute W.Hagen
"Who's going to be second"?

Birmingham golfing enthusiasts were provided with a rare treat at Moseley yesterday when Densmore Shute, the British open champion, and Walter Hagen, four times open champion, were opposed in a four-ball match by Bert Gadd (Brand Hall), the French open champion, and C. H. Ward (Moseley), the Midland professional cham-

that he had taken the great English champion as a model for keeping control of himself. The Haig and Trevino were similar characters in many respects and both achieved remarkable success with inelegant but extremely effective swings, although Walter's was by no means as reliable, particularly off the tee. His action was described as 'starting with a sway, ending with a lunge' but, like Trevino, he had remarkable powers of recovery; "a veritable wizard with the pitch", as Bobby Jones put it - and he was a deadly putter.

The day chosen for the game at Moseley could not have been worse for me. Both Charlie and I were going over for the Irish Open at Malone, Belfast and I was to play in an international match on the Tuesday. Had we not been involved in the match with the Americans we would have travelled over the weekend to have Monday as a practice day for me.



BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE, TUESDAY, 25 JULY, 1933

THE MOSELY MATCH

STROKE OF GENIUS—By NORMAN EDWARDS

Typical of Hagen's matches the start was later than had been planned; he was always a law unto himself, although some of his exploits were exaggerated. [For instance that hole-in-one the chronicler reported in the final of the 1925 **USPGA** (* see p 23) is not mentioned in 'Sir Walter – The Flamboyant Life of Walter Hagen', a recent biography by Tom Clavin, in which the author tells us that the Haig's only ace came in a practice round for the 1925 **US Open** at Worcester, Ma. Hagen himself confirmed that one in his 1957 autobiography, 'The Walter Hagen Story', but said he had another that year in an exhibition match at Portland Oregon and that those were the only **two** he ever had]. On the Saturday following our match he was to play a challenge match against Henry Cotton at Ashridge G.C.- the first encounter between those two great players; when the match was due to tee off Walter was still relaxing in his room at the Savoy in London. Henry lost that 36-hole match by 2&1 but beat two of Walter's Ryder Cup team in exhibition matches that year – Gene Sarazan at Temple Newsam and Ed Dudley at Hornsea. [Dudley had a smooth powerful action, which Cotton described as the most beautiful swing he had ever seen. He was pro at Augusta National for twenty years.] Henry would have been a great asset to our Ryder Cup side at Southport & Ainsdale, but they managed to win without him.
As our match progressed I became increasingly concerned that we would not catch the 6pm boat train from Birmingham to Liverpool for the crossing. Walter was aware of our predicament and offered to walk in, when they won the match on the 12th green but, as they were being paid to appear, this was not really an option and we had to complete the round. Charlie and I then dashed to a car for the journey from Moseley to New Street Station, which was the hairiest I have ever experienced. Driving us was Geoff Litherland, the Brand Hall member I mentioned earlier; a Penfold rep. who had at one time been a Rover test driver and had not forgotten how to put his foot down. How he managed to avoid a collision I will never know, but he got us there in time – just! The train was pulling out as we boarded. On another occasion I was not so lucky when leaving Brand Hall squashed into Geoff's two-seater sports car with Jack Mitchley. He pulled out in front of a passing car and we were shunted across the road. I think that I was lucky to survive my journeys with Messrs Litherland and Mitchley.
The match against Ireland on the Tuesday was at Malone and I had to go out to play having never seen the course before. Fortunately, in the foursomes I was again partnered by one of the Whitcombe brothers - Ernest, an experienced campaigner who knew the course and he worked out a match plan under which he would tee off at all the short holes. His strategy paid off with a fairly comfortable win over Royal Dublin's Paddy Mahon and Moses O'Neill, who had been pro at the midland club, The Wrekin. [A giant raw boned man with an "old-fashioned, dashing, slashing swing and big hands that seem to wrap themselves round the club", said the Times reporter]. I also won my singles against J.Hamill and the match served as my practice for the Open starting the next day. I shot 72, 74, 72, 72 for a total of 290 and third place, two shots behind second placed Alf Padgham, then at Royal Ashdown Forest and four behind the winner, E.W.H (Bob) Kenyon of West Lancashire, who showed a considerable improvement in form, after coming a lowly 44th at St Andrews, to regain the title he had won two years earlier at Royal Dublin. Thus begun, my love affair with Ireland was to be one of the highlights of my golfing life. The return journey was more relaxed and I had £60 compensation for the experience. It doesn't sound much now but that was a tidy sum in those days.

I went to the annual Ringway Foursomes at the club situated on the outskirts of Manchester, in a quiet village back then. It was a few years before the building of the nearby Ringway airfield, which grew into the city's huge international airport. The Foursomes was a popular event in those pre-war days and attracted some of the leading pros; it was to have the strangest ending of any event that I played in. My partner was two-handicap Geoff Litherland and this time the journey was uneventful.
We came in with a score of 150 for the two rounds, not good enough to win anything we thought. Refreshments were laid on and we had downed a few, when we were informed that we had tied with a pairing from Ormskirk, R.B.Stephens and pro G.H.Chalk, and would have to play off for third place - over four holes. It was getting late as we assembled on the first tee and the light was fading. I took a practice swing taking a huge divot out of the tee, which caused the spectators to move back, but when I teed off I somehow managed to make good contact – in fact the ball reached the green 280 yards away. That put us one ahead and, with my partner hitting it thin, but straight, we stayed that way until we reached the last green. By this time darkness had fallen and the spectators had to line up on the green so that we could putt along the line of their feet, while one struck a match and held it in the hole. We won this oddest of play-offs and my partner received a crystal rose bowl - which he did not consider was sufficient compensation for being dragged from the bar.

As 1933 ended my prospects seemed bright, but that year had begun with a very significant development in world history that would be critical for the future careers of myself - and many others. Adolf Hitler had been elected Chancellor of Germany.

8. The Turning of the Tide

In 1934 the Open was back on the Kent coast at Royal St.George's and I was leading qualifier, after a 71 at Deal followed by a 69 at the Open venue, the low round of the day. Henry Cotton, Jimmy Adams and Percy Alliss qualified a shot behind. Sixty-six players made up the field, including my brother George – then forty-four years old. After two rounds George was ahead of me by three shots, but he finished 80,82 for a total of 309. I had peaked too early and finished in a tie for twenty-first place on 302, the same mark as Gene Sarazen and one stroke behind the defending champion, Denny Shute. I am not sure what our prize was, but it would be around £10 or so.
During the tournament a doorman confronted Gene when he went to the 'wrong' clubhouse entrance. He picked the man up by the shoulders and moved him aside - Gene's diminutive frame contained remarkable strength. I remember Henry Cotton doing a similar thing when he was told to move on in a car park - the attendant finished on his backside in a hedge.

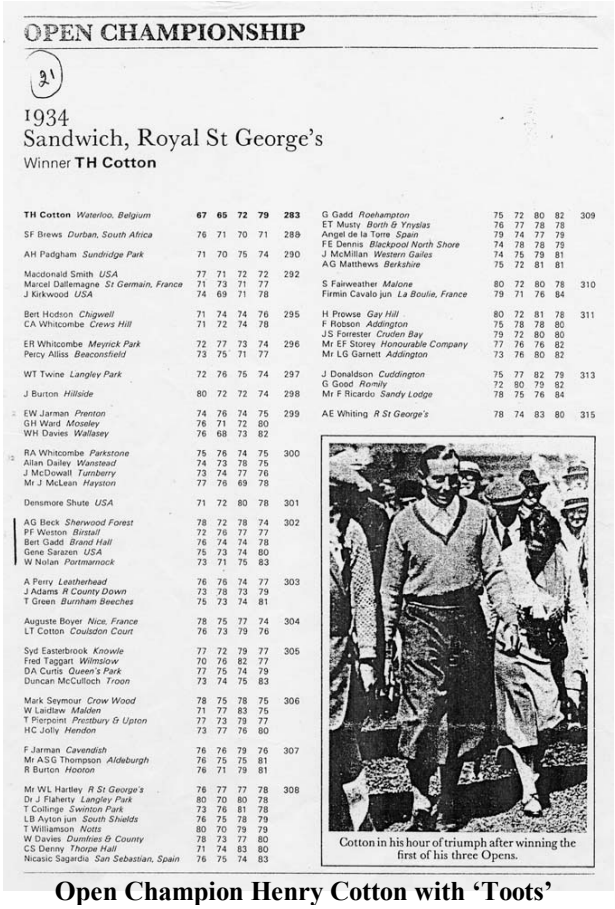
Joe Kirkwood (second right) playing an exhibition match with Walter Hagen. Penrith Golf Club, 1937

Joe Kirkwood was in contention again, finishing in a share of fourth on 292. During a globe-trotting career, begun in his native Australia, it was estimated that Joe played 6470 golf courses. He was a famous trick shot exponent and his act included driving a ball from the glass face of a watch. He used a watch for a tee when scoring one of his 29 holes-in-one. On Christmas Day 1960, aged 63, he shot a 62 on his home course. He travelled the world on exhibition tours with his friend Walter Hagen, about whom he had many stories to relate, one concerning a bet they had at the 1928 Tijuana Open. Hagen wagered $50 that he could knock his ball back to the hotel in less shots than Kirkwood. Hagen did reach the destination in fewer shots, but lost the bet when he took too many to chip his ball into the toilet bowl, which they had agreed should be the place to hole out. Another story concerned Leo Diegel and his 'elbows out' putting style. Hagen and Kirkwood were late for Diegel's funeral; the Haig having imbibed at some length and led them into the wrong ceremony. When they eventually arrived at the cemetery Hagen waited until the last mourner had gone then opened some beers and said that he wanted to share them with Leo for the long trip ahead." And by the way", he asked, "How the blazes did they get you in there with those elbows stuck out?" Leo was buried with his lucky putter and before he departed Walter said, "May you and your putter rust in peace".
Joe left another amusing quote behind - on his own tombstone. It reads: -

Tell your story of hard luck shots, of each one straight and true,
But when you are done,
Remember son,
That nobody cares but you

Henry Cotton had gone over to America as a twenty-one year old in 1928/29 and had learned much from American pros such as Hagen, Sarazen and Tommy Armour. He had worked very hard at his game and that week he was playing brilliant golf. His scores for the first 36 holes were 67 and 65 - a championship record. The Dunlop 65 ball was named to mark the achievement, for which Henry received £150 per annum from Dunlop for a number of years, totalling around £5000. He could certainly have made a lot more out of it when you consider that the ball was still the best seller forty years later. "It was the worst deal I ever made", he said in an interview some years afterwards. The record lasted until 1977, when American Mark Hayes had a 63 in the first Turnberry Open. Ironically the 70-year-old Cotton was playing in that Open to mark the 50th anniversary of his first appearance in the championship.

Henry's partner for those two rounds at Sandwich, Marcel Dallemagne, had shot level fours only to find himself twelve shots behind Cotton, who led the field by nine. A 72 in round three increased his lead to ten and huge crowds arrived to watch his last round causing his start time to be delayed. Like Bobby Jones, Henry suffered from a nervous stomach and the waiting did him no good. He struggled to a 79 (the highest last round from a champion since the early 1900's – and one shot worse than me), but he still won by five from the English born South African Syd Brews and his total of 283 equalled the record set by Sarazen. But for that anxious final round he would have set a record that would surely have lasted into modern times; indeed Henry Longhurst said that he had ushered in the modern era of golf. It was his first Open victory and became known as 'the turning of the tide', as he broke the stranglehold of the Americans and sparked off a British revival over the next few years.



OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

1934
Sandwich, Royal St George's
Winner **TH Cotton**

TH Cotton *Waterloo, Belgium*	67	65	72	79	283
SF Brews *Durban, South Africa*	76	71	70	71	288
AH Padgham *Sundridge Park*	71	70	75	74	290
Macdonald Smith *USA*	77	71	72	72	292
Marcel Dallemagne *St Germain, France*	71	73	71	77	
J Kirkwood *USA*	74	69	71	78	
Bert Hodson *Chigwell*	71	74	74	76	295
CA Whitcombe *Crews Hill*	71	72	74	78	
ER Whitcombe *Meyrick Park*	72	77	73	74	296
Percy Alliss *Beaconsfield*	73	75	71	77	
WT Twine *Langley Park*	72	76	75	74	297
J Burton *Hillside*	80	72	72	74	298
EW Jarman *Prenton*	74	76	74	75	299
GH Ward *Moseley*	76	71	72	80	
WH Davies *Wallasey*	76	68	73	82	
RA Whitcombe *Parkstone*	75	76	74	75	300
Allan Dailey *Wanstead*	74	73	78	75	
J McDowall *Turnberry*	73	74	77	76	
Mr J McLean *Hayston*	77	76	69	78	
Densmore Shute *USA*	71	72	80	78	301
AG Beck *Sherwood Forest*	78	72	78	74	302
PF Weston *Bristol*	72	76	77	77	
Bert Gadd *Brand Hall*	76	74	74	78	
Gene Sarazen *USA*	75	73	74	80	
W Nolan *Portmarnock*	73	71	75	83	
A Perry *Leatherhead*	76	76	74	77	303
J Adams *R County Down*	73	78	73	79	
T Green *Burnham Beeches*	75	73	74	81	
Auguste Boyer *Nice, France*	78	75	77	74	304
LT Cotton *Coulsdon Court*	76	73	79	76	
Syd Easterbrook *Knowle*	77	72	79	77	305
Fred Taggart *Wilmslow*	70	76	82	77	
DA Curtis *Queen's Park*	77	75	74	79	
Duncan McCulloch *Troon*	73	74	75	83	
Mark Seymour *Crow Wood*	78	75	78	75	306
W Laidlaw *Malden*	71	77	83	75	
T Pierpoint *Prestbury & Upton*	77	73	79	77	
HC Jolly *Hendon*	73	77	76	80	
F Jarman *Cavendish*	76	76	79	76	307
Mr ASG Thompson *Aldeburgh*	76	75	75	81	
R Burton *Hooton*	76	71	79	81	
Mr WL Hartley *R St George's*	76	77	77	78	308
Dr J Flaherty *Langley Park*	80	70	80	78	
T Collinge *Swinton Park*	73	76	81	78	
LB Ayton jun *South Shields*	76	75	78	79	
T Williamson *Notts*	80	70	79	79	
W Davies *Dumfries & County*	78	73	77	80	
CS Denny *Thorpe Hall*	71	74	83	80	
Nicasic Sagardia *San Sebastian, Spain*	76	75	74	83	
G Gadd *Roehampton*	75	72	80	82	309
ET Musty *Borth & Ynyslas*	76	77	78	78	
Angel de la Torre *Spain*	79	74	77	79	
FE Dennis *Blackpool North Shore*	74	78	78	79	
J McMillan *Western Gailes*	74	75	79	81	
AG Matthews *Berkshire*	75	72	81	81	
S Fairweather *Malone*	80	72	80	78	310
Firmin Cavalo jun *La Boulie, France*	79	71	76	84	
H Prowse *Gay Hill*	80	72	81	78	311
F Robson *Addington*	75	78	78	80	
JS Forrester *Cruden Bay*	79	72	80	80	
Mr EF Storey *Honourable Company*	77	76	76	82	
Mr LG Garnett *Addington*	73	76	80	82	
J Donaldson *Cuddington*	75	77	82	79	313
G Good *Romily*	72	80	79	82	
Mr F Ricardo *Sandy Lodge*	78	75	76	84	
AE Whiting *R St George's*	78	74	83	80	315

Cotton in his hour of triumph after winning the first of his three Opens.

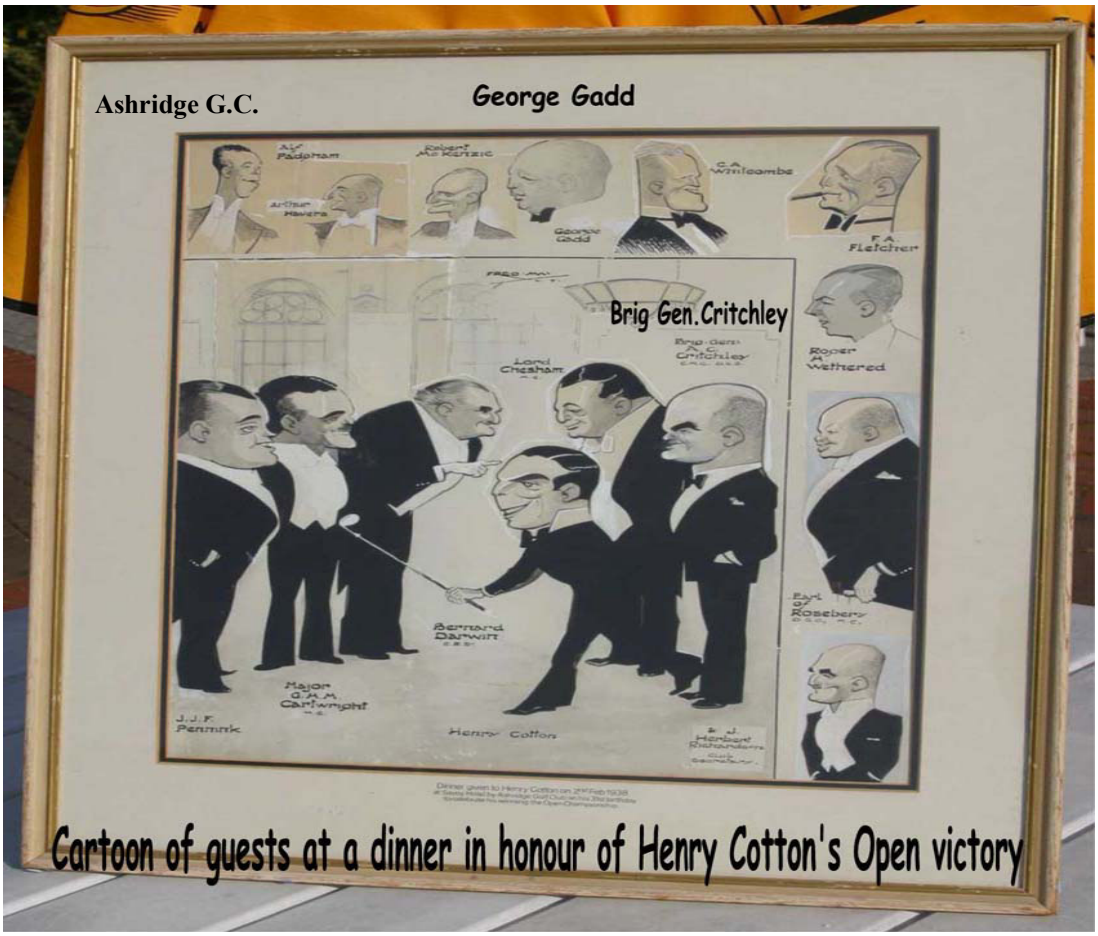
Open Champion Henry Cotton with 'Toots'

Cotton was hailed as the finest British golfer since the Great Triumvirate, all three of whom were at Sandwich that week, as was Ted Ray. Henry received the Claret Jug from the Hon. Michael Scott wearing Longhurst's overcoat, because his jacket was in his car cum changing room. (That year the 57-year-old Captain of Royal St George's - and of our Walker Cup team at St Andrews - won the West of England Amateur Championship at Burnham and Berrow. In the final he beat Cyril Tolley 4&3, possibly the greatest performance in Scott's remarkable career). Cotton thanked Braid, Taylor and Ray for their support, but Harry Vardon was a sick man at this time and confined to his bed at the Guildford Hotel. Henry was a great admirer of Vardon and had inherited many of his beliefs about how the game should be played from the great man. Before leaving Cotton visited Vardon and handed him the silver Claret Jug. Henry described the scene in his book: *Golf – a Pictorial History* - both men were so filled with emotion that they could not speak and they wept openly.

Henry in Henry's overcoat
(Courtesy of the Hobbs Golf Collection)

My 302 total was one shot ahead of Alfred Perry, the Ryder Cup player from Leatherhead, who finished in a share of 26th place. The following year Alf and I were both to do rather better.

The sports columns in August of that year had a lot to report and there were some remarkable scoring feats. The *Times* reported that Bobby Jones, who had retired from competitive golf four years earlier, had shot his lowest ever score of 62. A few days later Australia reached 475 for 2 in beating England in the Oval test match, with the great Don Bradman contributing 244.On that tour he also made 304 at Leeds. It was revenge for Australia, who regained the Ashes they had lost in the infamous bodyline series in Australia the previous year – one of the greatest crises the game of cricket ever faced. As the month ended Welsh boxer Tommy Farr, the 'Tonypandy Terror', fought the 'Brown Bomber', the great Joe Louis, for the World Title. He went all 15 rounds with the champion and was unlucky to lose on points.



Wimbledon was shocked that year when the women competitors wore shorts, following the precedent set the previous year by the English Davies Cup player, Bunny Austin, who had discarded his long white trousers in favour of shorts. However, the 'All England Club' was determined to maintain one tradition – that all clothing must be white. (That rule remains, but coloured panels are now allowed.)

In September Queen Mary, the wife of George V, was at Clydebank to launch the Cunard-White Star Line's 'Number 534', which had finally been completed with the aid of a £9.5 million Government loan after a four year suspension due to the depression. The name of this magnificent liner had been a closely guarded secret, from everyone but the King, until the ceremony. A popular story goes that the ship was originally to be named 'Queen Victoria' until the Chairman of the line approached the King to ask his permission for the ship to be named after Britain's most loved Queen. "My wife will be honoured", said the King. The ship was named – *Queen Mary*. (Cunard will launch their 85,000 ton *Queen Victoria* in 2007)

It is a nice tale, but the owners gave other reasons for the name. Whatever the truth behind the naming of the ship might be, the following story was well documented.
On the maiden voyage of the *Queen Mary*, at 81,000 tons then the largest ship afloat, was the famous sporting journalist Trevor Wignall. On entering his cabin when he arrived on board he found an enormous golf bag bearing the name of *Joe Ezar* – one of the great characters of those days. Joe was a swarthy American with a curious

slouching walk who, like Lee Trevino, hailed from Texas and had a similar outlook on life – and golf, to the ebullient Mexican/American He was a wonderful trick shot artist and, like Joe Kirkwood, he could do amazing things with a golf ball. Thinking that the bag had been delivered there by mistake, Wignall decided to deal with the matter later and went on deck to watch the liner embark. On returning to unpack he was quite startled when the wardrobe door opened to reveal the smiling face of Joe Ezar, who was 'stowing away'. Wignall did not turn Joe in, but insisted that he report to the purser, which he promised to do. In fact, possibly due to the heavy workload in the purser's office, he did not get an interview until after the ship took on more passengers at Cherbourg and was en route to New York. He escaped the 'brig', after the intervention of friends and well-wishers, and was allocated a berth in tourist class. He was able to work his passage by giving demonstrations and exhibitions, something he did more than once on trips across the Atlantic. At that time the fares began at less then £40.

As I write in 2003, bookings are being taken for the maiden voyage of Cunard's £550 million French built *Queen Mary 2*, described as "the grandest Ocean Liner ever built" and, like her predecessor, the largest - at 150,000 tons.

The ship is fitted with every luxury facility imaginable including a golf simulator.

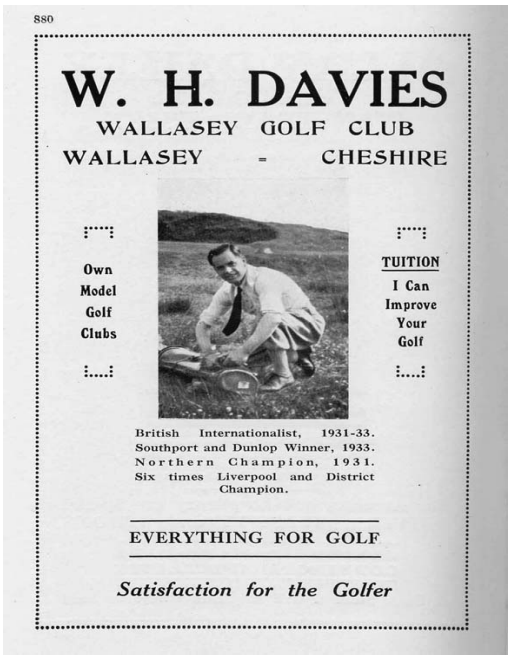
On the modern liners Trick Shot Artists will not be found stowing away or working their passage across the Atlantic, which costs more than twenty-five times the fare in Ezar's day. Nowadays they are booked in advance to entertain the passengers.

Football reached a low ebb in 1934 when Italy, the host nation, won the second World Cup, beating Czechoslovakia 2-1. It was a propaganda triumph for Mussolini, but a 'sporting fiasco' with intimidated referees failing to control brutality on the field.

For me the season finished on a high note - I won the *Midland Open* at Castle Bromwich in Birmingham - a course that no longer exists.

In May 1935 the news was dominated by the death of Lawrence of Arabia in a motorcycle accident. Also widely reported was the inquest in Chester following the death of a 25-years-old local Post Office worker from anthrax. The source could not be identified, but it could have come from imported mailbags. Almost seventy years later the threat of contamination is from more sinister sources.

The month brought unseasonable weather to the north–west coast of England when snow hit the final day of the *Dunlop Southport Tournament*, causing play to be abandoned – eventually! It was the first event held at the recently refurbished Birkdale and has entered the record books under the heading of 'Unusual Weather Conditions'. Although a blizzard was blowing horizontally across the course when the first pair were due to tee off at 8am, astonishingly there was no one present who had the authority to postpone the start. It was a case of play or be disqualified - so we played. I was in the fourth match out and by the time we reached the first green putting was impossible. Even playing a pitch and run shot the ball assumed the proportions of a cricket ball and players were putting with mashies. We had played thirteen holes before the cease-fire was eventually sounded and emissaries were despatched to the outlying holes. The first pairing out, Wallasey pro Bill Davies, the 1933 champion and Bill Large from Liverpool's Allerton Municipal, made it all the way to the 18th. Large's caddie collapsed at the third due to the cold and Bill had to lug his own bag through the blizzard for much of the round. Not surprisingly he scored 87 and Bill Davies came in with 82 - his 12-inch putt at the 15th had come up short.



Astonishingly Cedric Sayner of the host club had managed to score 70 for 17 holes before he was called in. One reporter said that his uncompleted round was one of the great bad weather performances and ranked with the round of George Duncan-a famous 76 scored in a tremendous gale and driving rain to win the first Irish Open at Portmarnock, Dublin in 1927, during which George was protected by brown paper under his jacket. Harry Rimmer, the pro from Bidston, the club adjacent to West Cheshire where I was soon to be based, was stopped on the first tee – at the top of his backswing. The same reporter said it reminded him of a navvy with his pick poised to strike a blow when the dinnertime whistle went.
Bill Davies, never one to hide his feelings, was less than complimentary about the officials who should have been there that Friday morning, but chose to be elsewhere. He had fought his way through the blizzard to the bitter end but could take no further part - his mother's funeral took place on the following day. Henry Cotton, having birdied the first, was only too glad to walk in from the second. He joined the chorus of protests about the absurdity of starting in such conditions. It must have ranked amongst the most farcical rounds of golf ever played. A quick thaw allowed play to be completed on the Saturday, with a much-depleted field, and I finished in 14th place.
The winner of this most remarkable event was Charles Whitcombe.


THE SOUTHPORT VISITER. SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1935

DECEMBER IN MAY

A PICTURE TAKEN YESTERDAY MORNING in the awful weather conditions at Birkdale. E. W. Jarman (Prenton) is seen taking a shot on the fairway just before play was abandoned.

Not a very good copy, but 'every picture tells a story'
The Dunlop Southport Tournament, Birkdale 1935

There were also some unusual events in the final of the Amateur Championship at Royal Lytham. American Lawson Little took a bath after the first 18 holes and arrived on the tee 18 minutes late for the afternoon round. His opponent, the 1927 champion, Dr. William Tweddell from Stourbridge, did not object and Little escaped disqualification going on to win by 1 hole. In that championship an American – Capt.A.Bullock-Webster used a very unusual way of keeping still on the greens. He putted with a cross-legged stance. A lot of military men entered the championship in those days and another in the field was one of the great characters of British golf, Brigadier General Critchley, a Captain of the R&A. He was the father of Bruce, the well-known journalist and commentator.
L.G.Crawley went out in the early rounds, but that year he won the Scratch Prize in the Medal competition that preceded the Irish Amateur at Portmarnock with a very fine 72 over the difficult links

in windy conditions. It was three better than the scratch for the course. Playing off +2, his nett 74 also gave him a share of first prize in the handicap section.

BIRKDALE'S ART DECO STYLE CLUBHOUSE

Leading amateurs at Royal Lytham went down to Southport to play the new Birkdale course, designed by Fred Hawtree and J.H.Taylor and see the imaginatively designed art deco style clubhouse resembling the bridge of ships passing by in the Irish Sea. The amateurs were impressed, as were R&A officials who also paid a visit to check on the club's suitability for the major championships - which Birkdale's new investment was designed to attract. The English Amateur Championship was awarded to Birkdale in 1939, when Arnold Bentley, one of the famous Bentley brothers from the nearby Hesketh club won the title, beating Mere's Bill Sutton - the first time that brothers had won a national amateur championship; Arnold's brother Harry had won the title at Deal in 1936. The Open was scheduled for Birkdale in 1940 but the war intervened and the club did not stage the championship until 1954, three years after it became Royal Birkdale, when Peter Thomson won the first of his five victories. I played in my last Open at St Andrews the following year, so of the clubs on the current rota, the course that now vies with Muirfield as Britain's number one was one of the three on which I never got to play in the Championship - my memories of Birkdale are of that winter's day in May 1935. The other two Open courses I missed were Turnberry, which did not get an Open until 1977 and the favourite links of my brother Charles - Troon, where in 1973 another long-lived golfer, 71-year-old Gene Sarazan, became the oldest person to hole-in-one in a major championship, when he aced the 'Postage Stamp' on his last appearance – and the 50th anniversary of his first Open on the same course. On the second day he used his 'blaster' to hole out from a bunker for a two. Matching par on the shortest, but arguably the most difficult, par-3 in championship golf is good in one round, so taking three strokes in two rounds was not a bad way to bow out of the Open. His partners at Troon were another two Open Champions: Max Faulkner and Fred Daly. Also present to be honoured by the R&A was the 75-years-old Arthur Havers, the 1923 Troon champion.

Bill Sutton and Arnold Bentley
Birkdale 1939
(Courtesy of Derek Holden)

Royal Troon –
prepared for the 2004 Open.
Bert Gadd never had the opportunity to play there

9. A Brush with Fame

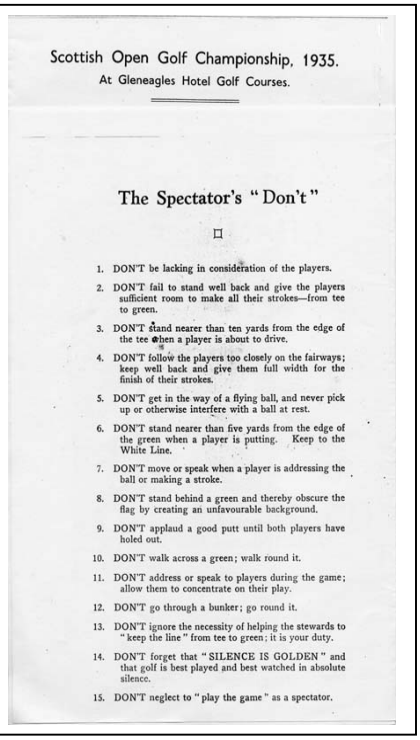
The 1935 Open Championship was at Muirfield and the week before I played in the inaugural *Scottish Open Championship* at the beautiful Perthshire resort – Gleneagles, where most of the top British players had assembled looking for a good 'workout' before the Open. I was drawn with the Ryder Cup player, Bert Hodson (Chigwell), who missed the cut and my partner for the final two rounds on the Wednesday was none other than Joe Ezar, one of the few overseas players in the field. He normally played right-handed but in the tournament he suddenly announced – "I think we'll play this the other way round", and produced a left-handed club from his bag to play his approach on to the green. At Gleneagles he put on his show, going through the usual trick-shot repertoire – although his patter, copied from Kirkwood, was not quite as good as the 'original Joe.' He started with a hook, a slice and a straight shot (the hardest of all to do), He would then hit a high ball; hit two balls at once and catch one; hit a further two balls at once, one to the left the other to the right; tee up three balls one on top of the other and hit the centre one; play a shot left handed with a right-handers club; hit a ball and catch it; perform clowning acts with balls. I remember seeing him hit ten balls high into the air so rapidly that they were all still airborne before the first one landed. I tried it and the best I could manage was three. Like most Trick Shot exponents Joe was not a great tournament player but, like that other Texan, Trevino, a bet could have a dramatic effect on his play and a substantial wager in Italian lire the following year was to inspire him to play one of the most amazing rounds of golf ever. That incident is described in the next chapter and I was not there to see it, but I did witness his expertise on the Snooker table at Gleneagles. He was near scratch at snooker and I remember him saying to an opponent – "You can't snooker me", when he was put into a very difficult position. "That's a four-railer", he said and proceeded to escape via four cushions. Professionals in snooker and golf are often good at each other's sports. The games require similar attributes - a steady hand, a good eye, patience and tremendous concentration.


Percy Alliss

In the tournament Joe and I both opened with 73s and in the second round I shot 76 to Joe's 75, but we were falling well behind the joint leader, Percy Alliss, who had added a 70 to his opening course record 67. It could have been even better but for his poor form with the putter. Percy holed hardly anything and his frustration showed when he quickly went to tap in a 9-incher – and missed! The Gleneagles Assistant, W.S.Callum, shot 68 to share the lead. The organisers must have been pleased with the standard being set, but this was to be blunted by a rap on the knuckles received from the R&A and published in the newspapers the following morning. It said:
"The Championship committee of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews desires to call the attention of golfers to the name of the competition being played at Gleneagles. The so called 'Open Championship of Scotland' was named without any reference to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club and the club considers that no golf competitions organised by private enterprise should be called by such a misleading name. Attention having been drawn to the matter the Royal and Ancient Golf Club hopes that in future the promoters of golf competitions will avoid the use of the word 'Championship'".
Nowadays there is a more relaxed attitude to the use of the word, but it is interesting to note that books refer to the event as the *Penfold Tournament* and the1935 Scottish Open was not to be mentioned in the Gleneagles 'Championship' record lists.
Percy had another 70 in round three, but the local hope, Callum, dropped out of contention with an 81. The challenge was taken up by Jack Busson from Pannal, who was to make his only Ryder Cup appearance that year. Busson equalled Percy's new course record with a 67 to be only two behind going into the last round. He finished with a fine 68, but Percy lowered the record again with a 66 to finish on 273 and take the title by four shots. It was a record low total for a tournament played on a course of significant length. [He had peaked too early and was to finish 16th = at Muirfield]
I finished with respectable rounds of 70, 72, to be three shots ahead of my ambidextrous partner, Joe. Perhaps he would have done better if someone had wagered some Scottish pound notes on the outcome of his round!

How simple Percy Alliss always made the game look until he was on the green. He would have won many more than his 16 tournament victories but for his inconsistent putting stroke and he was always experimenting with different methods. The previous year, at the *Yorkshire Evening News* tournament at Moortown, he thought he had finally found the answer. He placed his feet in such a way as to form two sides of a square, with the left foot pointing in the direction of the hole. He said that this eliminated the body movement that is so detrimental on the green. It worked at Moortown and he opened with a 71, the same score as me. We both lost in the subsequent match play, but it was not Percy's putting that caused his demise. His clubs somehow ended up in another player's car boot and he was forced to play with a borrowed set that did not 'fit' him. By the time his own clubs were returned his match was lost and by the time of the Scottish Open his new putting method had gone the way of all the others.

This list of 15 *don'ts* was included in the programme for the 1935 Scottish Open Golf Championship. Number 14. is one today's 'Get in the hole' brigade could learn from.



Scottish Open Golf Championship, 1935.
At Gleneagles Hotel Golf Courses.

The Spectator's "Don't"

1. DON'T be lacking in consideration of the players.
2. DON'T fail to stand well back and give the players sufficient room to make all their strokes—from tee to green.
3. DON'T stand nearer than ten yards from the edge of the tee when a player is about to drive.
4. DON'T follow the players too closely on the fairways; keep well back and give them full width for the finish of their strokes.
5. DON'T get in the way of a flying ball, and never pick up or otherwise interfere with a ball at rest.
6. DON'T stand nearer than five yards from the edge of the green when a player is putting. Keep to the White Line.
7. DON'T move or speak when a player is addressing the ball or making a stroke.
8. DON'T stand behind a green and thereby obscure the flag by creating an unfavourable background.
9. DON'T applaud a good putt until both players have holed out.
10. DON'T walk across a green; walk round it.
11. DON'T address or speak to players during the game; allow them to concentrate on their play.
12. DON'T go through a bunker; go round it.
13. DON'T ignore the necessity of helping the stewards to "keep the line" from tee to green; it is your duty.
14. DON'T forget that "SILENCE IS GOLDEN" and that golf is best played and best watched in absolute silence.
15. DON'T neglect to "play the game" as a spectator.

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I went on to Muirfield to practice for the Open and to join the England team for the international match against Scotland, to be played on the course the day before the Open commenced. Henry Cotton had demonstrated his typical single mindedness by again declining to play in the match because it was too close to the Open. He went out to practice and beat the Muirfield record with a 65, although it did not count of course.

The summer that had begun with a blizzard continued to disappoint with changeable weather that June and the South African tourists had been frustrated by the conditions of a typical English cricket season. The previous week the first Test of the 1935 five-match series at Trent Bridge, Nottingham had been abandoned due to rain, the first of four draws, but it was to be England who came off worst in the end.

Our match began in oppressive heat and I suffered in the foursomes when I was on the receiving end of a 5&4 drubbing from Syd Fairweather (Malone) and Bill Laidlaw, a new Scottish cap with great potential who was an assistant to my brother George at Malden and later to Henry Cotton at Ashridge. Tragically Bill was to be killed in the RAF flying over Germany in 1941. My partner was Tom Green, who was Welsh born and later played for Wales when they entered the home international series – one of the few players to represent two countries. I remember that Tom hated the sea and his face would match his name at the mere thought of travelling by boat. We did manage to get him to go over for the Irish Open, but only after a 'session' in the bar.

England won the match 13-4, Scotland's only two wins in the singles coming from Jimmy Adams, then at Romford, and the veteran of the Scottish team, George Duncan, who beat Syd Easterbrook. I won my match against J.Forrester of Cruden Bay 4 & 3 and Tom extracted revenge by beating Laidlaw two up. One of the Scottish team, Tom Dobson, suffered from the controversial stymie rule when he knocked Ted Jarman's ball into the hole on the last green to lose the match.

There is something special about a Muirfield Open. The course is an architectural masterpiece - a supreme test of golf, rated number one in the British Isles (2002) and the roll call of champions reflects the calibre of golf required to succeed there. The East Lothian club first hosted the event in 1892, when the amateur Harold Hilton from Royal Liverpool took the Claret Jug. That year the tournament was extended to 72 holes and there were just 66 entries. A hundred years later when Nick Faldo won the last Muirfield Open of the twentieth century and his second at the course, the entries totalled 1666, of which 156 qualified.

In 1896 Harry Vardon won the second Muirfield Open, the first of his six victories in the championship and James Braid won the first of his five there in 1901. The other champions, with just one exception, were all multiple major winners – the amateur, Harold Hilton, Ted Ray, Walter Hagen, Henry Cotton, Gary Player, Jack Nicklaus, Lee Trevino, Tom Watson (another five-time winner) and Ernie Els who became the fifteenth champion in 2002. In 1935 the winner was to be the exception – the only Muirfield champion who did not win at least two major titles.

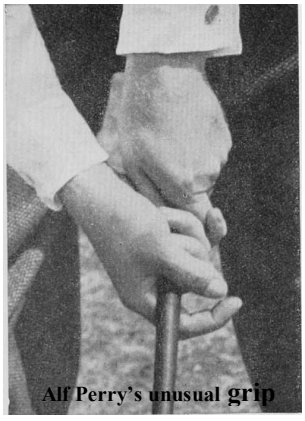
Walter Hagen had won the previous championship held at Muirfield in 1929, during which he had set the course record of 67, bettering the first round 69 of Percy Alliss. It was a remarkable score in the days when 70 was rarely broken. It was the last of his four Opens; his last major title and it was the scene of another Hagen story related by Bernard Darwin, which also involved Leo Diegel. The night before the final day's play the Haig was in a late night card game at the hotel occupied by the American players, the Marine in Gullane – not there now, it was to become a fire station. At around 3 or 4 am one of his supporters thought it was time he got some sleep and remarked that his nearest rival, Diegel, had been in bed for some hours. "He might be in bed", replied Hagen, "but he sure-to-God ain't sleepin". That was probably true given Leo's nervous disposition. The Haig had said this on at least one previous occasion and, like other Hagen stories, this particular incident is recounted in many publications giving various versions of the wording and different locations, but I think we can rely on Mr Darwin.

A tremendous gale had come overnight and the following morning Diegel shot 82 and Hagen had 75, a superb effort in the conditions. He had another 75 in the afternoon to fulfil the winning scores he had predicted the previous day. He was a wonderful fashioner of golf shots to suit the occasion and he was able, in his words, "to use the ground route". At the dogleg 8th he had no truck with the fairway traps and drove right - into the trampled rough, cutting the corner and leaving a short iron to the green. A birdie was his reward and he went on to win by six shots. A spinney was soon to be planted to protect 'Hagen's hole', as some of the locals had called it.

The Muirfield scene I saw on television as I watched the 2002 Open seemed light years away from my memories of 1935. The crowds were much smaller then and there were no stands, no tented village and no courtesy cars for the players. I was brought to the course from my boarding house by one of the reps and I changed in the car park, as did all the professionals. (Not allowed by most clubs now of course) Only those players with the title of Mr (or Dr) were admitted to the clubhouse.

The fickle weather brought an easterly wind, heavy rain and a 'Scotch mist' to test the competitors in the qualifying rounds. Nowadays the fog would probably have caused play to be delayed, but we played on with 'Guides' stationed at many of the holes. In the lead at Gullane No 1 was Scottish born American Macdonald Smith, who had been second to Jones in 1930 (with Leo Diegel) and again to Sarazen in 1932. He was to be third twice, fourth twice and fifth once, but was one of the great golfers who never won the title. He had a 66 and the 'snow specialist', Cedric Sayner of Birkdale, was in second place with a 68. Dick Burton's 70 at Muirfield led by a stroke from Henry Cotton and the 'hitherto unknown to fame Arthur Lees', as the *Times* put it, who shot 71. Arthur, a Yorkshireman from the Dore and Totley club near Sheffield, was to be one of our leading players after the war and would play in four Ryder Cups. Joe Ezar, 'Showman and buffoon', entertained the Muirfield galleries laughing and singing his way round on his way to a 75. He really was very like Trevino (who was to win at Muirfield in 1972) in behaviour if not in scoring. He said to the crowd as he came off: "I wasn't really trying you know". Perhaps Joe was a little too 'devil may care' and his amazing skill could have

brought him as much success as Trevino's did, had he taken it more seriously. He added a 73 to be five inside the 153 qualifying mark. I qualified on the same mark as my brother Jack, on leave from his club, Tolygunge (Royal Calcutta), and Alfred Perry. We got in with a stroke to spare and Joe, Alf and I went on to join the sixty-two players who made the cut, but Jack missed out, as did another competitor who could have entered the record books in this championship. He was an unnamed Scottish pro, who started 7,10,5,10 and reached the turn in 65. Another 10 followed at the 11th, and the record for the highest score in an Open was on the cards, but he retired on the twelfth after taking four shots in a bunker. His chance of (dubious) fame was lost, but mine was still on course after an opening 72.
After Henry's inspirational performance the previous year and his form in practice, there was a mood of confidence in the British camp and he was a hot favourite to retain the title. He was leading qualifier, with Dick Burton on 141, and he started well with a 68 - a record for the altered course, but he had an indifferent week on the greens and on the final day he drifted out of contention. I had gone out in 32 in the morning and had played fairly steadily after that to be level with Henry on 218. We were seven behind the leader, Alf Perry, who had broken Cotton's new course record with a 67 in the morning round, matching the score of Hagen over the 1929 course. (As I have said, scores under 70 were by no means common in those days, but Perry's **60** on his 'own green' at Leatherhead was rare indeed!). Like the Haig Alf had an unorthodox swing and was known as 'Slasher' Perry, due to his flailing action. Allied to a four-knuckle grip and a very wide stance, it was a combination which seemed unlikely to succeed, but he had wonderful timing and was full of confidence, hitting woods out of bunkers "as if he was in a weekend knockabout", as one writer put it. Peter Lawless, a well known journalist of those days, had this to say about Alf's swing: "The right hand is carried far under the club, with the knuckles pointing to the ground, and slides round the shaft as the left hand swings the club back. Excellent footwork is the foundation of a 'round-the-corner' swing basically sound but marked with idiosyncrasies. From address to follow-through he is extremely mobile and hits the ball with rare fluency. Courage he has in plenty, hesitating never and going all out for the biggest carries and trying always to hole his first putt."

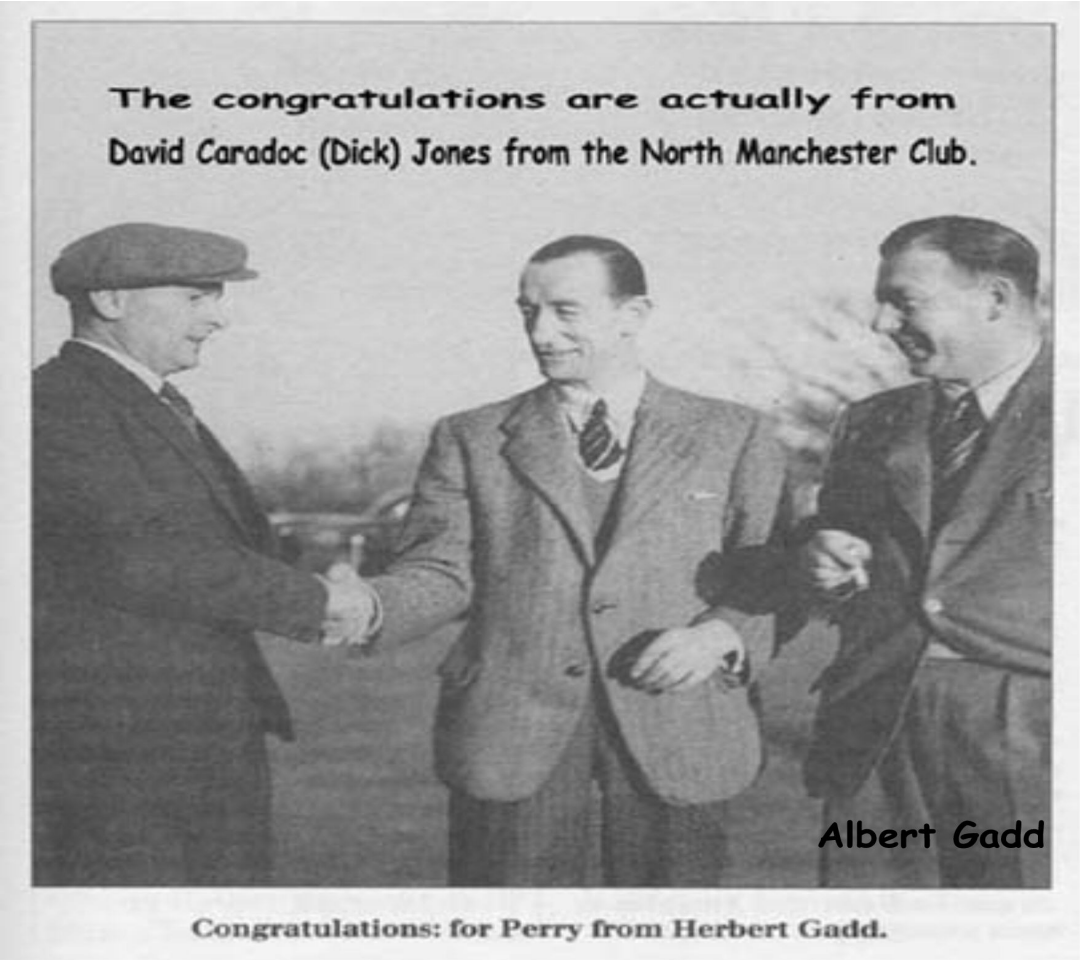

Alf Perry's unusual grip

A stroke behind in second place was *Dunlop Southport* champion and England's Captain in the International match - Charles Whitcombe, the middle of the three golfing brothers (who would even outdo Perry with a **59** on his home course of Crews Hill). Alf Padgham was lying third on 216. In the final round that afternoon Perry took a double-bogey six on the first hole and the door was opened a little. Whitcombe was on the way to a 76 and lost his chance of an Open title, meanwhile I was playing well. The par at Muirfield is 71 (bogey in those days), but we counted our score in relation to fours and standing on the 14th tee I was four under fours and in with a chance - if the leaders were to falter. "Of the possibles", said the *Golf Illustrated* reporter, "Bert Gadd came as near as any to surprising everyone". The *Times* said that Gadd "seemed to have Whitcombe in the palm of his hand for out of the first 13 holes he had 10 fours, two threes and a two". I made my two on the famous 13th, regarded by Tom Watson as the best par-3 in the world, but I then found bunkers at 14 and 15 and dropped two shots putting me back to two under. A par three at the 16th, which caused so much grief to Ernie Els, got one shot back against fours, but a bad break at the par-5 17th was to put paid to any chance I had. I thought I had got up with two good wood shots, but I could not see my ball when I arrived at the green. My brother George, who was standing by the green, told me what had happened. The pin was towards the back close to a bunker on the left and my ball had rolled to the very edge of the bunker, toppled over the lip and landed in a "cruel heel mark", as *Golf Illustrated* described it. Someone had climbed out of the bunker and not repaired the damage. It could not happen now of course, but there were no bunker rakers on duty in those days. Had the ball rolled back down the slope of the bunker, George told me, it would have been close to the hole – and a possible eagle. I had yet to obtain a Sarazen 'blaster' but it would probably have made no difference; I doubt if any man born could get out of a lie like that, or even Gary Player who was born later that year. After two shots in the bunker, I got down in six and was back to one under fours. My 71 was the second best score of the round. Other 71s were handed in by Alf Perry's playing partner - Syd Easterbrook, Auguste Boyer, Laurie Ayton senior of my future club South Shields, Jack Jacobs of Lindrick (cousin of John 'Dr Golf' Jacobs) and Alf Padgham, who totalled 287 to pip Whitcombe to second place.
Most of the field scored in the high 70s and low eighties in a testing wind, but nothing like that dreadful Saturday of 2002. Whitcombe finished third on 288 and I was a shot behind him in a share of fourth with the amateur Lawson Little, whose 69 was the best of the day. The famous American was a big powerful player and had excited reporters by opening at Muirfield with a 380-yard drive down


Lawson Little in 1935

Courtesy of the Hobbs Golf Collection

wind, although it did him no good as he took five. Bernard Darwin wrote: "I feel that the brush should be dipped in earth-quake and eclipse to do him justice". He needed a caddie as big and powerful as himself to carry his huge bag, which contained twenty-six clubs! He carried five woods and twenty irons, including eight niblicks and mashie niblicks. Little had won the British and US Amateur championships in 1934 and was to retain both titles that year. He turned professional in 1936 the year the USGA decided to limit the number of clubs an American player could carry to fourteen (implemented 1/1/38) – no doubt to the great relief of his caddie.
Alf Perry took the championship with a nerveless display of attacking golf, without the services of a mind coach, or indeed a coach of any kind. "A natural golfer with a vengeance", is how Bernard Darwin described him. "I have no doubt that Perry has thought and thinks about the game", he wrote, "but he seems to play in the manner of the Jolly Young Waterman in Dibdin's song, who 'rowed along thinking of nothing at all'. It is the jolliest kind of game to watch, for he wallops the ball (it is the only word) with a gorgeous and whole-hearted confidence, and is as care free on the green as on the tee". When the first prize was only £100 it was still possible to treat it as a game. If David Leadbetter had been around at the time he would have had his work cut out to remodel Alf's swing, as he did for the two-time Muirfield champion Nick Faldo.
Alf had played the last two rounds with the same golf ball – "I found a good one and stuck with it", he said. There were no defensive irons off the tee at par-fives, or par-fours for that matter - golf was less complicated in those days. "Perry's finish was one of the finest I ever saw in a championship", wrote Henry Longhurst, "He kept rolling along with his nautical gait, playing as though he were in a summer evening fourball". At the 14th he found a bunker off the tee but smashed the ball 200 yards onto the green – with his spoon! He scored 72 to equal the record low total of 283 and record his only major win by a margin of four. In 2002 Ernie Els totalled 278. When you think of all the advances in golf in the intervening sixty odd years, including the improvements in course condition; even after allowing for tightening and lengthening of courses, a difference of 5 shots doesn't seem much does it?
My rounds of 72, 75, 71, 71 for 289 left me six behind Alf, so my ill luck at the 17th did not cost me the Open, but a second or third would have earned me a place in the Open history books, where only the top three get much of a mention – my total of 142 on the final day was only beaten by the winner. (Tony Jacklin's experience at the 17th was more costly. He also took six, having suffered from Trevino's outrageous chip-in at the hole in the 1972 Open). I was handed a slip of paper telling me that my fourth place prize of £30 was to be sent on to me - I eventually received the money, but only after a written reminder. Alf stepped up to receive the Claret Jug and made perhaps the shortest acceptance speech of any Open Champion. Henry Longhurst reported it as follows: "His oration at the prize giving was a model of its kind: 'I'd rather play a round of golf than make a speech' was all he said".
He was spotted later standing alone on the station platform at the little wayside junction of Drem near North Berwick, waiting for his train home. How times have changed! It was said of Alf, "He came from nowhere and went back there", but he had his moment of fame. Before he departed he was joined by Henry Cotton, who had motored the ten miles from his hotel to bid him farewell. "Well done Alf. I wish you the best of luck", he said and added that he thought that the new champion should captain the Ryder cup team. Given Alf's dislike of public speaking that was an unlikely choice. Henry was not in the team and had not played since 1929. He was still based at Royal Waterloo in Belgium and therefore ineligible due to the residency rule. He had missed out in 1933 for this reason and in 1931 due to his dispute with the PGA. With six years lost to war Henry was to play in only four Ryder Cup matches in his long career at the top. (He was non-playing captain in 1953)
[In 1994 (up-dated 2005) a Golf Chronicle pictured Dick Jones and Bert congratulating Alf Perry (overleaf), which was puzzling because Jones was not in the field for the 1935 Open. The picture was actually taken over a decade late after the war at the 1946 *Daily Mail* tournament, where Perry (now at Reddish Vale, Stockport), was leading qualifier, Jones was second and Bert was third.
Ignore the photo's caption - that's Bert on the right and his name isn't Herbert.]



Congratulations: for Perry from Herbert Gadd.

In sixth place at Muirfield was the American Ryder Cup player, Henry Picard, one of the finest swingers in the game. (He was the man who, a couple of years later, helped two young American pros. He offered financial support to one who was struggling to make a living at that time – his name was Ben Hogan - and he also gave a boost to the career of Sam Snead by giving him a driver which instantly solved Snead's hooking problem). When Picard joined the group on the Drem platform he commented: "If the Perry playing at Wimbledon is as good as the Perry who won today then our American tennis players may as well come home with me". The more famous Perry, Fred (no relation), beat the German Baron Gottfried Von Cramm to retain the Wimbledon title he had won the previous year. That first victory had been a week too late to win a long-standing bet with Henry Cotton. They had a £10 wager on who would be first to win their respective championships, but Fred's first victory at Wimbledon was a week after Henry's at Sandwich. Perry went on to complete his hat trick in 1936, Britain's last success in the men's singles. I don't know if Fred had a bet with Alf, but anyone who had a 'Perry double' that year would have got very good odds.

Cotton had closed with a 75 for 293 and finished seventh, with Syd Easterbrook. It was a good year for the British, who took the first three places, with Little and Picard being the only two Americans in the top ten. In 1935 the Ryder Cup match was in the USA and most of them had stayed at home, including Sarazen. That year Gene became the first winner of the modern Grand Slam when he won the Masters, which Bobby Jones had inaugurated the previous year. He holed a 230-yard 4-wood shot for an albatross, or double-eagle as the American's called it. It was one of the most famous shots in golf history. (a quarter of a century would go by before the Grand Slam was recognised as such)

In that Muirfield Open a notable name lower down the list was 22-years-old Dai Rees, who had been assistant to my brother George at Malden before moving to Surbiton. He was to go on to finish in the top thirty in every championship until 1961. The mercurial little Welshman with the baseball grip had won the *British Assistants' Championship* that year and the following year was to win the *News of the World Matchplay Championship*. I was to see a fair bit of him in the next few years.

Behind Lawson Little were seven British amateurs who played on the last day - the thirties are regarded as the golden age of British amateur golf. P.B. (Laddie) Lucas finished tied for twenty-third place

alongside two leading professionals - Sam King and Arthur Lacey and ahead of some other famous names, including Archie Compston and Reg Whitcombe. Not far behind them came the Scottish amateur Jack McLean, that year's Irish Amateur Champion, who later became pro at Gleneagles.

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

1935
Muirfield, Honourable Company
Winner **Alfred Perry**

Alfred Perry *Leatherhead*	**69**	**75**	**67**	**72**	**283**	SF Brews *Houghton, South Africa*	79	74	75	74	302
						CW Thomson *R Eastbourne*	74	76	75	77	
Alfred Padgham *Sundridge Park*	70	72	74	71	287	DJ Rees *Surbiton*	75	73	77	77	
Charles Whitcombe *Crews Hill*	71	68	73	76	288	B Hodson *Chigwell*	72	80	79	72	303
						WH Davies *Wallasey*	78	74	76	75	
Mr W Lawson Little *Presido, USA*	75	71	74	69	289	RA Whitcombe *Parkstone*	72	75	74	82	
B Gadd *Brand Hall*	72	75	71	71							
						G Lockhart *Gleneagles*	78	72	82	72	304
H Picard *Hershey, USA*	72	73	72	75	292	HW Myers *Leeds*	74	73	81	76	
						E Green *unattached*	72	77	78	77	
S Easterbrook *Knowle*	75	73	74	71	293	AM Dailey *Wanstead*	75	74	76	79	
Henry Cotton *Waterloo, Belgium*	68	74	76	75							
						AG Havers *Sandy Lodge*	79	74	76	76	305
WJ Branch *Henbury*	71	73	76	74	294	A Lees *Dore & Totley*	76	77	76	76	
						Mr R Rutherford *R Wimbledon*	76	76	77	76	
L Ayton sen *South Shields*	74	73	77	71	295						
						G Charman *Prince's*	77	76	78	75	306
A Boyer *Nice, France*	74	75	76	71	296	PJ Mahon *R Dublin*	71	79	81	75	
WJ Cox *Addington*	76	69	77	75	297	WJ Martin *Copt Heath*	74	75	80	78	307
JJ Busson *Pannal*	75	76	70	76		Mr R Sweeny *Prince's*	72	73	82	80	
A Boomer *St Cloud, France*	76	69	75	77		Mr J McLean *Hayston*	77	74	75	81	
EWH Kenyon *West Lancashire*	70	74	74	79							
						EF Hill *Llanwern*	77	76	79	76	308
JA Jacobs *Lindrick*	78	74	75	71	298	T Collinge *Swinton Park*	77	75	77	79	
Percy Alliss *Beaconsfield*	72	76	75	75		F Jarman *Cavendish*	74	78	79	77	
						Mr Eric McRuvie *Leven*	70	79	81	78	
Mark Seymour *Crow Wood*	75	76	75	73	299	T Dobson *East Renfrewshire*	77	75	77	79	
PH Rodgers *St Anne's Old Links*	74	76	74	75		A Compston *Coombe Hill*	75	74	79	80	
ER Whitcombe *Meyrick Park*	75	72	74	78							
Macdonald Smith *USA*	69	77	75	78		LB Ayton jun *South Shields*	78	74	79	78	309
W Laidlaw *Malden*	74	71	75	79		Mr H Thomson *Machrihanish*	75	76	80	78	
SL King *Knole Park*	76	74	75	75	300	JH Ballingall *Balmore*	75	77	80	78	310
R Cox *Saffron Walden*	75	73	76	76		Mr F Francis *Sunningdale*	78	75	75	82	
AJ Lacey *Berkshire*	71	75	74	80							
Mr PB Lucas *Sandy Lodge*	74	73	72	81		EW Jarman *Prenton*	74	78	80	79	311
						J Ezar *USA*	76	75	80	80	
Mr PWL Risdon *Coombe Hill*	78	74	75	74	301						
AG Beck *Sherwood Forest*	74	76	77	74		A Peacock *Wildernesse*	80	72	81	80	313
F Ball *Eastlake, USA*	76	75	73	77							
L Holland *Gerrards Cross*	72	74	78	77		WE Brown *Broxbourne*	74	78	87	83	322

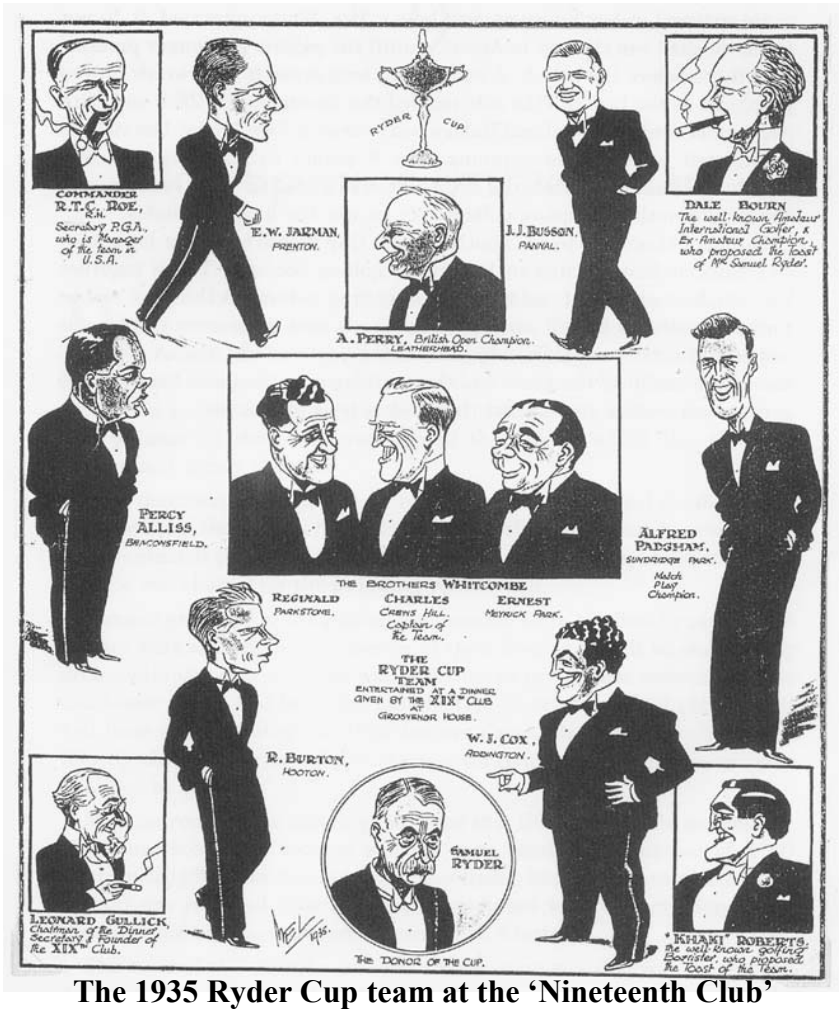
As the championship ended the second test was underway at Lord's in wonderful weather and South African batsman Bruce Mitchell became the first victim of the new LBW law, which allowed players to be given out to balls pitching on the off side It was designed to stop them constantly 'padding up', but many think that it has had a negative influence on batting. South Africa won the match by 157 runs and went on to record their first series victory in England. The tests had been played over three days, which the pundits said had worked to the disadvantage of England who had had the better of two out of the four drawn matches. After that five-day tests were played against South Africa, as against the Australians. Thirty years later they had their second series win in England, in the three-match test of 1965 and were entering a period when the quality of their players would undoubtedly have brought them more success, but they were then to be in the wilderness for over twenty years during the apartheid era.

1935 was also a milestone in football as it marked the fiftieth year of the professional game. One well-known name in the news that August was Matt Busby. The man who was to achieve fame as Manager of Manchester United, the first of the two to be knighted, had converted from a forward to a halfback - for Manchester City! The previous year he had captained City to victory against Portsmouth in the FA Cup Final. The following year he was to join Liverpool for £8500.

Following the Open the Ryder Cup selectors met to choose the team for the match to be held in the USA. I was again on the 'short list' and the last place was, so I understood, between Ted Jarman, from the Prenton club on the Wirral, and me. I was equal fourth in the championship and he was in a tie for

fifty-eighth with Joe Ezar, but the place went to Ted. It was to be his only appearance in the matches, but he lived to be the oldest Ryder Cup player. He passed away in 2003 at the age of 95. The year after the Muirfield Open Ted was appointed pro at the West Lancashire club, where he remained for 36 years.

Also unlucky in 1935 was Ted's predecessor at Prenton - Bill Davies, who had moved to the nearby Wallasey club – the home of Stableford. Bill had played in the two previous Ryder Cups but had not shown much form that year until his victory in the *Northern Professional Championship* at Moortown – too late! It came after the team had been chosen, although the fact that he was now a few years past his fortieth birthday would have been another consideration. When the next Ryder Cup came around it was me who was to find form too late - in what was to be my best year.



The 1935 Ryder Cup team at the 'Nineteenth Club'
Drawn by the cartoonist Mel

The financing of the Ryder Cup still depended on donations and that July the PGA appealed for subscriptions to the fund. The newspapers reported that approximately £8/900 was still needed to send the team to America for the match at Ridgewood C.C., New Jersey. Fund raising events included a match, involving all the Ryder Cup players, at Alf Perry's club – Leatherhead, in which Ernest Whitcombe partnered James Braid to beat his brother Charles Whitcombe and Sandy Herd. Competitors played the bigger American ball that was to be used for the match. The 1.68" diameter ball had been in use in the USA since 1932, but very few professionals on this side of the Atlantic favoured the American size and weight and forty years were to go by before the PGA finally adopted it for professional tournaments in this country.

The British 1.62" ball remained in use in the amateur game until the R & A ruled in 1986 that it would be illegal from January 1st, 1990 and, although over a decade has passed since the 'big' ball became mandatory, there are still some 'small' balls to be found on practice grounds.

The Ryder Cup was nothing like the big money spinner that it is nowadays, nor did they have Concorde to whisk them there and back. (Sadly nor will the 2004 team as the aircraft has just been withdrawn from service at the time of writing). The 1935 team was to sail on the *Empress of Amsterdam* in September and return five weeks later after competing in a series of exhibition matches. The Cup did not return with them – the Americans having triumphed by the margin of 8 to 2. As expected, the new Open Champion was not made captain and that honour went to Charles Whitcombe. Reg and Ernest were also in the team, the only time that three brothers have taken part. Charles and Ernest were the only winners in the foursomes, beating a pairing that sounded like a Vaudeville double act, Olin Dutra and Ky Laffoon. Tobacco chewing Laffoon was indeed a 'theatrical' character, whose eccentricities included tying his putter to the rear bumper of his car and dragging it to the next tournament 'to teach it

a lesson'. (Max Faulkner was known to do that in later years). On one occasion Laffoon broke the offending implement by smashing it against his foot, but also broke his toe in the process. It was Laffoon's only match in the Ryder cup, but Dutra went on to win his single against Alf Padgham by 4&2. The Chairman of the USPGA Tournament committee, 6'5" Dutra was a heavyweight in both the physical and the golfing sense. He had won the US Open the previous year and the US PGA in 1932. Our Open Champion, Alf Perry and partner Jack Busson lost in the top match to the dream pairing of American captain Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen by 7 and 6. It was the first year that Hagen did not play in the singles, but he was not needed. The only British winner was Percy Alliss, who defeated the big hitting Craig Wood 1 up.
In the week of the Ryder Cup I defended the *Midland Open Championship* at one of the finest inland courses in Britain-Little Aston, where Charlie Ward was to be playing pro for much of his career. Harry Vardon was the original designer, with some of the later revisions by Harry Colt, the architect of Brancepeth Castle and the result is a classic. On my way to a successful defence of the title I broke the pro course record with a 66, recorded in the form of a cartoon in the *Birmingham Gazette*, a copy of which hangs in the Little Aston clubhouse. It depicted me being followed around the course by a Pekingese pup belonging to a Lady member. I was to appear in some other amusing cartoons, as you will hear later.

12 BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE, FRIDAY, 27 SEPTEMBER, 1935

FOUR PLAYERS BREAK COURSE RECORD IN MIDLANDS

GADD RETAINS TITLE WITH 66

Dr. W. M. Robb and W. J. Martin Each Return 68

"FIREWORKS" AT LITTLE ASTON

RECORD-SMASHING golf was played in the competition for the Midland Counties Cup at Little Aston yesterday. The course record for both amateurs and professionals was broken on no fewer than four occasions, with Bert Gadd, the former Brand Hall professional, holding the honours at the end of the day.

Forty of the best amateurs and professionals were engaged in what is virtually the Midland Open Championship, and after a very ordinary opening in the morning—the best return was a 70 by A. Lees, the Yorkshire champion—some amazing golf was witnessed in the afternoon.

"Bill" Martin, of Copt Heath, set the pace with a 68, three strokes better than the previous professional record set up by C. Pixton, of Shirehampton, in 1926, and one stroke better than the amateur record set up by Stanley Lunt, of Moseley, two years ago.

But Martin's very fine card was made to look quite ordinary beside that of Gadd, who later returned a marvellous 66.

Honour among the amateurs fell to Dr. Robb, of Moseley, whose card of 68 was marred by only two mistakes.

Gadd, however, was the hero of the occasion. His 71 in the morning put him among the money, but Bill Martin's 68, after a 75 in the morning, looked like dispossessing Gadd of the cup which he won at Castle Bromwich last year.

NOT GOOD ENOUGH

A card of 143, which was Martin's aggregate for the 36 holes, was thought to be just about good enough—but it was not by a long way.

Gadd was four strokes in hand on the morning round compared with Martin, and the former Brand Hall man was on his mettle. He played like a

and these came in a series of seven holes. At the 17th, however, it looked as if he must spoil his card, for he drove behind the trees guarding the green, and had a space of less than a yard to play through, but he did it with a beautiful shot and landed on the green.

Martin's card read:—

Out: 4 4 5 3 3 4 4 4 3—34
Home: 5 3 4 3 3 4 4 4 —34—68

Dr. Robb, the first of the amateurs, has long been recognised as a golfer of mettle, and although he was among the 77's in the morning, he made amends in the afternoon. He played brilliant golf except that he took fours on two short holes. At the 17th and 18th, however, he holed putts of 4 and 10 yards.

Dr. Robb's figures were:—

Out: 4 4 4 4 3 4 4 4 4—35
Home: 4 3 3 4 4 5 4 3 3—33—68

It was a great achievement and won the doctor the first medal among the amateurs; Alan taking the second, and K. R. Frazier (Harborne) third.

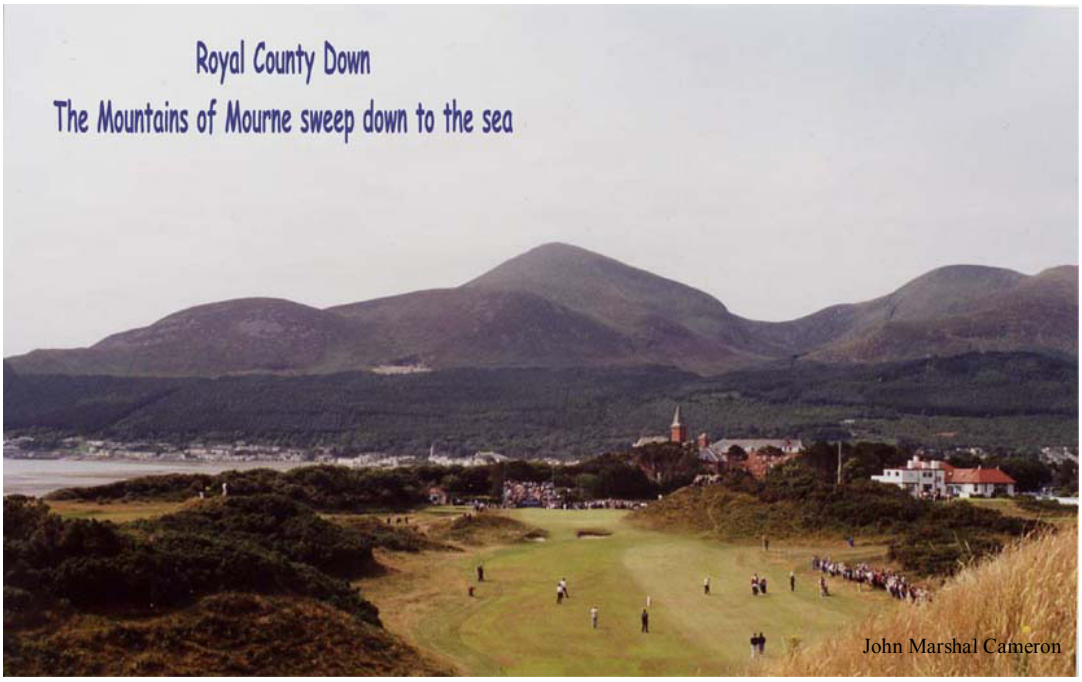
	1st rd.	2nd rd.	Total.
B. Gadd (unattached)	71	66	137
W. J. Martin (Copt Heath)	75	68	143
Dr. W. M. Robb (Moseley)	77	68	145
J. F. Morris (Hunts-cross)	74	71	145
G. B. Burkle (Ladbrook Park)	72	74	146
F. Jarman (Cavendish)	71	75	146
A. Lees (Bore and Tolley)	70	76	146
W. H. Fitkin (Stourbridge)	76	72	148
R. H. Prudentius (Sutton Coldfield)	75	73	148
A. G. Beck (Sherwood Forest)	78	71	149
B. Dorian (South Staffs)	73	76	149
C. Ward (Moseley)	78	73	151
J. W. Walker (Stourbridge)	77	74	151
A. R. Neasey (Moseley)	72	79	151
A. F. Parker (Cromwell Hills)	76	76	152

ASTONISHING GOLF—By NORMAN EDWARDS

MIDLAND COUNTIES CUP (MIDLAND OPEN) 1935 – COURSE RECORD 66

The Irish Open was at another great course, the beautiful Royal County Down where 'the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea'. The course was originally designed by Old Tom Morris and was improved by Harry Colt in 1926. It is considered by many to be one of the world's most difficult golf courses. I seemed to be at home on Colt courses and I equalled the course record in the final round moving me up from 45th to 10th place. My 67 matched the score set by Archie Compston and, believe it or not, I still hold a course record that I equalled getting on for seventy years ago. When the Golfers Handbook last published course records in 1999 it was still recorded as the professional record because, although the course was extended after the war, no professional tournaments had been played on it and at the time of writing none have been played since. (The Seniors British Open was played over a shorter course).

Ernest Whitcombe was Irish Open Champion in 1935 for the second time, tying with his brother Reg then defeating him in the 36-hole play-off.



John Woollam and Eric Fiddian
English Amateur Championship, 1935
(Courtesy of Ellesmere Port Golf Club)

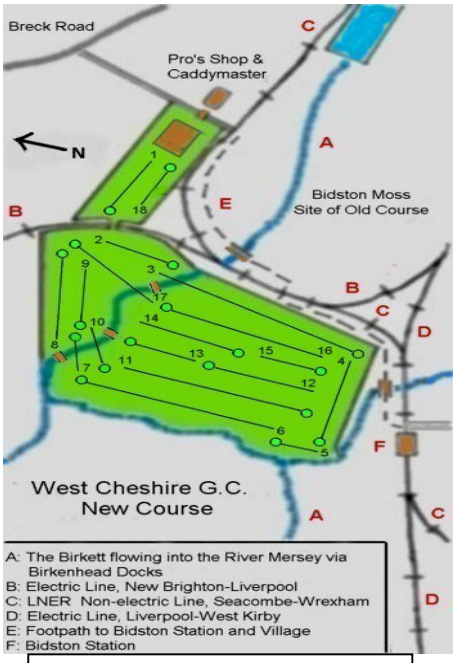
I was not the only Midland golfer to have a long standing record at Royal County Down. A couple of years earlier Eric Fiddian, the Walker Cup player from Stourbridge, had two holes in one in the *Irish Amateur Championship*. In the 36-hole final he did the 128-yard 7th in one in the morning round and aced the 205-yard 14th hole in the afternoon. Despite this he was runner-up, losing by 3&2 to Walker Cup teammate, Jack McLean, then at the Hayston club in Glasgow. Eric had also lost in the final of the *British Amateur Championship* at Muirfield in 1932, but went one better in that year's *English Amateur* at Royal St George's, beating the holder L.G.Crawley on his way to the final, where he defeated A.S.Bradshaw by 1 up. (That was the year I played against Eric in the Amateur v Pro match which preceded the Midland Open). Three years later he reached the English final again at Hollinwell, losing to John Woollam, a member of my present club - Ellesmere Port (then Hooton).
Eric Fiddian played a minor part in Bobby Jones' Grand Slam story, when they met in the quarter finals of the 1930 *Amateur Championship* at St Andrews. He went 1-up when Jones found the Swilken Burn at the first, but was never in front again and lost 4&3.

The 1935 *English Amateur* win was Woollam's second in the championship - he had won in 1933 at Ganton, where at one hole he found his ball impaled on a thorn bush. He played the shot with the ball rocking in the wind. Amongst the party who welcomed him home to Hooton in triumph was the Club President, Colonel Sir John Shute, M.P. I wonder if he was related to Densmore, the 1933 Open Champion.
Woollam also won the Swiss Amateur Championship in 1933 and retained the title in 1934, the year he was also Dutch Amateur Champion. He was capped eight times for England in Home Internationals and once against France, but for some reason he never made the Walker Cup team.

In August that year the new range of Standard saloons was launched – the 8,10&12. The Standard 10 was advertised as 'Luxury at minimum cost'. The cost was £185, nearly twice the prize money won by Alf Perry at Muirfield. Ernie Els could have bought quite a few 'Standard' equivalents with the £700,000 he collected in 2002.
As for me, I have never had a car; my mode of transport was a motorbike.

10. Padgham's Year

1936 was the year of the Jarrow Crusade when two-hundred men from the mining and shipbuilding town, not far from my old club Brancepeth Castle, marched to London to draw attention to the devastating unemployment on Tyneside resulting from the Great Depression. In November the BBC began to broadcast television, but it would be twenty years before there was live Open coverage. That year the Open returned to Royal Liverpool, where I had watched Bobby Jones win the title six years earlier. I had moved from Brand Hall to the Wirral and had made a good start in the local Alliance, coming second at Southport's Hesketh club to Ted Jarman, who had recently taken up his appointment at nearby West Lancashire.



Map produced by Gerry Chester

My new club, West Cheshire, just down the road from Hoylake, now lies partly under the M53 motorway having been wound up half a century ago, so I guess my course record 63 is safe. I went 'next door' to the Wallasey club for the first Open qualifying round, but play was abandoned when a violent thunderstorm broke out over the course and flooded the greens. Henry Cotton's course record 67, completed before the storm, was rendered null and void. When play was re-started the following day, in near perfect conditions, I almost matched Henry, shooting 68 to lead the field by two shots from Archie Compston, with a still comparatively unknown professional from Surbiton – Dai Rees, in third place. I putted badly in my second qualifying round at Hoylake for a 77, but still qualified comfortably.

Hoylake is a very difficult test, particularly when the wind blows – as it often does on the exposed corner of the Wirral peninsular where the Royal Liverpool course lies. Out of bounds threatens on several holes and you were faced with one of the most daunting opening drives in golf at the par-4 first, [the third on the revised course for the 2006 Open] where the out of bounds practice ground is bordered by one of the low turf banks known as 'cops', a feature of that part of the course. Countless drives have been sent over that cop and the old-time Open Champion Jamie Anderson once had to reload five times, after which he was heard to say: "My God, it's like playing up a spout". Bernard Darwin once put so many balls out of bounds that he "had to give up for want of ammunition".

That year, as my club was close by, some of my members came to support me, the only time this ever happened in an Open. Travel was not so easy in those days and making a lengthy journey to watch golf was not an option for most club members. My poor putting form continued and my supporters told me afterwards, "We were praying that you would find the greenside traps". They knew that I was a good bunker player and had more chance of getting close to the hole with my new 'blaster' than with the putter. The renowned Hoylake greens will yield dividends if you find a good stroke and, in contrast to my form, last year's runner-up, Alf Padgham, was holing almost everything with his individual putting method. Alf had huge hands in which he held the club with an unbelievably light grip. He was a 'streak' putter who stood very upright, holding his putter like an extension of his arms, quite a distance from his body and hitting the ball in his words: "like a short chip"- crisply and boldly. It was hardly a classic style, but it was very effective and in the last round he single-putted five of the last six greens. Bernard Darwin described some of his putts as "indecent", particularly a 30-yarder at the 17th, and he recalled that Alf had only qualified for the first tournament

Alfred Padgham

he had won that summer by holing a 'stout' putt on the last green. "What would have happened if that ball had not gone in?", he asked, "It is only one of the interesting but futile 'ifs' of history. The ball did go in, and went on going in". That season he hit top form and swept all before him in the run-up to the Open, winning the *Dunlop Southport*, the *Silver King* at Moor Park and the *Daily Mail* at Bramshot [where Bert opened with a 69, starting with three 3's then three putting four times. He finished in 8th place.] The only worthwhile trophy Alf did not take was the *News of the World Matchplay*, won by up and coming Dai Rees; It was the best run since Vardon was in his prime.
The caddies employed to trudge around Hoylake's 7078 yard course were disgruntled when told that their fees were reduced to three shillings a round and, on the final morning, Alf discovered that his clubs were locked in the clubmaker's shop and his caddie was nowhere to be found. Caddies did not have much responsibility for a player's clubs in those days, they were usually just bag carriers and there were few travelling caddies. They would give an opinion on club choice if asked and information about the line to take, but they were hardly ever asked to read a putt. So far as I can remember the only player who routinely asked his caddie to read his putts was Reg Whitcombe. Nowadays caddies will be very disappointed if they don't make more in tips than we were getting in prize money back then.
The window of the shop was smashed, the clubs retrieved and Alf went out to shoot 71, finishing with a three to win with a total of 287. He completed a British hat trick and a 'natural progression' for himself - he had been third in 1934 and second in 1935. Many players would have been put off their stride by the problematic start to his day, but Alf had a very good temperament - nothing ever seemed to upset him. "Whatever betide", said Darwin, "he wears the same half smile and walks along at exactly the same pace, as if not positively bored with the proceedings, but just a little sleepy". He had a short but wonderfully smooth and rhythmical swing with which he could get great distance and he was one of the longest drivers of the day. Sandy Herd said his swing was nearer to Harry Vardon than he had seen in any other player, although he was essentially modern in his simplification of the game. At that time and for many years at the height of his career Alf represented the Sundridge Park club in Kent, but the Padgham family will always be associated with Royal Ashdown Forest. Set in glorious rolling East Sussex countryside with magnificent views over the forest, the course has no bunkers because the Forest authorities have never permitted the club to dig holes on the course. The family of Abe Mitchell also came from there and there is still a Mitchell on the Greens staff.

In 1936 the forerunner of the 'European Tour' was beginning to take off, with increasing sponsorship by equipment companies and British newspaper groups. That year there were sixteen events – seven National Opens and nine sponsored tournaments. Alf was leading money winner with £1,226 and his stroke average of 71.37 was the best of the season. With six years soon to be lost to war, it was not bettered until 1947.
Alf's birdie finish at Hoylake pipped Jimmy Adams by a shot leaving him in second place, a position he occupied several times in big open events. Jimmy's beautiful putting stroke had nearly got him a tie, but his valiant putt at the last jumped out of the hole. He was to be second in the Open Championship again in 1938 and was given the unkind nickname of 'James the Second'. Jimmy was still coming close as late as the fifties, but he never made the final breakthrough. Henry Cotton, who had gone out of bounds at the 1st, was in a share of third place, with Marcel Dallemagne, the brilliant Frenchman who had challenged me in the 1933 French Open. (Marcel won the French that year, the first of three in a row). Three players shared fourth place: Percy Alliss, Gene Sarazen (the only big name American there that year) and my international partner at Muirfield, Tom Green. I finished in a tie for 21st with the twenty-year-old Max Faulkner.
A slim 19-year-old South African finished in 8th place and won the amateur medal. His name was Arthur D'Arcy (Bobby) Locke. He was said to have acquired the name of Bobby because his boyhood hero was the winner of the previous Hoylake Open - Bobby Jones, but it was apparently bestowed upon him by his African nanny because of his habit of bobbing up and down in his pram.

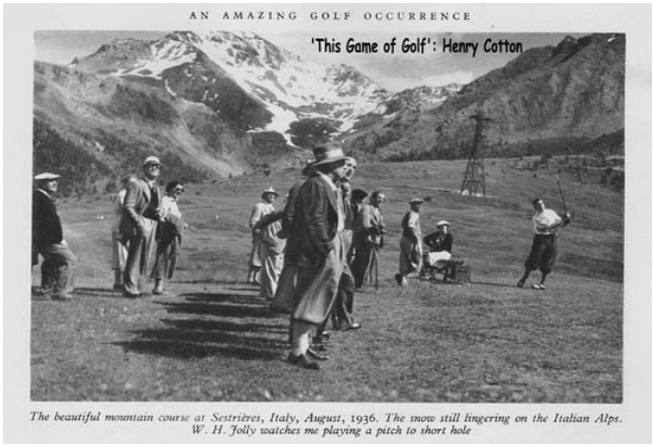
Alf Padgham was not the only one with caddie problems that year. Like Ian Woosnam at the 2001 Open, I gave my caddie a job to do and he couldn't do it, but in this case it was not too many clubs but none at all. (In any case there was no restriction on the number of clubs British golfers could carry, but I seldom had more than twelve in my bag). I was going on my annual trip to the Irish Open - at Royal Dublin that year - and my caddie offered to take my clubs to Liverpool and put them on board the ferry. I had some last minute jobs to attend to, so I gladly accepted. After the ferry had set sail I went to collect the clubs but they were nowhere to be found. Enquiries revealed that they were in the waiting room on the Liverpool landing stage, where the caddie had left them. A West Cheshire member, who was in the shipping business, picked them up and put them on a ship bound for Dublin. Meanwhile, I had borrowed a set of clubs for the first round from the club's pro, Fred Smyth, and found the driver

much to my liking. I asked him if I could borrow it for the rest of the week. "No", he said, "I will give it to you". The driver served me well and I came joint fifth in the tournament. I used it for some time afterwards. [George Duncan considered Fred Smyth to be the best clubmaker in these islands].
It was in that tournament that one of golf's 'strange incidents' took place. At Dollymount's short 12th hole Bobby Locke's tee shot appeared to be covering the flag, but when he reached the green the ball was nowhere in sight. His caddie removed the pin to look in the hole and the ball dropped from the furled flag to land a few inches from the cup. Bobby tapped it in for his birdie.
Reg Whitcombe, who had lost the play-off to his eldest brother Ernest the previous year, succeeded him as champion and completed a rare (perhaps unique) record for a national championship. The trophy had now been won by all three of the Whitcombe brothers. (Charles had won in 1930).

In the days when there were few spectators and no cameras watching, caddies (the wrong sort) were in a position to influence the score or result of a match, with the hope of boosting their earnings. Some would carry a ball, to be dropped through a hole in the pocket when the time allowed for searching for a lost ball was nearly up. I remember in one tournament I drove into the rough and was on the point of returning to the tee, when my caddie found the ball lying in the open. I always marked my ball with the point of a tee-peg - and the ball was so marked, but there was no way, in my view, that it could have finished in that spot. After consulting my playing partner I played the ball, but the incident spoiled my concentration and I scored badly from then on. When I finished I told the caddie that he would not be required for the next round and reported the matter to the tournament secretary. No action was taken, but I was very wary of strange caddies after that.
Max Faulkner had an eccentric caddie known as 'Mad Mac', who wore a raincoat but no shirt. When asked to read a putt he used a pair of binoculars without lenses and was known to advise Max to "Hit this putt slightly straight, sir". On another occasion Faulkner's caddie consumed a bottle of brandy and collapsed by the side of the green. Max dragged him behind a gorse bush and left him to sleep it off.
Perhaps the strangest caddie of all was the one employed by Henry Cotton, when based at the Waterloo Golf Club in Brussels. Louis was Cotton's regular caddie and was always very reliable. He cycled to tournaments, sometimes as much as 70 miles away but was never late, so Henry was rather surprised one day when he failed to turn up and thought that something must have happened to him. "So it had", recounted Henry in his book *This Game of Golf*, "but not the sort of happening I had envisaged. It seemed he lived alone with his widowed mother and, following a row with her over some money and a girl he was going out with, who did not meet with approval at home, he had picked up an axe and killed his mother. He was sent to prison for life". It was quite a shock for Henry who regarded himself very lucky not to have got into an argument with him while he was carrying his clubs.
Another character to caddie for Cotton was Ernest Hargreaves, who carried for Henry and his wife Toots. He was a Yorkshireman who had been Walter Hagen's caddie in the 1929 Ryder Cup match at Moortown. He went on to carry the Haig's clubs when he won the Open that year at Muirfield and received a huge bonus when Walter handed him his winner's cheque for £75, something the Haig had famously done before when he became the first native born American champion in 1922. In those days some players would employ a 'forecaddie' to spot their ball and Hargreaves was to perform this duty for Henry in several Opens in the thirties. He became Henry's valet and butler and was to co-write a fascinating book about his experiences with his two remarkable employers called *Caddie in the Golden Age*. In it he told of the notebook he prepared for Hagen, with pictures of each hole including bunkers and distances from landmarks alongside the fairways. Walter was probably the first player to have a 'course planner', now available in almost all pro shops. Such aids were frowned upon in those days. Despite his laid-back attitude to golf, the Haig was meticulous in his preparation.

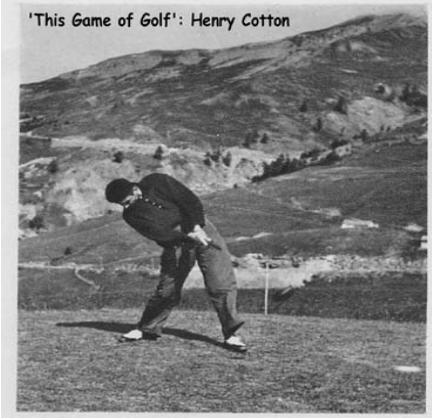
In the 'golden age' of the great liners there was much prestige for the Nation and the Lines if one of their ships held the 'Blue Riband' of the Atlantic for the fastest crossing. On August 31st *Queen Mary* docked at Southampton having regained the Riband for Cunard-White Star on her 6th Atlantic round-trip voyage with an average speed of 30.63 knots. Following her retirement many years ago, she has been permanently docked at Long Beach California as a floating Hotel and Conference Centre. What a pity that we could not find a berth for her, as we did for the retired Royal Yacht *Britannia*.

Joe Ezar was not on board the *Queen Mary* on that voyage. In that last week of August he was one of a small band of professionals who arrived in Sestrieres, the Italian winter resort 6000 feet up in the Alps not far from Turin. Also in the party were Henry Cotton, German Open champion Auguste Boyer and French Open winner Marcel Dallemagne. They were there to play in the *Italian Open*, which Cotton was to win, but it was the performance of Joe Ezar that has entered the record books. Joe was playing better than he had on previous visits to Europe and even beat the almost invincible Open Champion,



The beautiful mountain course at Sestrières, Italy, August, 1936. The snow still lingering on the Italian Alps. W. H. Jolly watches me playing a pitch to short hole

Alf Padgham, that year in a 36-hole match. Henry wrote of the 'amazing golfing occurrence' that I mentioned earlier, which happened during that championship. In *This Game of Golf,* he told of Joe's arrival at Sestrieres sporting a camel hair coat bound with leather, which he had bought in Berlin with prize money from the previous week's German Open. (Marks could not be exported at that time). Although the weather was fine and very warm Joe played part of the tournament wearing the coat like a cape. The Sestrieres course was quite short at around 6000 yards and Henry equalled the record of 67 twice on the first day and added a 68 to take a big lead, but it was the round that was to earn Joe Ezar second place, and a lot of lira, that made the news. He had already astonished the watching pros when he gave his trick-shot exhibition on the first evening, particularly the two putts he holed. He put down three balls on the 9th green, at least 20 ft from the cup, and announced that he would hole one ball in three shots. Henry Cotton described what happened next: "Well, we all knew this green and this particular putt down the hillside, so we nudged one another and said, 'what a hope!' Well, the third ball went in. 'What a fluke', said we. Joe went to the front of the green, put the balls down again, and announced, 'To hole the third ball'. The first ball was struck short, the second ball was wide and the third ball *was* in! This looked almost too deliberate to be a fluke, but there it was, two nominated performances, always difficult feats to attempt, particularly at golf, a game I know too well. Other spectators were equally amazed."



Ezar "doing his sixty-four," head glued down, feet flat, right shoulder well under—a curious position full of exaggerated right points

All present were impressed, particularly the president of the club, a non-golfer, and when he handed Joe his fee he said that it was a wonder that, with his skill, he did not break the course record. Joe replied: "How much would you give me if I do break the record?" "One thousand lira for a 66", said the president. "How much for a 65?" asked Joe." "Two thousand lire" was the reply. "And for a 64?", Joe enquired. "Four thousand lira," laughingly said the president. "Right, I'll do a 64," said Joe and, on a cigarette packet borrowed from the president, he wrote down the hole-by-hole scores totalling 64. In *This Game of Golf* Henry said that the president, Joe's partner and several spectators testified that he shot the score as nominated, even pitching in from around 50 yards at the 9th for a 3 to keep to schedule. Here, as you often find in accounts of incidents in golf, there is a contradiction. Under the *Curious Scoring* section in the Golfers Handbook it is stated that the predicted scores at the ninth and tenth holes were 3,4 and the actual scores were 4,3. Henry saw little of the round himself as he was out there scoring a 66 to take the title, but he did see Joe collect his 4000 lira from the president at the presentation dinner, when there was much debate about, in Henry's words, "one of the most amazing occurrences I have ever known in the game of golf." Was it a colossal fluke or a combination of skill and luck? The fact that Henry's two 67s and final 66 were the three other lowest by any of the players in the event makes Joe's round all the more extraordinary. As I said earlier, if he had taken golf more seriously his name may well have been in the major championship lists, not just a seldom noticed entry under *Curious Scoring.*

That year Arnold Bentley from Hesketh and Yorkshireman Tommy Thirsk represented England at the Berlin Olympics. The *Grosser Golfpreis der Nationen* (Great Golf Prize of Nations) was held in conjunction with the 1936 Games and Hitler donated a trophy in the form of a brass salver inlaid with amber stones. The Olympics were used by the Führer as a propaganda tool and he expected them to be an 'Aryan' triumph. Nazi uniforms dominated the pictures from the course at Baden-Baden where Germany and England had moved ahead of the other five competing nations. With the home side just three strokes ahead at lunch, Foreign Minister von Ribentropp rashly advised Hitler that a German

victory was assured and he should come to present his trophy. Thirsk, who had shot a course record 65 in the morning, did it again in the afternoon and England won the title by four strokes from France, with Germany relegated to third. Von Ribentropp dashed to intercept Hitler's car and the disgruntled Führer returned to Berlin. It was another blow to his pride to add to the exploits of the brilliant black American Jesse Owens. The previous year Owens, a 21-year-old student, had set three world records in one day at a meeting in Michigan: the long jump, 220 yards and 220 yards hurdles. When he won his fourth gold medal in Berlin Hitler had left the Stadium rather than acknowledge the victory of a black athlete.

A display at Hesketh Golf Club showing a picture of the 'Hitler Plate'

Following the death of King George V in January, the Prince of Wales had succeeded to the throne as Edward V111 and now, as the year drew to a close, a constitutional crisis hit the country and threatened the break-up of the Empire. It had been provoked by the prospect of the King's marriage with the American divorcee, Wallis Simpson. On December 11th in a radio broadcast he announced his abdication and prepared to sail into exile. Popular opinion was very much behind the King and there was a mood of sadness, not least amongst the golfing fraternity who had benefited from his patronage. Hitler regretted the King's demise as much as anyone. He had been counting on Royal influence in negotiations with the British government and Edward had been his personal guest during golf trips to Germany; the Olympic tournament would help to cement the relationship. It was decreed that Germany would become a golfing nation and the lucrative golf tourism market would be exploited. The number of golf clubs had already passed the fifty mark, the long-term aim being to add five-hundred more by 1960, but the policy was to be short-lived; When it was no longer useful to him Hitler took no further interest in the sport. The war was to set German golf back thirty years and less than half of the clubs existing in 1936 were to survive the destruction; the losses would not be regained until 1965.

Open Championship Qualifying at Hesketh G.C., 1998

The odd shaped tree in front of Hesketh's fine old clubhouse, known as the 'Hitler Tree', was part of the prize for winning the golf tournament at the 1936 Olympics brought to Hesketh by Arnold Bentley. The tree has survived despite having received a regular 'watering' by passing male members during the war years.

11. An Eventful Year

1937 was one of the most eventful years of the century - and in my golfing life. The season began in March at Royal Liverpool with the 36-hole *Liverpool and District Championship*. Bill Davies from neighbouring Wallasey shot a fine 67 in the last round to win the trophy by six shots from home pro, Jimmy Adams (Bill won that cup six times). My closing 75 left me three shots behind Jimmy in third place, the first of a series of disappointing finishes as the season progressed.
The following day the Grand National was run at nearby Aintree, where the new King and Queen watched 'Royal Mail' win, to the delight of the headline writers. The next morning's other headline told us that the great Harry Vardon had passed away at the age of 66, twenty-five years after he had cancelled his reservation on the maiden voyage of the *Titanic* due to illness. He had watched courses being 'humbled' by the power of the modern golf ball in the past few years. Players had gained 20-30 yards in length between 1933 and 1937 and some were now advocating that the power of the ball should be restricted, a proposal that Vardon had made a good thirty-five years earlier.
It was a year when there was much debate about issues concerning the rules and equipment. The R&A met to discuss the recommendation of the Rules of Golf Committee that the number of clubs carried be restricted to fourteen, as adopted by the USGA for implementation on January 1st, 1938. The motion failed, but it was irrelevant to me – I was still usually carrying twelve. The centre shafted 'Schenectady' putter was a great success in the USA, but it had been banned in Britain from around the time I was born and was to remain so for many more years. Shortly before the R&A at last relented in the early fifties I wrote in my newspaper column: "In the event of agreement being reached by the ruling bodies of the two countries, I see no reason why it should not be accepted but, in any event, I fail to see that a centre shafted putter will make putting any easier. I wish it did – I'd try one." I recalled the words of an old golfer: "It doesn't matter what it looks like-the garden rake or a frying pan-as long as it gets them in the hole" It's 'all in the mind', as they say, but I did use one myself when it became legal.
In 1937 there was also controversy concerning the Sarazen 'blaster', which was only now becoming widely available. Traditionalists pointed to the performance of skilled players like Lawson Little, who was reported to have played a bunker shot that had spun back two feet – on the second bounce! They argued that these 'super dreadnought' clubs did not conform to the 'spirit of the game' and should also be barred, but Gene's invention was saved for posterity. The question: 'Is technology ruining the game?' continues to appear in golf publications and the long ball debate still goes on today – there's not much that is new in golf!
Lawson Little wrote a column that was serialised in the *Liverpool Echo* and in May 1937 he was looking back to the early days with an interesting article about the way Harry Vardon and James Braid played from 'juicy grass' such as clover or wet rough. He revealed that they applied chalk to the face of the club in much the same way as a snooker player chalks his cue to prevent mis-cueing. The R&A outlawed that practise when they introduced Rule 4-2 (b) into the Rules of Golf.
Also in the *Echo* that month, the Liverpool Department Store-Blackler's, long since closed, advertised suits for 45/- to 57/6 (less than £3 in modern money). Shoes were 8/11d (about 45p)

In May came the terrible disaster in New Jersey where the German *Hindenburg* airship caught fire as it attempted to reach its moorings and thirty-five lives were lost. It was a huge blow to the prestige of Hitler's Third Reich and it sealed the fate of the airship, which had been seen as the future of long-distance air travel. The ship was to have taken passengers to London for the big event of 1937, the coronation of King George V1, the fourth of the five Monarchs to sit on the throne during my lifetime. I had seen his father celebrate his Silver Jubilee two years earlier; little did I know then that I would live to see his daughter reach her Golden Jubilee in 2002.
May had commenced with Sunderland, captained by Horatio (Raich) Carter, defeating Preston North End at Wembley to win their first FA Cup in front of a crowd numbering 93,000. It is interesting to compare the football scene at that time with the situation we see sixty-five years later. Sunderland had won the league title the previous season and were in their greatest period in the thirties, until their momentum was stopped by the war. Defeated finalists Preston were to win the Cup the following year, helped by a hard playing right-half named Bill Shankly, later to become famous as the very successful Liverpool Manager - and for saying that football was not a matter of life and death; It was more important than that!
The Premiership was then the First Division and, on Cup Final day, a full league programme took place, involving clubs then in the top flight who have since declined into the lower divisions, including Brentford, Grimsby - and Huddersfield Town, who had won a hat-trick of First Division championships

in the mid-twenties. Manchester City were league champions with 57 points, with Charlton second on 54 and Arsenal, winners of five titles in the thirties (including a hat-trick), third on 52. Their great rivals today, Manchester United, had not won the league since 1911. They were in a period of 'ups and downs'; promoted the previous year, they were second to bottom on 32 points and were relegated to the Second Division again, to join Newcastle, Spurs, Southampton and West Ham. The other member of 2003's 'Big 3', Chelsea, were in Division 1 throughout the thirties, but never higher than mid-table.

OUR CARTOONIST'S IMPRESSIONS at the Dunlop-Southport

The week after the Cup Final the *Dunlop Southport Tournament*, one of the richest events of its kind in the world at that time, began at Hesketh Golf Club. Joe Ezar's name was included on the entry list, but he 'missed the boat'. The newspapers reported that he "had not reached the country in time to play".

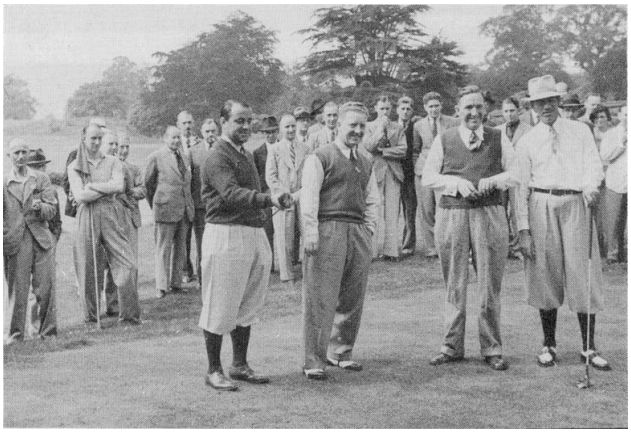
After the first qualifying round at Hesketh, played in a cold breeze and heavy sea mist, A.G.Matthews, the Roehampton pro (who had succeeded my brother George when he left for Malden), was leading with a 69. I had a 71 but, in the second round at Hillside GC, in the words of the Liverpool *Daily Post*, I "visited a number of hitherto undiscovered parts of the course" in my round of 76.

The tournament proper began in a gale and Abe Mitchell, aged 50 and still using his hickory-shafted clubs was the first round leader with a 71. "Steel does not act so well in the wind", he told reporters. I played uninspired golf for the first 13 holes and, as the *Times* put it: "fireworks were wanted" to keep me out of the ruck, "and fireworks there were", said the report, "for he finished in 4,3,3,3,4 to his manifest joy". My 73 put me in third place behind Mitchell and Dick Burton, but in the improved conditions of round two I had a 76, which left me well adrift.

My partner in round three, Birkenhead born Norman Sutton, had been an artisan member of my club West Cheshire, but was then attached to the Leigh Golf Club. He was a pro of some standing but, typical of those days, his job did not run to the extent of him affording a car and he had to be up at 6.30 am to make the journey from his home at Birkenhead in time to tee off at 8.50. Despite this he jumped into the lead with a 66 largely due to a hot putter. He had been an assistant to George Duncan at Wentworth and, like George, was a good footballer and played for his local team-Tranmere Rovers. He was watched by his brother Bill, who had won the English Amateur in 1929, when a member of the West Cheshire Artisan club, and was runner-up to L.G.Crawley in 1931and would be again in 1939 to Arnold Bentley, from the Hesketh club. Bill was now a member of Mere Golf Club where George Duncan was by then the professional. (At Southport George was using the putter he had used in winning the French and Irish Opens, which had been lost for ten years!) The previous year Bill had partnered George in an exhibition match at Mere against Gene Sarazen and another amateur from the club, Bert Shaw. Two decades later his brother Norman, then pro at Exeter, beat Gene to win the 1958 World Senior Professional Championship at Wallasey.


Gene Sarazen, Norman Sutton: Wallasey 1958

[To see 'artisan' against the name of a winner of prestigious amateur events was none too common. Bill Sutton was also a multiple winner of the Cheshire Championship, for the first time in 1926 and again in 1927, beating a Cheshire County team-mate, with an unforgettable name, Israel Sidebottom, in both finals. Norman Sutton followed his brother as champion in 1928. (James Braid junior, son of the great man, won in 1929 when a member at Ringway G.C.)]



Gene Sarazen, Bert Shaw, Bill Sutton, George Duncan: Mere 1936

A regular column in the *Liverpool Echo* at that time was Jack McLean's *Around and About – Home Links*, and that week he described Syd Easterbrook's "best" worst round at Hesketh. On a very hot afternoon Syd had told reporters that he did not want to play before going out to 'scramble' a 70 which the author described as "some of the worst golf – up to a point – he ever played", but on the greens he could do nothing wrong. During the round Syd picked up a stray tee peg and remarked to a lady marker: "I can't show you how to play golf but I can show you how to find tees". "I can find tees myself", she told him, "What I want to know is how to find greens." One of the handful of spectators shouted: "It's better to be born lucky than rich", when Syd holed a putt 'from here to hallelujah' on the 9th green. "Well I'll be born rich thank you, and risk it", said Syd. He told the *Echo* afterwards that he had tried unsuccessfully to escape the lure of competitive golf for three years. "Time and again I have said this is my last event", he told them. "I want to know why we continue to play the game", he went on, "The exasperation of the club player is no less hard to bear for the pro. I wonder at myself carrying on". I think that any club golfer who scored 70 when playing his 'worst' golf could easily answer that question, but Syd did in fact drop out of the game in later years and became landlord of a pub; declaring that he hated golf and interesting himself in greyhound racing.

The tournament was quite eventful. Alf Perry got an unusual birdie when he killed a starling on the wing at the 9th and Jack Hargreaves, the Fleetwood pro, lost his ball when a small dog seized it and fled, never to be seen again. (In 1951 Jack was to become the seventh player to be selected for the Ryder Cup but never get a game). My friend Gerry Bond, the pro at the West Lancashire Ladies Club (then separate from the Men's course), cut his tee shot at the 15th and it finished in the raincoat pocket of a Clerk in holy Orders-the local *Cerberus*, standing on a road. An official dropped the ball on the grass verge and Gerry, "doubtless feeling that the blessing of the church was with him", as the *Times* put it, chipped it dead for his par three.

The winner of the £315 first prize and a gold wristwatch was Dick Burton, who had been second in the two previous years. He had a final 68 for a total of 280, three ahead of Charles Whitcombe, who won the inaugural Vardon Trophy that year. He picked up £170 and also received a gold watch-his fourth at Southport, as did Formby's Harry Busson, who finished with a 66 to pip Norman Sutton to third place. There was no gold watch for me. I had my best round, a 70, but finished down the field on 292. The diminutive Irishman, Paddy Mahon was pleased with his sixth place money of £37.10s plus £10 for the lowest second round score of 66. "I am delighted to have got this bit of money out of Southport", he said, "I could not get any money in Ireland so I came over to England as the only place I could get any". It hardly seemed worth coming over for, but it was worth much more then of course - he could have bought 15 suits and 20 pairs of shoes at Blacklers before he went back.


The first Woman to play in a men's pro event
At The Southport-Dunlop Golf Tournament

Left, Bert Gadd, the West Cheshire pro., who did Hesketh in 71, with S. Fairweather (centre), whose round of 70 was the best morning effort; and Miss Poppy Wingate, the only lady professional in the competition.

In 2003 the World number one woman golfer Annika Sorenstam caused quite a stir when she played in a men's US PGA event. Sixty-five years earlier the papers had a picture of me alongside one of a Lady professional, Poppy Wingate, who played in that *Dunlop Southport* tournament. She had

made her debut in the 1933 *Yorkshire Evening News* tournament at Temple Newsam, Leeds, where she was assistant to the club's pro - her brother Syd, a good player who had several high finishes in the Open in the twenties and was = 5th in 1925. She was the first woman who ever played in men's professional events and was followed by a large crowd. Women were expected to dress conservatively on the golf course at that time and there had been a big 'hoo-ha' when trousers were worn for the first time at the 1933 *English Women's' Championship* by Gloria Minoprio who, incidentally, played with only one club-a long-shafted straight faced iron. In the same year the wearing of waterproof trousers in a Lady's event at Stoke Poges was frowned upon, but had been reluctantly accepted by the time of the 1935 *English Women's Championship* at Birkdale, played in foul weather. Nevertheless Poppy's outfit was still of great interest to the newspapers and they reported that "Miss Wingate was dressed in a grey skirt, grey jumper and matching shoes". (A pair of her shoes can be seen in the Golf Museum at St Andrews). With all the ballyhoo she did well to score 85. She was at a big disadvantage compared with the modern 'power players' in the Women's game, often needing three wood shots to reach the longer holes. Surprisingly, she was not the only woman to play in a men's tournament in those days and the papers reported that Meg Farquhar, assistant at Moray GC, played in the *Scottish Professional Championship* at Lossiemouth shortly afterwards. Some, including Archie Compston, who coached 19-year-old Pam Barton, winner in 1936 of the British and American Ladies Amateur Championships, were saying that it was only a matter of time before women were challenging for the Open. Almost seventy years later that prediction is still to be fulfilled, but it is now edging closer to reality.

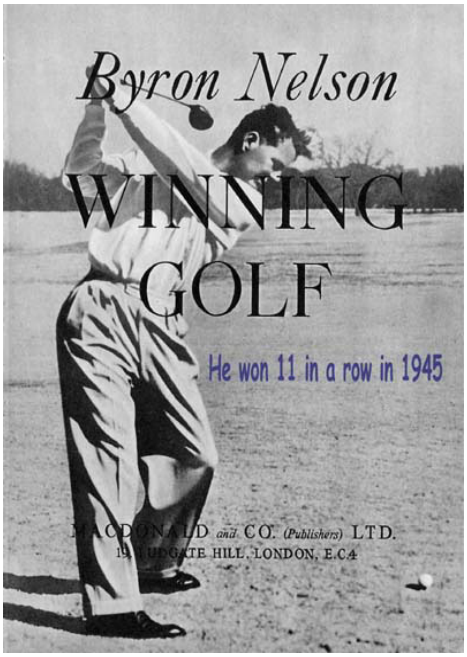
Later that month I won the *Dunlop Northern Tournament* at the City of Newcastle Golf Club at Three-Mile Bridge. My opening 70 took the lead and I held on with a final round 74 to pip Laurie Ayton (South Shields) by one, in wet conditions that would certainly cause abandonment today. Among those sloshing through the puddles was 6th placed Percy Alliss, who by then had succeeded Syd Wingate at Temple Newsham and my brother Charles, who finished with a 73 to take a share of 7th.
After that, as the season progressed, although I was hitting the ball well nothing seemed to happen. My scores were good enough to make the cuts but I was not getting into contention and my confidence was draining away.

Carnoustie was the venue for the 1937 Open and I well remember the long rail journey north from Liverpool Lime Street to Dundee, where I stayed in a boarding house recommended by a West Cheshire member. It was only the second time that the championship had been held on this huge links, which has earned a reputation as the toughest test on the championship rota. That year the course was at its full length, well over 7000 yards with extra bunkers strategically placed. It was no place to be when your confidence was reaching its nadir.
Just as in 1999 there were rumblings about the severity of the course and the press were saying that the Carnoustie authorities had declared war on the modern ball, modern clubs and the modern player's ability to drive terrific distances. The general opinion was that they had won the battle hands down and produced "the most heartbreaking course ever presented to an Open field". Worse still, as a public links in heavy use until a week or so before the championship, it was in poor condition.

Carnoustie's 13th with the hotel beyond. A background much changed since 1937

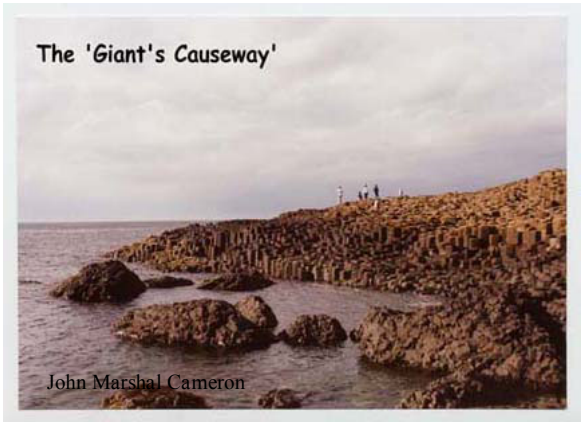
Certainly it was a course that did not appeal to me greatly, but Carnoustie seems to be an acquired taste and maybe I would have grown to love it – as so many others have.
The Scottish born American Tommy Armour, had won the first Carnoustie Open in 1931, finishing two shots ahead of third placed Percy Alliss - Percy's best finish in an Open. [Bert's brothers George, Charles and Jack played in 1931, but only Charles made the cut] The US contingent were hoping to emulate Armour and stop the British run and the entire American Ryder Cup team assembled, fresh from their 8-4 victory at Southport and Ainsdale. Walter Hagen, the US captain, hired a bus for the journey to Scotland, after which Denny Shute said: "We left no pub un-stoned on that ride". Two young team members who were making the news were Byron Nelson, that year's Masters champion, and Sam Snead, who was runner-up on his debut in the US Open at Oakland Hills, Michigan, the first of four second-place finishes in the only major he never won. One of the longest drivers in the game, he won a long-driving contest held that year in America with a distance of 307 yards.
The golfing press were describing the Americans who descended on Carnoustie as "the greatest golfing force which has ever come to this country --- a splendid spectacle of athletic youth". Nevertheless, there was a mood of optimism in the air for another home win, but the feeling was not shared by L.G.Crawley, who was staying with a group of friends, including Henry Cotton, in a Carnoustie boarding house. After a week's practice with the Americans and having watched them win the Ryder Cup for the first time on British soil, he was pessimistic. L.G. failed to qualify and Henry wrote that he "--- returned to London feeling very disappointed and anxious to get away from the sight of the inevitable American victory". In the practice rounds the British players were playing for six-penny 'accumulators' and when Cotton won 16 holes he took the princely sum of 8s 6d from his partners. In contrast the more affluent Americans were playing for one-pound stakes. The qualifying rounds took place on the Championship course and neighbouring Burnside, where Joe Kirkwood shot a course record 67. My form did not return and, although I managed to qualify, I remember that I was a regular visitor to the cross-bunkers in my rounds of 79, 75 for 154, which missed the cut by one shot.
The winding Barry burn threatens at several holes, particularly the 18th, where it is a good 20ft wide. Gene Sarazen, who was playing in his last pre-war Open and would not return until 15 years later, told a tale about the time that Open competitors at dinner struck bets on the possibility of jumping the burn and a famous amateur wagered heavily on himself, but he, and his dinner jacket, got a thorough soaking. He was not named but L.G. must be a prime suspect.
I decided to stay on to watch the final day's play and, despite myself being soaked by a torrential downpour, I am glad that I did. Some 4-5000 spectators braved the weather and, it is said, cleared every shop in the town of waterproofs. "It rained so hard", said Henry Longhurst, "that you could not hear the clatter of typewriters in the Press Tent". Play would undoubtedly have been suspended today and Bernard Darwin wrote that: "—if anybody had lodged a formal appeal against the conditions, I think it must have been upheld", but in those days most players had to be back at their clubs on the Saturday, so they toughed it out. (The 1936 Open had finished on Saturday due to weather delays and they would not want to annoy their members again). Fortunately the committee had the holes cut on high ground and an army of volunteers with squeegees were able to keep the greens playable – just. They - and we saturated spectators, were to be rewarded by one of the greatest rounds of golf that ever won a major championship.
Reg Whitcombe led after two rounds and retained his lead after his 74 in the first round of the final day. This gave him a total of 216, two shots ahead of his brother Charles, and Byron Nelson. A stroke further back was Henry Cotton and fellow Englishman; the US based Charles Lacey (brother of Ryder Cup player Arthur Lacey, who came sixth). In the final round Lacey finished with a fine 72 to be third on 293, while Charles Whitcombe fell away with a 76 and Nelson took 74 to be the leading American in fifth place. His prize was $187 – the trip had cost him $3000! It was little wonder that the leading Americans were reluctant to come over. Reg Whitcombe, who had been passed over for the Ryder Cup, matched his brother's 76 to finish second. His best years were now beginning and he would go on to greater things next year and to take the Vardon Trophy in 1939. Considering the horrendous weather conditions the golf was of a high quality, but the best was yet to come. Henry Cotton, playing some distance behind the others, produced some of the finest golf I ever witnessed. Henry was always well prepared for any conditions, with his caddie, Butler and forecaddie Hargreaves doing everything possible to ease his passage – at times they even had a hot water bottle suspended inside the brolly to keep his hands warm.
His redoubtable wife to be, 'Toots', walked at his side as always encouraging him and willing him to win. He improved each round by one - 74,73,72,71 - en route to a total of 290 and a two-shot victory. His final 18 included just 26 putts and contained nothing more than a five. The crowd surged onto the eighteenth green and sang 'For he's a jolly good fellow'. I had been fortunate to be there to witness

one of golf's greatest ever rounds - "possibly the best round I ever saw", wrote Longhurst. A 'humble' congratulatory telegram arrived from L.G.Crawley in London, much appreciated by Henry. The following year I was to see another vintage Cotton performance at closer quarters.
With British players taking the first four places, the much-vaunted Americans had not enjoyed Carnoustie or the Scottish weather and their mood was not improved when Henry Cotton went on to defeat the nominee of the US Ryder Cup team, Denny Shute, 6&5 in a £500 challenge match for the unofficial World Matchplay Championship at Walton Heath. Cotton was 4 under 4's when the match ended and Bernard Darwin wrote: "Such a score at Walton Heath, stretched to the back of beyond and measuring over 7000 yards, is beyond argument". He went on: "In every single part of the game he was yesterday as near as might be the ideal golfer and he finally polished off his opponent with an avalanche of long putts…." As a result of this performance the U.S.Press gave Henry their 'Golfer of the Year' award.



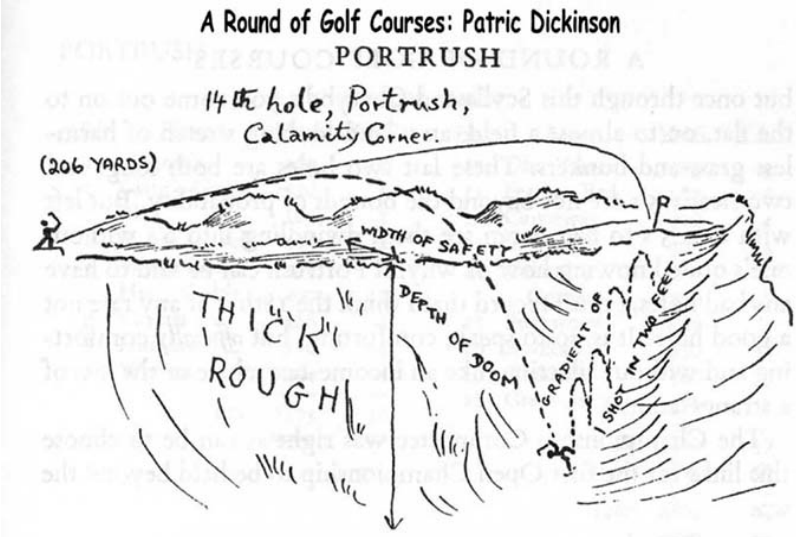
On their return home some of the US Ryder Cup team members spoke of gamesmanship and poor crowd behaviour at Carnoustie and Southport & Ainsdale, although no complaints had been voiced at the time. Byron Nelson, ever the gentleman, was not one of them and in 2002 the ninety-year-old, replying to a letter from the S&A club in connection with their centenary preparations, said that the match was played with friendly rivalry and had helped to build his confidence in the game. Nelson and Ed Dudley had been described as 'Lambs to the slaughter' when drawn to play Open Champion, Alf Padgham and Henry Cotton. After they defeated the British pair 4&2 the headline was **'LAMBS BITE BUTCHERS'**. One of Nelson's abiding memories was of the US teams' wives huddled outside the men only S&A clubhouse on the cold and windy final day, until the Lord Mayor's wife ushered them inside and warmed them up with 'old port wine'. Byron Nelson set a record in 1945 that even Tiger will surely never break. He won eleven consecutive tournaments in America; that year he earned $52,000, in 'War Bonds' and was able to retire to his ranch a couple of years later at the age of 34.

There had been rumours circulating that the 1937 Ryder Cup match had not been a financial success and could be the last. Commander R.C.T.Roe, the PGA secretary and team manager since 1935, issued a denial and revealed that a cheque for £2535 was on the way from Southport Corporation and the match receipts had broken all records. There was plenty of money in the PGA coffers to send the team to the USA for the 1939 match which, given the feelings of some Americans, was likely to have been a very keenly contested affair. In the event there was to be a ten-year cooling off period before the teams met again in 1947.

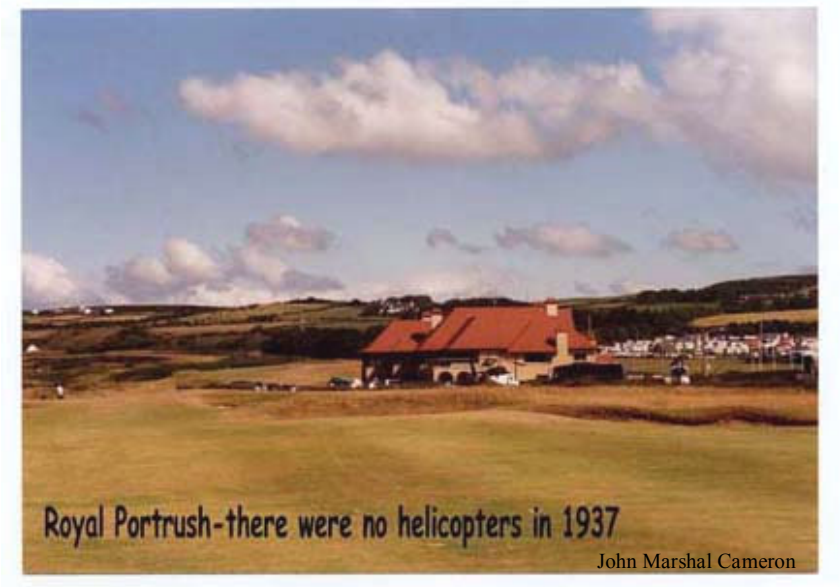


Shortly after I returned from Carnoustie my wife and I headed for the Irish Open, which we treated as a short holiday break. We were both very fond of Ireland where we received the most wonderful hospitality. I must confess to some misgivings after the Carnoustie experience, but Paddy, always optimistic and supportive, said, "Maybe this is the one that will turn it around". ---- Prophetic!
The championship that year was at the magnificent Dunluce links at Royal Portrush, near the Giant's Causeway in Antrim. The links was re-designed by Harry Colt in 1932 and it is said that he looked upon it as his masterpiece. The many curving fairways put a premium on accuracy, with deep rough waiting if you bite too much off the corners.
The first Irish Open champion, 'galloping' George Duncan, was in the field, now in his mid fifties but playing as quickly as ever. I recall an amusing exchange I had with an Irish amateur known as 'Bunny'

on the day before the championship. He was a good player, very 'laid back' and usually ambled around the course, so I was surprised when I saw him dashing across to the tee. When I asked him "why the hurry?" he explained that he had been drawn with George Duncan and was "having a practice run".



Some of the Irish boys I knew had fixed up a caddie for me and told me: "Give him a couple of rounds to get your strength, then take the club he gives you. He is a five handicap player and knows the course inside out". Well, we did make a good team and the only time we crossed swords over club selection we were both wrong – it was the one in between. At first there was little sign that this tournament would be different. Again I was hitting the ball well enough and made the cut with a few shots to spare at 144. I followed this with a 71 on the Friday morning, which lifted me into the top dozen. In the afternoon's final round a front nine of 37, completed with a three-putt five, seemed to have spoiled my chance of a high finish, but golf is ever an unpredictable game. The back nine started with four routine fours, but at the 14th things started to happen. 'Calamity Corner' is one of the most famous short holes in Ireland and never was a hole more aptly named, indeed the golf writer Patric Dickinson described it as a "tactful understatement" in his book *A round of Golf Courses*. Every aspect invites disaster and the prevailing wind does not help. A shallow rough filled valley stretches from the tee cutting across just a few yards in front of the putting surface and sloping severely away to the right into 'the mine', a deep ravine fifty feet below the green. In those days the rough on the left was waist high almost to the edge of the green, making the entrance to the green very narrow. I hit what was probably one of my best ever three irons to this 'target' green, finishing about eight feet from the pin. – and holed the putt. I was now back in the running and fours at 15 and 16 set me up for a good finish.



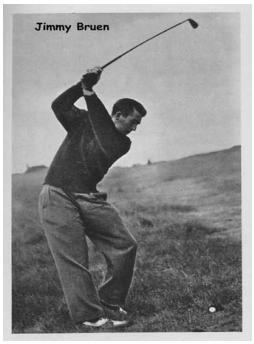
A modern clubhouse now dominates the Portrush scene and the heli - copters parked by it were not yet off the drawing board back in 1937

My caddie knew what scores were in and there was some banter on the 17th tee when I asked what I needed on the last two holes, both par-5s in those days, to win the trophy and he told me that two threes would probably do it. More realistically he felt that a top five spot was on the cards if I could birdie them both. The 17th was then some 530 yards long and I took a two iron for my second, (my favourite club,

along with the spade-mashie), putting the ball six yards from the pin and then holed the putt for an eagle. My wife was sitting at the back of the green, when another woman spectator walked straight across her legs. "I'm so sorry", she said, "you must excuse me, but I'm just as excited as you". Paddy wasn't excited; she was so tense that she was speechless. I was now in a position to tie the lead with a birdie at the last hole. The 18th has now gone after a further re-design and the course ends with a par-4, but we played a hole of around 460 yards, all up-hill. My four-iron second shot finished some nine feet from the flag and I knew just how critical this putt could be. It was then that I had one of those rare experiences in golf, when you know it is going in as soon as it leaves the putter. Down it went and I was back in 32. Paddy could not bear to watch and I could not find her at first, until I spotted her and called "Hadn't you better come out of there". She was standing in the middle of a greenside bunker. Spectating can be a bit hard on the nervous system!
Max Faulkner, who was to win the Open at Portrush fourteen years later, had a chance to tie my score but he charged his long putt and then missed the return to drop to third place. When we met Max would remind me that I did him out of thirty quid – *on his 21st birthday*, but the man who had really suffered from my two-eagle finish was Jimmy Adams (Royal Liverpool), beaten by one shot to be second yet again. He always seemed to find someone who pipped him to the top prize, but he was very gracious in defeat. At the presentation he said: "Anyone who finishes with two eagles at Portrush deserves the Irish Open - and the freedom of Ireland too!"

The Honours Board at Royal Portrush G.C.

I am in good company here. The famous names include Max Faulkner, Joe Carr, Harry Bradshaw, John Burke, Charles Whitcombe and some of the greatest women golfers: Pam Barton, Jesse Valentine and the lady who Bobby Jones said had the best swing of any player, man or woman, he ever saw: Joyce Wethered



My closing 69, the only score under 70, won me the first prize of £150. It was the most I ever won. The 2003 champion, Michael Campbell, was £200,000 richer when he returned to New Zealand. There were four Wirral professionals in the first five– Jimmy Adams, in 2nd place, Bill Davies of Wallasey was 4th on 288 and the Hooton pro, Dick Burton, was a shot further back in 5th spot. Then came the 17-year-old Irish Native Amateur champion, Jimmy Bruen on 292. The big hitting young Irishman had an unorthodox swing with a flying right elbow, if anything more exaggerated than his compatriot Eamonn Darcy. Despite suffering from tonsillitis he shot a final round 71 to break his own amateur course record, established that morning. It was a taste of things to come from this brilliant young talent.

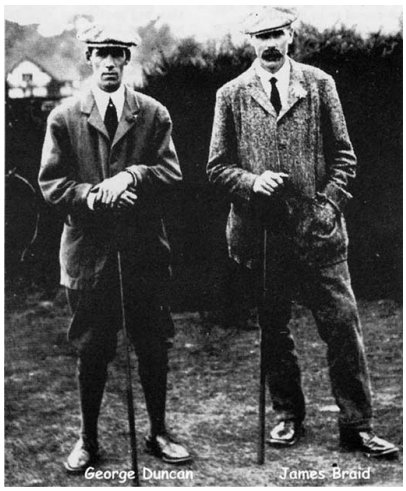
Bert Gadd Collection

Bert and Paddy in Ireland 1937

The following day I played in an exhibition match in aid of the Irish Golf Union at Belvoir Park in Belfast. The club presented my wife with some Irish linen and I received an Irish Blackthorn walking stick. I will always treasure that memento of some of my happiest times on the golf course. When we arrived at Belfast harbour a big crowd had assembled to see us off and I was greeted with a terrific cry of "Hi champ". When I got home my four-year old son greeted me with the same cry and he has always greeted me that way. He is a pensioner now and still does it. Still a nice feeling!

I returned to West Cheshire to a similar welcome and gave most of my clubs away. One young member, Gerry Chester, received my George Nicholl 4-iron and my putter. He said that the magic seemed to have rubbed off on him, especially the putter and his handicap quickly came down. I was soon to regret my generosity when I lost my putting touch and I pleaded with the young man's Dad, a good friend of mine, to return the club to me. He told me that his son was so attached to the club that it would take something special to persuade him to part with it. A few days later the lucky young man found a new set of clubs in his locker. He was delighted but recalled later that, even when he was playing off scratch after the war, he never putted so well as in those pre-war days.

In August I was runner-up to Percy Alliss in the *Northern Professional Championship* and to the young Scot Johnny Fallon of Huddersfield, for the *Leeds Cup* - in the same tournament at Mere. In those days events were combined and this was a three-in-one tournament in which the leader after the first two rounds was the winner of the Leeds Cup, the four round leader took the Northern Professional title and the championship was also a qualifier for the PGA *News of the World* Match-play championship. Johnny pipped me for the Leeds Cup by one and, going into the last round I was four ahead of Percy, but I finished badly for a 75 and Percy holed some good putts to beat me to the Northern Pro Championship by two and retain the title he had won at Heysham the previous year.
Percy had been suffering from his putting malaise in the earlier rounds and the *Manchester Evening News* golf correspondent, Fred Tomlinson, questioned him about his habit of leaving his putts short on line. Percy told him how frustrated he was about this when a slightly stronger blow would yield more birdies, but he preferred that to a bold putt going three feet past. Tomlinson commented that Percy did not realise how exasperating it was to his friends to see him close to the pin with great iron shots and unable to finish them off. I think I was the exasperated one after that championship – to come second in a tournament is always a frustration but to be twice runner up - *in the same event* – is doubly so.



Courtesy of Mere Golf & Country Club

Mere in Cheshire, a lovely parkland layout known as the Wentworth of the North, was only two years old and this event was the first professional tournament staged by the club. James Braid had designed the course, with assistance from his friend George Duncan, the club's professional from its formation in 1934 until he retired in 1961. George was still 'galloping' around Mere in two and half-hours or less when in his sixties. Braid and Duncan teamed up again for the official opening in May 1935 to play Open champion Henry Cotton and Jack Busson of Pannal, holder of the *News of the World Matchplay*, *Yorkshire Professional* and *Leeds Cup* titles. Cotton and Busson won 3 and 1.
Mere has invested heavily on course maintenance over the years and that week the *Manchester Evening News* wrote about the club 'cooking the weeds'. The soil used for top dressing the greens was treated using apparatus consisting of an old steam engine and pipes through which steam was passed to receptacles containing the top soil - "So greenkeepers can tell when the soil is done to a turn and all the weeds are destroyed", they explained, "they put a potato in the soil and, when it is cooked the soil is sterilised, preventing thousands of weeds being scattered on the greens". Good old-fashioned greenkeeping!

The *News of the World* tournament was at the magnificent Stoke Poges (now Stoke Park), with its splendid James Wyatt designed *Palladian* mansion clubhouse described by Darwin as: "A dazzling vision of white stone". On the Harry Colt designed course I played against two brothers and an uncle and nephew. In the first round I beat John Burton of Hillside and defeated his brother Dick in the second round. I then accounted for Eddie Whitcombe in the third round, before losing to his Uncle Reg in the quarterfinals.

STOKE PARK
John Marshal Cameron

The three other Wirral professionals who finished just behind me in the Irish Open - Wallasey professional Bill Davies, Dick Burton of Hooton (the club that once lay on land now partly occupied by my present club-Ellesmere Port) and Jimmy Adams, then at Royal Liverpool, were my regular travelling companions at that time. Jimmy was a jovial character with a ready smile and when Bill drove us he often ribbed him about his driving. "Take your foot off the brake", he would tell him, although his normal speed of 55/60 mph was quite fast in those days. When Jimmy reached the *News of the World* final against Percy Alliss, Dick and I each sent him a telegram saying: –

TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF THE BRAKE.

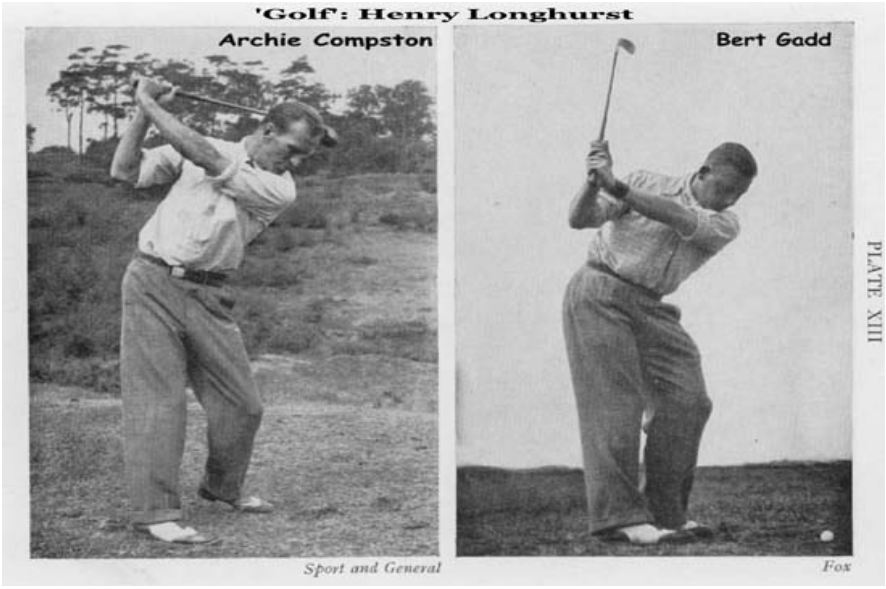
We did this quite independently and were completely unaware of each other's intentions. The advice did not help him and he lost the match. He was known as the champion runner-up in those days.

Jimmy Adams

Maybe better advice for Jimmy would have been to put the brake on his swing. Long backswings were common then but Adams was double-jointed and his was longer than most, as long as John Daly's is now, although Jimmy was not so long off the tee as Daly is; the equipment did not provide such great assistance as it does now of course. Like Daly, Jimmy was on the 'chubby' side but could take his left arm back beyond his head and still keep it straight. Jimmy thought that he could keep the club swinging that way "If I try to curtail it, I feel that I am swinging in two pieces", he said, "But the average golfer would be better off with a shorter swing than mine". How true that was. You need remarkable flexibility to swing the club like Adams and Daly. As Henry Longhurst, put it in his inimitable style: "If some of us were forced into such a position by a complicated system of pulleys, joints would be cracking all over the place and we should be in the infirmary!"

I played with Henry Longhurst in the inaugural Addington Foursomes in 1933, when Jack Mitchley was unable to make the trip. I had a successful partnership with Jack at that time and many felt that we had a good chance, but I had drawn a good substitute in Henry, who was a talented player and was to win the German Amateur in 1936. He loved the Addington and considered it to be the finest inland course in Britain. We were three down with three to go against Tom Pierpoint (Prestbury) and F.McGloin from West Kent, but the Times reported that we saved our bacon with "spectacular heroism", eventually losing at the 21st. In 1937 I was to have the honour of being chosen to illustrate the golf swing in Henry's book, simply titled *Golf*, which sold for 6 shillings. In his words the book was an attempt "to dissect the methods of the masters for the benefit of the everyday golfer, to weed out their idiosyncrasies and extract the elementary basic principles to which they all conform". The book caused a furore at the time because, as an amateur, he was not supposed to gain financially from anything to do with a sport played solely for enjoyment. The R & A chose to turn a blind eye and eventually bestowed honorary membership upon him.

Amongst the famous golfers featured in the book were Harry Vardon, Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, Henry Cotton, Alf Padgham, Alf Perry and. Jimmy Adams. He chose to compare a picture of my back-swing position with one of Archie Compston "---A position worth practising in front of a mirror", he wrote. There was another aspect of the swing that Archie and I had in common, which appeared in newspaper extracts from a short book written by Archie and Henry at that time. Henry asked Archie to name the main fault that prevented handicap golfers from progressing. He said that the most important factor was control of the club by the left hand and arm, which form the radius of your swing and the arm should remain straight *at and through the ball*. It was this, more than anything else, that most of his pupils did not do. This corresponded with my own view and it formed the basis of my teaching.



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Archibald Edward Wones Compston was a very tall striking man and one of the outstanding personalities of our era. He is most famous for his defeat of Walter Hagen by 18 & 17 in 1928, in a £500 72-hole challenge match at Moor Park. Two weeks later Hagen won his third Open at Sandwich by two shots from Sarazen and Archie was third a further shot adrift. Like Hagen he was fond of a wager and, when pro at Coombe Hill, was reckoned to make around a couple of thousand a year from betting on his own matches. The typical stake was £50 for which he would play anyone off handicap and giving them a two-hole start. In the winter of 1931 Henry Longhurst, then Captain of Cambridge University, took a team to play the Coombe Hill club. After the match Archie told them in his typically blunt manner that they were "just a bunch of lousy *goffers*", "I could beat any three of you", he said. Henry and two of the undergraduates thought they were on to a good thing and placed heavy bets on their better ball. Archie accepted, but insisted on playing off the very back tees. In winter conditions six holes were out of range in regulation for the amateurs, but not for the big hitting pro, who shot 68 and won on the last green. The result came under the heading of "Learning the lessons of life the hard way", wrote Longhurst, who had to sell his car to settle his percentage of the wager.

Archie also won a famous match against the Inland Revenue, who took him to court when he refused to pay tax on his income from betting. His argument was that it was his own money and they would not

pay him if he lost. The judge found in his favour, ruling that his winnings did not arise from his employment or vocation. The Revenue appealed but Archie won again and was awarded costs.
There was one opponent who used to wind Archie up, that little character Tommy Barber from Derbyshire, who had beaten Henry Cotton and me in 1932. Tommy played David to Archie's Goliath and the tricky lightweight invariably got the better of the bigger, stronger man. Golf is a great leveller!
Archie came close to winning the Open twice in the twenties – in the 1928 championship mentioned above, after he had gone 'freelance' and earlier, when he was based at the North Manchester club, he was second by a shot to British born American, Jim Barnes, at Prestwick in 1925. He was again up there when I went to watch the 1930 Hoylake Open. A brilliant course record 68 (the first time that 70 had been broken in a Hoylake Open) made up six shots on Bobby Jones and sent him into the last round with a one-stroke lead, but a string of disasters followed in the afternoon round adding up to 82 strokes, which left him six strokes adrift. It left its mark and he never came close again.
Archie taught the un-crowned King Edward V111 and he often travelled with him to tournaments when he was Prince of Wales. I remember the Prince coming to the annual tournament at Roehampton, while I was there; it would have been 1926, the year he was Captain of the R&A. When someone withdrew at the last minute I was roped in and I saw him watching as I teed off – quite an ordeal for a 17-year-old.
When in the company of his fellow pros, Archie referred to the future King as Teddy and, although I never heard him use that name to his face, he was sufficiently familiar with the Prince to borrow his car on occasions. During a tournament at Little Aston I recall that Archie borrowed the Royal motor - and chauffeur - to nip over to Penn, where his Mother lived.
When Edward and his friends were holidaying, usually in the South of France, Archie would often be invited to play with them. It was not just a matter of hopping on a plane in those days and in 1932 the papers reported 'Compston's Hustle' to make an appointment with the Prince. Archie was playing in the Irish Open at Little Island, Cork and on completion of the final round he walked straight from the green to a waiting car and was whisked to Cork Station "still attired in his golfing tweeds". Friends took his 'civvies' to the station so that he could change en-route to Rosslare, where he boarded a ferry and rushed on to London to catch a plane.
In the summer of 1936, a few months after Edward succeeded to the throne, he embarked on a Mediterranean cruise with Wallis Simpson and a party of friends, including Archie. It must have been a 'memorable' voyage with Archie on board. He was a great talker who knew a little bit about everything, but he was no diplomat and would swear like a trouper in any company. From a tee on the deck some 3000 balls were struck into the Mediterranean. Archie was to finish his days at the Mid-Ocean G.C. in Bermuda where he continued to be as forthright with his American customers as he had been at home. When he died in 1962 a shrine was erected and the ex King, now Duke of Windsor, wrote to the Governor of Bermuda, enclosing his contribution: "Archie was indeed a good and valued friend of mine as well as a very great player and golf doctor. I would not like my name to be absent from the list of subscribers".
As Prince Edward the Duke he had been a great patron of golf and enjoyed playing with the top pros such as Hagen and Sarazen. Walter was even more 'familiar' with Royalty than Archie and, was once heard to address the Prince in a loud voice: 'Hey, Eddie, hold the flag while I putt will you?', although the Haig was to claim that he had jokingly addressed the Prince as 'Caddie' and had been misheard. Gene told of their round at Sandwich before the 1928 Open, when the Prince invited Walter and Gene and his partner "Duke so and so" into the clubhouse, where pros were not allowed to go of course. When a waiter started whispering in the Prince's ear Gene recalled he "busted out – 'You ought to stop this nonsense or I'll take the Royal out of Royal St George's'. From then on the doors were open", said Gene. They may have been for the American professionals when the Prince was around but we never benefited from his influence. It was well into the post war period before British pros had free access.

Going back to that summer of 1937, another memory is of the official opening of a new pitch and putt course at New Brighton near to Birkenhead, after which I was to play a match against Joe McLachlan (the pro from the local Municipal course who was seldom seen without a cigarette and was known as Smoky Joe). I was asked if I could be at the venue half an hour before the ceremony to meet the Council official who was to play the opening shot. He told me that he had never handled a golf club before and asked if I would show him how to hold it and give him a short lesson. We found a quiet corner and I went through the basics of grip, stance, etc., then got him to try a few swings - there was no space to hit a ball, which was probably as well. Off we went to the first tee for the opening shot and he set up as I had told him, but the shot exceeded all expectations. He was either a fast learner or had beginners luck, but the result was spectacular. Quite a decent swing and a lot of energy produced a contact which sent the ball rising over the green 80 yards away, then several rows of parked cars before landing at the far side of the car park, some 70 yards beyond the green. Amidst the roar of laughter

from the spectators, the official confided to me: "I don't know whether I should declare it open or closed". After the opening fireworks the match afterwards was something of an anti-climax.

I was fifth in the *News Chronicle* tournament, played at East Brighton, a lovely downland course near to Roedean School. It was there that I shot my lowest round in a top line event, a 64 in the first round setting the course record, for which I received a gold watch made in the shape of half a golf ball. I had only 29 putts, despite three putting twice and missing a few from inside six feet. The record equalled the lowest score in a *First Class* British event set by Reg Whitcombe in the *Dunlop Southport* at Hesketh in 1934, but it only lasted for 20 minutes as Sam King came in with a 63, which was only the third recorded in tournament play at that time. (Reg Whitcombe was the first to do it in the West of England Pro Championship at Parkstone in1933 and Percy Alliss shot a 63 in the 1935 Italian Open). Sam King was another of the few survivors from those days who made it into the twenty-first century. He passed away in February 2003 at the age of 91. He was a great character, fond of fishing and bird watching. At the 1935 Open at Muirfield he went out on a bird watching expedition to the Bass Rock and I remember him having to make a hasty return to get onto the tee in time. Sam would pick up any club he fancied and put it in his bag, often ending up with five or six different models. We were not sponsored by golf club makers in those days; golf ball companies and shaft manufacturers were the principal sponsors.
The 6450-yard East Brighton course was the scene of much low scoring in the ideal conditions prevailing that week. The ground was baked hard and running so fast that the downhill 400 yard par-4 18th was almost in range. Max Faulkner, who also had a 64 in the first round, won £15 and my 5th place was worth £25. The £200 first prize (double that received by Cotton at Carnoustie) went to 47-years-old Ernest Whitcombe, who finished with another 64 to set the record aggregate score for a British PGA event of 268 (67,65,72,64) and beat his son Eddie, who had set a record aggregate of 200 for three rounds.

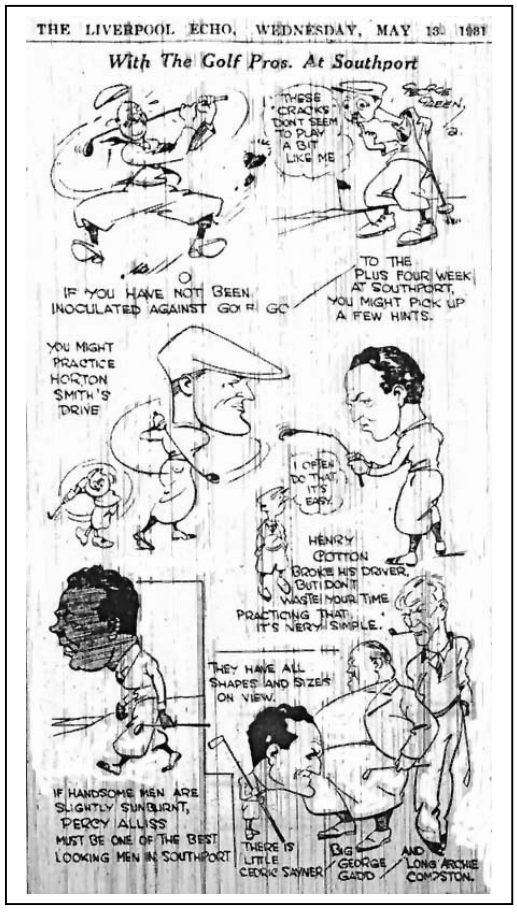
The English Amateur Championship that year was at the superb Saunton club in North Devon, a venue that is worthy of an Open, but sadly does not meet all the criteria required by the R&A to stage the big event. This would be the last championship at Saunton before the area was commandeered as a 'battle school' during the war and the club would be closed for over a decade. The finalists were two Walker Cup players, J.J.F.Pennink of Royal Ashdown Forest and L.G.Crawley from my old club Brancepeth Castle. Strangely the experienced L.G., champion in 1931 and playing in his third final, was extremely nervous and had not slept the night before. As a result he played well below his best, even missing an eighteen-inch putt at the first in the afternoon round. Pennink won by 6 & 5 and went on to successfully defend the title the following year at Moortown, the year that he was a member of our winning Walker Cup team.
Frank Pennink was to join a firm of course architects in the 1950's and one of his best-known designs was the Saunton West Course.

In 1937 a four man South African amateur team, including the young Bobby Locke, was touring Britain playing matches against teams selected by various golf clubs. In the match at Sunningdale L.G. defeated Locke by 3&2.

As Paddy had predicted the Irish Open was a turning point and 1937 turned out to be a very good year – my *annus mirabilis.* My winnings totalled about £400 - I had never earned more than around £250/300 up to then; I wouldn't get much change if I spent it on the latest driver now. I finished in the top twelve of the Professional averages for the year, which also qualified me for the *Penfold League* Tournament of 1938. Sadly I had left it too late to attract the attention of the Ryder Cup selectors that year and would have to wait another two years for a chance to fulfil my greatest ambition.

12. The Storm Clouds Gather

Having commenced live transmission of football the previous year, in 1938 BBC television covered golf for the first time, in a general sports feature from my old club – Roehampton, but coverage of tournaments was still some way off. [In April Bert and Dick Burton beat Jimmy Adams and Bill Davies 5&4 in a 36-hole exhibition match at West Cheshire]. The season opened in May with heavy rain and a cold northeasterly gale testing the competitors in a qualifying round for the *Dunlop Southport Tournament* at Hesketh. I was having a bad driving day and this was most likely the scene of the other cartoons I was featured in, which I mentioned earlier. I was usually pretty accurate off the tee, but on this occasion I was spraying them to all points of the compass and on one hole I hit a particularly wild one and was lucky to find the ball, but was so far off line that I couldn't see the green. I had nearly reached the club access road, which is noted for its fine old lampposts, and I shinned up one of these to get a sight of the green before playing my shot. Afterwards the usual inquests were taking place over a drink and I remarked that I had been hitting my drives into the next county and joked with my companions about climbing the lamppost. Unknown to us a cartoonist from one of the local papers overheard our conversation and the next day I was depicted at the top of the lamppost wearing a sailor hat and peering through a telescope. In another cartoon I was seen in an asparagus field at nearby Formby, on the edge of which was a finger post pointing to Southport. I was consulting a guidebook of Southport and the caption read: "Well I know it's about here somewhere". You never know who's listening do you! I didn't keep a copy at the time and neither cartoon has been traced, but we did find an amusing one depicting my brother George and some other 'characters' of the day, playing in the Tournament in 1931, probably by the same cartoonist. (Maybe the ones I was in will turn up someday). I had a 78 and fared even worse at Southport and Ainsdale. Needless to say I did not qualify. The champion in 1931 and 1932 was not there in 1938. Henry Cotton had decided that 36-hole qualifying was a waste of time and effort and he declined the invitation to play, preferring to attend the Walker Cup trials at St Andrews. "It is really a waste of time coming here qualifying", he told reporters, adding that it was two good rounds thrown away and pointing out that it didn't happen in America. "If I win the Open this year I very much doubt if I will ever play in a tournament in which there are qualifying rounds again", said Henry. He didn't win at Sandwich, but it was not for the want of trying, as you will hear.



Percy Alliss arrived at Hesketh to discover that he should have been at Southport and Ainsdale. He jumped back into his car and raced to the other side of Southport, arriving on the tee with minutes to spare. It is just as well that the speed cameras now on that road were not there back then. Not surprisingly Percy started with a bogie but settled down to score 74, which was only two shots behind the leader Alf Bignall, the pro from nearby Ormskirk. The defending champion, Alf Padgham, had driven the green at the 363 yard third and was obviously putting

Bert Gadd playing on a wet day in 1938 – a season remembered for its extreme weather conditions (Photograph from the Bert Gadd Collection)

too much strain on his driver shaft. The shaft snapped on the 11th tee and the clubhead swung round and hit him on the back of the head. He was temporarily stunned, but was able to continue using a spare driver he had in his bag as a precaution. He was probably anticipating the event as a number of such breakages were taking place at that time involving clubs with the new 'Limber' shaft. This was an experimental True Temper design, which was very whippy and had very little thickness under the grip. (Shaft breakages were fairly common in the thirties. Henry Cotton broke a shaft on his way to winning the Dunlop Southport in 1931-see the *Echo* cartoon)

Poppy Wingate entered again, but scratched and women were seldom to be seen in men's tournaments in Britain again until they began to appear in local PGA events in recent years, but there was a PGA tournament that, for one year, was a mixed foursomes event – the 1950 *Penfold Tournament*. 36-hole medal qualifying took place at Little Aston and Sutton Coldfield, after which the top 32 professionals and Ladies went into a draw. The strong pairing of Henry Cotton and Miss Jeanne Bisgood, the Curtis Cup player from Parkstone, went out in the first round. In the final Sam King and Miss A.Barrett played Norman Sutton and The Hon Mrs Adrian (Joan) Gee from the Chevin club, fifteen times the Derbyshire champion and winner of that year's English Women's championship. With the aid of two stymies laid by the pro the winners by one hole were, as one record book put it, "Norman Sutton - and **a certain Mrs Gee**"!

The winner of that 1938 *Dunlop Southport Tournament* was Don Curtis from Queen's Park, Bournemouth, a big hitter who had won the long driving championship at the 1923 Open with a distance of 278 yards, a very long drive with the equipment they were using then. (Long driving contests were a feature of the Championship in those days).

Henry Cotton & Harry Bentley (Courtesy of Derek Holden)

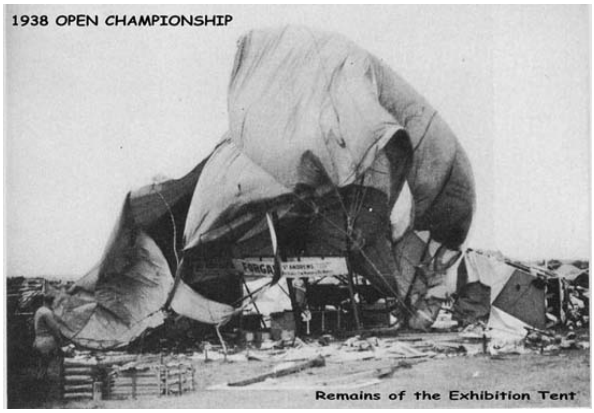
The day after the tournament finished Hesketh officially opened six new holes to replace the six lost due to expiry of a lease and Percy Alliss joined Formby pro Harry Busson, brother of Jack from Pannal, in a match with two local amateurs, Arnold Bentley and Sam Robinson. Open Champion Henry Cotton and the other Bentley brother Harry, a member of the Walker Cup team, played the new course on their return from St Andrews. That October the club announced that the Dunlop Southport could not be held at Hesketh, at least until the course had settled down. When Birkdale also withdrew for 1939, leaving only Hillside, the event was cancelled. They were not to know that tournament golf in Britain would be suspended the following year and that the tournament would not take place for the next seven years.

Harry Bentley was one of a group of prominent amateurs, including Henry Longhurst, who travelled around the continent in the thirties on a golfing 'Grand Tour' with the redoubtable 'General' Critchley, who entertained them royally in his famous 'caravan'. The group won many of the national championships between them and that year Critchley beat Bentley to take the Belgian Amateur and also won the Dutch. Bentley successfully defended the German Amateur title for his third victory in the event and was to complete his hat trick the following year in the last pre-war championship. The Great Britain and Ireland Walker Cup team, of which he was a member, also included L.G.Crawley, who had already tasted success on the Old Course when he won the 'Silver Cross' in the May Medal. L.G., who played in four Walker Cup teams, won five events in 1938 and averaged 72.5 for twenty-six rounds of stroke play. Another member of the squad was the exciting 18-year-old Irishman Jimmy Bruen. He was making his debut and Bentley was playing in his last match. Both played in three Walker Cups and would undoubtedly have been selected for several more but for the loss of four matches due to the war. Encouraged by the presence of Henry Cotton, who practised with the team, they beat the Americans for the first time since the Walker Cup was founded in 1922.

L.G. played for the last time when the Walker Cup resumed at St.Andrews in 1947. The Americans took the Cup back and after that it was to become known as the 'Walkover Cup', as they continued to dominate the contests until the last years of the century. Now, at the time of writing, the home team have won the exciting and historic 2003 match at Ganton to lift the Trophy for the third consecutive time, making it four wins from the last five matches. GB&I had won more times in the past eight years than in the first seventy-three years of Walker Cup history.

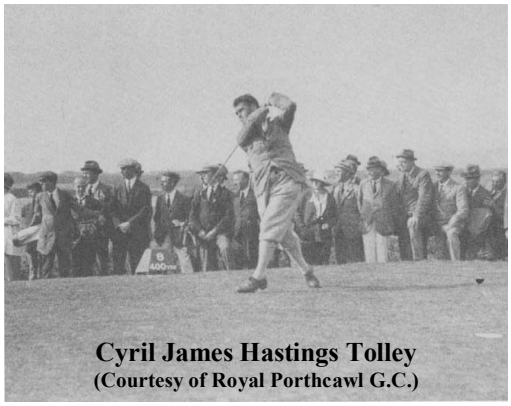
[The USA won the cup back in 2005 at the Chicago Golf Club-by a single point]

The 1938 Open had been scheduled for Deal, but was switched to Royal St.George's after the sea inundation of the Royal Cinque Ports course during a storm and a subsequent drought caused considerable damage. The weather in the late thirties seemed to foreshadow the gathering gloom in Europe and it was to throw everything it had at Sandwich on the final day. It was not a Ryder Cup year and the Americans stayed away leaving the field open for another British triumph, although the South African Bobby Locke, who had now turned professional, was beginning to show signs of things to come. He had shot a 69 in the qualifying rounds and qualified in third place alongside L.G.Crawley; two shots behind the leading qualifier Johnny Fallon and one behind Henry Cotton. I joined them in the championship proper and was only a shot out of the lead, as the final day dawned. In the lead on 140 were Dick Burton, Jack Busson and Bill Cox with Jimmy Adams and me on 141 then Reg Whitcombe on 142. Alf Padgham was on 146 and Henry Cotton made the cut with one to spare on 147.



The first two days had been calm and sunny but the scene that greeted us on arrival at the course was one of devastation. The massive eight masted exhibition tent, then run by *Golf Monthly*, had been torn to shreds overnight by a violent gale. Twisted metal lay everywhere and the contents were strewn all over the course. The masts of the tent, the largest ever at the championship, stayed up for a long time with remnants of canvas flapping from them. Henry Longhurst said "it looked like a great eight-masted schooner in full sail". The gale continued during the final thirty-six holes played on the Friday with wind speeds of 50 to 70 mph reported, gusting to 80 mph at times. "The wind was the strongest I have personally ever known in a championship", wrote Longhurst. It was much worse than the Saturday at Muirfield in 2002 with players being blown clean off their feet, although we did not have the rain to contend with. Some players were taking three full drivers to reach par-4s and four, five and even six putts were taken, although some benefited when their ball was blown into the hole. Johnny Fallon played three shots out of a greenside bunker and each time the ball was blown back to his feet.

I was drawn with defending champion Henry Cotton, then at his peak and large crowds followed us around the course. In those days they stood right around the edge of the greens, which was an advantage in those conditions as you had some shelter from the wind when putting. Henry's accuracy was renowned but few today realise just how long he was from the tee. He was capable of 300-yard drives when he turned on the power – by no means common back then. Cotton was an 'aloof' character, very intense when on the golf course and he seldom spoke (Walter Hagen called him "Concentration Henry"), but his golf did the talking and for the first twelve holes of the final round his play was majestic. He was always a good wind player and that day he was at his best. At the 370-yard dogleg second hole he drove downwind across the sand-hills onto the green and holed for an eagle two. At the 11th, then a 384-yard par-4, he drove the green again and two-putted for his birdie. He covered the front nine in 35 and started back four, three, three. It was the best wind golf I have ever seen. There were no leader boards then but we knew he was close to the lead; then three putts on the 13th cost him a five and shots started to go. The famous 520-yard 14th *Canal* hole was into the teeth of the wind and was effectively a par-6. For the 2003 Open it was thirty yards longer and the big hitters were concerned about driving into the 'Suez Canal', some 328 yards from the tee. In 38 it would not have been quite so far, but in both rounds I hit two woods and was still short of the water, requiring a full three iron to reach the green. [Bert was twice out-of-bounds at the 14th] Henry Longhurst wrote: "…… So strong was the wind at the 14th hole that Cyril Tolley hit a full shot with a driver and then another with a one-iron only to see the ball pass well over the Canal and then be blown back into it". C.J.H.Tolley was one of the strongest strikers of those days – in one day at St Andrews he twice drove the 370-yard 18th - he took two 86's on that final day at Sandwich. One competitor knocked three balls out of bounds and took 16. Henry had put his brassie over the fence in the morning round and taken seven. He avoided such a disaster in the afternoon, but over the



Cyril James Hastings Tolley
(Courtesy of Royal Porthcawl G.C.)

difficult closing holes, one of the toughest finishes in championship golf, the wind got the better of him at last. A bunker at 16 cost him a shot and he visited two on 17 to run up a six. The spell was broken and he went from three under to two over to post a 74, still the best last round by three shots - The *Daily Telegraph* summed it up as "a remarkable feat". In Peter Alliss's *100 Greatest Golfers*, the author said that it was "Perhaps his greatest round----" and Henry himself later wrote that it was "---nearly the best of my life".

The 14-year-old John Jacobs was watching that day and was to say: "Henry didn't win, but for umpteen years after that every time I played golf I was Henry Cotton". John Jacobs was to play against his boyhood hero sixteen years later in the final of the *Penfold Matchplay* tournament at Maesdu, Llandudno. Henry was then 47-years-old, but he beat the wind, the rain – and Jacobs by 5&4. It was his last tournament win.

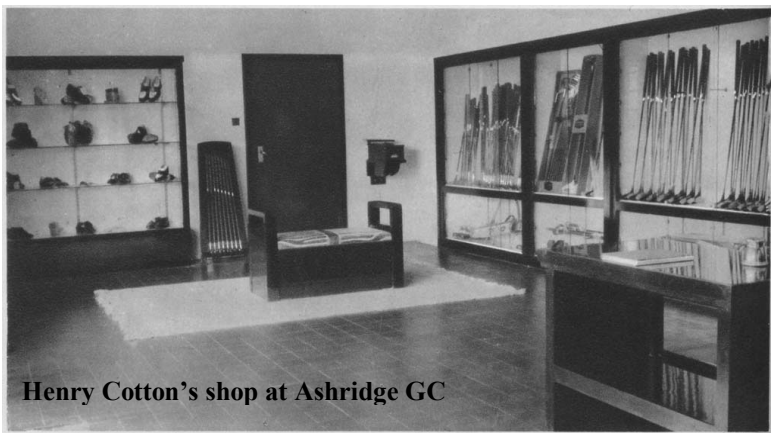
Plus-fours flapping in the gale, R.A. Whitcombe nears victory

At Sandwich Henry's scores of 77 and 74 gave him the lowest last day total of 151, but the 29 he took for the last six holes had cost him the title. He finished third, three shots behind the winner, Reg Whitcombe, then pro at the Parkstone club in Poole, where Peter Alliss was to spend much of his early career. Reg, always one of the steadiest and most consistent scorers, had opened with two 71's. He had learned his golf on the windswept links of Burnham and Berrow and the compact swing he had developed helped him to punch the ball safely along the fairways to return a highly respectable 75,78 in the final day gale, despite having taken four putts on two greens. Little wonder that it was the highest final day total by a champion since 1925. His partner, Jimmy Adams, finished with 78,78; two of only sixteen scores under 80 from the seventy-two rounds played on the last day. It was a superb effort considering that his Daly-like backswing was hardly ideal for such conditions. At the 11th Jimmy had pitched his drive onto the green and finished in the rough beyond, a shot of at least 400 yards. He was runner up for the second time in three years, but he never gave up trying and was still challenging for the title as late as 1954, when he came fifth at the age of forty-four.
Alf Padgham, who had pipped Jimmy to win in 1936, was having another tilt at the title. Alf, one of the longest hitters of those days, also drove the 11th and holed from a yard for an eagle, but he was 'blown away' and finished with an 82 dropping him into a four-way tie for 4th, which included two of the half way leaders Jack Bussson and Dick Burton. Dick had taken 44 putts in a last round 85, but his turn was soon to come. "It was like being on a high sea", Alf said afterwards, "I feel as if I am still swaying". I felt the same – it was a wind you could lean on, certainly the most violent gale I ever played competitive golf in! I scored 84,80 to finish in a share of 10th position with Charles Whitcombe and the up and coming Bobby Locke. It was some week and I had the privilege of playing with Henry Cotton in one of his most famous rounds of golf. I was to see a lot more of him before the year was out.

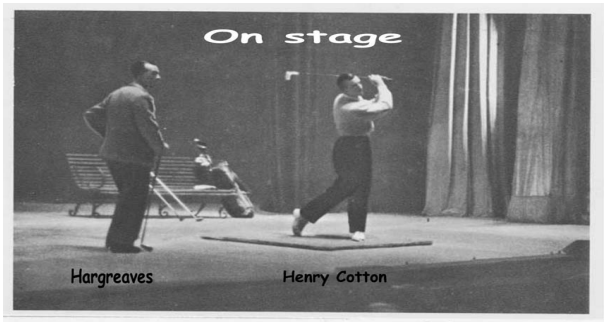
Henry's lifestyle at this time was a little different to mine. He had now become the first British golfing super star and was fond of the 'good life'. In the thirties he and the wealthy Argentinean heiress he called 'Toots', who he was to marry in 1939, would go to Monte Carlo in the winter, where he had a golf school, charging clients large fees to hit balls into the sea and playing frequently with the Prince of Wales. [Max Faulkner would also be there during his time as Cotton's assistant.] At one time Henry had a butler, chauffer, gardener, maid and other assorted retainers. How many of today's fabulously wealthy professionals live like that? Like Hagen, Cotton arrived at tournaments in a limousine, parking as close as possible to the first tee and, while he was changing his shoes, champagne was served to his friends and followers. He had gone to the Waterloo club in Brussels in 1932 to improve his health–and his earnings. Whilst there, the young pretender advanced his reputation by defeating the first superstar - Walter Hagen, 6&5 in a 36-hole exhibition match. Typical of Walter, on the morning of the match he 'slept in' at the Savoy and missed his plane. He hired a private aircraft, which was diverted due to fog and the Haig eventually arrived to confront the 'fuming' crowd with a cheery "Howdy folks". He acknowledged their round of applause, had a quick drink and arrived on the tee some hours after the scheduled start time. Henry wrote in *This Game of Golf*: "Anyone who can do that sort of thing and get away with it 'has something'". Walter was the archetypal 'lovable rogue', regularly letting people down and always being forgiven. As Henry put it he "just had no sense of responsibility".
Leonard Crawley and Henry Lonhghurst played with Cotton at Waterloo, and sent him a succession of wealthy pupils. They needed to be – When L.G. spent a weekend with Henry he paid £120.To avoid double taxation Cotton had to be out of the U.K. for more than nine months each year and he made

many short trips across the channel to play in tournaments. By the beginning of 1937 he was ready to come back and Lord Rosebery, President of the five-year-old Ashridge club in Hertfordshire, persuaded him to become the club's pro and, in Henry's words, help them 'get ahead'. His conditions of acceptance included being made an honorary member, almost unheard of then, and a new shop with showcases and fittings equal to anything in Bond Street, including Zebra-hide-covered seats and armchairs brought over from Waterloo. He even employed a full-time secretary to deal with his office work. He had a handsome house built in Ashridge Park, the former estate of the Duke of Bridgewater (the Canal Duke), which he named 'Shangri-la', after the valley in James Hilton's book: *The Lost Horizon*.

Henry's retainer was only £100 a year, which was about the same as mine at West Cheshire, but he was not 'tied down' at the club and he could charge at least £1 and up to £5 for a lesson against the 'going rate' of around 5s (25p) an hour. The club built a practice ground for him, with covered sheds for winter training. A round with Henry at Ashridge cost £10 and Clubs that invited him to play exhibition matches would pay him £300 for a single and £200 for a four-ball.



Henry Cotton's shop at Ashridge GC



In 1938 he accepted an invitation to demonstrate his expertise in a fifteen minute stage act, which toured the country to packed houses and topped the bill at the Christmas Variety show at London's *Coliseum*. Assisted by his caddie, Hargreaves, he took the audience through a beginner's lesson and hit a variety of shots, finishing with a remarkable display of accuracy. People were asked to stand up in various parts of the auditorium and Henry landed balls into their hands. Hargreaves recalled in *Caddie in the Golden Age* that Henry was concerned during the second week when he heard that General Critchley had taken the first two rows of the stalls. The 'General' had a reputation as a hell-raiser and "…. As Henry had given him several thrashings at golf and fairly short shrift in conversation, the rumour around the theatre was that a collective 'raspberry' was in preparation". He need not have worried, the anticipated heckling was lost in the cheers and the act went down even better that night. The white-headed driver he used in the act can be seen in the Golf Museum at St Andrews. Heading the supporting acts was Nellie Wallace: 'The Quintessence of Quaintness', whose song "My old Man said follow the van…" would be Henry's cue to be ready in the wings. For the 16 week run Cotton received £10,000.

Henry was to be called upon to perform the act again in 1953, by Royal command, when he was invited to take part in Queen Elizabeth's Command Performance. The act was as good as ever and ended triumphantly with a ball landing in the hands of a volunteer in the Royal Box – the Duke of Edinburgh, an honorary member of the R&A, but a non-golfer. His son Andrew was to be the only member of the family to follow in the footsteps of his great uncle and grandfather - Henry's Royal pre-war partner, Edward V111 and his brother 'Bertie' - George V1 and become Captain of the R&A.

Incidentally, neither of those British Royal golfers ever played in competition as King. That distinction fell to King Leopold of the Belgians in 1939, when he became the first (and only) reigning Monarch to play in a national championship. In August of that year, with war looming, he participated in the

Belgian Amateur. He went out in the second round, losing at the 19th - to P.J.Clive, son of the British Ambassador. Leopold lived in exile after the war and was to abdicate in 1951 – a consequence of his cooperation with the Nazi authorities following the invasion of Belgium in 1940.

Bert Gadd filling his pipe at the Penfold League Tournament

A couple of weeks after the Open the top 12 players in the 1937 professional averages assembled for a new innovative event sponsored by Penfold. The summer, which had deserted Sandwich, had now returned and the sun shone every day on the course at Sandy Lodge in Middlesex. The *Penfold League* Tournament was in a round robin matchplay format, with players scoring two points for a win and one for a half. The weeklong event required you to play two matches each day from Monday to Friday, with the final match on Saturday afternoon – and you thought the *World Matchplay* tournament was tough! To make it even tougher the weather was very, very hot – and so was the golf.

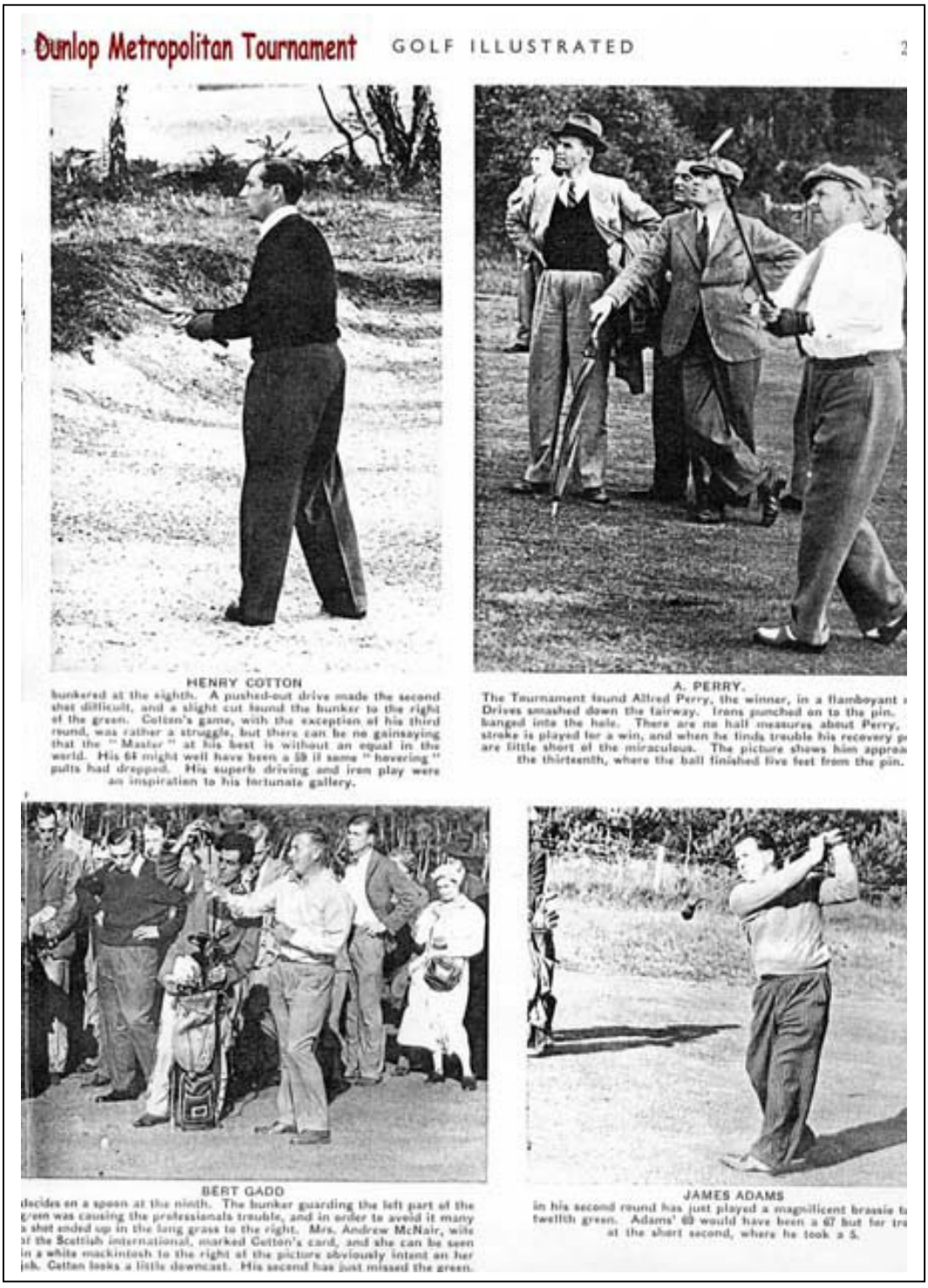
It was here that I met Henry Cotton again – this time head to head. I had some tight games that week and I was on the receiving end of some 'killer' finishes in five halved matches with Dick Burton, Alf Padgham, Bill Branch, Paddy Mahon and Percy Alliss, with late birdies from Percy, Alf and Paddy denying me. The *Times* described my match with wee Paddy as follows: "Mahon, out in 33 to 34, led Gadd by a hole to the turn, but Gadd secured the lead with three successive wins from the 11th inclusive. The short 15th was halved. Gadd put his tee shot only a foot from the pin. Mahon, ten yards from the green, jokingly sent his caddy forward to hold the stick. Mahon then holed a niblick shot for a half in two. Gadd was still two up with two to play, but Mahon got down from four yards for a four at the long 17th and almost holed his tee shot at the18th, where he squared the game. Gadd was round in 67 to 68 and the better ball score of the pair was 61". That was robbery, but the real killer was against Bill Branch. I was five up at the turn and maintained that position with seven to play. Bill then won three holes, but I was dormie two up when I birdied the 17th – to lose it!! He then rubbed it in with a birdie at 18 to square the match.

The match with Henry was a real 'ding-dong' affair, with never more than a hole in it either way, and we stood all square on the 17th tee. This is a par-5, with the green cut into a 'bay' in the woods, which border the left side of the hole. There is a steep drop down a rough bank at the back of the green. I was on in two but Henry had run over and was down the bank. The pin was towards the back of the green and he hadn't much room to work with, but I was surprised when he elected to 'bumble' his ball up the very rough bank. The required miracle failed to occur and my birdie put me dormie1up. Sandy Lodge is one of a small minority of courses that finish with a par-3, played over a small sandstone quarry in those days, and we both hit the green, with Henry to putt first. He missed and went three feet past, leaving me with two putts for the match. At this point I had a rush of blood and was also a good yard past. The referee's measure showed that the balls were equidistant, so we had to toss for it. Henry won

and, of course, elected to putt first. He holed it, so instead of an easy half, I was now faced with a putt of over a yard to win. Fortunately it dropped. Had I missed it I think I would have jumped into the quarry.
I had further successes against Abe Mitchell (5&4), Arthur Lacey (3&2), Sam King (5&3)) and Charles Whitcombe (5&4), my only loss being to his brother Reg, the Open Champion, (2&1). A table published in a Sunday newspaper revealed that, for the 184 holes played, I came out top with a score of forty-four under fours, but on points I was second with 15, tied with Reg Whitcombe. The winner was Percy Alliss, who scored 16.
Percy was a superb shot maker, with a compact - very easy - swing that seemed sure to land him an Open Championship, but it never came. As I said earlier his inconsistent putting was his achilles heel. Perhaps 1938 would have been his year, but he wasn't at Sandwich – it was reported that he had forgotten to enter.

I joined Percy, Alf Padgham, local pro J.W. Davies and the amateur John Woollam from Hooton at the Upton-by-Chester club for an exhibition match, in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign fund, to mark the opening of the club's reconstructed course. My 66 remained the course record for many years afterwards.
The club was founded in 1934, the same year that the now world famous nearby Chester Zoo opened. In 1994 I returned to Upton to play in an event to celebrate their 60th anniversary.

Later in 1938 I was drawn with Henry Cotton yet again in the Dunlop Metropolitan Tournament. This was a 72-hole limited field event played at Wentworth, with two rounds each day. Henry finished second with a score of 279, having shot a course record 64 in the third round, beating the previous record by two shots. I had been a witness to another of Henry's great rounds that year and, with more luck on the greens, it could have been sensational for he had only 29 putts and lipped out several times. He said afterwards that it was the nearest he had ever been to breaking 60. I had kept pace with Henry until then, but my 69, 70 finish to his 64, 71 left me four shots behind him in third place on 283.
The winner was 1935 Open champion Alf Perry, who played every bit as positively as he had at Muirfield and proved just how good a player he could be. His set-up and swing may have been eccentric but he had a repeating action and a splendid short game. *Golf Illustrated* said that he was in a 'flamboyant mood' playing every stroke for a win. That was typical of Alf; he never played the 'percentage game'. If he could see a pin he went for it and always tried to hole his first putt from anywhere on the green. When it came off he was a match for anybody and his total of 273 gave him victory by six shots. He had four rounds under 70 over the three days, compiled with unusually long driving and deadly putting - and he and his partner, Dick Burton, went round the difficult championship course in less than 2 ½ hours. Alf had previously won the *Daily Mail* Tournament in April, which had a huge £500 first prize, five times the money he had won at Muirfield; The Open winner's cheque remained at £100 throughout the thirties.



Dunlop Metropolitan Tournament GOLF ILLUSTRATED 2

HENRY COTTON

bunkered at the eighth. A pushed-out drive made the second shot difficult, and a slight cut found the bunker to the right of the green. Cotton's game, with the exception of his third round, was rather a struggle, but there can be no gainsaying that the "Master" at his best is without an equal in the world. His 68 might well have been a 66 if some "hovering" putts had dropped. His superb driving and iron play were an inspiration to his fortunate gallery.

A. PERRY.

The Tournament found Alfred Perry, the winner, in a flamboyant Drives smashed down the fairway. Irons punched on to the pin, banged into the hole. There are no half measures about Perry, stroke is played for a win, and when he finds trouble his recovery p are little short of the miraculous. The picture shows him approa the thirteenth, where the ball finished five feet from the pin.

BERT GADD

decides on a spoon at the ninth. The bunker guarding the left part of the green was causing the professionals trouble, and in order to avoid it many a shot ended up in the long grass to the right. Mrs. Andrew McNair, wife of the Scottish international, marked Cotton's card, and she can be seen in a white mackintosh to the right of the picture obviously intent on her job. Cotton looks a little downcast. His second has just missed the green.

JAMES ADAMS

in his second round has just played a magnificent brassie t twelfth green. Adams' 69 would have been a 67 but for tr at the short second, where he took a 5.

In the *Yorkshire Evening News £750* tournament at the Leeds Golf Club, Cobble Hall my 66 in the stroke-play section was described by *Golf Illustrated* as the "perfect round". I went out in 34, including a run of three consecutive threes and, despite taking four at the tree-lined 15th - 'Tribulation Hill', one of the most difficult par-3s in golf, I came back in 32 to set a new course record.
In the subsequent match play I lost to Ryder Cup player Bill Cox in the first round. The final was between Alf Perry and Vernon Greenhalgh of the Manchester club - Prestwich and Alf's fine form continued with an 8&6 victory, to make it three wins in what was probably his best year - apart from 1935 of course.
[Leeds Golf Club, Cobble Hall, was the venue for the first *Leeds Cup* in 1902, won by Harry Vardon]

Yorkshire Evening News

BROADCASTING: Page Five WEATHER: Cool

No. 21,308. LEEDS WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 1938. DONCASTER

SMASHING DERBY WIN FOR FI

THE RECORD BREAKER

BERT GADD, the well-known West Cheshire professional, whose brilliant round of 66 in the "Yorkshire Evening News" Professional Tournament to-day set up a new record for the Cobble Hall course.

BOIS ROUSSEL'S FOUR LENGTHS VICTORY

Gordon Richards Fails To Realise Ambition

PASCH THIRD

THE KING AND QUEEN at Epsom to-day saw Bois Roussel, the French horse, owned by the Hon. P. Beatty, and ridden by E. C. Elliott, win the Derby in sensationally easy fashion. The first three were:—

1—BOIS ROUSSEL (20-1)
2—SCOTTISH UNION (8-1)
3—PASCH (9-4)

While Scottish Union and Pasch, the favourite, were battling for supremacy, Bois Roussel bounded past them as if just starting a sprint race.

So fast was his winning dash that he had a four-length lead over Noel Cannan's charge when the post was passed. Pasch

FROM EPSOM

A picture from Epsom to-day of Bois Roussel's gallop with E. C. Elliott up. Pasch behind.

More "Fireu "News"

THE "Yorkshire Evening News" Professional Golf Tournament, always notable for its sensations, to-day produced another batch—the record for Leeds Club's course at Cobble Hall was equalled and broken again inside two hours.

Bert Gadd, youngest of the famous family of golfers, is the new record holder with 66.

Gadd usually does well in the Leeds tournaments, but to-day he was more brilliant than ever—a little lark would have given him a score two strokes better.

A record for Gadd, but Richards had to wait 15 years for his one and only Derby win – a few days after he had been knighted in 1953. He went on to set a record of 4870 wins, including 14 classics and was Champion Jockey 26 times.

The Leeds GC pro was Bert Myers, who was at the club for fifty years. He was a very good player who won the *Northern Professional Championship* and had finished with a fine 72 in the deluge at the *Dunlop Northern* at Newcastle the previous year, to be just three shots behind me in 5th place. He had an incredible eclectic score at Cobble Hall of 32 strokes, including holes-in-one at eight separate holes on a course that has only five par-3s. It would qualify for the *Guinness Book of Records*, but some witnesses had passed on before proof could be provided.

In contrast to the previous year, the *News Chronicle Tournament* at East Brighton was played in conditions that were possibly worse than we had experienced at the Open a few weeks before. The wind was not quite as strong, but the 18th, almost drivable in 1937, could not be reached with two full drivers by most of the field and, to add to the misery, there was driving rain which made it very hard to see the ball. The Open Champion, Reg Whitcombe, gave another display of remarkable wind-play to take the title and £200. His winning total of 300 was 32 shots more than his brother Ernest's record score twelve months before. Scores soared into the eighties and Alf Padgham was 'blown away' again and took 88 - his highest ever score in a major event. I found the conditions easier to handle than I had at Sandwich and shot two 77's for a 303 total and 6th place, behind four players who shared second on 302: Cecil Denny, Herbert Rhodes, Don Curtis and Arthur Lacey, who had played brilliant golf in the morning for a 71 and looked certain to win, but lost his balance in the last round and took 82.
It was at East Brighton that I became indirectly involved in an incident that may well have brought about a change to the rules of golf. At that time the method of marking the ball on the green was not clearly defined by the rules. Usually the ball was marked at the request of a partner and how it was marked was up to the player. Some used a coin, but most made a mark on the green with a teepeg. A friend of mine, I will call him Bob, had just finished his round and he came off the last green extremely agitated and muttering: "I can't believe it", over and over again. When he had calmed down he told me what had happened. On every green his playing partner had been picking the ball up without request and had ostensibly drawn a line from his ball at right angles to the line of the putt. Actually no mark

was made and he was picking up the ball with his right hand and replacing it with his left, or vice versa, but always two to three feet nearer to the hole. Bob had not noticed this at first until, quite early in the round; a five-footer became a two-footer. He was shocked, but said nothing and watched his partner carefully from then on. The performance continued for the duration of the round. I advised him that there was only one course open to him and I headed him in the direction of the Secretary's office. He said his piece and it was then up to the committee to take action. The player was watched and it was confirmed that he was cheating and, although no report was issued, we learned that he had been carpeted and given an official warning.
The incident was never made public and, to the best of my knowledge, no one but the people involved ever got to know about it. It would have been explosive had the press got wind of it; golfers were expected to be squeaky clean in those days, just as they are now – and the player concerned was one of the top pros of the day. The up-shot was swift action by the PGA, which effectively put a stop to making a mark on the green. At the next tournament every player was issued with an official PGA ball marker and told to use it. Eventually a note to rule 20-1 specified that: "the position of a ball to be lifted should be marked by placing a ball-marker, a small coin or other similar object immediately behind the ball". I have always wondered if I had a small roll in bringing that about.

I defended the Irish Open at Portmarnock, which at 7200 yards was the longest course we played back then. With narrow fairways and thick rough it was so tough that a syndicate put up £200 for anyone who broke 70. Bobby Locke had a third round 69 and won the £200, which was £50 more than I got for winning the championship. Henry Cotton had looked a certain winner when he went into a three-stroke lead over Locke and the overnight leader, Arthur Lees (Dore and Totley), but Locke finished with three birdies leaving Henry needing an eagle three at the 470-yard 18th to take the title. On the tee he remarked: "It's a 3 or a 5" – apparently a 4 to tie Locke was not in his thinking. He took three to get down from the edge of the green, watched in silence by a gallery of five thousand. In contrast Locke seemed unable to miss on the greens, provoking Henry to call him "a lucky young fellow". It did not go down well with Bobby, who said that he had played the finest golf of his life. It was the first of his many victories in Europe.
Locke's manager had tried to set up a challenge match with Cotton for a lucrative £1000, but Henry refused, saying that Locke would need to win a few big events, like the *News of the World* or the Open before he would play him head to head. This and Henry's comments in Ireland created quite an 'atmosphere' when they next met a week later in a 36-hole four-ball challenge match at Walton Heath, in which Henry partnered Reg Whitcombe against Locke and Syd Brews. Henry arrived late on the tee and Locke retaliated by taking even longer than usual on the greens. Again he was holing everything and went out in 32 in the final round to give the South Africans a one-hole advantage. It was then that Henry played a shot that has been written about more often than any in his distinguished career. At the 391-yard dogleg 12th he drove across the corner carrying the ball some 300 yards over the heather and bushes to the edge of the green. The resultant birdie squared the match and the British team went on to win 2 and 1. Locke always said that Henry's shot at the 12th was the greatest drive he had ever seen; any animosity was to be overcome by the mutual respect of the two great champions.
The conclusion was described by the *Manchester Guardian*: "At the end of another laborious day's golf, which took so long that one could almost see the growth of the grass on the putting greens, T.H.Cotton and R.A.Whitcombe, the Open Champion, won their £500 challenge match against A.D.Locke and S.F.Brews" It was so slow that "it was possible to drink a bottle of ginger beer at the refreshment hut at the seventh and yet catch up the players before they had struck their second shots at the hole", said the reporter, adding that Locke seemingly examined each blade of grass on the greens and complaining: "The age-long golf match lasted for something like seven hours". – A four-ball would take a good deal longer than that to play 35 holes today!

I went to the annual Ringway Pro/Am Foursomes, not so quiet since 1935 when the club had acquired a new neighbour in the shape of the *Ringway Aerodrome*, which was eventually to grow into the *Manchester International Airport*. Nobody could have foreseen then that the course would one day have a motorway passing by and huge jets flying overhead carrying millions every year to and from all parts of the world. My partner was now Bill Ball from the Leasowe club on the Wirral, which was near to my own club of West Cheshire. Bill was an inveterate gambler and had once won enough money at poker to buy himself a car. The *Manchester Guardian* described the final round thus:
"Remarkably low scoring resulted in a day only to be compared with the international political outlook, except that the situation changed not hourly but every few minutes. Finally it was learnt that W.Ball (Leasowe) and B.Gadd (West Cheshire) had won after a tie with J.Beswick and W.Shankland (Haydock Park). They had rounds of 72 – 69 for 141 and the result was decided on the better score in

the first round (no play- off this time). (Beswick and Shankland had provided the last – most startling – moment with a nett 65 ½). Three of the short holes cost Ball and Gadd fours, but they reached the last green with the knowledge that a putt, variously estimated at from six to twelve yards, had to go down. And down it went, *RAMMED IN WITH SPIRIT – BY GADD*"!
It went on: "The best gross was the 143 of H.E.Walker and Dick Burton (Sale) (71-72). An unusual misfortune probably robbed them of first place. Walker pulled his approach at the 8th into a bunker and the ball came to rest in front of a brick the size of your fist. Burton had to play both brick and ball and the latter, being more resilient, bounded over the green into another bunker. When the ball was finally holed out in seven the pair could claim to have been unlucky, though vital putts continued to evade the hole." Bricks are not often found in bunkers these days but, under the current rule, Dick could have removed the offending object without penalty of course.
The nett scores of the first two pairings were:
Ball and Gadd (3) : 72 – 69
Beswick and Shankland (2 ½) : 75 ½ - 65 ½

Bill Shankland was another great character from those days. He was an Australian who had represented his country at Rugby Union, Rugby League, Swimming and Boxing and, when he came to England in the early thirties with an international rugby team, he was snapped up by Warrington to play in the English Rugby League. He was paid a £1000 signing-on fee and £8 a week plus £6 a match. Contrast that with the £2 10s wages paid to Miners at that time. Bill had a successful eight seasons with Warrington and he loved the game but it was said that his wife was so upset by the battering he took that she chivvied him into turning to a less physical activity. He had a clause inserted in his contract allowing him to take up a job as a golf professional and he went to the West Lancashire club as assistant to Bob Kenyon, before joining Haydock Park. He was a fine player, but often struggled on the greens and this was to be his downfall when in a position to challenge for the Open the following year. I remember him experimenting with a putter that had a 45-degree angle in the top of the shaft to which he fitted a tube. He then swung the putter while attempting to hold the tube firmly. It had no chance of getting past the R&A of course. Later, when he was pro at Potters Bar in Hertfordshire, he was a hard taskmaster to his young assistant, making him open the shop at 8am and not close until 8pm. The young man's name was Tony Jacklin.
In September of that year, the day after the late Queen Mother launched the liner named after her: *Queen Elizabeth*, an international match commenced at the Llandudno Golf Club (Maesdu). It was the first time that all four home countries had competed together following the format of the amateur international played a week earlier at Royal Porthcawl. In that series L.G.Crawley of Brancepeth Castle was in the England team that won the trophy, beating all three of the other nations.


The Llandudno Trophy

Llandudno Urban District Council donated the Llandudno Trophy for the professional four-nation tournament, which was to replace the matches that had been played before the Open each year. The England team, captained by Percy Alliss and containing five Ryder Cup players, emulated the amateurs and defeated Wales, Ireland and Scotland to take the new trophy.
Jimmy Adams captained the Scottish team that England had beaten twice that year, but I was not involved in the earlier encounter, which took place prior to the Open at Sandwich. An absentee from both of the matches was Henry Cotton, who was the second winner of the Vardon Trophy in 1938; home internationals never seemed to fit into his schedule.
At Llandudno I won two of my singles and halved the other, after having been dormie two down to Bill Holley of Ireland. I partnered the long hitting *Dunlop Southport* champion, Don Curtis to win our match against Wales, during which Don drove the green at the 310 yard 4th. We also beat the Scotland pairing of Tom Haliburton, the famous Wentworth professional (then at Prestwick, St Nicholas) and Hamish Ballingall of Balmore. In the Irish twosome that beat us 2 & 1 was Harry Bradshaw who was to lose a play off with Bobby Locke in the 1949 Open, after the famous 'broken bottle' incident in the second round may well have cost him the title. Another memorable thing about Harry was his unusual 'anti-hooking' grip – a three-finger overlap with only the thumb and forefinger of the right hand in contact with the club shaft.
He was the professional at Portmarnock GC, Dublin for forty years.


Harry Bradshaw's grip

The match was being played against the background of the meeting of the four powers – Britain, Germany, France and Italy and the signing of the Munich agreement. The P.M., Neville Chamberlain, returned with his promise of 'Peace in our time' to join the King and Queen on the balcony of Buckingham Palace. The crowds cheered, delighted and relieved that the crisis was over, but there was no relaxation in the defence preparations that included trenches being dug in London parks a year before hostilities began. The *Queen Elizabeth* sailed to New York to join her sister ship *Queen Mary* and begin her life as a troop ship and would not see service as a luxury liner for another six years. World War 11 was to bring an end to the professional home internationals and the Llandudno Trophy remained in Percy Alliss's house in Dorset, where it was blown off the sideboard during an air raid. The cup was slightly bent and has never been repaired. It was eventually returned to the custody of the PGA and, at the time of writing in 2003, it is in the custody of the American PGA. At his son Peter's suggestion, since 1975 it has been the trophy played for in the biennial PGA Cup (or mini Ryder Cup) matches between the club professionals of Great Britain and Ireland and the USA.
[The cup was to spend twenty-one years in America before the match was won again by GB&I at the 'K' Club in Ireland in 2005 and the Llandudno Trophy joined the Ryder Cup at The Belfry]

In September of 1938 cricket's Gentlemen v Players match at Scarborough resulted in a victory for the Players. Just as in golf The 'Gentlemen' (amateurs) were given their full initials, e.g. R.E.S.Wyatt, the former England Captain, whereas the star of the professional 'Players', who hit a test record 364 against the Australians that year, was simply referred to as Hutton. (In that match, played at the Oval, England declared at 903 for 7 and won the match by an innings and 579 runs, a record that still stands). The snobbery in cricket persisted into the fifties, when many in the 'establishment' opposed the appointment of professional Len Hutton as England captain. There were separate changing rooms for the Gentlemen and the Players of course, but at least the pros changed in the pavilion!

P.B. (Laddie) Lucas
(Courtesy of Prince's G.C.)

We had our own Gentlemen v Players event in those days, although it was never called that. The annual *Amateur v Professional* match was played between the leading amateurs and professionals at golf clubs throughout the country. One famous amateur who played in those matches was the Walker Cup player and captain, P.B. 'Laddie' Lucas, who had been born in the clubhouse at Prince's, where his father was secretary (and designer of the course). During the war Laddie's knowledge of the course was a lifesaver when he made an emergency landing there in his Spitfire, although his friend Henry Longhurst remarked that he had again missed the fairway. In his book *The Sport of Prince's, Reflections of a Golfer*, Lucas wrote of an amateur v pro match at Withington, Manchester when he was a Freshman at Cambridge. Laddie had to be back in college by midnight and requested that he and his friend and travelling companion, N.C. (Bob) Selway, be put out in front of the field in the afternoon singles so that they could catch the 4.55 train. Bob Selway was drawn to play me and Laddie's opponent was Bill Davies from Wallasey. A crowd of around 3-4000 watched us tee off and saw Lucas loose the first 6 holes to Bill. There were no spectators left when his match came to an end on the 14th and I beat Selway on the 13th by 6&5. They arrived at Maine Road station in time to catch the 3.45 – "I don't know who it was who said that golf can be a humbling game", wrote Laddie.

[N.C. Selway was an ex Cambridge player who in 1957, as chairman of the R&A Championship Committee, wrote an enlightened letter to Open Champion Bobby Locke regarding the famous incident when Locke failed to replace his ball correctly before putting out. Bobby had gained no advantage and Selway confirmed that in "the spirit of the game", no action would be taken, although the decision was a controversial one. (One magazine was to place the incident at number two in their list of all-time golfing boobs).
Bobby Locke chose to record his appreciation by never wearing his trademark plus-fours again].

The 1937-38 football season had ended with England's tour of Europe during which they played a friendly against Germany in Berlin. The England team reluctantly gave the Nazi salute before tearing Germany apart in a 6-3 victory.

The 1938-39 season began with Everton beating Brentford to top the First Division. Without the services of Dixie Dean, who was now playing in Ireland for Sligo Rovers, they went on to be league champions until national leagues resumed in the 1946-47 season, when their neighbours and great rivals Liverpool won the title. Manchester United, who had bounced straight back to be promoted the previous season, celebrated their quick return to the top flight with a 4-1 win over Birmingham City, but won only 10 more of their 42 games and lost 15 to finish in the bottom half of the table. Chelsea won 12 but lost 21 and escaped relegation to the Second Division by a single point.
Portsmouth would hold the FA Cup for the next seven years after beating Wolves - watched by 99,370 spectators at Wembley. I wonder how many of them lived to see the stadium demolished in 2003.
The third World Cup was played in France, again without the participation of the British national teams who were yet to enter the competition. With war looming it was another propaganda triumph for Mussolini. Italy beat Hungary in the final to retain the trophy they had won on home ground in 1934.
That season England, whose players had received a rise in match fee from £6 to £10, played Italy in Milan. The German referee chose to ignore several blatant hand-balls, one of which was a 'goal' punched into the net, after which the Crown Prince of Italy offered to go onto the pitch with FA Secretary, Stanley Rous, to explain the 'error' to the referee.
Within 15 months football would be swept aside by the war and it would be 12 years before the World Cup was held again. When it was eventually revived in 1950 it returned to South America, where the inaugural tournament had been staged in 1930. Uruguay – who had triumphed in their own capital of Montevideo– were champions again in Brazil. England, competing for the first time, were humiliated. Beaten by 500-1 outsiders – the USA!; they then lost to Spain and were on their way home.


Rolls-Royce Wraith

At the 1938 Motor Show that October the new Ford Prefect was unveiled at a cost of £140; Singer is now associated with a sewing machine, but the £240 car of that name came with a 25,000-mile guarantee - against a re-bore! A 7-seater Rolls-Royce Wraith could be had for £1610 - sixteen times the prize money received by the Open champion. By the end of the century it would be worth over £50,000 and the Open Champion could buy six with his prize.

A car was by now within the reach of the better off professional golfers. The first to have one had been Arthur Havers, followed by Percy Alliss, but, as his son Peter wrote in *The Best of Golf* : " -- save at certain clubs, it was not the thing for the professional to have a car that was in any way grander than the average member's - -." One of the exceptions to that rule was Henry Cotton, who had acquired a racy red 1929 3.6 litre Mercedes Cabriolet, but he was working on the continent at that time where the golf professional was much higher up the social scale than in his homeland. Most British pros were still walking to work, or cycling – like John Burton of Hillside, who did not want the members to know he owned a car. Car ownership was still not in my thinking; financially 1938 was my best season, but my prize money was just £480. Although I had not won a major tournament, I had some good finishes and again made it into the top 12 of the professional averages which qualified me to play in the following year's *Penfold League* tournament - and I was still on the verge of selection for the Ryder Cup. At the age of thirty I was poised to break into the big time, but a certain Herr Hitler was about to put an end to that and the 1939 season was to be an anti-climax.

13. The Fateful Year

In 1939 the R&A implemented their decision to limit the number of clubs to fourteen, as adopted by the USGA a year earlier. Those who still thought that it was necessary to carry up to thirty clubs to play the game resented it, but I was still happy to have twelve, as were many of the leading players.

The *Silver King* tournament was at Moor Park, with its massive mansion clubhouse encased in Portland stone and an interior decorated with magnificent paintings and plasterwork on the walls and ceilings. John Betjemen wrote in 'Metroland': -

"Did ever golf club have a nineteenth hole
So sumptuous as this?"

Moor Park's Mansion Clubhouse

In the lounge bar is a bronze sculpture commemorating the fiftieth year in the game of the club's first professional Sandy Herd, one of the great players of the Victorian era. Meeting him at Moor Park brought to mind a long forgotten story about his famous 'ferocious waggles', which often reached into the teens before he made his stroke. In a competition many years before a young player took the mickey by counting the waggles in a 'stage whisper' – twelve, thirteen, fourteen ---. At this point Sandy stopped and looked up at the young man. "Laddie, ye canna count", he said, "That was fifteen! Now we'll start again". One classic quote said of Sandy: "The waggles are many but the shots are few" and Bernard Darwin wrote: "The number of his waggles is only exceeded by that of his friends. I cannot conceive that Sandy ever had an enemy. If he lives to be a hundred he will still be the same fine, sturdy, independent, ever youthful creature". He was famous for the longevity of his game and the previous year he had scored 70 over the Moor Park 'High' course on his seventieth birthday. In his long career Sandy had nineteen holes-in-one He was a formidable matchplayer and in 1926 had won the *News of the World British Matchplay* championship for the second time, at the age of 58! 1939 was the last year that the 1902 champion - the first to win with the 'Haskell' rubber-core ball - was to play in the Open. Appropriately it was at his hometown of St.Andrews, where he had made his debut in 1885 at the age of 17. He was 71 and his appearances in the championship had spanned fifty-four years.

Sandy Herd caddie boy ***at Coombe Hill G.C.*** **Prince of Wales (Edward V111)** **Duke of York (George V1)**

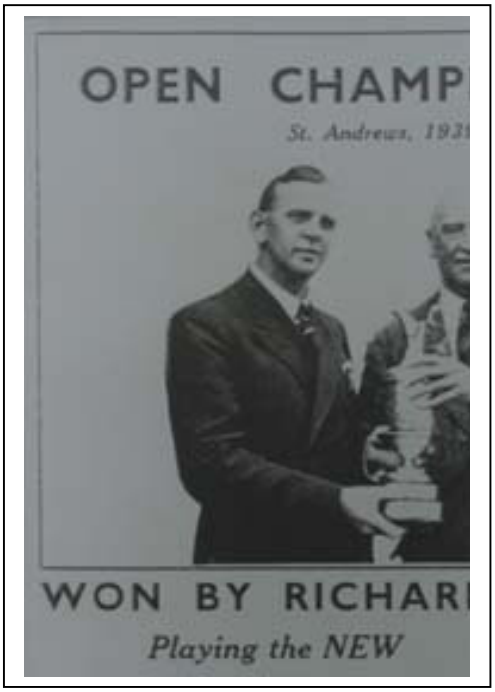
In the Silver King tournament I came sixth, three shots behind the two players who tied for first place, Dick Burton and Alf Padgham. Alf won the play-off the following day.

On my return to St Andrews for that last pre-war Open I found the R&A clubhouse remained out of bounds and pros still changed 'down the side'. At some other places we were now allowed use of the locker room, but the door leading into the main clubhouse generally remained firmly closed during my time. Nowadays the top professionals are treated like Royalty and are honoured by St Andrews town and university. How far the profession has come since those far off days!
With war looming there was a sense of foreboding and, like many others in the field, I did not have my mind fully on golf. Certainly the 1936 champion Alf Padgham did not - he forgot to enter that year. Several new back tees had been built to lengthen the course and the *Times* commented that: so far, in the eternal race of armaments between the architects and the drivers (reinforced by the ball makers) it is the drivers who win. As I said before, there is nothing new in golf.
Leading the qualifiers was the stout 19-years-old Irish amateur Jimmy Bruen with amateur course record 69s on the Old and the New courses. Bruen and Bobby Jones were the only amateurs to lead in Open qualifying until recent times. (On the Old the previous year, before lengthening took place, Bruen had equalled Bobby Jones' course record of 68 during the Walker Cup trials). Sharing the lead were two of the small American entry - Lawson Little, now a professional and a newcomer, Johnny Bulla. In second place, four behind, came Henry Cotton, who told reporters that Bruen was hitting the ball better than he did at that age. I qualified on 150 in a tie with Bill Shankland, who had replaced Percy Alliss at Temple Newsam.
Nowadays the leading 70 players and ties make the cut but, under the rules at that time, a maximum of 44 could qualify and if there were ties for forty-fourth place all those tying would be eliminated. Ten players, who were on 151, were hopeful that they would avoid the guillotine, including Abe Mitchell, Archie Compston and Charles Whitcombe. The last player who could put them out, Herbert Rhodes of South Herts, came to the last green needing a five foot putt to match their score. There were stage whispers from the players lining the rails: "Miss it, miss it". Unaware of the position he holed and automatically put himself and the others out of the championship. I was not one of those to suffer this agony as I had taken one shot more than the ten, to miss the cut by two. My agony had been on the course. I had played with Eddie Whitcombe, son of Ernest, in that last round and we had suffered the distraction of huge crowds moving across the fairways to follow Henry Cotton in a match coming up behind. The *Dundee Courier* reported: "Young E.E.Whitcombe and partner B.Gadd were caught up now and again in the advancing tide. It must have affected their play as it undoubtedly did Hawkins" (J.Hawkins of Maidenhead was Henry's partner). Henry appealed to the crowd, but could do little to stem the tide. The *Dundee Courier* reporter referred to a disease called 'edgeitis' that afflicted them around the greens. One edged forward and the rest would follow until they were forming a tight circle. Henry wrote the following in *This Game of Golf*, under the heading of 'Luck': "In 1939 at St Andrews, before the crowd control system was adopted, E.E.Whitcombe and Bert Gadd did not qualify for the last day because my crowd – they were a couple ahead of me – did not let them. All these things, 'breaks' if you like, play their part in golf". I had taken 75 and Eddie had an 80. Henry, who was to be the Ryder Cup captain that year, had previously written about the possibility of four Whitcombes playing in the next match and Eddie and I both felt that we stood a good chance of going to America. With the selectors watching events at St Andrews our failure to qualify was a particularly untimely 'break' for us and we could only hope that the selection committee would take Henry's remarks about the influence of the crowd into account, although news bulletins told us that the chances of the event going ahead were diminishing by the day.

Eddie Whitcombe

You will recall the experience of Joe Kirkwood with the St Andrews crowds six years earlier and nothing had been done to improve the situation. When the championship eventually returned to the Old Course in 1946 lessons had at last been learnt and the spectators were kept beyond the 'touch line'. The roping-off of crowds was adopted later at the suggestion of Cotton.
After the elimination of the eleven tying for forty-fourth, only 34 players qualified for the last two rounds, the lowest in history. Dick Burton, now based at the Sale club in Manchester, was playing some of his best golf that week, but a 77 in round three meant that he was level with his biggest threat, the American Johnny Bulla, who was on the home stretch as Dick went out. Bulla's centre-shafted

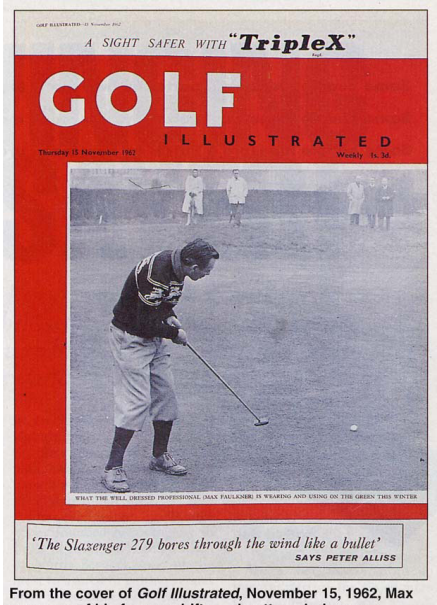
'Schenectady' putter was still not allowed by the R&A and he was using the sixth putter he had tried since arriving in St Andrews. Dick learned from the galleries that Bulla was heading for a 73 and that meant that a 72 would be required to win. He started well playing par golf until the 6th, where he remarked to his partner, Charlie Ward, that he would need to get five threes from the 6 holes around the 'loop'. He proceeded to get a birdie-3 at 7, a par-3 at 8 and another birdie-3 at 9. He was then regarded as the longest driver in Britain and, even when he strayed off line, he had no difficulty reaching the greens. At the 10th he drove the green, a considerable feat back then, but he three-putted from long distance for a par-4. He made up for that by holing a treacherous downhill putt for a two on the fast 11th green. He had achieved his required fifteen strokes and was in good shape for the difficult home stretch. He got his fours at the 12th and 13th and had to decide on the line to take from the 14th tee with the out of bounds wall on the right and the lurking bunkers to avoid. "I was standing on the tee thinking what I should do", he was to reveal later, "when George Duncan came alongside me and said, 'Dick, over the wall with a bit of hook on it'". (It was in sharp contrast to the 'safety first' tactic that George had told me I should have adopted six years earlier at the French Open). "I laughed", said Dick, "but didn't take his advice". He drove left onto the fifth fairway to the left of 'Hell' bunker and played for a 5, which he got. He arrived at the famous 17th 'Road' hole, then a par-5, needing two pars to win. 17 was negotiated perfectly in 5 and he finished in style with a long drive at 18, tight to the out-of-bounds fence on the right and a fine niblick over the valley of sin to eight yards. He hit a bold putt and tossed his putter to his caddie before the ball hit the back of the hole and dropped for a 71. His 290 aggregate gave him a two shot victory over Bulla.



Three home players, Alf Perry, Johnny Fallon and Bill Shankland, had chances of victory, but finished badly to be a further two shots back, tied with Reg Whitcombe and Sam King. Dick was to hold the title for another six years and became known as: 'The 1939 and duration of war Open Champion'. He had custody of the priceless old Claret Jug all through the war.

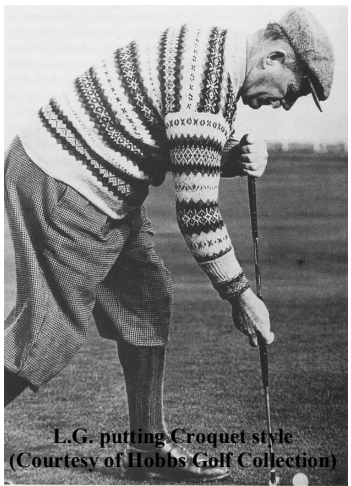
In the rain and thunder of round 1 Bobby Locke, one of the pre-tournament favourites, with Cotton and Bruen, was six under 4's standing on the14th tee. He then had trouble with the 'Beardies' and 'Hell' bunkers and took eight. He completed the round in 70 – there can't have been many 70s on the Old Course that included an eight. He took seven at the same hole in the second round after going out of bounds. Very uncharacteristic-in four years of championship golf he had not been known to take more than five. He finished in a share of 9th place along with Percy Alliss, now based at Ferndown. After the Open Locke went to Mere to play a 72-hole Exhibition match against the Open Champion for £250 a side. Locke beat Burton 10&8 and was eleven under fours when the match ended. He also beat the 1938 Champion Reg Whitcombe in the first ever televised match at Coombe Hill.

Courtesy of Ellesmere Port GC



From the cover of *Golf Illustrated*, November 15, 1962, Max uses one of his famous driftwood putters during an exhibition match.

Two of golf's greatest ever characters shared 23rd place at St Andrews. One of the first round leaders-the flamboyant Max Faulkner, who Peter Alliss regards as one of the best ever manipulators of a golf ball, and the great amateur 'all rounder' from Brancepeth, Leonard (L.G.) Crawley, who again



L.G. putting Croquet style
(Courtesy of Hobbs Golf Collection)

played some great golf in what was to be his last Open. At St Andrews earlier that year he had won the 'Silver Cross' in the May Medal for the second year running. Max was always a colourful dresser and a great experimenter with clubs, particularly putters, which he often made himself. The one that attracted the most attention had a hickory shaft and a head fashioned from a piece of driftwood he found on Selsey beach. I am not sure if it was after that St Andrews Open that he famously disposed of the clubs he felt had failed him by tossing them one by one from the train as it passed over the Forth Bridge. L.G. also had a touch of the clown in his makeup and, in his later years as a golf correspondent, was famous for wearing a rusty red suit and cowboy hat during visits to the USA.

I was back in the North East, at the South Shields club, by the time of the Irish Open, which was at Royal Co Down. Jimmy Bruen continued his fine form at St Andrews, breaking the amateur course record with a 66 and little Paddy Mahon, buoyed by the news of the birth of his daughter, came close to breaking my professional course record, but finished with a 68. No record for me this time – I finished in a tie with Paddy for 12th, my worst position in six pre-war Opens. Jimmy Adams, playing on what had once been his 'home green', was to suffer from his ignorance of the rules. In those days a ball could be lifted by a marker and Jimmy's marker did this on one green, then put the ball in his pocket. Jimmy was worried that this would mean that it had been cleaned, which was not then allowed. Concerned that he would be disqualified Jimmy sent for a ruling, but the decision that he was safe did not come until the ninth, by which time he had taken 45 strokes. E.Fennel, from the host club, also paid for forgetting the rules. He picked up his ball after failing with a putt and was penalised two strokes. In an exciting finish the winner, by two strokes from Reg Whitcombe, was 31-years-old Arthur Lees, a great Yorkshire character who had first attracted attention at the 1935 Muirfield Open. It was his first big tournament victory. He was playing pro at Marienbad, then in Czechoslovakia, and later was the professional at Sunningdale for 27 years


Sam King played in three Ryder Cups from 1937-49

The 1939 *Penfold League* tournament went ahead at Little Aston and again most of my matches were closely fought affairs, but there were no halves this time; I won seven and lost four. My best wins were against Arthur Lacey (4 & 3) and the redoubtable match player Dai Rees, whom I beat 3&1. I won by one hole against Alf Perry, Jimmy Adams and in a very close battle with Sam King, in which I was round in 68 to Sam's 70 and pipped him to third place by one point. "As good a game as could be imagined", said the *Birmingham Gazette*. My matches with Alf Padgham and the Open Champion Dick Burton also finished on the last green, both beating me 1 up. On the third day I played two of the Whitcombe brothers, beating Reg in the morning 3 & 2 and losing to Charles in the afternoon by the same margin. I beat the holder, Percy Alliss 2 & 1. This time he came last with only four points despite playing pretty well, but again being let down by his fickle putter. So very little could make the difference between winning and losing in this company. It was, as the *Birmingham Gazette* reporter put it, "a sad example of the *mutability of human affairs*. So much depended upon the player having that indefinable feeling of being in a winning vein". In other words - 'form'.

Henry Cotton got his revenge, reversing the previous years result by beating me 1-up in another ding-dong battle; on the first 9 we had seven threes between us. The lead frequently changed and we were all square on the 18th tee, having both driven into the bunker in front of the 17th, a distance of 310 yards, and halved the hole. My drive found deep rough on 18, only a yard off the fairway and I couldn't reach the green. Henry didn't make it either but chipped to four feet. After much consideration with his caddie he holed for the match. He finished on 18 points and tied Charles Whitcombe. They were joint winners of the tournament that year and I finished third on 14. Sadly it was the last time that this great event was ever played. [It was perhaps a fairer format as it took the 'luck of the draw' out of a matchplay event]. Penfold did resume their sponsorship of tournaments after the war, but the format was conventional match play or stroke play.

The 1939 Ryder Cup match was to be played in Jacksonville, Florida. As news of the team selection was awaited the following appeared in the *Birmingham Post* of 8/8/39

"I think we might put down Bert Gadd as a surprise selection (for the Ryder Cup). He is a fine, though unfortunate, player and one of whom Henry Cotton (G.B.Captain) has a high opinion. Also remember that he does well in the (Penfold) League tournaments each year. Being match play it gives a good indication about a player's Ryder Cup possibilities".

On August 21st the selectors met and decided to choose the first eight players only at that stage. The minutes listed five unanimous choices who were: Playing captain Henry Cotton, the Open Champion - Dick Burton, Reg Whitcombe, Sam King and Alf Padgham, to which were added Charles Whitcombe, Jimmy Adams, and Dai Rees. This left two places to be announced after the *News of the World* tournament from a short list of possibilities nominated in order of preference, although this was not binding. The names on the list were: Arthur Lees, Percy Alliss, Alf Perry, Bert Gadd and Bill Cox. It was the third time that I had been in the reckoning since 1933.
When the first eight choices were released, Charles Whitcombe, who had played in every match since 1927, immediately put out a statement in the *Times* saying that he would not make the trip, as the strain would be too much. His last trip to America had "put six years on his life", he said. This obviously reduced the odds on my selection as one would be promoted to take Charles' place and, whether that was me or one of the others, the choice for the remaining positions was now two from four. [On August 26th the *Times*, commenting on the options for the selection committee, said: "Gadd, who has played well in the Penfold League Tournament, suggests himself". On that committee were two men who had advocated Bert's inclusion: Dick Wheilden from Moseley, who had first spoken of his Ryder Cup potential in 1933 and the man mentioned earlier, Albert Haskins, now Northern Secretary of the PGA. (In earlier years when trial matches had been held Wheilden and Haskins had selected teams to play for their places)]
A couple of years earlier the *Liverpool Echo* columnist Jack McLean had a dig at the committee in his *Around and About – Home Links*, referring to them as "Old fogeys" with the exception of the local representative - Albert. If there were "more of his type", he said, "some of the northerners who feel that they live in the colder part of the country – in more ways than one – will be happy to know that their claims are being sifted very carefully". I was certainly very happy when, two days after the Ryder Cup committee had met, Albert took me aside whilst I was playing at Ormskirk in the *Leeds Cup* (also the northern qualifyer for the *News of the World*) and told me that I would be in the team. He was quite definite about it and had come out on to the course especially to find me and pass on his news. With war imminent the formal discussions on the matter appear to have been shelved and no records have been found, so Albert's statement to me cannot be corroborated, but his words are etched on my memory - It is not the kind of thing you are liable to forget! As to his authority for his statement, we can only speculate on the basis of the 'circumstantial evidence'.
Since the *News of the World* tournament had yet to be played it could be that I had been chosen as the replacement for Charles Whitcombe. Had Albert and Dick managed to convince the southern members of the committee – F.H.Taylor (Oxford University), R.McKenzie (Stanmore) and J.H.Taylor (Royal Mid Surrey)? - perhaps my performance in the *Penfold League Tournament* had tipped the balance in my favour. There is no-one left to tell us that - or who the remaining places might have gone to, but in Peter Alliss's *Most Memorable Golf*, Peter revealed that his father Percy, whose name was on the short list of possibles**, was** picked in 1939. At the time it was said that my partner in that crowd affected second qualifying round at the St Andrews Open, Eddie Whitcombe, was one of the final choices and I have seen this in print recently. I have always believed that to be the case and I was surprised when I saw that his name did not appear on the short list. Before the *News of the World* could be played and the final team announced, the deteriorating situation in Europe made it impossible for the Ryder Cup to go ahead.

At Ormskirk Haskins' successor as Northern Secretary of the PGA, Wallasey's Bill Davies, now in his late forties, showed the class that had earned him his Ryder Cup places in 1931 and 33. He broke the course record with a 69 and recorded a two-round total of 139 to win the Leeds Cup by a shot from Syd Scott, who also shot 69. I was in a five-way tie for 3rd place on 144. Before the tournament was completed some of the players had walked off the course

after messages were sent out from the clubhouse informing them that they were required to return to their Territorial units immediately.
The Ryder Cup captain, Henry Cotton, was in Germany playing in the German Open. In view of the dangerous political situation he had driven to the tournament, which was at Bad Elms-just over the French border. Cotton won the trophy for the third consecutive time, but had to leave his prize money (app. £120) with the German Golf Federation due to the ban on taking reichsmarks out of Germany (He eventually received his cheque at the end of 1945). Henry had the foresight to obtain a letter from the President of the Federation, with as many official looking stamps and seals as they possessed.
The day after the championship Henry spent the day looking over the site of a proposed new course at Wiesbaden and, with things looking blacker by the hour, he cut short his trip and headed for the frontier that night (August 24th) After a long anxious wait he got through the German checkpoint, with the aid of the Federation letter requesting that his passage be facilitated. "—with all sorts of "Heil Hitlers!", recalled Henry, "I drove across the 'no-man's land' between the barriers at racing speed".
On September 1st the British Government issued an ultimatum to Germany requiring an "undertaking" to withdraw from Poland and the evacuation of almost a million children began immediately; it was completed in three days. On September 3rd Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain announced to the nation: "I have to tell you now that no such undertaking has been received, and that consequently this country is at war with Germany". A few months later Winston Churchill became Prime Minister and gave his famous address to the House of Commons in May, 1940: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, sweat and tears". It was George Lambert M.P. who wrote to him saying "You have today the complete confidence of Parliament and the nation". No one who heard his speech could have predicted that it would be six long years before Churchill joined the King and Queen on the balcony of Buckingham Palace to wave to the vast celebrating crowds, as Chamberlain had done in 1938. Lambert's opponent in the 1933 Parliamentary Handicap, with his Duchess, his dogs and his golf clubs, departed to take up his post as Governor of the Bahamas.

With hostilities imminent Britain's solitary golf tournament was the 'Craw's Nest Tassie' at Carnoustie, where Caddies were required to carry some extra equipment – their own gas masks and those of their employers.

On September 5th the *Times* reported that the Ryder Cup had been cancelled. The PGA secretary and Team Manager, Commander R.C.T.Roe, sent his regrets to the Americans and was soon to return to naval duties, keeping an eye on PGA affairs in his spare time. Like brother George before me, I was never to get another chance to play in the Ryder Cup and, unlike George, my name never even appeared in the records. The Gadds were just not destined to be Ryder Cup players. I suppose I should have joined George on the list of those selected who never got a game, but no documents relating to my selection , or of the other two short listed players, have been found - so that list remains at seven.

[On September 16th Bernard Darwin wrote in the *Times*: "Golf in the competitive sense is for the moment dead", but it did in fact revive and survived well into 1940. On the 23rd of the month the *Times* announced that Henry Cotton would be meeting members of the Ryder Cup side that would have travelled to America, in exhibition matches in aid of the Red Cross. In 1940 Bert played in one of these events at the Northumberland Golf Club, Gosforth Park, adding further credence to his having been selected. His partner was Bill Green of Tynemouth G.C. and Cotton was partnered by Dick Burton. Henry had to hole a three yard putt at the last to square the match. A crowd of 3000 attended the match, £400 being raised from gate receipts and an auction of the balls used by the players.]

[On August 11th, 1939 Charles Gadd's obituary appeared in the *Times*, his death having occurred the previous day, just thirty years after he had begun his professional career at Market Drayton and fifteen years since he had become Brancepeth Castle's first professional.] Bert wrote the following tribute:

It was in that first year of the war that my brother Charles died at his home in Brancepeth. At the age of forty-seven he had finally become a victim of the first conflict, having suffered from his shattered leg for twenty years and often been in severe pain. Charles was much loved and respected in the North East, where he had an impressive record. His achievements were all the more remarkable when you consider that he was unable to put his weight on his injured left leg so had to use his right leg as the main support throughout his swing. He would surely have achieved national fame and could well have been the Gadd to play in the Ryder Cup if he had not had such a severe disability.

[The following had been published in the Malvern News on 25/11/1916:

'Mr F Gadd, of Malvern Common, has received notification that his son Sgt C.H.Gadd of the Worcester Territorials was wounded on the 15th October by a High Explosive Shell which, bursting a few yards away from him, fracturing the shinbone on his left leg. Before enlisting in November 1914, he was a golf professional at Aberdovey. His Company officer writes:

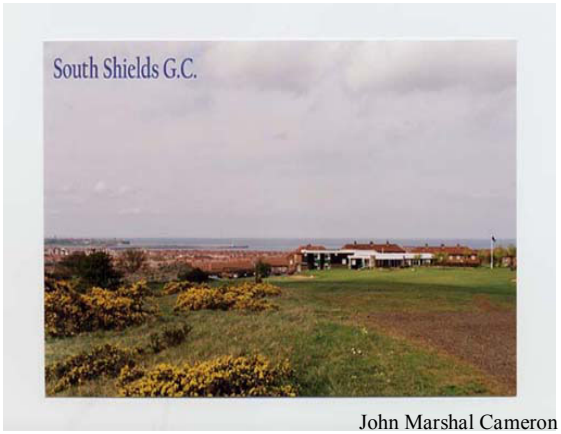
"'I am afraid his leg is hurt rather badly and probably he won't be able to walk for some months. The doctor thinks that there will be some permanent injury. I have worked with your son for four months and he has rendered me the best support and I always knew he was prepared to do anything without consideration of the dangers. I never saw a man so badly wounded who was so cheerful. I hope when he returns to the front line he will get back to his old regiment."]

With thanks to Mr Paul Roberts of Malvern, Editor of "*To Those Who Nobly Served*"

Charles' death left the Brancepeth Castle Club without a professional, but by a remarkable coincidence the post was to be filled by another Gadd.

14. Return to Brancepeth

I returned to the South Shields club, but the war soon made me redundant and my career as a professional golfer was put on hold. I became a Constable on the police war reserve and then joined the Civil Service as an administrator attached to the RASC on a wage of £3/week. Then, by the quirk of fate I mentioned earlier, in 1940 I was posted to Brancepeth to help with equipping of the military training camp built on the edge of the course. After my reluctant departure fifteen years earlier I was back and I was soon installed as the club's honorary part-time professional. Many clubs were requisitioned for the war effort and my old club of West Cheshire had fires lit on the course to draw German bombers away from the strategic dockland nearby. A lot of courses were turned over to agricultural production and some, like Turnberry, became airfields. Prince's, where I had made my Open debut, was used as a firing range, "akin to throwing darts at a Rembrandt", said Lord Brabazon. Henry Longhurst believed that it had vanished forever, but thankfully it survived and is now being restored to its former glory. Golf continued at Brancepeth Castle and I was able to carry out repairs for the members and army personnel, using the equipment and materials left by Charles, together with my own.



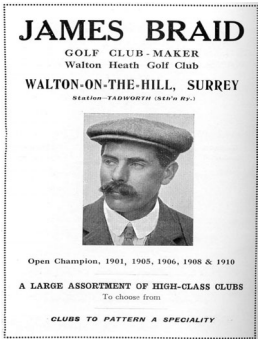
John Marshal Cameron

[By April 1940 the *Times* was announcing that the *News of the World*, postponed from the previous September, would go ahead at the end of the month, followed by the *Daily Mail £500* tournament in June. The E.G.U. also decided to hold a national foursomes for amateurs: the Red Cross was to be the beneficiary from these events. Bert played in the *News of the World*, beating Sid Scott, then at Hartlepool, by 6&5 in the first round, but went out to A.G.Matthews of Roehampton. Henry Cotton was the winner, beating Alf Padgham at the 37th hole. Both of them were now involved in the series of Red Cross matches, also involving Alliss, Compston, Burton, Adams, Perry, Rees, Easterbrook and others including the old brigade of Duncan, Taylor, Braid and Herd. Some of the pros participating were now wartime policemen or worked in agriculture. The *Daily Mail*, won by Alf Padgham, was to be the last professional tournament during the war. Local Alliances carried on a limited programme for a while and some amateur events took place, until the full might of the Luftwaffe descended on Britain; From July to October the Battle of Britain raged over Southern England and the Blitz began in September. Thanks to 'The Few' Britain was saved from invasion - and Bridgnorth from a most unwelcome resident!]

In early August Henry Cotton joined the RAF as an Acting Pilot Officer in Administration and Special Duties, but continued to play exhibitions for the rest of 1940 and in November he and Dick Burton played the Bentley brothers at Hesketh, raising over £600 for the Red Cross, which had now received well over £20,000. 'Cigarettes for the forces' was another cause to benefit from professional matches. 'Any old irons?' asked the *Times*, publicising the appeal for metal for the war effort; iron heads, steel shafted clubs and aluminium putters were handed in. Pros, including George Gadd, gave clubs for auction at the exhibition matches and Harry Vardon's family donated the ball from his 6th Open win.]

I was at Brancepeth when the war ended and celebrated VE Day in the Sergeant's Mess at the camp. Rationing of scarce fuel and foodstuffs continued for many years and we had to be satisfied with powdered egg, spam and stringy joints. Gradually golf got going again but equipment was not available for a year or two. Balls were in very short supply and Henry Longhurst, in the 1943 foreword to his book *Golf*, saw an opportunity to make a fresh start from scratch and hoped that the R&A would act to limit the effect of advances in ball technology. "Golf", he had written, "was the only game whose whole character was at the mercy of manufacturers". He recalled "the farcical state we had reached in golf, when we solemnly altered two thousand courses to fit the ball instead of altering the ball to fit two thousand courses". St Andrews did not heed his advice and the race between manufacturers was to be resumed; they were still producing the 1.62" ball of course, which flew further than the American 1.68" size. I wrote in my newspaper column in 1951 that all the pros I had spoken to on the subject were still "most firmly in favour of the British standard ball". I was more open-minded about it and wrote, "The

present day craze for length would receive a nasty set-back with the larger ball. That, in itself, might be a good thing, but I cannot imagine it being a popular innovation".
It was fifteen years before the 1.68" ball was given a trial run in British PGA tournaments and it was finally adopted in the seventies. Now, sixty years after Henry's book was published, the ball gets ever longer and courses are still being altered in an attempt to control the dominance of the big hitters.
When the first batches of balls came off the production lines after the war they were strictly rationed and you had to apply to the manufacturers stating that they were required for a special competition, giving the number of players involved. You were allowed one ball per player. We arranged quite a few special events as the club trophies emerged from wartime storage.
I stayed on at Brancepeth until 1951, serving as part time pro, but remaining with the Civil Service. I had decided by then that they offered me a better chance to make a steady income for our family and get a pension; golf did not have the prospects for seniors that exist today. My appearances in major events were few and far between after the war, as I had to use my annual leave in odd days to fit in with competition dates. The Civil Service was not over generous with leave allowances, but I could take a limited number of half-days and these I utilised mainly for local PGA and Alliance meetings. I could generally manage only one or two major events per year. I made only three more appearances in the Open and went on one last nostalgic trip to the Irish Open.
"GOLF BEGINS AGAIN", headlined the Times in July, 1945 and announced that the *V.E.' News of the World Matchplay Championship* would take place that month at its traditional home-Walton Heath. The final was contested between two of the neatest players and sweetest strikers of the day, Reg Horne and Percy Alliss, with Reg emerging the winner. I did not go that year and my next match in the event was to be in 1949 when I came up against Dai Rees again and this time he beat me. It was at Walton Heath that I had met another member of the Great Triumvirate before the war, when I played in the *News of the World* in 1938. Five times Open champion James Braid, a founder member and first Captain of the PGA, was appointed professional when the club opened in 1904 and had nearly completed his forty-five years at Walton Heath when I met him again in 1949. It was said that he swung the club with "divine fury" in contrast to his "perfect placidity" as Bernard Darwin put it, - on and off the course. He was a man of few words but commanded great respect. "Nobody could be so wise as James Braid looks" was a very apt description and that is how I remember the elder statesmen of our profession. His shop was a 'tin hut' described by Darwin as "highly unpretentious and rather dark" and he told a story about a visiting American who went into the shop where Braid was at work and asked if he would like a game. "—Braid, with his habitual Scottish charm, agreed", wrote Darwin. "Two and a half hours later the American was heard to say: 'Gee! That guy in your wood shack is a promising player'" The Captaincy of the PGA, which had been vacant during the war, was bestowed on him for the sixth time in 1946 – a measure of the esteem in which he was held.



Braid was a prolific and highly rated architect and his superb courses at Gleneagles are perhaps the most famous of his designs. A column in the American Golfer of 1928 said: "---- no keen golfer's education is quite complete – if it ever is! – until he has played upon the King's course and the Queen's course at Gleneagles----". It went on, "You may play a good round or a bad; bad if you are temperamental and 'subject to scenery'; good if you can steel your eyes and your hand to the business of the moment, which is to do justice to these grand golfing holes, and to the card that allows you 80 of a score". I remember that they did have a special score card when I played there in the thirties, with a bogey (par) of 80 for the benefit of visitors-particularly Americans, who liked to say that they had beaten bogey; the 360-yard first hole had a bogey of five. No such luxury for the professionals, but the King's was a particular favourite of mine – it reminded me of Brancepeth Castle.

'Dun Whinny' the 1st hole
King's Course: Gleneagles

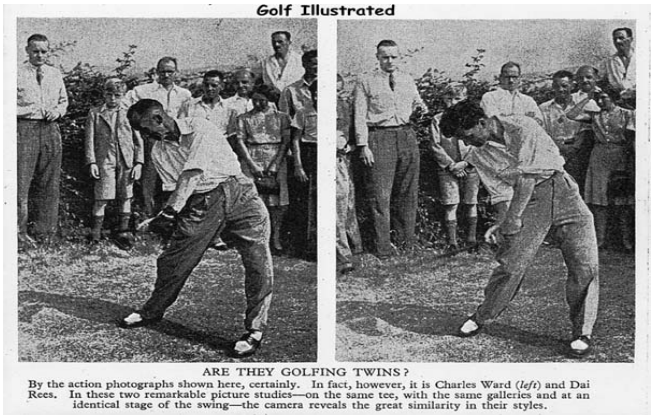
Other newspaper proprietors came forward to sponsor events; the *News Chronicle* and *Star* each put up £3000 to get the show back on the road and the *Daily Sketch* sponsored a four-ball competition. The

Daily Mail 1500 guineas Victory Tournament at St Andrews, known as the 'unofficial' or 'lost' Open, rang down the curtain on a remarkably successful first post war season. The 172 entrants, many playing in their uniforms, included six Americans, but the first two places were occupied by British pros. Charlie Ward took the title by a stroke from Max Faulkner, who had returned from service as a PT Instructor in the R.A.F. Before the tournament the only practice Charlie had was hitting horse chestnuts gathered for him by Italian prisoners of war. He was still in the RAF and was 'confined to barracks' when he was late arriving back from St Andrews, the presentation having caused him to miss his train.
In 1946 the *Daily Mail* tournament at Lytham opened the season in March and my only appearance on the 'tour' that year was a brief one. I played 'early season' golf and was soon on my way home.
The *Dunlop Southport* tournament was resumed in May with qualifying at Hillside and Southport and Ainsdale and the final rounds at S&A. The golf-starved Merseyside public turned out in force and the *Southport Guardian* reported that 6500 people went through the gates; nearly double the attendance when the event had last been held in 1938. Henry Cotton, who had been awarded the MBE for his work for the 'Red Cross', had decided to play and arrived in his Rolls-Royce, but he was overshadowed by the 'comparatively unknown' Max Faulkner-as the *Southport Guardian* reporter put it. Max was now assistant at Bridport, Dorset to his father Gus, at one time seventh assistant to James Braid, who was himself a fine player before the war and had made the final Ryder cup trials in 1930 when he was pro at the Surrey club, Bramley. [He succeeded George Gadd as Surrey Open Champion that year]
Max putted brilliantly to take the title by a stroke from Australia's Norman von Nida, now embarking on his highly successful post-war career. Afterwards Max told the reporters that the £365 he won would "more than replace" his quickly spent R.A.F. gratuity. "- - my God I'm a millionaire", he thought. Cotton would soon have him as his (unpaid) assistant at Royal Mid Surrey, where Henry had recently been appointed to replace J.H.Taylor, who had retired after 47 years as the club's professional. (Faulkner could have joined Henry ten years earlier when he was Ashridge pro and Max had been short-listed for the assistant's job, but parental consent to the move was not forthcoming)

The *Leeds Cup* was resumed at Sand Moor, Leeds, in combination with the *Northern Professional Championship*, but both trophies were missing. The Leeds Cup is the oldest trophy presented to the winner of a PGA tournament; Harry Vardon was the first name inscribed in 1902 and the other famous names include Ted Ray, Sandy Herd, George Duncan, Abe Mitchell and Archie Compston. The last name on the cup was W.H.Davies, who had won at Ormskirk a few days before the outbreak of war. Bill had taken the cup back to his club - Wallasey and, along with the club's trophies, it was whitewashed, put in an icebox and buried in the sand hills. After the war ended the trophies had been retrieved and sent for cleaning, but the historic Leeds Cup had now gone missing. Percy Alliss, who pipped me for the title in 1937 at Mere, was the last winner of the Northern Professional Trophy and he was probably entitled to keep it having won two years running. Whether or not the Leeds Cup had been found in time to present it to Norman Sutton, that year's winner, I do not know, but that did turn up eventually. As far as I know The Northern Professional Trophy from those days never came to light. (* see p.140). The cup played for nowadays is the 'News Chronicle and Daily Despatch' Challenge Trophy, which dates from 1955 and the event is now known as the *PGA North Region Championship*.
In 1946 another Alliss made an appearance in the sports columns; the 15-year-old Peter Alliss of Ferndown competed in the Boy's Championship at Bruntsfield Links, Edinburgh.
The 1946 Open was back at St Andrews and 1939 champion Dick Burton sent in his entry accompanied by a note saying: "I shall bring the 'Cup' with me". Thankfully the priceless Claret Jug came back unscathed. The amateur Jimmy Bruen, who had astonished the galleries with his play at St Andrews in the last pre-war Open, did not enter that year, but continued to cause astonishment with his powerful hitting at the first post-war *British Amateur Championship* and the first at Birkdale. He broke three mashie-niblicks on his way to a 4&3 victory over the 1937 champion, Robert Sweeney (USA).
I did not go to St Andrews for that first post war Open, won by the man heralded as the greatest golfer in the world at that time – the late Sam Snead. His elegant and powerful swing took him to a four shot victory over Bobby Locke and one of the few Americans to regularly support the Open, Johnny Bulla, who had also been second to Dick Burton at St Andrews before the war. Snead had not played since he had made his debut in the event at Cotton's Carnoustie Open in 1937 and had not intended to come that year. He felt that his putting form gave him no chance of winning and it was reported that he only entered after Walter Hagen gave him a lesson. Snead was to be handed a lesson by Bobby Locke that winter when he visited South Africa and was 'putted off the greens', losing 12 of 14 challenge matches to the South African. Locke asked Snead if he could make a living in America. "Make a living?", replied Snead, "You'll get rich-and very quickly". Sam made a buck or two himself betting on Bobby. Locke won three tournaments that year and was leading money winner in Europe with £12,200, roughly 55% of the £25,000 on offer; He was the first post-war winner of the Vardon Trophy.

German prisoners of war had been put to work on bringing St Andrews back to championship standard, but Snead was unimpressed. When he caught his first sight of the Old Course from the train, he remarked, "Say, that looks like an old abandoned course out there", which did not endear him to the locals. He had little regard for the traditions of the Open Championship, which he dismissed as "just another tournament" and the austerity of post war Britain was, in his words, like "camping out". The £150 prize money was a fraction of that on offer in the USA at that time. (In 1946 the winners of the US Open and the Masters received $1500 and $2500 respectively and Americans came nowhere near to covering their expenses, unless they had a few lucrative exhibitions). Snead did not return to defend the title and was not to play in the event again until 1962.

Charlie Ward holed-in-one at the 8th, on his way to a share of fourth place with Norman von Nida, Henry Cotton and Dai Rees. Rees had broken the course record with a 67 in round two and was level with Snead with a round to go. On the first tee of the final round he suffered from one of those idiotic 'supporters' who feel it necessary to shout on the golf course. The bellowed "Good old Wales" came at the top of his backswing, causing a horrible slice. He then found the Swilken Burn and the result was a disastrous seven; he could not recover – returning an 80 against Snead's 75. Dai would come close on a number of occasions but the title always eluded him. Charlie also performed consistently well in post-war Opens and was never worse than sixth for the remainder of the forties. He and Dai followed in the footsteps of Henry Cotton and went across the Atlantic that year to play a few tournaments and it was the lessons he learnt from the Americans that made Charlie one of our greatest short game exponents. They received wonderful hospitality, staying with the 'Silver Scot' - Tommy Armour, who gave them each a set of new clubs, and playing with Bob Hope and Bing Crosby. They did quite well and a whip-round by American friends enabled them to extend their trip, but they outstayed their welcome from the US government when their visas ran out. Fortunately a lenient view was taken and they escaped with a warning: "Get on the plane or you might end up in the U.S.Army".


Golf Illustrated

ARE THEY GOLFING TWINS?

By the action photographs shown here, certainly. In fact, however, it is Charles Ward (*left*) and Dai Rees. In these two remarkable picture studies—on the same tee, with the same galleries and at an identical stage of the swing—the camera reveals the great similarity in their styles.

The defending champion had received little more than the £100 prize money from his 1939 victory and the honour of captaining the PGA, which accompanied the title in those days (for members of the Association). The exhibitions and equipment endorsements he could have expected had been a casualty of the war. Typically Dick was philosophical about his bad luck, saying to reporters: "Me? Unlucky? I came through the war didn't I? That's a lot better than many did who were at St Andrews the day I won". He had held the trophy for the longest period in its history and he arrived on the first tee having waited seven years to defend his title – he sliced out of bounds onto the beach! His partner, the 1935 champion Alf Perry, knocked it straight left and almost went out of bounds across the vast acres of the 18th fairway, a seemingly impossible feat since achieved by the1991 champion Ian Baker-Finch. The first tee at St Andrews can be a daunting place at any time and, when the pressure gets to a player, no fairway is too wide. Undeterred by his disastrous start Dick Burton finished with threes at 17 & 18 for a very creditable 74 and went on to finish12th.

Dick Burton (l) pictured in his days at Hooton GC with John Woollam (Photo in the White Lion, Hooton)

Dick was a great character - when he was at Hooton he would play the members with just two clubs. In pre-war days he had often driven Jimmy Adams, Bill Davies and me to tournaments, before he moved to Sale, but we had to keep him talking. He was prone to nodding off and we had to make sure he stayed awake. He would sleep in the car when he was too tired to make it back home and after one tournament he was driving home alone when he felt drowsy and pulled off the road. He was awakened at 5 am by a knock on the window and was surprised to see his local bobby looking in at him. "Don't you think you'd be better off in your bed Dick?", said the constable. He was only a few hundred yards from home.

15. A Record Return to The Open

My first tour outing for 1947 was at the Hoylake Open and the headline on the sports page of the *Daily Mail* on July 1st said: **"GADD BACK WITH 66"** and went on to talk of my impressive re-appearance in championship golf. Unfortunately they were not referring to the championship proper, but the qualifying rounds, which took place over the Royal Liverpool course and nearby Arrowe Park. Making his Open debut that year was the sixteen-year-old Peter Alliss and I remember him working with his father, Percy, on the Hoylake practice ground. Peter wrote in his 1984 book *The Open*: "Bert Gadd, a name from the 1930s, had a 66 at Arrowe Park"; the course record was a great start to my first post-war championship and I began to hope that I might be a name in the forties as well! The next best score at Arrowe Park that day was 70, shared by the runner-up in the previous year's amateur championship, American Bob Sweeney and the Australian pro Norman von Nida, who was to have his peak year in 1947, winning the Vardon Trophy with seven victories in Britain and setting a new record stroke average of 71.25. My partner, Ken Bousfield, the Coombe Hill assistant, and Eric Brown, then at the Northumberland GC in Newcastle, both shot 77. (Ten years later they were to feature in the dramatic Ryder cup match at Lindrick.) The following day Johnny Bulla came close to my record with a 67.


HIS 66 SMASHED COURSE RECORD

Frank Stranahan

Frank Stranahan (U.S.A.) congratulates Bert Gadd (Beaconsfield, Bucks) after he had broken the Arrowe Park course record with 66 in a qualifying round at the Open Championship, yesterday. Gadd is on

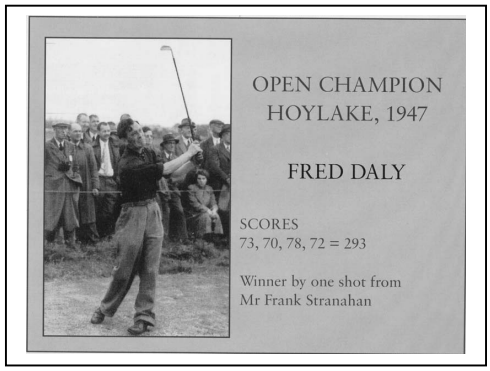
In my second qualifying round at Hoylake I had a 77 and *The Times* said that my putter "was not in the same obliging mood this time". Strangely it never did seem to oblige me on Hoylake's greens, which they say are the truest anywhere. I qualified in joint fourth place on 143, with Dai Rees. Von Nida shot a fine 69 to lead the qualifiers on 139. At almost 7000 yards in length Royal Liverpool was one of the severest tests presented to an Open field at that time – "the toughest course I have ever seen", said Bernard Darwin. At the 6th - 'Briars', where the carry over the out of bounds orchard was around 200 yards, the veteran George Duncan put three into the orchard and took eleven on his way to an 87. The next hole is 'Dowie', a par-3 of 198 yards, where the out of bounds was only a few yards left of the green; a grim prospect with the wind howling off the right.

"The out of bounds were indeed a terrifying feature of the Hoylake of that time", wrote Peter Alliss. The members had their own rule before the war in match play competitions, which the *Times* described as the "Classic Hoylake penalty of distance only". When, in preparation for the 1939 Amateur Championship, they announced that the rule was to be abandoned and the rule of golf played, which demands stroke and distance, the *Times* correspondent wrote the following:

"As a humble adorer I take up my testimony against such change, which will in match play take half the spice out of some great holes. --- The rule of golf is a very good rule", he went on, "where it is only possible to go out of bounds once or twice, but at Hoylake it is an ever lurking peril and one distinguished friend of mine boasts that, in the course of his life, he has been out of bounds at fifteen of the eighteen holes ----- Oh beloved Hoylake, how can you bear to do it", he concluded – Very Darwinian!

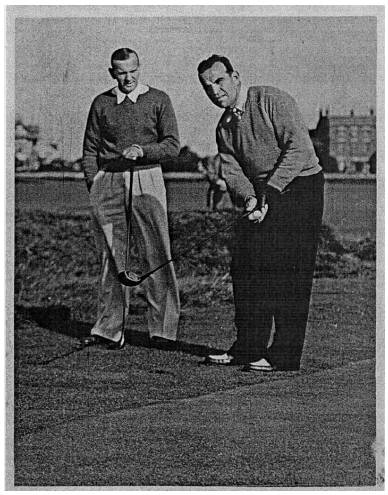
Peter Alliss had an 86 in his Hoylake qualifying round and did not make it to the championship proper. I had the same score at a very windy Hoylake to miss the cut. He was not yet battle hardened and I had been out of the fray for too long. Another 86 was scored by one of the most consistent players in the game, Syd Scott, who was to succeed my brother George at Roehampton, but was then at Carlisle City. Bob Sweeney, who was second at Arrowe Park in qualifying, had a 'No Return'. Hoylake humbled some good players that year. Norman von Nida, who had been in fine form, did make the cut, but blamed the "worst hazard of all at Hoylake" - the wind, for costing him his chance in that Open. He told how he and his partner, Henry Cotton, had been unable to get through the revolving door out on to the course, so strong was the wind and had to go out through the main entrance. The forthright Aussie

was to write in his autobiography *Golf is my Business*, "--- during the last two rounds we played off back tees that made the course ridiculously long. From the tees, when the wind blew, it was impossible to reach some fairways with a number one wood!". The 16th (383 yards), which had been a drive and 6-iron, required three shots to reach the green and at the 482-yard 8th he needed a driver, brassie, and full iron. "That is not golf", he said, "and it is certainly not the kind of golf for which Hoylake was designed. The current mania for making holes longer, thereby destroying their character and spoiling the lay-out of a well planned golf course, might breed a race of sloggers, but it will achieve nothing else". "By adding 300-yards in length", he went on, "the committee gains little in length and loses much in charm". Well Norman, Hoylake will be altered again in 2006 to protect the course from a new generation of sloggers, wielding vastly improved weapons and using 'long range' ammunition .
Ulsterman Fred Daly, brought up on the difficult links of Royal Portrush, was well used to playing in the wind and scored 78, 72 on the final day to become the only champion from Ireland to date, but he was nearly caught by the amateur Frank Stranahan, one of only three Americans who made the trip that year; Frank was unfailingly loyal to the championship in the early post war years, during which he won our Amateur Championship twice. He needed a two at the last to tie and I was watching as he prepared to play his second shot with a 9-iron from around 150 yards. As he addressed the ball a newsboy cried, "paper". He backed off and composed himself, but just as he was about to swing, "paper" rang out again. The paperboy was silenced and Frank finally played the shot. The crowd gasped as the ball rolled right up to the hole and stopped a few inches away.



Courtesy of Royal Liverpool G.C.

Frank was a fitness fanatic, very unusual for a golfer in those days; the only other player I can recall taking fitness so seriously was Henry Cotton. Stranahan, nicknamed 'Muscles', had brought his full weight-training kit with him and extra rooms and modifications were required to accommodate him and his equipment in Liverpool's Adelphi Hotel. The talk was of floors being strengthened and doors removed – it must have cost a fortune, but Frank was a man of considerable means. As you can see from the picture taken with me he was not a big man – about 5 feet 8 inches. Maybe, like Gary Player, he did it to keep up with the big hitters.
Sharing second place with Stranahan was Hendon pro Reg Horne, who had won the first post-war *News of the World* tournament. He finished 72, 71 and his long range putt at the last was in – and out again. Reg was picked for the Ryder Cup that year and went all the way to Portland, Oregon only to be left on the sidelines. Along with the little known *Northern Professional* champion, Eric Green, he was not asked to play by captain Henry Cotton. They were unlucky to be left out as Henry had intended to give them a match if any of the other eight did not perform, but when it was Henry himself and Fred Daly, the Open champion and that year's *News of the World Matchplay* champion, who fared badly, he felt unable to go through with it. The result was an 11-1 victory for Ben Hogan's side, with Sam King winning our only point and preventing the only 'whitewash' in the Cup's history. Whether either of the two men who travelled in vain would have saved a little face is something we will never know. They were the first players to make the trip to the USA and not participate, since my brother George twenty years earlier and the fourth and fifth of those who were destined never to get a game.



Dick Burton and Bill Shankland on the Hoylake practice ground
(Courtesy of Haydock Park G.C.)

At Hoylake Bill Shankland had another great chance to win the Open, when he went to six under fours with five to play, but he double-bogeyed 16 and another bad finish put paid to his chance, just as in 1939. He still recorded the lowest final round of 70, but it was only good enough for fourth place, two behind Daly. Dick Burton was fifth and Charlie Ward continued his fine run with a share of sixth place. He was to be third the following year, fourth in 1949 and third in 1951.
Whether Sam Snead would have successfully defended the title if he had bothered to come back in 1947 is something we will never know. By the time he eventually

arrived at Hoylake for an exhibition match over half a century later he was 88 and that classic swing was a thing of the past.

Tony Jacklin

Sam Snead and Sandy Lyle

Roberto de Vicenzo

The Open Champions Classic: Royal Liverpool, 2000

John Marshal Cameron

Royal Liverpool was to stage two more championships before entering a long period in the wilderness. Peter Thomson completed a hat trick of titles there in 1956, going on to win five and one of the most popular champions of all , Roberto de Vicenzo, took the last Hoylake Open in 1967 - at the age of 44! Now the Open is to return to this great course in 2006 and, stretched to around 7250 yards, it will present a stiff examination to the 'Big Four' -Tiger, Ernie, Vijay, Phil - and their rivals. * (Their predecessors have missed out on the chance to be a Hoylake champion and which of those great players would have won the four or five Opens Hoylake might have had over the past thirty-five years comes into the category of Bernard Darwin's "interesting but futile 'ifs' of history".
(* Tiger was the winner with a superb display of course management)
When Royal Liverpool staged the 67 championship two of the 'Big Three' were in their prime - three time winners Jack Nicklaus, the defending champion and Gary Player, who would win the following year. (Arnold Palmer did not enter that year). Both came close in 1967, would one of them have made it four? or perhaps Doug Sanders would have holed the one that got away at St Andrews in 1970; Would Tony Jacklin have got the second Open that was so cruelly snatched from him? Sandy Lyle won the Brabazon Trophy at Hoylake as an amateur, maybe he would have won a second Open there, or Woosie might have landed the title that has always eluded him.

Nick Faldo at Hoylake for his Faldo Junior Series

The great years of Seve Ballesteros, Nick Faldo and Greg Norman have come and gone while Hoylake was sleeping and Tom Watson could have made it a record equalling six titles - or would there have been a surprise winner, like Fred Daly in that 1947 Hoylake Championship or the two at Sandwich- the Americans Bill Rogers and Ben Curtis in 1981 and 2003?* That's another thing we shall never know.
(* Or Todd Hamilton at Royal Troon in 2004)

The 1946-7 football season saw the arrival of Matt Busby at Old Trafford to manage Manchester United, who had not won the League title, or the Cup, since before the first war. When he arrived the club that would one day be the wealthiest in the country had debts of £15,000 and a bombed-out ground. Home games were played at Maine Road, the ground of his old club Manchester City. United ended the season as runners up to another of his old clubs, Liverpool, in the league and

were to win the Cup the following year. The 'Busby Babes' were born a few years later and the rest is history.
Charlton beat Burnley in the FA Cup final - during which the ball burst-for the second successive year! As in golf, modern footballers have the benefit of a much better ball.

Two of Britain's finest ever sportsmen were having their best seasons that year.
Billy Liddell, a brilliant winger-cum-centre forward, had joined Liverpool in 1938 on the recommendation of Matt Busby. His exciting fast-running direct style caused him to be known as the 'Flying Scotsman', a nickname he shared with that other Scottish footballer, more famous as a golfer, George Duncan. He could well have taken a cue from George's book and named his autobiography 'Football at the Gallop', instead of *My Soccer Story* (Stanley Paul, 1960). Liddell was the star in the side that took the first post-war league title in a season considerably lengthened due to an exceptionally hard winter - the worst of the century. Rivers and Ports froze over and railways and roads became impassable. Isolated communities had food supplies dropped by the RAF; almost no coal got through and power supplies were drastically cut. Snow blanketed the country from late January to mid March, when the thaw and a great storm brought widespread flooding. Snow covered pitches were marked out with red paint, but for many weeks they were unplayable and 140 fixtures were postponed. Summer had arrived when Liverpool's backlog of fixtures was finally completed on a day when the temperature reached 80 degrees Fahrenheit.
Liddell went on to play over 500 games for the Reds and remained loyal to a club whose fortunes were soon to decline after their post war success. In a better side he would have won many more than the two medals he received, one for the league championship and a losing cup finalist's medal in 1950.


Courtesy of Topham

Billy Liddell being presented to King George VI before the 1950 Cup Final

He was a part-time player and worked as an Accountant for most of his career, training on only two mornings a week. When he broke into the first team he was on £5 a week and £4 during the summer. The maximum wage for footballers was £20/week until 1961, when Liddell was nearing retirement. (A comparable player in today's game makes more before he is substituted in the first match of the season than Billy made in his whole career) He had pace, courage, skill on the ball and a blistering shot; many think that he was the greatest talent ever to grace the Anfield pitch. A Scottish international, he also played for the British team on the two occasions that the four home countries combined in international football in 1947 and 1955. Only he and Stanley Matthews played in both matches against the Rest of Europe (Neither of these great players was ever booked). Liddell was a man of religious principles and great integrity. He served as a magistrate in Liverpool for many years. He passed away in 2001.
The second sportsman to have a great year was to play for Arsenal (along with his brother Leslie) in the side that beat Liverpool in that 1950 Cup Final, but he is better known as one of Britain's most talented cricketers. After the hardest of winters came the glorious summer of 1947 and Denis Compton scored 18 centuries, breaking the record of 16 made by Jack Hobbs in 1925. The Middlesex batsman totalled 3,816 runs at an average of 90.85. In the five match test series against the South African tourists he scored 753 runs to help England to victory by three tests to nil.

In 1948 one of the World's greatest ever all-rounders, 'Babe' Zaharias, won the US Women's Open Golf Championship – the first of her three victories in the event. In her amateur career she won the US Amateur Championship in 1946 and the British Amateur title the following year- the first American victory in the event. The former All-American basketball and baseball player, was nicknamed 'Babe' after Babe Ruth, when she hit five home-runs in a game. She had been the first woman to make the cut in a men's professional golf tournament in the 1945 Los Angeles Open; it was to be 58 years before it was done again-by Se Ri Pak in 2003. Bobby Jones said she was one of the best 10 golfers of all time – male or female. Widely regarded as the greatest female athlete of the 20th century, as Mildred Didrikson, the


Babe Zaharias

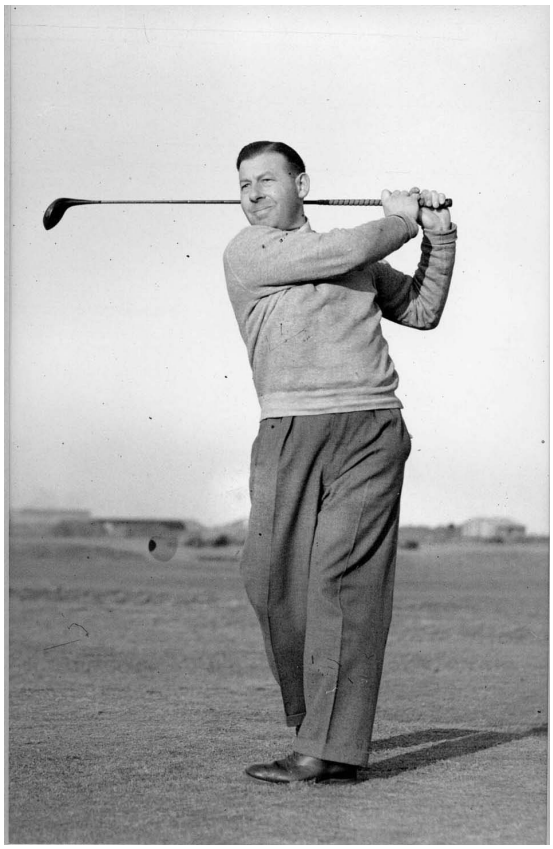
'Babe' had first made the sporting headlines in the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics, when she won two gold medals and a silver, which should have been three golds. She was penalised for her revolutionary headfirst-over-the-bar technique (western roll) in the high jump and, although recording a new world-record height, she was awarded only second place. She won gold in the 80 metres hurdles with a world record time of 11.7 seconds and in the Javelin, in which event she had set a world record at sixteen years of age.
In the early fifties she was the star of the newly formed LPGA in America and she toured Britain in 1951 with a US women's team. They played a match against a team of distinguished amateur gentlemen raised by General Critchley and won every game. Zaharias beat L.G.Crawley, who had won that year's *President's Putter* at Rye, after rejecting his suggestion that she should play off the ladies' tees – she could hit the ball amazing distances. L.G.'s mood cannot have been improved by her words when it was his honour: "Your beat, Len". The 'Babe' was not in awe of anybody.
(L.G. won the President's Putter again the following year for the fourth time)

There was then a gap of four years before I played in the Open Championship again. During that period Henry Cotton won his third Open at Muirfield in 1948, with a course record 66 in the second round-watched by King George V1. A gallery of 10,000 lined the 18th hole to cheer him home, five shots ahead of the defending champion Fred Daly. In that championship Charlie Ward became the first man to have two holes-in-one in the Open when he aced the 13th in round-3 (since emulated by Ireland's Paul McGinley). Charlie was a further shot behind Cotton, sharing third place with Norman von Nida, Jack Hargreaves and the brilliant Argentinian, Roberto de Vicenzo, making his first appearance in the championship. Roberto's ball striking impressed Bernard Darwin, who wrote: "He gave more aesthetic pleasure than any other man in the field". [Henry Cotton was later to describe him as the best ball striker in the world] de Vicenzo won the *North British* tournament that year, the first of many victories in Europe. (He won more than 230 world-wide) In that event Charlie Ward equalled the record of 29 for the outward nine in a British tournament. I had played in the inaugural *North British* in 1947; it was played annually at Harrogate, on the Starbeck, Pannal and Oakdale courses and I usually chose it as my 'tour' event as it was nearest to home [Bert also played in the *Northern Professional*, the *Y.E.N.* and *News of the World Matchplay*]. In the 1948 *North British* my scores for the first three rounds of 76, 76, 77, left me some way behind and, even with a better 71 to finish, I was a good twenty shots adrift.
Charlie won the *North British* in his finest year of 1949, when he retained the Vardon Trophy, also winning the *Dunlop Masters* at St Andrews, which he considered the best win of his career and sharing fourth place in the Open with Sam King. Bobby Locke had back-to-back Open wins - that year at Sandwich and at Troon in 1950, where he set a record aggregate of 279. His other victories included the *Dunlop*, *Spalding* and *North British* tournaments – the latter's £500 cheque took his season's total to £1900 and gained him the Vardon Trophy for the second time.
Max Faulkner triumphed at Portrush in 1951, fulfilling the potential he had shown with a sixth place in 1949 and a fifth in 1950. Max had played in the first post-war Ryder Cup in 1947, but nonetheless, when he arrived at Royal St.George's to practice for the 1949 Open Championship, he was denied access to the clubhouse and told to change in the back of the pro shop. Even at his home club of Royal Mid Surrey he had been allowed to enter the clubhouse only once a week for a shower – at 8.15 on Monday mornings! When Henry Cotton's two leading assistants dared to enter the clubhouse one day to use the Gents the Secretary immediately issued a memo. It read, "Under no circumstances shall Henry Cotton's staff enter the clubhouse forthwith!" The British class system still prevailed and pros were kept in their place- Ryder Cup player or no. In some places it prevailed for the rest of the century and Colin Montgomerie revealed in his autobiography how he became aware of "the stigma attached to being a professional" when he turned pro. He had to resign his membership of Royal Troon, where his father had just been appointed secretary and he could no longer enter some clubhouses in the West of Scotland unless invited by a member.
Dick Burton continued to be a prominent player long after the war. In 1949 he won the *Silver King* at Moor Park and collected £350, £50 more than Bobby Locke received for winning the Open. He eclipsed Locke in the *News Chronicle* Tournament, played that year at Hollingbury Park, Brighton, breaking the then record aggregate for a major British 72-hole event on his way to a 12 shot victory. He scored 68,66,64,68 for a total of 266, bettering Ernest Whitcombe's score set at East Brighton in 1937 by two shots. Jimmy Adams was second yet again, twelve shots behind on 278 and Locke finished down the field on 288. In that sort of form Dick was a certainty for the Ryder Cup, for which he was on the selection committee. It was played at Ganton that year, and he partnered Arthur Lees in a riveting match to beat the very strong US pairing of Sam Snead and Lloyd Mangrum. It was a sweet victory for Dick, who had lost his single 5 & 4 to Snead at Southport and Ainsdale in 1937, during which he had consistently been out-driven by the American. Snead was one of the very few players who could knock

it past Dick in his hay day. At Ganton GB only needed 3 ½ points from the singles but, following a tongue lashing from their captain Ben Hogan – still on crutches from his near fatal road accident – the Americans came out fighting. Dick was one of six home players to feel the backlash and the Americans got home by 7-5. In the team was Laurie Ayton Jr, of Worthing, previously at South Shields - one of the famous St Andrews golfing family. He got in to the side after performing well in the previous year's *News of the World Matchplay Championship* where he got through to the final, which he lost to Fred Daly. He was left 'on the bench' by captain Henry Cotton and became the sixth of the seven men who would never get another chance.

That September Dick Burton became pro at the Coombe Hill club and, like that other larger than life character who was there before him-Archie Compston, he was not a man to mince his words. Clad in his overcoat, he taught members with patience that would not be stretched too far and was known to terminate a lesson abruptly if he felt his time and their money was being wasted. The day he arrived at Coombe Hill Dick played in the *PGA News of the World* tournament at Hoylake and celebrated with a 7&6 win over Bill Shankland. He then beat his brother John 2&1 in the second round, but did not progress to the final, which was contested between Henry Cotton and Jimmy Adams. Henry won his third title and Jimmy was 'bridesmaid' yet again. Jimmy was runner-up three times in the Matchplay and was never to take the title.

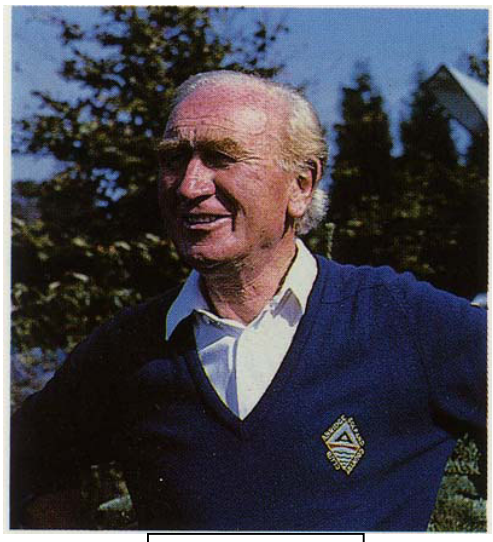
Players had been limited to fourteen clubs since 1939, but George Duncan always felt that eleven was more than enough and he could easily manage with eight. Percy Alliss played George in the *News of the World* and, after the match ended, he issued a £500 challenge to anyone who would play them, each to have eight clubs. George was in his early sixties and their combined ages were then well over 100, but there were no takers! George was still 'galloping' of course and when the match ended on the 17th green, 2&1 to Percy, there were three clear holes behind them. The golf between the two great sportsmen was as good as any played all day and an object lesson to any young golfers watching
As I write in 2003 it is interesting to read that Seve Ballesteros is now advocating that pros should be limited to twelve clubs, although he is not in favour of a return to the pace of play required in my day and has been at odds with the authorities over penalties imposed upon him in that respect.



Bert Gadd playing in the Daily Mail Tournament, 1946
(Courtesy of the Dale Concannon Collection)

16. The Twilight of a Professional Career

The focus of my post-war golf career was on the local scene and I was active in the formation of the Northumberland and Durham Professional Society (later to become the North East PGA), serving as the first Chairman and Captain. The secretary was Bernard Cooke, who became a noted golf teacher and writer on the subject. Together we travelled around the area, mainly to golf clubs, giving lectures illustrated by film of Bernard, myself and local pros – Bill Dixon and Bill Waugh and followed by question and answer sessions. One time we went to the Milvain Hall in Newcastle, which could have got us into hot water as the hall did not have an 'entertainment' license.



Bernard Cooke

A discussion between Bernard and myself led to him abandoning his experimentation with a new idea - the 'deliberate early release' system and he wrote about this in his book: *Golf: The Professional Approach*:, also saying: " I was always fascinated by Bert Gadd's 'take-away', for he seemed, like Lee Trevino, to take the club back outside the target line when he started back". I told Bernard that it was actually along the target line, and his movie sequence proved me right. Like Trevino my open stance made it appear that I was 'outside' the target line. It "helped to confirm my original principles" wrote Bernard.

Our new association was instrumental in the foundation of the Northumberland and Durham Open Championship – a difficult undertaking. I approached the two County Unions with a view to making it a joint effort, but neither was interested and expressed the view that such an event would not be welcomed. We decided to go it alone and I wrote to the Captains of every club in the two counties, asking if they would be willing to make a contribution to get it off the ground. This brought a fair response and we were encouraged to make a start. It was our intention to play the event on Saturday and Sunday, an idea that the Unions had ridiculed – who would give up their course on a Sunday they asked? We found a club, South Moor, who were happy to host the first event and went ahead. The handicap limit was set at 9 and we attracted an entry of nearly ninety – almost too many for 36 holes. Prizes were awarded for the amateurs and cash was put up for the pros. My work in setting the tournament up was rewarded when I took the title. It proved to be a very popular fixture, always heavily supported and there was never any difficulty in getting a club to take the championship. It was good for them too!

The post war Ryder Cup matches had seen the British go down to two depressing defeats and, in 1951, as our team prepared to depart for Pinehurst, North Carolina to meet a team containing playing captain Sam Snead, the US PGA Champion and that year's Masters and US Open Champion, Ben Hogan, I wrote in my regular newspaper column: "If goodwill and wishful thinking could win this match, I am sure our team would be home and dry. Unfortunately, they have to deal with a team of tournament tough Americans, who would in all probability be a match for a 'Rest of the World' team and I am afraid that our boys are going to take a beating". I said this after watching the performance of 'the chosen few' at the *News of the World Matchplay Championship* at Hoylake, where most of them went out in the early rounds, as did I. I lost a tight third round match at the 19th to J.H.Ballingall. It was long awaited revenge for Hamish who, with his partner the future Ryder Cup player, Tom Haliburton, had suffered defeat by me and Don Curtis in the 1938 Llandudno Trophy. (Two years later Ballingall won the *Northumberland & Durham Open*, interrupting a Gadd hat-trick).

Only John Panton and the finalists Jimmy Adams and Harry Weetman were impressive at Hoylake. Apart from these three, I wrote, the team does not inspire a great deal of confidence. The 'backbone' of the side - Dai Rees, Charlie Ward and Ken Bousfield were all out of touch. Jimmy Adams, who had been second in the tournament in 1937 and 1946, was runner-up for the third time. I was sorry to see him come second yet again when he lost to Weetman, but Harry was undoubtedly the golfer of the

week - long off the tee and very impressive around the greens. He had beaten two of golf's great players in one day on his way to the final - Henry Cotton and the Belgian Flory van Donck, who was to be the first continental holder of the Vardon Trophy in 1953, the season when he equalled von Nida's record of seven wins. What an asset he would have been to the Ryder Cup side, but the inclusion of Continental Europeans was a long way off. Weetman was four under fours when he beat the 'Maestro' Cotton 3&2. He was to be in five finals from 1951 to 1960, winning two titles. Following his victory he was duly selected for his first Ryder Cup and was to go on to play in every match until 1963.

With American sponsorship the 1947 team had sailed on the *Queen Mary*, but the 1951 team were sent across the Atlantic second-class. I wrote in my column that this was bad for morale and put them under a big psychological handicap before the match even started. (Thirty years later The European captain Tony Jacklin was to insist on first class travel for his team). The winner of that year's *Spalding Tournament*, Jack Hargreaves, became the fourth player to travel with a team to the USA and not get a game - and the seventh who was never to play in a match. They were to lose the match 9-2 and the men who had impressed at Hoylake did not win a point. It was Arthur Lees who came good with a win against Ed 'Porky' Oliver in the singles and, with partner Charlie Ward, accounting for Oliver and Henry Ransom in the foursomes. Charlie lost to Hogan 3&2 and Weetman lost to Lloyd Mangrum by 6&5. Harry Weetman was to beat the great Sam Snead at Wentworth in 1953 but despite his match play record he had little success and his next win was ten years later in his last match. Although he did not gain a point in the match the only other winner at Pinehurst was captain Arthur Lacey. He met a woman there and married her, eventually returning to live in the USA.


Arthur Lacey

In 1951, at the Northumberland Golf Club, I first encountered Harry Fernie's 16-year-old Newcastle born Welsh assistant, Dave Thomas He was the 'white hope' of the North-East; an impressive striker very long off the tee and, in those days, sometimes a little wild, but he soon harnessed his power to become one of the straightest long drivers in the game. I wrote of his potential in my newspaper column saying that he appeared to have everything it takes to get to the top, but hoping that he would not be rushed. "It would be a tragedy", I said, "if his progress should be retarded by thrusting him into the 'hurly-burly' of major tournament play, with its tremendous mental strain, before he is quite ready". His circumstances caused him to plunge straight into tournament golf and it was some years before he broke through, winning the British Assistants and Belgian Open titles in 1955. The Captain of the PGA in its Centenary Year, Thomas is now best known for his course designs, particularly the Belfry designed in partnership with Peter Alliss. In my article I said that Peter was another member of the "younger school" who I expected to "come out tops". He had just returned from doing his National Service and I recalled that he had shown great promise before joining the forces and should not take long to re-establish himself in top line golf. A couple of years later he became the youngest player to be selected for the Ryder Cup and was to win 21 tournaments, including three in a row in 1958 - the Italian, Spanish and Portuguese Opens. Like most touring pros, he still had a club job and some members resented him neglecting his duties. On his triumphant return one demanded to know where he had been and added resentfully: "I've been waiting three weeks for a lesson".

Ryder Cup players gather at Dave Thomas's club, Dunham Forest, in 1965 Left to right: George Will, Christy O'Connor, Bernard Hunt, Ken Bousfield, Geoff Hunt, Harry Weetman, Peter Alliss, Peter Butler, Archie Preston (Capt., Dunham Forest), Neil Coles, Henry Cotton, Dai Rees. Dave Thomas is behind Rees and Jimmy Hitchcock was also present - just out of picture. (Courtesy of Archie Preston and Dunham Forest Golf Club)

Dave Thomas made his Ryder Cup debut a year after taking second place in the 1958 Open - after a playoff with five-time winner Peter Thomson. He was runner-up again in 1966 to Jack Nicklaus.

The name P.Alliss appears in the Ryder Cup and European Tour records over five decades and editors of record books sometimes get father and son confused; one shows Peter Alliss winning the *News of the World* Tournament in 1937, when he would have been only six years old! I played against Percy on a number of occasions and once

with Peter when he came up to the North East to play in an Exhibition four-ball. He had inherited his father's beautifully simple and orthodox style, but also had the inconsistent putting of Percy. He demonstrated his sense of humour on the matter by having the number plate PUT 3 on his Rolls-Royce (These days it can be seen in the BBC TV compound on his Bentley).

In 1951 I moved to another Durham club, the recently reopened Beamish Park where I was again honorary part time pro. The course was laid out in the Deer Park and grounds of Beamish Hall, the former home of the descendants of Bobbie Shafto, who was MP for Durham from 1760 to 1768. The history of Beamish Park Golf Club records that the famous ballad was written for electioneering purposes and it had a connection with my previous club, Brancepeth Castle, where there are members of the Shafto family buried in St Brandon's churchyard. Bobbie was a Beau Brummel of his day and Bridget Bellasyse, the heiress to the Brancepeth estate, was said to have been very much in love with him inspiring the words: -

Bobbie Shafto's gone to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee,
When he comes back he'll marry me,
Bonny Bobbie Shafto.

Alas he never did and he married someone else in 1774. Miss Bellasyse died in the same year – *of a broken heart!* Her ghost is said to appear on the battlements of Brancepeth Castle waiting for Bobby to return home from the sea.

In my day the clubhouse was the imposing Beamish Hall and I was allocated a small area in one of the rooms for my pro shop. The club now has a modern clubhouse and the Hall has become a restaurant and conference venue.

Beamish Park Golf Club.

Henry Cotton designed a course at Beamish, which included a par-5 hole of 605 yards, and much of his work can still be seen on the rolling hills of the present course. The opening hole was once a very testing par-3, but this had to be abandoned when too many balls landed in the adjacent Beamish open air industrial museum. The award-winning museum, which opened in 1970, is a fascinating tour of the North East's industrial history, including coal mining. The industry has declined to such an extent in the forty odd years since I left the area that Beamish made the news in 2003 when they were having great difficulty in finding a qualified 'Pit Deputy' to guide visitors around the site.
Henry Cotton presented Beamish with a club he used in winning the 1937 Open Championship, which was mounted and presented as a trophy. One of the names on this trophy is Bob Hindhaugh who came to me for his first lesson. He went on to represent the county and has won the club championship sixteen times.
Beamish was disbanded during the war and revived in 1950 by a group that included a G.P named Dr R.P.Tanham, who was a fanatical golfer and spent most of his spare time on the course. Bleepers and mobile phones were still a long way off and, in the case of emergency the flag was raised to alert him or, if he was out of sight of the clubhouse, the steward would use a loud hailer.
It was on the old course at Beamish that I shot a course record 61, which was my lowest ever round in competition. Another, rather bizarre, record was to take place at the clubs' 174-yard 4th hole in 1981, when 17-year-old Stephen Wightman holed in one - with his putter!

1951 was the year of the Festival of Britain and my old club, Bridgnorth, arranged a match as part of the celebrations. The match was to be two 18-hole medal rounds with a special prize for the lowest score. I was invited to play along with my old buddy Charlie Ward, who had just returned from finishing third behind Max Faulkner in the Open at Royal Portrush. The other players involved were Charlie Pickett, a Squadron Leader at RAF Bridgnorth; one of my successors as club pro - Ted Morton and Roger Bayliss of South Staffs, one of the best midland amateurs (and – like L.G. Crawley - a very accomplished ice skater), who had beaten me in the annual Professional versus Amateurs match at Moortown in 1933.


New Record Score in Festival Golf

Above group shows Sqdn.-Leader Pickett, Ted Moreton, Bert Gadd and C. H. Ward.


Roger Bayliss

The course was still much as I had known it 20 years before, so I had a distinct advantage. A course record 65 in the first round won me the prize and I followed it with a second round 66 for good measure. It was a happy return to a club for which I have a lot of affection.

I used my leave allowance for the *North British* at Harrogate in 1951 and could not go to the Open at Royal Portrush, much as I would have liked to return to the scene of my triumph in 1937. In any case, although the first prize for the Open champion had now risen to £300, the *North British* golf ball company were putting up £500. At Portrush the champion was the man I had pipped to that Irish Open title fourteen years earlier. Max Faulkner had signed a golf ball for a youngster before the final round and, at the request of the boy's father, added - **1951 Open Champion**. He said he had nightmares about that for years, but his confidence was at its peak that week and he had just played a shot that had put him on a 'high'. His drive had finished up against an out-of-bounds fence from where the only shot seemed to be a wedge back to the fairway, but Max was not a 'percentage' player. Out came the 3-wood and the ball was launched over the fence and sliced back on to the green. His playing partner, Frank Stranahan, said: "It was the greatest shot I have ever seen"

At Harrogate it seemed that the increased money was having an adverse effect. The behaviour of some players was distinctly unpleasant and I was dismayed at the decline in the standards on the golf course that had been expected before the war. Times had changed and not all for the better it seemed. It was twenty-eight years since I had entered the paid ranks and, for the first time in my life, I felt almost ashamed of being a professional. After I returned from Harrogate I wrote in my column that one or two leading professionals were becoming increasingly unpopular with golfing spectators, due to childish displays of temper and an almost eager readiness to condemn the course, its condition, the general arrangements – in fact anything except their own ability to cope with prevailing conditions. After one of the early rounds on the Pannal course a well-known pro of international fame was asked what he had done. Although his score was in the low 70's he apparently was very dissatisfied and loudly proclaimed that he would like to return and dig up the 'so-and-so' greens - a completely un-justified criticism as the Pannal greens, although fast and tricky to putt on, were very good indeed. At Oakdale, another famous player who had failed to cope with the short but challenging course expressed the opinion that the only time to play on this track was "when it was under 2 ft of snow". This once popular player had treated his rapidly dwindling gallery to several outbursts of temper. They had paid to see golf played, not an exhibition of bad temper, bad manners and an utter lack of sportsmanship. Thankfully golf has never had as many of these types as you find in football and some other sports, but one is too many and it is sad to see a few of today's stars indulging in petulant behaviour when they are unable to produce the figures when required.


Peter Thomson signing for a 62.

OAKDALE GC

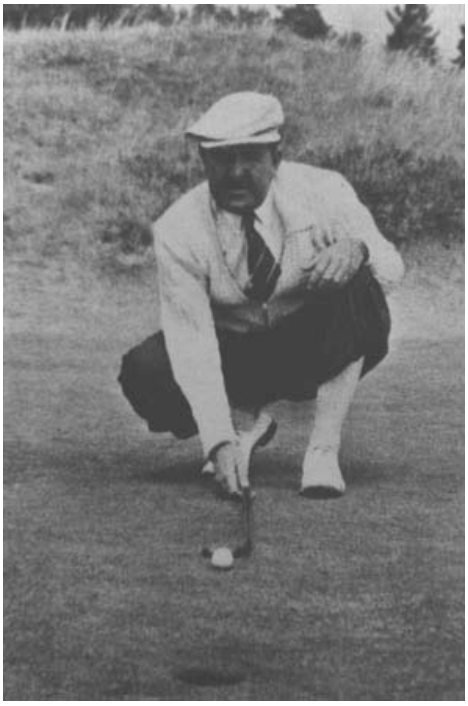
One player who nearly always produced the 'goods' and had little difficulty with the Oakdale course that year was the 21-year-old Australian Peter Thomson. In the final stages of that 1951 *North British* the future five-time Open Champion shot a 62 – a world record at the time, beating the 63s first set in the thirties. As I said, the course was short, but it was no push over. Thomson averaged under 70 for the five-round tournament, but it was only good enough for second and the £500 went to Flory van Donck, who totalled 337 to beat him by four shots. I matched Thomson's final round 69, but was again twenty shots adrift of the winner. Defending champion, Bobby Locke did not feature, but another South African was in the field that year- Jock Verwey. His son-in-law would arrive on these shores a few years later - his name is Gary Player.

I did not enter for the 1952 *North British* won by Scot John Panton, who lowered the record for the outward 9 in a British tournament with 28 on the Harrogate GC's Starbeck course, but came back in 39. My outing that year was at the Open, back at Royal Lytham for the first time since Bobby Jones' famous victory in 1926. In the early fifties the organization of the event was not by any means the professional job it is today and some of the arrangements for spectators left much to be desired. Stewarding was some way short of championship standard and there was controversy concerning the exclusion of spectators from the eighth, ninth and tenth holes, where the bottleneck could have created congestion and held up play. Catering facilities were poor, probably the worst I ever experienced. Competitors had the use of the member's tent, but had to join the queue and, after waiting twenty minutes without receiving attention, five of us handed back our lunch tickets and dashed into the town. I qualified with a 74 at Fairhaven, a course that used to have a bunker for every day of the year, and a 75 at Lytham itself, which I remember was in great condition. It was a long, demanding course with narrow fairways and many new bunkers had appeared since my last visit, putting a premium on accuracy from the tee. I missed the cut, along with a few of the young British hopes. On my return to Beamish I wrote in my newspaper column that they had not yet developed sufficient determination to go through with the job and would have to practise a lot more if they were to meet the challenge from the overseas stars. It would be another seventeen years before a young man named Jacklin gave the Lytham crowd the next British victory.

After the previous year's Open at Portrush I had written that many were of the opinion that the 'slow play' rule should be more strictly enforced. Like many others I had expected defending champion Locke to win in 1951 and make it a hat trick, but should he be disqualified if he refused to comply with the rule? "You can't very well disqualify the reigning champion", was the general feeling, but in a discussion I was very much in agreement with one leading player who said that the rules were the same for everyone and no exceptions should be made. Bobby always walked in a slow and stately manor between shots and this was a sore point with some of his fellow pros. During the third round at Royal Lytham he lost three holes on the group in front and Norman von Nida, playing in the match behind, lodged a formal complaint. In fact Locke's group was round in 3 ½ hours, which doesn't sound long today, but 3 hours was more than enough in those days. How times have changed! You have to remember that we were playing two rounds on the final day, with only four hours between starting times - you had no time to hang about. The pairing of Peter Alliss and the fifty year old Gene Sarazen, making his first appearance since 1937, raced round in 2 ¼ hours. In his book *The Open*, Peter wrote that he found it difficult to concentrate as Gene played his shots so quickly and hit his putts without seeming to even glance at the line. He got the feeling that Sarazen was not interested, but I recall that he was always a headstrong player who went for everything. Bobby Jones said of Gene: "It was Bang! Bang! Bang! all the time". It later occurred to Peter that his performance on the greens could have been a way of combating the dreaded 'yips'. Before the final round Locke was finally issued with a warning, but he blamed the inadequate crowd control and continued on his stately passage. Fifty years later slow play is still a controversial subject, but time limits are somewhat longer these days.

On that final day Bobby had a similar experience to that of Alf Padgham in 1936. Locke kept his car and clubs in a lock-up garage near to his hotel and that morning the owner overslept and was not there to unlock the garage when Bobby arrived. He hitched a lift on a passing milk float and roused the garage owner from his slumbers, got his car and arrived at the course with only ten minutes to spare, but, like Padgham, the unflappable South African remained as calm as ever. Fred Daly had started the day with a four-shot lead after a 69 in round two, but it required remarkable recovery play to compensate for his unreliable long game. On every green in the back nine he holed putts of between 5ft and 6 yards and single-putted each of the last five. It couldn't last and in the wind-blown final round, when a quarter of the field failed to break 80, he took 76. The wind did not deter Locke who, despite finishing with two fives, won his third post war Open; with his hickory-shafted putter with the rusty iron blade working it's customary magic, except at the 17th where he missed an 18 incher. That was almost unbelievable for he was one of the best putters I ever saw - in the same league as Bobby Jones

and Walter Hagen (from whom he learned his method). He won by a shot from his partner, the 22-year-old Peter Thomson, who was playing in only his second Open. It was Locke's third win in four years.



Bobby Locke
(Courtesy of the Hobbs Golf Collection)

Thomson and Locke were embarking on a period of great rivalry and between them won seven Opens out of ten from 1949 to 1958. 45-year-old Henry Cotton, appearing for the first time since 1948, finished with two birdie 3s for a 71 and fourth place – another of his masterful performances in the wind. Had it been as rough throughout I believe he would have won and made it four titles. His health was in gradual decline after the war and every year he said it would be his last appearance, but there were a few more to come. He finished sixth in Peter Thomson's hat-trick Open at Hoylake in 1956, when he was nearing fifty; in 1957 he was in a tie for 9th with Max Faulkner in Locke's last Open win at St Andrews, scoring a 69 in the third round and when Thomson won his fourth open at Lytham in 1958 Henry had a 68 and a 69, finishing in a share of 8th place with Harry Weetman and Eric Lester. Eric, a young player from the Bristol and Clifton club, was one of those I had written of as 'one to watch' if he could gain consistency, but he never quite fulfilled his potential.

I wonder how many Opens Henry Cotton might have won if he had remained fit. Later in 1952 he left Royal Mid Surrey for the Temple Golf Club in Berkshire and Jimmy Adams, who had gone to Royal Sydney that February, came back to take his place.

I played with Bobby Locke in the *North British* tournament and found it an enjoyable experience. His pace never varied, but he had a wonderful temperament and was a pleasant companion on and off the course. He played with a pronounced hook and lined up at least 45 degrees to the right of the target on all his full shots, but he found the fairways and greens with remarkable consistency. Bobby's framed card displayed in the clubhouse at Royal Ashdown Forest commemorates one very consistent round he played in their 1936 Open Amateur tournament – it is marked with 18 fours!

Bobby had put on a lot of weight since I had first seen him as a 19-year-old at Hoylake in that same year and he was now a portly figure, with a jowly visage, but he was still remarkably supple. He took the advice of Sam Snead, who christened him 'droopy jowls', and competed in America in 1947 and 1948, where he became known as 'Old Muffin Face'. He had two very successful seasons in the USA but, disillusioned by resentment both of his success and the size of his appearance money, he preferred to play in Europe thereafter. He was always immaculately dressed in shirt, tie, cashmere sweater, white cap and, before forsaking them after the incident in his last Open victory at St Andrews in 1957, he always wore very baggy navy-blue plus fours. He had a reputation for being 'careful' with his money and a joke going around at the time said that his plus fours had pockets going right to the bottom.

1953 was an eventful year. People gathered around 12" black and white TVs to watch the Queen's coronation; to marvel at the skill of 38-year-old Stanley Matthews as Blackpool won the Cup in the most memorable final of all; to cheer Len Hutton's England team as they regained the Ashes after twenty years and to see pictures of Hilary and Tensing standing on the top of the World. Henry Cotton captained the Ryder Cup team at Wentworth -which we could, and should, have won that year, but it all went 'pear shaped' and we lost again - by one point. The first live televised Open did not come until 1957 so they had to wait for the newsreels to see Ben Hogan conquer golf's Everest – Carnoustie, at his first and only attempt on the championship. He had already won the Masters and US Open and his record of three majors that year was not equalled until Tiger Woods came along. He might have made it four if the US PGA Championship had not clashed with the Open. Hogan followed Gene Sarazen to become the second winner of the modern grand slam and confirm his reputation as the world's greatest golfer at that time. He achieved this after his near fatal car crash in 1949 had left him with severely damaged legs, which pained him for the rest of his life. The following year he won the US Open and made it a total of six majors in three years, bringing his tally to nine. The strength of character he showed in overcoming his disability put me in mind of my brother Charles.

In a tie for second at Carnoustie were Peter Thomson, the Argentinean Tony Cerda, Dai Rees and the amateur Frank Stranahan. Frank played with Hogan in practice and my old rivals-Charlie Ward and Max Faulkner also had the privilege of a game with the 'Wee Ice Mon', as the locals called him, but I did not make it to Carnoustie. [Bert was to make only one more appearance in the Championship]

Carnoustie: First tee

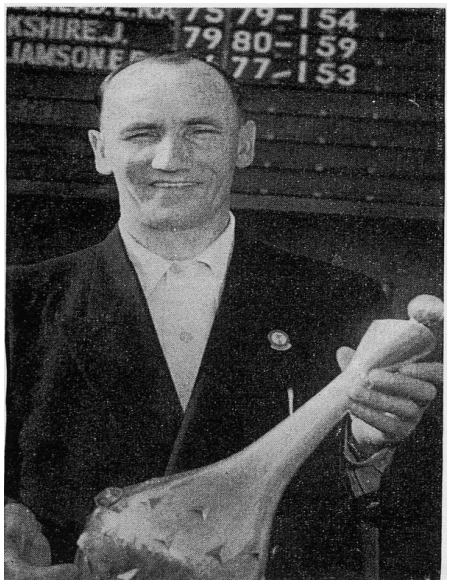
That year I had moved to my last club, Bishop Auckland, a fine course situated on the High Plains parkland surrounding the Bishop of Durham's Palace. Golf had first been played there by theological students around 1890 and the office of Club President is still held by the Bishop of Durham. The course was constantly being improved during my time at the club, under the guidance of the Chairman of Greens - Ronnie Rodham. The club's centenary book recalls that one of his 'improvements' was to fill in a gully between the 16th and 17th fairways, which had become known as Rodham's Folly. He had an extra long driver with a whippy shaft that tended to produce a hook and he was often a visitor to that gully. Another recollection was from my partner in Alliance matches, George Robinson. In those days pros were handicapped when playing in Alliance pro/ams and I was off +2. George remembered one winter Teesside Alliance event at Saltburn where we returned a gross 67 (nett 69) to win by two strokes – and, although he had six nett birdies, his score was never needed on the card.

FORMER CHAMPION WINS

FORMER French and Irish Open champion, Bert Gadd, the Bishop Auckland professional, won the Northumberland and Durham Alliance Victory Cup for the seventh time with rounds of 69 and 75 for a total of 144 at the South Shields course.

W. Waugh, the home club professional, 71-75—146, was runner-up, while the handicap competition run in conjunction with the Victory Cup was won by G. F. Robinson (Bishop Auckland) with a net 139 playing from an allowance of 32 shots.

In 1956 George and I were to get a mention in *Golf Illustrated* when we were both successful in the Northumberland and Durham Alliance Victory Cup at my old club: South Shields.



My old friend Charlie Ward, now 44, was back in form that year, with his first win in five years-after laying off tournament play for a while due to putting problems. He defeated Eric Brown in a 36-hole play-off to win the PGA Close Championship at Maesdu, despite Brown's course record 66 in the first round. Charlie had a 68 and followed with 71 to Eric's 75 to win by two shots.

C.H. Ward (Little Aston) with the PGA Close Championship Trophy – Maesdu, Llandudno, 1956

The highlight of my year was the nostalgic trip to the Irish Open, which was at Belvoir Park, Belfast, where I had played in that exhibition match back in 1937. The winner was Eric Brown, who made his Ryder Cup debut that year. I finished in 15th place.
Following the Open we had a wonderful day out over at Royal County Down. It is one of my favourite courses, with its magnificent views of the Mourne Mountains and the imposing Slieve Donard hotel. You can never move far without encountering Irish humour - spontaneous and sometimes a bit cutting! On this day we looked in at the hotel to see if there was anything going on. The big lounge floor had been cleared and all the armchairs pushed back against the wall in preparation for a function. Many of them were occupied by elderly men and women, most of the men 'resting their eyes' and the women knitting. Suddenly a voice at the back piped up; "Will you look at that now – so its knit, nod and wait for death"! That young man's dad was not amused.

[In 1955 Bert entered his last Open at St Andrews, his third visit since his unhappy introduction to the home of golf in 1933. It was not to be a final reconciliation; a 76 on the New course left him too much to do in his second round on the Old and he failed to qualify. The champion was Peter Thomson]

In 1957 the Bishop Auckland club put a practice ground on the High Plains at my request and I introduced Saturday coaching for the juniors. My teaching was based on the principle I mentioned earlier – control of the club by the left arm forming the radius of the swing and remaining straight at and through the ball. My method must have had a measure of success as a number of county players, men and women, came to Bishop Auckland, including some who had previously come to me at Brancepeth. I also worked with the C.C.P.R. (Central Council for Physical Recreation), holding coaching classes on three nights per week, two classes per night - usually in school gymnasiums. One class was at an Ecclesiastical College in Durham and my pupils were all priests – keeping up the tradition of those early pioneers at Bishop Auckland.

That October the Ryder Cup was played at Lindrick near Sheffield and I went down with a party from the Bishop Auckland club. GB&I had not won since 1933 and the pundits did not give them much chance that year. L.G.Crawley wrote of the American team that 'The golden age of the twenties has returned to American golf'. The home team duly lost the foursomes 3-1, their only point coming from captain Dai Rees and Ken Bousfield, and L.G. commented that it was "abundantly clear that the Americans were equipped with an altogether superior short game and that an old, old story was again about to raise its grisly head". A big blow was the defeat of the strong pairing of Eric Brown and Christie O'Connor, who went down 7&5 to Dick Mayer and the volatile Tommy Bolt. Bernard Hunt and Peter Alliss were beaten 2&1 by Doug Ford and Dow Finsterwald and out of form Max Faulkner partnered Harry Weetman to lose 4&3 to US captain Jack Burke and Ted Kroll. Max asked to be left out of the singles and Harry also agreed to stand down, but later undermined Dai's captaincy by telling the press that he would never play under him again.
Team spirit had been seriously dented and another American victory looked assured as we went out on the second day to watch the singles, but Dai had other ideas and the team responded. I remember the top match in particular because 'the sparks flew'. Dai had gambled on putting the tough match-player Eric Brown out first in the singles in the hope that he would meet the equally aggressive Tommy Bolt. He guessed right and Brown relished the challenge, beating Bolt in an encounter that was far from friendly. When they had not appeared on the tee as the start time approached, the wise-cracker of the US team, Jimmy Demaret, said: "They're out on the practice ground throwing clubs at each other from 50 paces." When they set off it was apparent that Bolt, knowing that Brown was a quick player, had decided to play at a snail's pace. After a while Eric sent his caddie into the clubhouse for a chair, on which he sat while waiting for Bolt to play. When Brown closed out the match by 4&3 the following exchange was reported: "You won Eric", said Bolt, "but I didn't enjoy the game", to which Brown replied: "No, of course you didn't enjoy it because you were ******* licked".
The rest of the team followed suit and we made our way around the course to cheer them on as match after match ended early in the second 18 that afternoon. Max was charging around acting as chief cheerleader and he was soon joined by Dai, who quickly saw off Ed Furgul 7&6 and raced around the course inspiring his men with his good news. The new boy, Peter Mills, beat Burke 5&3; Bousfield accounted for Lionel Herbert 4&3; Hunt went out in 32 in the afternoon on his way to a 6&5 victory over Ford and O'Connor won six of the first eight holes to finish off Finsterwald 7&6, using a new putter purchased in the pro's shop during lunch. Bolt would need a new club before he played again to replace the victim of its owner's rage when he returned to the locker room. He refused to attend the closing ceremony.

The Americans had been put to the sword, the only survivors being Fred Hawkins, who overcame stiff resistance from Alliss to win 2&1, and Dick Meyer, who halved with Harry Bradshaw.

The final score: GB&I: 7 ½ USA: 4 ½

We returned to Bishop Auckland in high spirits but there would be little to cheer about in the coming years. It was to be the last win for a team from the British Isles, although they came close in the famous tie at Birkdale in 1969, under Eric Brown's captaincy, which ended with Jack Nicklaus conceding that famous two footer to Open Champion, Tony Jacklin, after Jacklin had made a forty-five footer at the previous hole to stay in the match. It was a gesture that made Nicklaus a crowd favourite in Britain forever after. The US Captain Sam Snead was not so impressed.

Dai Rees and Eric Brown with the Ryder Cup
(Courtesy of the Hobbs Golf Collection)

After seven years the time came to leave the last of the eleven golf clubs I had served as a professional. My active career in the profession had spanned thirty-six years, over half of which I had spent in the North East.

I was proud to have put my name on many of the trophies won by my brother Charles and was sad to leave, for I had happy times there. But, as you will see later, there will always be Gadds in the North East

NORTHERN DESPATCH, FRIDAY, JUNE 5, 1959

FAREWELL TO THE NORTH EAST

At the Bishop Auckland Golf Club last night the captain, Mr. John Lodge, made a presentation of a small cup to the club professional Mr. Bert Gadd in appreciation of his yeoman services to the club.

17. A Change of Direction

In 1960 the Civil Service promoted me and I went to Hanover, as an Assistant Barrack Officer, responsible for furnishing camps and providing utility services for Barracks and some 1500 married quarters. In the year that Arnold Palmer followed in the footsteps of that other charismatic American, Walter Hagen and arrived on these shores to breathe new life into the Open, my career in professional golf had effectively come to an end. I played social golf with the pro at the local club, an Englishman named Douglas Stonehouse, and occasionally did some teaching at his invitation. He had a very good set-up at the Hanover Golf Club, with ten driving mats, an enormous wooden hut for use in bad weather and exclusive use of one of the three indoor nets in a room above the *Gastatte* - the local pub. There is a long tradition of British professionals serving in Germany, where the rewards are substantial. From 1926-32 Percy Alliss was senior pro at Berlin's Wannsee club; probably the most luxurious and expensive in the world before the Nazi regime came to power and Percy was on a huge (for those days) retainer of £800 per annum. Peter was born there in 1931, the year that Percy missed playing in the Ryder Cup because he was resident overseas. German golf was getting near to recovering from the war and there was an insatiable appetite for the game. There were opportunities for me to teach at a golf club myself, but I decided that my pensionable job with the Civil service was the best option for our family, although I remained a registered professional.

In 1966, thirty-six years after the World Cup kicked off without them and sixteen years after their disastrous entry to the tournament, England lifted the Jules Rimet trophy at last – on home soil - and further promotion brought me to Chester and a job that left little time for golf. In fact, after a couple of games, I put away my clubs and did not play again for eighteen years. It may seem a strange decision to golf fanatics, but you have to remember that golf had been my career and I now had a different one to concentrate on. I am not unique in this; my old rival Max Faulkner gave up the game for eighteen years after he retired from tournament golf, but took it up again in later life. By the time I retired in 1972, at age 63, I had drifted well away from golf and did not consider playing the game as an amateur, so my clubs continued to gather dust until 1984 when my wife and a neighbour, Bill Owens, who knew of my background, persuaded me to go along to Bill's club at Ellesmere Port on the Wirral. The municipal course had been opened in 1971 on a site once occupied by Hooton, where Dick Burton had been pro until 1939, after which the course had been turned over to pasture during the war. Another big name mentioned in these pages, Sir Matt Busby, was a guest at the opening of a new clubhouse in 1973. The following year Dick Burton had died at the age of 66.

I soon got back into the swing of things and I am grateful to the members of the Ellesmere Port club for welcoming me and reviving my enthusiasm for the game. So I joined my 12th club and the following year, at the age of 76, I was re-instated as an amateur. I put in my three cards and was given a handicap of 5, only one more than the last handicap I held at Ipswich sixty years earlier. I started beating par again and I was now beating my age, including three gross 69s, which reduced me to scratch again. (To get his competitive game back Bert practised on the Roodee racecourse near to his Chester home) The former Ryder Cup player Tommy Horton, now prominent on the Seniors Tour, has said that he can still get good distance off the tee because the equipment has improved at the same rate that he has deteriorated. I can confirm the truth of this; I was surprised to find that advances in clubs and balls since I had last played meant that I was still hitting the ball as far as I did in my heyday and could still drive about 250 yards into my early eighties, when there was some run on the ball. Even when arthritic fingers and a double hernia came to afflict me I could manage 200 yards.

One thing I never did in my pro career was score a hole-in-one, so I was pleased when I finally achieved that long held ambition at the age of 78. Before too long a second came along and I was 84 when I brought my final tally to three after trying for more than half a century. Harry Vardon only had one ace and his accuracy was described as 'astounding'. An American amateur had almost sixty. The odds against it have been calculated as approximately 3700 to 1; you have to be lucky!

In 1987 Sir Henry Cotton died at the age of eighty. A few days earlier he had been told of his knighthood for services to the game. He was the first professional golfer to receive such an accolade, but it was perhaps a little late in coming. He had spent his last years at the course he built in Penina, Portugal, where he and Toots lived in the penthouse suite in the resort's hotel.

1990 brought a pleasant surprise for me when I was contacted by Arrowe Park Golf Club. The original score card from my 1947 course record had been unearthed from the club's archives and a framed card was presented to me by the Arrowe Park Captain, Tommy Cunningham. The leading scorecards from

1947 displayed in the Arrowe Park clubhouse also include Johnny Bulla's 67 and those of two Open Champions: Dick Burton's 69 and Henry Cotton's 72.

HISTORY was made at Arrowe Park Golf Club recently when old course record holder Bert Gadd, of Chester, was presented with the original scorecard of that special round.

The card, detailing his score of 66 played in 1946, had been held in the club archives and was unearthed only recently.

The card was presented by Arrowe Park captain Tommy Cunningham with a little help from George Crist, captain of Ellesmere Port Golf Club, and club members.

No 15 Bert Gadd Time 10.22 AM

COUNTY BOROUGH OF BIRKENHEAD

ARROWE PARK GOLF COURSE

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP 1947.

Player Bert Gadd (83)

Tuesday, July 1. Second Qualifying Round.

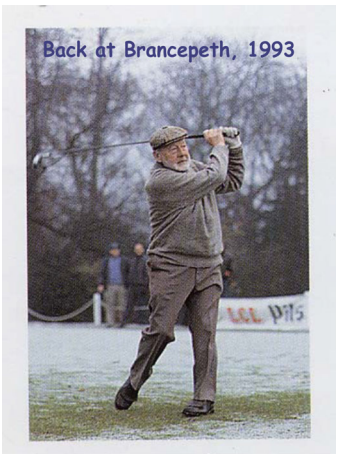
Holes		Total	Holes		Total
1	4	2	10	4	4
2	4	4	11	3	3
3	5	5	12	4	4
4	3	3	13	4	4
5	4	4	14	3	3
6	4	4	15	3	3
7	4	4	16	4	4
8	4	4	17	3	3
9	4	4	18	4	4
Total Out		34	Total Home		32
Player's Handicap		30	Total Out		34
			TOTAL ROUND		66

Marker R. A. Cotton

Since 1996 Arrowe Park and Ellesmere Port have competed annually for the Dick Burton – Bert Gadd Trophy, which features a Gadd 'Trajectory' iron and one of Dick's from his time at the Hooton club.

Golfers gather

Ellesmere Port Golf Club and Arrowe Park officials pictured with Bert Gadd (centre) and the trophy the clubs compete for. L/r: Stan Hough (captain), outgoing captain John Hall, John McLachlan (Arrowe Park past captain) and Captain, Ian Murray.



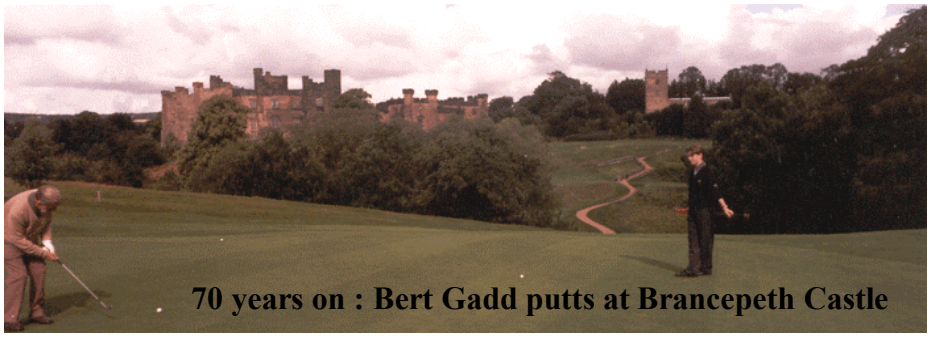
In 1993 I was invited back to Brancepeth Castle for their 70th anniversary celebrations. I played in a special exhibition match with Lancôme Trophy champion Mark Roe, who was to win the French Open the following year - sixty years after my victory. We were joined by TV commentator and former Ryder Cup player, Ken Brown and two promising local youngsters – Jonathan Gill and Scott Young. I was 84 years of age and it was almost seventy years since I first set foot on the Brancepeth course. It was a most enjoyable day and at, that evening's dinner, the club bestowed Honorary Life Membership upon me - a great privilege and a wonderful way to set the seal on my golfing life. What memories that beautiful place holds for me.

A cold start at Brancepeth

At the time of writing Mark Roe has been making the headlines again, having regained his form of ten years ago. I watched the TV coverage from Sandwich as he played his way into contention in the 2003 Open only to be disqualified when it was belatedly discovered that he and partner Jespar Parnevik had failed to exchange their scorecards. I was sad to see him depart in this manner, but was not surprised at the dignified manner in which he accepted this massive blow. As he said, 'rules are rules' and a player is responsible for ensuring that his score is marked correctly. I would not argue with that, but like many others, I wonder how this can be allowed to happen when so many officials are recording and checking scores. No doubt there will be changes to the procedures for future Opens.*

Mark Roe Bert Gadd and Ken Brown
Brancepeth Castle, 1993

[* The rule was amended in 2005]



70 years on : Bert Gadd putts at Brancepeth Castle

Back at Ellesmere Port I still continued to play in competitions, eventually winning forty. In 1996, at the age of 87, I won a monthly Medal with a gross 76 and my handicap was cut from 8 to 7. I was handicap secretary at that time and by the next season I was back to 8, but I had to knock myself again when I scored a 74 gross in the Presidents Trophy. I was 88 and had beaten my age by 14 shots.

A few weeks later I made a nostalgic trip back to play at Market Drayton, where I had been pro seventy years earlier. It was a memorable day.

Market Drayton Professionals seventy years apart - meeting in 1997
Bert Gadd and Russell Clewes

That year the Gadd family was struck again by tragedy, when our youngest son, Tim, died suddenly at his home in Sheffield at the age of 49. Tim, who had followed a teaching career and retired as Headmaster, had started playing golf seriously in his early forties and reduced his handicap from 23 to 6 after winning several trophies at the Hallamshire Club in Sheffield, where Percy Alliss had first been introduced to golf.

Like father, like son!

GOLFING "newcomer" Tim Gadd is a chip off the old block!

Tim, who only started playing golf seriously in 1987, is the son of Ellesmere Port GC's Bert Gadd, a celebrated player over the year — and the natural ability Bert showed as a youngster is showing itself in Tim already.

Tim, a member of Hallamshire, Sheffield, saw his handicap reduced from 23 to 12 in a single season as he collected a variety of prizes.

He won the Douglas Leng Cup, the Bridgwater Trophy, the Inman Trophy and was runner-up for the George Jowitt Salver and the Patterson Trophy.

He also won a monthly medal competition and played in the Captain's competition, winning the captain's tankard in the team event.

Last season, father Bert won the club's Offley Shield, the W. Hyde Trophy, the Len Merchant Trophy and

Gadd family haul

well as receiving a special commerorative hole-in-one trophy for an ace at the 17th earlier in the year.

In the 1930s, Bert was a winner of top professional prizes up and down the country. He won the Irish Open, the French Open and achieved fourth place in the British Open.

A member of various clubs throughout Britain when a professional, Mr Gadd played for England in the 1930s. He now

Tim and Bert Gadd with their season's trophy haul

Tim had been a big influence in persuading me to return to the game and he had taken me to play at many of my old haunts in the last few years. My most treasured memory of those trips was the one he arranged to Muirfield in 1989. I had not been back since 1935, but I found the club had changed little in the intervening fifty odd years since that eventful week at the Open – it is a place where you can truly say that time has stood still. It is very understated being left to speak for itself, with simple markers on the tees – no hole number, yardage or stroke index, and there was no automatic watering. There is no professional's shop – the club have never seen the need to have a pro, but tees, balls and course guides are available in the clubhouse and if you need the services of a pro there is one just down the road at Gullane. It is a very self-contained and private place and you can't arrange a 'quick game' at Muirfield, for visitors tee times are strictly rationed. You could only play on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Friday mornings, but not during July and August. When Tim rang the club that June he was advised that he must apply in writing enclosing a letter of introduction from our home

clubs. The letter was sent without delay and a few days later he received a reply allotting a starting time - in mid October! Tim did not mention the reason for our visit, but I doubt that it would have made any difference. Jack Nicklaus won the Open at Muirfield but no exception was made when he tried to get a game for one of his associates.

Bert and son Tim at Muirfield

I was not disappointed when we finally got out onto this magnificent course and I can say that its number one rating in Britain is fully deserved. The course was originally laid out by Old Tom Morris on land described by 'Andra' Kirkcaldy as nothing but "an auld watter meadie" (water meadow), but Tom Simpson and Harry Colt found it fertile ground for their talents and, following the changes they made in the twenties, Muirfield has evolved into one of the world's most renowned championship courses. The front nine goes out clockwise with the back nine running anti-clockwise inside it, so the wind comes from all points making for a fair test, but a stiff one with deep bunkers and severe rough to contend with. When I returned the greens were still being cut with hand-mowers and, although under treatment at the time we were there, were still some of the best I have played on. I took a lot more strokes than I did in 1935, but I'm glad I went back. It was a nostalgic visit for me full of so many memories. Two things had changed – that bunker on the 17th had gone and this time I was welcomed in the clubhouse to experience the famous Muirfield cuisine – real home cooking. It was altogether a wonderful day.

Muirfield inspires good players to play their best golf. Sometimes it frustrates them as Tiger found out on that wild, wet Saturday in 2002, but he will be back to try again to add his name to the famous list of Muirfield champions and to soak up that very special atmosphere. Tom Watson, Muirfield's 1980 champion, summed it up poetically:

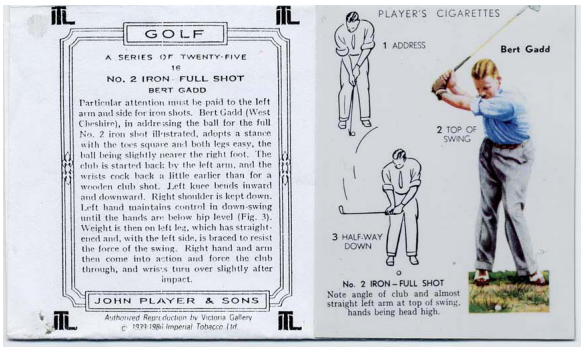
"I love the place. I love the feel of it.
The smell of it, the taste of it.
I love the turf, the feel of my spikes in it.
I love the people."

After Watson's victory he and Ben Crenshaw celebrated that evening, then went out on the course accompanied by a piper, to test their skill with hickory shafted clubs and guttie balls. It did not go down well with the Club's legendary irascible secretary, Captain Paddy Hamner, who issued a stern admonishment. As I said, no exceptions are made at Muirfield, but I suspect that Tom Watson's affection for the place is undiminished.
Muirfield, Royal Portrush and Royal St George's, are my three most favourite links.

My trips with Tim included a good many visits to Brancepeth Castle. He had been at the 70th anniversary dinner and had surprised me with the gift of a set of Ben Sayers woods inscribed with the details of my Irish Open title. Tim was as fond of the place as I was and had joined the club as a country member shortly before he died. His ashes were scattered by the tenth tee, where my brother Charles also found his last resting-place. Within 12 months my wife Paddy passed away. Her ashes were divided, some taken to the woods by the third hole at Bridgnorth, where she had brought my tea out to me over 60 years earlier, and some to Brancepeth to join Tim and Charles.

18. Epilogue

After my health started to deteriorate I had to cut back on my golf, but I continued to play until shortly before my ninetieth birthday. My final handicap was 9. I had fifteen years playing as an amateur; starting sixty years after I began my professional career; a bit unusual – most pros do it the other way round. It was over eighty years since I first swung a club in that Malvern lane. I cannot begin to estimate the number of shots I played, but it must run into a few million and remarkably I can only remember having one injury. These days injuries seem to be far more common and Physios travel with the tour to treat the players on a daily basis. They were not so available in my day but when I did suffer an injury to my hand I got help from an unusual quarter. When I was based on Merseyside the local pros were in the habit of going to the Liverpool Stadium to watch the boxing after we finished playing. I mentioned my problem to the man who treated the boxers, who naturally knew a bit about hand injuries. With a few manipulations my hand was as good as new.
I may have been lucky to avoid injuries, but I believe that my longevity in the games of golf – and life, was greatly assisted by a decision I made in 1948. I can easily remember the year because it was the last time this country had the Olympics, which we are now bidding to stage in London again in 2012. [Confirmed in 2005] My decision was to give up the 20-40 cigarettes a day that I had smoked since my youth, apart from the times I resorted to a pipe (See the cartoon on p.137 and the photo at the Penfold Tournament in 1938 (p.91)). We nearly all smoked back then; Fags were less than four bob (20p) a packet, so it was not the financial burden it is now and there was no suggestion that it was seriously damaging your health, indeed before the war an advert for Kensitas Mild, *"endorsed by leading artistes of radio stage screen and opera"*, had used the caption: *'Just what the Doctor ordered'*. A survey of London GPs had revealed that 84% recommended the mild brand because it was kinder on your throat. Maybe so, but I knew that they were doing me no good.
An alternative offered in those days was Dr J.C.Murray's *Ozonised Snuff* – "A grand snuff tobacco impregnated with ozone during manufacture", as the adverts told us.
You have already seen cigarette cards picturing my brother George and I was featured on a Player's card myself. You will see collages of cards picturing leading players of the past in golf clubs around the country



Bert Gadd shows how to play the 2-iron
Dai Rees said there was no better iron player

and in 1996 the golf correspondent of the Ellesmere Port Standard, Jean Brown, presented the club with one that featured me and a number of my contemporaries, including Sam King, Jimmy Adams, Percy Alliss, Archie Compston, Aubrey Boomer, Abe Mitchell, Charles Whitcombe, Reg Whitcombe, Arthur Lacey, Alf Padgham, Bill Davies, George Duncan and Bill Branch– a lovely gesture to remind me of old times whenever I sat in the bar at Ellesmere Port.

In 1998 Nailcote Hall in Warwickshire revived the British Short Course championship on the superb Cromwell par-3 course in the grounds of the hotel. As a 24-year-old I had played in the inaugural event held in Torquay in 1933, coming third and creating an 18-hole course record of 47. The venue for that original tournament, which lasted until 1973, was the small course at the resort's Palace Hotel and the winner was Alf Padgham, the 1936 Open Champion, who completed a Torquay double, having already won the 36-hole tournament played on the Torquay and South Devon course at Petitor. In that event I was joint second with Charlie Ward, a stroke behind the winner.
At the Short Course Championship Alf 's prize was brought to him in a wheelbarrow - £30 in coppers. Nailcote revived the tradition by presenting the current champion with £5000 in £1 coins – in a wheelbarrow. In the second year of the revived tournament Nailcote invited me to play in a Super

Seniors section with Charlie and his old Ryder Cup team-mate Max Faulkner. Charlie had won the Short Course championship when he was resident pro at The Palace Hotel, Torquay, setting a new course record. (Nailcote Hall's Director of Golf, Sid Mouland, broke the tournament record at the Torquay course in 1963 and held it for ten years) I was unable to play due to my eye problems but Charlie showed that his renowned short game could still function in his late eighties. The winner, by a large margin, was a player who was soon to make a big impact in his rookie year on the Seniors Tour, Carl Mason. His 9-hole course record 21 is likely to be longstanding.

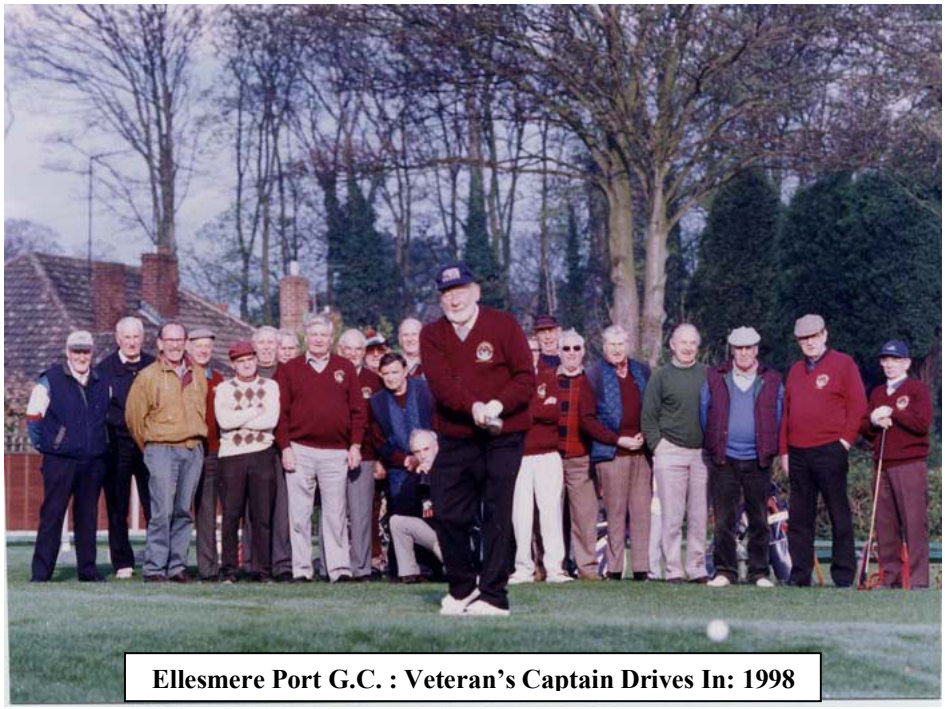
Nailcote Hall kindly invited me back each year, but sadly sufficient sponsorship was not forthcoming and the Championship lapsed again after the 2001event,* won by a member of the Midlands PGA, Robert Rock, who went on to make a name for himself in some European Tour events in 2003. That last Short Course championship was a special occasion as Nailcote celebrated the 50th anniversary of Max Faulkner's Open victory at Royal Portrush. I was pleased when he received long overdue recognition at the age of 85 when he was awarded the OBE in the 2002 honours list. Sadly my old friend Charlie Ward had passed away a few weeks before the Nailcote event. He was just short of ninety-years-old and we had been friends for nearly seventy years. Charlie's ashes were scattered on his beloved 'Little Aston'. (* The tournament was revived again in 2006)

'Super Seniors'

Three of golf's elder statesmen share memories of seventy years on the fairways.

Nailcote Hall, Warwickshire

Like many club pros of my era golf clubs bearing the names of the Gadd brothers are still around, including the 'Gadfly' iron, which was my own design. It featured an early form of weight distribution in the head with the weight high on the back of the long irons and progressively lower down for the medium and short clubs. My son Tim contacted Peter Alliss, who kindly put out an appeal for Gadd clubs. I received twenty-three from around the country, most of which have been passed on to golf clubs as trophies. Three iron heads were mounted and presented to the Worcestershire Golf Club, where we learned our golf on the old Common, Brancepeth Castle received two; one was mounted and became the Charles Gadd Trophy (Page 17) and others are at my present club, Ellesmere Port. An American collector called to see me a while ago hoping to buy old clubs or trophies from my tournament successes in the thirties. He told me that he had bought a trophy from Charlie Ward, but I had nothing to sell him even if I had wanted to. (The 'lost' Bert Gadd collection from those days is sitting on a shelf somewhere, possibly in Sheffield) The Ellesmere Port club awarded me honorary life membership of their Veteran's Section and elected me Club vice-president in 1996 and Veteran's captain in 1998.



Ellesmere Port G.C. : Veteran's Captain Drives In: 1998

In 1999 my friends at the club sprang a surprise on me when the routine Vet's June medal was converted into the BBC medal – Bert's Birthday Celebration medal, a competition organised for my ninetieth birthday. My daughter Jo came for the party, during which I was presented with a pen by the

Lady Captain and a card signed by all 48 players. There was a splendid cake decorated with a golf scene – a very special day. (The BBC medal continues to be played for each year).

BERT CUTS THE CAKE WATCHED BY CLUB CAPTAIN, TREVOR HALL

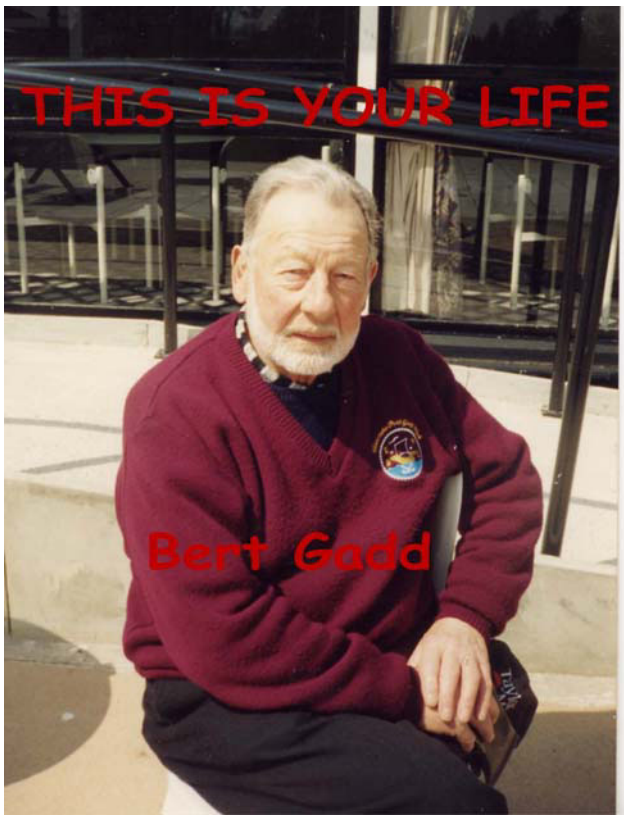
AFTER THE BBC MEDAL. ELLESMERE PORT GC, 1999

After my playing days ended I was still not entirely finished with the game. I continued to serve as Handicap Committee chairman and went to the club every Tuesday to administer the Veteran's competition and was also the club's correspondent for the local newspaper until the end of 2002, when a heart attack curtailed my activities.

On release from hospital I gave up my house in Chester, where I had lived for thirty-six years, and went to live with my daughter and her family in Ormskirk, not far from the Golf Club where I had received the news of my Ryder Cup selection over sixty years before. As I look back on a lifetime in golf I can say that my only regret is that I never had the honour of representing my country in the Ryder Cup. Certainly, when you think about the post war boom in golf, I was born twenty-five years too soon. When I was playing in the big events like the *News of the World Matchplay Championship* seventy years ago the first prize had some way to go to reach £1000; In 2003 Ernie Els won the first million pound cheque for his victory in the *H.S.B.C. World Matchplay Championship*. Makes you think! - but I see the game as being more like a big business now, not the sport it was in my day. I had some great times and made some wonderful friends - and I had the pleasure and privilege of playing with some of the games greatest characters.

Walter Hagen's famous quote about his attitude to golf (and life) comes to mind:

"You're only here for a short visit.
Don't hurry, don't worry - and be sure to smell the flowers along the way."



The Cover Picture of Bert's copy of his memoirs (Picture courtesy of Ellesmere Port Golf Club)

Appendix 1: Acknowledgements

The book on this web site has been published at the request of family and friends of Bert Gadd and will also be released in a limited number of hard copies as a tribute to a remarkable golfer, the proceeds to be donated to the British Heart Foundation. It contains some photographs belonging to the Gadd family, some that are the copyright of John Marshal Cameron and some kindly donated by Picture Collections, Golf Clubs, Golf Club members and Authors. Others have been scanned from material in Bert's possessions and reasonably assumed to have been donated to him. Exhaustive efforts to trace and acknowledge copyright holders took far longer than the writing and did not always meet with success. If there have been any omissions indulgence is craved in a good cause.

J.M.C.

Thanks are due to the following for their valued assistance.

Ken Jones, Ben Jones and members of
Ellesmere Port G.C.
The Worcestershire G.C.
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Brancepeth Castle G.C.
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Market Drayton G.C.
Bridgnorth G.C.
Brand Hall G.C.
Beamish Park G.C.
Bishop Auckland G.C.
South Shields G.C.
Aberdovey G.C.
Little Aston G.C.
Formby G.C.
Hesketh G.C.
Leeds GC
Ashridge G.C.
Moor Park G.C.
Sandy Lodge G.C.
Prince's G.C.
Purley Downs G.C.
Royal Liverpool G.C.
Royal Porthcawl G.C.
Dunham Forest Golf & Country Club
Mere Golf & Country Club
Ormskirk G.C.
South Staffordshire G.C.
Upton-by-Chester G.C.
Wallasey G.C.
West Derby G.C.
Haydock Park G.C.
Wrexham G.C.
Llandudno G.C. (Maesdu)
Harrogate G.C., Starbeck
Oakdale G.C.
Pannal G.C.
Penrith G.C.
Carnoustie Golf Links
Gleneagles
Royal Portrush G.C.
Royal County Down G.C.
Golf de Chantilly

Jo and Dave Cox
Judith Gadd
Enid Gadd
Mike Cosgrove
Bob Hindhaugh
Mac Gunn
Maurice Strong
Bob John
Ray Sentance
John Muirhead
Rhod McEwan
Vic Harries
Ian Marchbank
Graeme Marchbank
J.L. (Ian) Bamford
Dr Tony Ferguson
Brian Barnes
Tony Biddle
Audrey Cooke
Gerry Chester
Ian Wrigley
George Mitchell
Derek Holden
Dennis Frost
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Illustrations (where not mentioned in text)

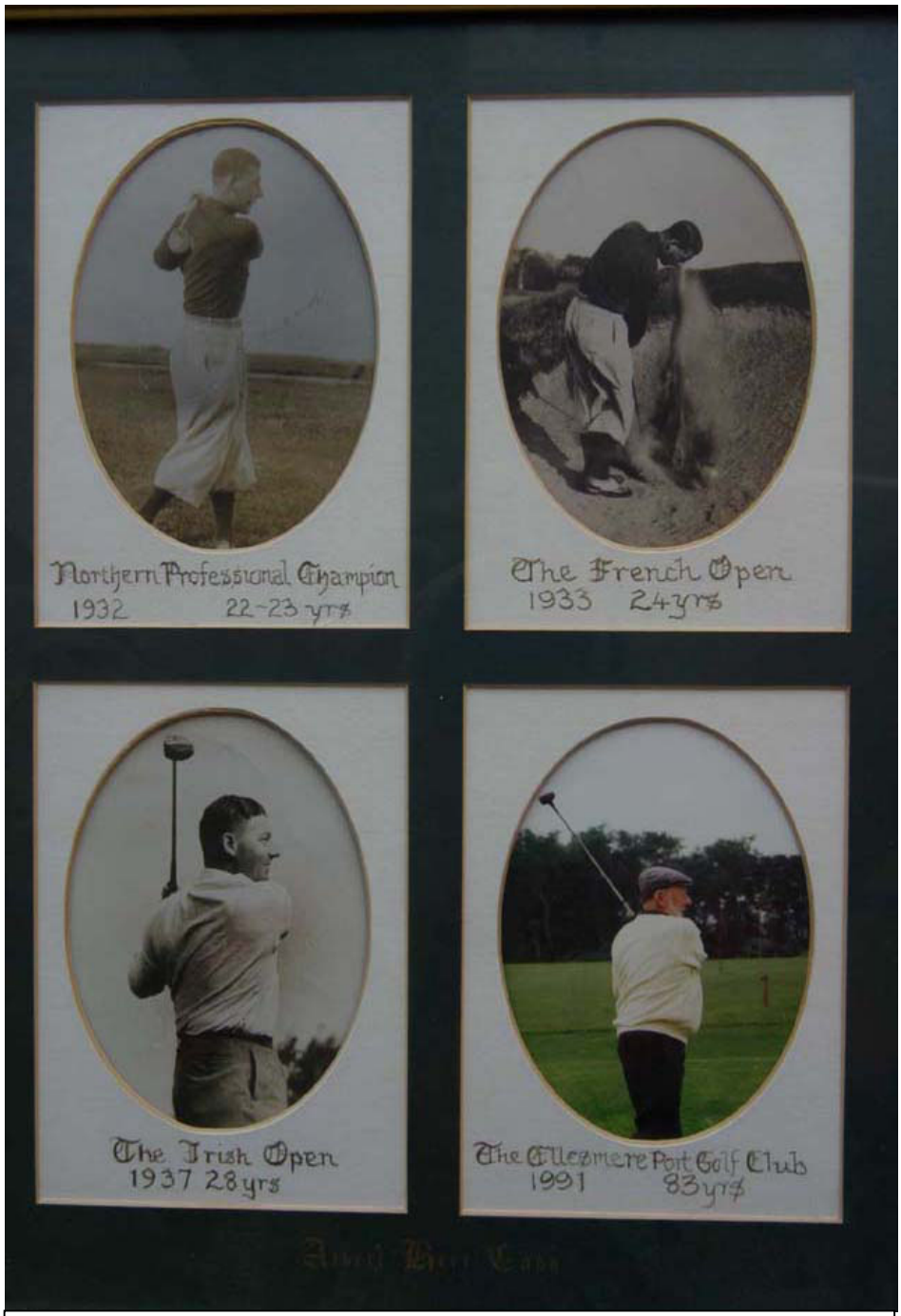
Hobbs Golf - Brancepeth Castle photos (1993)
Getty Images – David Cannon (p40(c))
Rick Cressman, Nailcote Hall (p131)
Whitcombe and Ryder Cup photographs from
Peter Fry, Author of *The Whitcombes* and
Samuel Ryder. The Man behind the Ryder Cup
Bobby Burnet, *St Andrews Opens* (p43(b), 44)
Golf Weekly (Golf Illustrated)
Ellesmere Port Standard
Birmingham Post (Gazette)
Liverpool Echo
Southport Visiter
Yorkshire Evening News
Newcastle Journal
Ian Mitchell, Ransomes Jacobsen (p28)
Philippe Sabarros, Amaury Sport, Paris (p139)

Also those Authors and Broadcasters who gave advice freely and preferred anonymity.

Appendix 2

THE RECORDS AND HIGHLIGHTS OF A REMARKABLE CAREER

A Man for All Seasons



Bert Gadd: A winner from the thirties to the nineties
A collage of photographs at Ellesmere Port Golf Club
(Bert was actually Staffordshire Professional Champion in 1932)

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE, FRIDAY, 16 JUNE, 1933

BERT GADD WINS THE FRENCH OPEN

BERT GADD WINS THE IRISH OPEN

ACCOMPLISHING the last eight holes in a total of 27 strokes, Bert Gadd, the 28-years-old West Cheshire professional, gained a victory, by one stroke, over James Adams, the Scottish international, in the Open Golf Championship of Ireland, which was concluded on the course of the Royal Portrush Club last week. Gadd's total for the 72 holes was 284 (72, 72, 71, 69). Adams, formerly at Romford and now attached to the Royal Liverpool Club, led the field by three shots with one round to play, thanks to a 69 in the third round, but his final effort cost him 75 strokes and he finished with an aggregate of 285. Gadd, who has won the French Open title and gained several successes in the Midlands, was two over fours with eight to play in his final round and appeared to have lost all hope, but he finished in remarkable style with the following figures: 2,4,4,3,4,4,3,3, holing long putts at each of the last two holes.

Reginald Whitcombe, of Parkstone, holder of the title, had concluding rounds of 76 and 74, and finished on the 293 mark.

Max Faulkner, the young Sonning assistant, had two brilliant rounds of 70, and was beaten by only two shots. He needed a three at the last hole to tie with Gadd, but pushed out his shot to the green and took 5.

Adams's 69 in the third round spread-eagled the field for he jumped into the lead with a clear advantage of three shots. The position at the end of the third round was: Adams 210, Burton 213, Gadd 215, Faulkner 216 and Davies 216. Adams compiled his fine score by means of his ability to hole the doubtful putts of from five to seven feet. He was frequently short with his approach putts but on no occasion did he require three shots on the green. He reached the turn in 35 and returned in 34. A mashie shot to within a yard of the pin gave him a 3 at the third, and he was down with a chip and one putt at the 510-yards fourth. Two 5's crept in, through pushed out drives, at the sixth and seventh, but he had only one more such figure during the remainder of the round, that being at the long seventeenth (530 yards). Here Adams hit a perfect spoon shot, but the ball ran through the green and he duffed the chip. One of his most spectacular holes was the 380-yards thirteenth where, after an enormous drive straight down the middle, he sent a niblick shot two yards from the stick and holed the putt. At the last hole his putt of five feet hit the back of the tin before dropping.

Dick Burton also went round in 69 to be only three shots behind the leader. Burton took three putts at the opening hole, but then played steadily and was down with a chip and single putt at the ninth to turn in 34. Everything went well until the difficult short fourteenth where he again three-putted. Burton also dropped a stroke at the sixteenth where he underclubbed himself for his shot to the green, and took 5, and a similar figure was required at the long seventeenth, where he was not up in two. A good finish, however, enabled him to break seventy, a four-yard putt dropping for a 3 on the home green.

Meanwhile Reginald Whitcombe had let the Championship slip from his grasp with an indifferent outward half of 40. Seldom did he hit the green with his second shot, and his approaches were often four to five yards wide of the hole. He played better coming home, and, finishing with a good 3, had a score of 76 which left him nine strokes behind Adams. Also on the 219 mark were Percy Alliss and Johnny Fallon. Fallon,

Bert Gadd

the young Fixby professional, had been joint leader with Adams at the end of two rounds, but he dropped back with a card of 78. Alliss had a remarkable round of 70 which contained 16 4's and two 3's. He dropped shots at two short holes coming home, missing the green at the eleventh and taking three putts at the fourteenth.

Bert Gadd, who did 71, took three putts on four occasions, but had a slice of luck at the long seventeenth where, after overrunning the green with a spoon shot, he holed a chip for an eagle 3.

James Bruen, the 17-years-old Boy Champion, who recently won the Irish Native Amateur Championship, was suffering from tonsilitis, but returned the fine score of 72 which established a new amateur record for the remodelled course. He reached the turn in 37, despite taking 6 at the fourth, and accomplished the last nine holes in 35.

Bruen's amateur record stood for only about four hours for, in his final round, the Boy Champion again played grand golf for a card of 71, which was made up as follows: Out, 4,5,5,5,2,3,4,3,4 = 35. Home, 5,3,5,4,3,4,4,4,4 = 36, total 71. Bruen's total for the four rounds of 292 gave him the distinction of being the leading amateur. The professional record was lowered by J. Adams on the first day to 67.

Leading scores:—

	Rounds 1st	2nd	3rd	4th	Total
Bert Gadd (West Cheshire)	72	72	71	69	284
James Adams (Royal Liverpool)	67	74	69	75	285
Max Faulkner (Sonning Asst.)	71	75	70	70	286
W. H. Davies (Wallasey)	73	71	72	72	288
R. Burton (Hooton)	72	72	69	77	290
Mr. J. Bruen, Jun. (Muskerry)	75	74	72	71	292
Tom Collinge (Swinton Park)	73	72	72	75	292
Percy Alliss (Templenewsam)	75	74	70	73	292
J. J. Busson (Pannal)	75	73	72	73	293
R. A. Whitcombe (Parkstone) (holder)	72	71	76	74	293
H. Rimmer (Bidston)	73	73	73	75	294
J. Fallon (Fixby)	73	68	78	75	294
J. Burton (Hillside)	75	74	71	75	295
A. J. Lacey (Berkshire)	73	75	74	73	295
J. Carroll (Galway)	77	76	73	70	296
S. Fairweather (Malone)	75	73	73	75	296
J. McCartney (Holywood)	73	77	72	76	298
A. J. Isherwood (Warrington)	70	79	75	74	298
A. G. Havers (Sandy Lodge)	75	71	79	74	299
W. Davis (Dumfries & Co.)	73	75	72	80	300
W. Nolan (Portmarnock)	80	71	74	75	300
E. W. Jarman (West Lancs)	71	78	79	72	300
Mr. R. M. McConnell (Rl. Portrush)	74	75	76	77	302
G. F. Bullock (Holyhead)	76	75	74	78	303
C. Sayner (Birkdale)	75	79	74	75	303
W. Robertson (Cleethorpes)	78	76	76	74	304
P. G. Stevenson (Royal Portrush)	75	74	77	78	304
W. Shankland (Haydock Park)	75	78	75	77	305
W. C. A. Hancock (Private)	72	76	75	82	305
P. P. Wynne (Batchwood Hall)	76	79	75	75	305
E. Smith (Davyhulme Park)	76	76	78	76	306
W. Holley (Castle)	72	71	74	89	306
J. McLachlan (Rl. Co. Down)	71	80	76	80	307
W. G. Saunders (Northants)	77	76	79	76	308
C. A. Pickett (Wenvoe Castle)	75	80	73	79	309
H. Large (Childwall)	73	81	76	79	309
G. Duncan (Mere)	82	76	77	75	310
E. Patterson (Donaghadee)	78	76	79	76	310
J. McKenna (Bundoran)	77	79	77	77	310
Mr. I. S. Thomas (Formby)	78	75	78	80	311
F. Daly (Lurgan)	74	76	80	81	311
B. Hodson (Chigwell)	81	77	77	76	311
S. Stenhouse (Hornsea)	75	77	80	80	312
H. Crapper (Harrogate)	79	79	73	81	312
Mr. H. Clements (Knock)	78	76	82	76	312
Mr. A. W. Whyte (Western Gailes)	79	79	81	74	313
Mr. J. R. Carr (Rl. Co. Down)	80	76	83	75	314
Mr. J. S. Graham (Belvoir Park)	78	77	79	80	314
Mr. R. J. Frizzell (Portstewart)	75	80	80	80	315
H. Yates (Whitefield)	76	78	78	83	315
W. O'Brien (Newlands)	79	77	80	79	315
Mr. D. W. Smyth (Rl. Co. Down)	78	77	80	81	316
H. Large (Bromborough)	76	80	82	79	317
S. Walsh (St. Ives)	73	77	83	84	317
S. W. Green (Worcester)	81	73	82	82	318
D. K. Ness (Leven Thistle)	80	78	77	83	318
J. Hamill (Bangor)	80	77	82	80	319
Mr. F. P. McConnell (Rl. Portrush)	78	79	79	83	319
J. C. McCluskey (Malone)	77	81	83	81	322
J. H. Humphrey (Balmoral)	80	78	86	81	325

BERT GADD: PLAYING RECORD - PRE WAR

BIRMINGHAM ALLIANCE GOLD MEDALLIST: 1932/33/34/35

1932

WON – (WITH C.H.WARD) MIDLAND PROFESSIONAL FOURSOMES

WON – STAFFORDSHIRE PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

TIED – MIDLAND PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP – LOST IN PLAY OFF

1933 WON – FRENCH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (283)

R/U - MIDLAND MATCHPLAY CHAMPIONSHIP

3rd - IRISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (290)

22nd = - BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (301)

French Open Trophy

SEMI-FINALIST – YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS TOURNAMENT

1934

WON – MIDLAND OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

21st = - BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (302)

1935

WON – MIDLAND OPEN CHAMPIONHIP

4th = - BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (289)

10th - IRISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (300)

1936

7th - IRISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (292)

8th - DAILY MAIL TOURNAMENT (292)

21st = - BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (301)

1937

WON – DUNLOP NORTHERN TOURNAMENT

WON – RINGWAY PRO-AM FOURSOMES

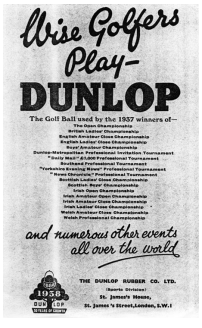
WON – IRISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (284)

No pictures of the original Irish Open trophy have been found

R/U - NORTHERN PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP †

R/U = - LEEDS CUP

5th - NEWS CHRONICLE TOURNAMENT (277)



Bert Gadd was now playing Dunlop balls

QUARTER FINALIST – NEWS OF THE WORLD MATCHPLAY CHAMPIONSHIP

1938

2nd = - PENFOLD LEAGUE TOUNAMENT (MATCH PLAY)

3rd - DUNLOP METROPOLITAN TOURNAMENT (283)

6th - NEWS CHRONICLE TOURNAMENT (303)

7th - IRISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (302)

10th = - BRITISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (305)

PENFOLD LOGO

1939

3rd - PENFOLD LEAGUE TOURNAMENT (MATCH PLAY)

6th - SILVER KING TOURNAMENT (288)

12th - IRISH OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

INTERNATIONALS

1933 - ENGLAND V SCOTLAND
ENGLAND V IRELAND

1934 - RESERVE

1935 - ENGLAND V SCOTLAND

1938 - ENGLAND V SCOTLAND
ENGLAND V IRELAND
ENGLAND V WALES

The Llandudno Trophy – now the PGA Cup- pictured at the Belfry. The trophy was won by the 1938 England team of which Bert Gadd was a member, in the last ever professional home international – note the bend sustained in an air raid.

	PLAYED	WON	HALVED	LOST
SINGLES	6	5	1	0
FOURSOMES	6	4	0	2

PENFOLD LEAGUE TOURNAMENTS

		PLAYED	WON	HALVED	LOST	POINTS
1938	2nd =	11	5	5	1	15
1939	3rd	11	7	0	4	14

FORMAT: ROUND ROBIN – 12 TOP PLAYERS IN THE PROFESSIONAL AVERAGES FROM THE PREVIOUS SEASON

(Bert Gadd's record is not complete as Alliance records pre-war have not yet been located. There were numerous wins in the Birmingham Alliance where he was Gold Medallist from 1932 to 1935. He was also active in the Liverpool Alliance for four years from 1936 to 1939 and may well have met with some success in that region)

* † The *Northern Professional Championship* dates from 1920 and the original trophy, the *Manchester Guardian* cup, which was won outright by Arthur Havers in 1922 following two consecutive victories, was eventually returned to the West Lancashire Golf Club, where he was the professional at that time. The following year Gene Sarazen took the title at Lytham, followed by the first of George Gadd's two victories in 1924. Abe Mitchell won, also at Lytham, in 1925; George Gadd won again in 1926 and Charles Gadd's courageous victory on his 'home green' at Brancepeth Castle came in 1930. A Gadd brothers treble was prevented by Percy Alliss when he successfully defended the title in 1937, beating Bert Gadd into second place by two shots.

The trophy – or trophies - played for in the late twenties and thirties have not been found and may not to have survived the war.

A PROFILE WRITTEN IN BERT'S BEST YEAR - 1937

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1937

E IS
AST

Sibbles Nearing
Set-back

on against an Australian side
nth ago.

VER the outcome of the
hton £1,000 Tournament,
d Tomlinson, it is possible
may never again see
te of low scoring as we did
t Brighton course during the
d of the competition. It is
ossible to convey an accurate
of the amazement that the
eated and the poor players
to start their rounds after
t have felt that unless they
k seventy there was no point
ut.

Shocks

nsation was Reg Whitcombe's
hat we thought would surely
aten, but soon came the
news that Bert Gadd had
64 and that Sam King had
tered the record with a 63.
were congratulating King, in
Faulkner with a 64.
impossible that these absurd
d be true, for while nearly
layers had still to go out 19
had broken seventy.

r Rounds

IGHTS and sixty-nines we
ssed as though they were
t, and there is no doubt that
ker, and Gadd played their
nds. If Faulkner had not
bed by some shouting boys at
he might easily have been
stead of thirty, but speaking
there were no "ifs" about
s.

Sixty Man

mmarised the position by
. "Long ago I came to the
hat if we could regularly go
ome courses in 63's and 64's
y be a matter of time before
d a similar score in a cham-
major tournament."

lowest score at his home
Knowle is 61, and he has
eventy so often in major
nts that he was once called
ht King."

does, I believe, create a
rd for the lowest score ever

A Sports Page Gallery—770

BERT GADD

HOLDER of records on half a dozen well-known courses, Irish Open champion, and the man to return a remarkable 64 in the Brighton tournament, Bert Gadd, the West Cheshire Club professional, bids fair to eclipse the performances of his two well-known brothers.

Like C. H. and George (the brothers), Bert Gadd was born in Malvern. Powerfully built and equipped with a temperament which, if not care-free, is at least bright and cheery, Gadd has the ability to play most courageous golf, and his recent victory in the Irish Open Championship, in which he finished his last round with two eagle threes to beat Jimmy Adams, will go down in golfing history.

CONFOUNDED JUDGES

He achieved something which which most wise judges would have declared impossible, but while he was playing these two holes he showed no sign of being worried.

This outlook upon the game characterises the whole of his play, and while he always tries hard from the word "go," his refusal to worry has helped him on many an occasion.

Better
Syster
in A

By H. M

SINCE the German
I have been turning
in my mind the questi
scoring.

In the first place it is rathe
culous to award a point for
place, the result being
although *prima facie* a first
is regarded as equivalent
second and a third, in fact th
which has the first man ho
each event is bound to sc
majority of points in that
owing to the award of what
have been described in army
as a "buckshee" point for
place.

In the matches against Finla
Norway, which are yet to com
scoring will be 5, 3, 1, for first,
and third.

SYSTEMS COMPARED

A comparison of these two s
of scoring presents a result wh
I think, most clearly shown in t
ted form. In each case each
represented by two athletes, in
the scoring is 5, 3, 2, 1, for first, s
third, and fourth; in case B, 5, 3,
first, second, and third. The
show the majority of points gai
each system as follows :—

Placings.	Case A.	Cas
1 and 4	1	1
1 and 2	5	7
1 and 3	3	3

It will be seen that the only
ence arises under the two systems
a country scores first and second i
event.

Excluding the relay, in the

THE GADDS IN THE NORTH EAST

BERT GADD: 1939 & POST-WAR	CHARLES GADD: PRE WAR
 P.G.U.CHALLENGE CUP NORTHUMBERLAND & DURHAM ALLIANCE PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP 1946 1955 1956 1957 1959	Won 5 times
 M.St JOHN'S NORTHUMBERLAND & DURHAM VICTORY CHALLENGE CUP [(MATCH PLAY) – Now stroke play] 1950 1951 1952 1953 1954 1955 1956 1957 1958	Won twice
 DURHAM UNION CUP (SCRATCH) 1947 1953	Won 3 times
 IRWIN CUP (PROFESSIONALS ONLY 36-HOLE TOURNAMENT) 1952	Won 3 times
 UNIROYAL QUAICH 4 BALL STABLEFORD AGGREGATE 1939 – With Mr E.Reavley .	_____
 HARDY GREENFIELD FOURSOMES CHALLENGE CUP 1954 – With Mr E.L.Proud	Won 6 times
 VICE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP (NORTHUMBERLAND & DURHAM PGU) 1947	_____
 NORTHUMBERLAND & DURHAM GOLF ALLIANCE PROFESSIONAL AGGREGATE CUP (MEDAL) – (1928) 1953 1954 1955 1956 1957 1958 1959	Won 6 times

OTHER TROPHIES WON BY BERT GADD

NORTHUMBERLAND
& DURHAM OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP
1950 1953 1955 1956

The Nothumberland and Durham Open Trophy Inaugurated by Bert Gadd

Teesside Alliance Trophy

NORTH EAST PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP
1948 1951

TEES-SIDE ALLIANCE CHAMPIONSHIP
1957

FINE PERFORMANCE

There was quite a local interest in the closing stages of the Irish Open Championship for the winner, Eric Brown, served some of his professional apprenticeship at Gosforth Park, and Syd Scott (Carlisle), Bert Gadd (Beamish Park), Ken Geddes (ex-Gosforth), and Tom Fairbairn (ex-Newbiggin), were all in the qualifiers.

Brown's phenomenal score of 272 made all other normal brilliant scores look quite ordinary. Scott is always tantalisingly near the top and surely his turn should come.

However, the performance of Bert Gadd, who won the title in 1937, is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable of the championship.

Few people are aware that Gadd is a part time professional. He is in Government employ and available only a few evenings a week and on Saturdays and Sundays. His playing, owing to lessons, is confined almost exclusively to a few rounds of golf in the Alliance. Yet he goes off to a championship and returns 71, 72, 75, 72.

Bert was 15th in the 1953 Irish Open Championship with a score of 290.

The Gadd brothers had the talent to play on a bigger stage and would have done so had they lived in more peaceful times.

1954

SPORTSMEN IN THE NEWS. WILLIE FRASER (left) Sunderland goalkeeper, gained international recognition yesterday when he was selected by Scotland to play against Wales and BERT GADD, Bishop Auckland golf professional, won the Hardy Greenfield Cup for the first time yesterday.

Charles won the Northern Professional Championship and twenty-five Alliance titles before his life was tragically cut short Bert's achievements are remarkable by any standards. To win a match-play tournament nine years running, as he did in the Northumberland and Durham Victory Challenge Cup is quite incredible. Equally impressive was the winning of the Alliance Professional Aggregate Cup in seven consecutive seasons, a feat which can seldom have been achieved anywhere and he was nearly a 'senior' when he took the trophy for the last time. The following year he had left the North East. Altogether he won thirty-three post-war tournaments.
The Bishop Auckland Centenary book said that he had "earned a reputation as one of the finest club professionals ever to play in the region"

(It was known in the North East that Bert had two, possibly three, albatrosses in tournament play – a rare bird indeed)

COURSE RECORDS (PROFESSIONAL)

ARROWE PARK	**66**
BEAMISH (OLD COURSE)	**61**
BISHOP AUCKLAND	**67**
BRANCEPETH CASTLE	**68**
BRAND HALL	**68**
LEEDS GC, COBBLE HALL	**66**
EAST BRIGHTON	**64****
LITTLE ASTON	**66**
ROYAL COUNTY DOWN	**67***
SEATON CAREW	**69**
UPTON-BY-CHESTER	**66**
WEST CHESHIRE	**63**
WHITLEY BAY	**70**

* **STILL STANDS (2004)**

** **STOOD FOR 20 MINUTES!**

GOLF GOSSIP **By 'DORMIE'**

LET'S KNOW RECORD-HOLDERS

BISHOP AUCKLAND professional Bert Gadd, "form horse" in the Northumberland and Durham Open championship, who cantered home by no fewer than ten shots at Seaton Carew on Sunday to retain the title, has set a new target for the links with that fine first round of 69.

These are the figures that broke by a stroke the record held by Syd Scott, of Carlisle City:

3 5 2 4 4 5 4 3 4—34 out
3 4 2 4 6 3 5 4 4—35 in

A grand card! Yet his final round was only a shot worse, a divot-mark lie on the 16th edging him out of the repeat performance.

Which brings me to a point about records: Several clubs I find from experience, are sometimes hesitant in naming their record-holders, for the reason that the situation can be confused unless hard-and-fast recognition or rejection is given the low score soon after it is made.

That necessary step is not always taken, with the result that doubts persist and two or three names might be mentioned as having "taken the honour."

Naturally, alterations are made to courses from time to time, affecting the issue, but whatever the circumstances it would be sensible to officially declare records without loss of time.

Bang went record—by Gadd!

BY ARTHUR WILSON

BERT GADD, Bishop Auckland professional, who has dominated North-East golf for so many seasons, yesterday won the Northumberland and Durham open championship over the testing Seaton Carew links, with 139 (69-70) for 36 holes—10 strokes ahead of W. A. Dixon (Northumberland).

Gadd's morning round, which put him three shots ahead of the field, set up a course record, beating the previous best, by noted Carlisle golfer Sid Scott, by one stroke.

"I had faced today's competition with some misgiving," said Gadd, "as I had just got a new set of woods."

He need not have had any qualms, as he hit the ball perfectly from the tee all day—an essential over these trouble-strewn fairways.

Playing conditions were almost perfect, the cooling breeze switching round as the day wore on. The watered greens, too, were in excellent condition.

Six at 'Sahara'

Three putts on the long 504 yards "Sahara" 14th, where he took six, followed by a five at the 16th—his ball finishing in an old divot mark on the fairway—cost him two valuable strokes.

Yet he came home in 35 for the new record, with his final putt trembling on the lip of the hole for a 68.

With the wind changing in the afternoon, Gadd took 37 to reach the turn in the second round.

But his golf was so accurate that he was three under fours—with twos at the short holes—on the 16th tee.

This shaped like another 69, but again on the 16th fairway, he got a divot hole lie, costing him a stroke.

Eight handicap, P Inman, of Wearside, had a shock first round return of 75, but an eight inflated his second round score by ten strokes.

Durham amateur champion W Thomson (Beamish) did not return a card in his first outing and I R Hornsby (Ravensworth) was disqualified for a wrongly marked card in the afternoon.

Leading returns

	1st rd.	2nd rd.	Agg.
B Gadd (Bishop Auckland)	69	70	139
W A Dixon (N'th'berland)	72	77	149
D M Moffat (City of Nc'le)	74	77	151
T Brown (Hartlepool)	77	74	151
T A Harrison (Ponteland)	78	74	152
W Robson (Wearside) ...	75	77	152
J T Willis (Seaton Carew)	76	77	153
W H Curran (S. Hrabour)	75	78	153
W Waugh (S. Shields) ...	76	77	153
W W C Welsh (Seaton Carew)	77	77	154; S G Ward (South Shields), 77, 78—155, G J Clarke (Whitley Bay), 77, 78—155; K Almond (Hexham), 78, 77—155, R C Tooley (Seaton Carew), 76, 80—156; W Dixon (Ravensworth), 76, 80—156; P Inman (Wearside), 75, 83—156; W S Davey (Wearside), 76, 80—156; O R Brown (Wearside), 79, 78—157; A J Austin (Blyth), 77, 80—157, G R Dixon (Ravensworth), 81, 77—158; E J Wallis (City of Newcastle), 77, 82—159; A Curran (Seaham Harbour), 75, 84—159; D P Davidson (Tynemouth), 80, 80—160; J C Urquhart (Durham City), 83, 77—160.		

A group of North East professionals pictured at Whitley Bay GC in the fifties. Maurice Strong is second from left on the front row Bert Gadd is in the centre wearing a cap

Gadd's 30 for last nine holes

Bert Gadd, Bishop Auckland professional, retained the Northumberland and Durham Golf Alliance Victory Cup with rounds of 70 and 67 at Ravensworth yesterday when he led the field by four strokes from 1 R Hornsby (Ravensworth).

Gadd's second round of 67 was featured by a remarkable last nine holes accomplished in 30 shots.

Hornsby also had a sparkling homeward journey of 33 strokes in his 69.

W A Dixon (Northumberland), who led with 68 after 18 holes, fell away to take 77 in the afternoon, but nevertheless finished third. Results:

B Gadd 70, 67, 137; I R Hornsby (Rav.) 69, 72, 141; W A Dixon (N'land) 68, 77, 145; W Dixon (Rav.) 76, 74, 150; W R Thomson (Beamish) 75, 75, 150; T A Harrison (Ponte.) 77, 75, 152; W Waugh (S. Shields), 75, 78, 153; W Robson Wearside) 77, 78, 155; B Cooke (W. Bay) 78, 77, 155; A J Austin (Blyth) 77, 80, 157; G R Dixon (Rav.) 85, 73, 158; J A Jarman (Hex.)) 81, 78, 159; A E Thornton (S. Moor) 81, 78, 159; H J F Warner (Bran. Castle) 84, 76, 160.

NEWSPAPER REPORTS FROM THE FIFTIES

Gadd was master from start

By "ALL SQUARE"

BERT GADD, the Bishop Auckland professional, yesterday won the Northumberland and Durham open championship at Seaton Carew in the most easy fashion, finishing ten strokes better than his nearest rival.

The course was in beautiful condition, the fairway being fast while the putting surfaces which had been well watered during the hot, dry weather were green, holding and true.

Gadd appreciated these conditions from the start. He struck the ball well from the tee with his new set of woods, while his putting with a recently acquired centre shafted putter could not be faulted.

In his first round he had a record-breaking score of 69, the first time 70 has been beaten over Seaton's sandy dunes.

His card read:—

Out: 3, 5, 2, 4, 4, 5, 4, 3, 4: 34
In: 3, 4, 2, 4, 6, 3, 5, 4, 4: 35—69

COST HIM SHOT

In his second round, Gadd slipped a few shots going out and took 37 but with the breeze helping a bit on the homeward journey, he shot a 33 which looked like being a 32 when he reached the 16th three under fours. Unfortunately a bad lie in a divot mark on the 16th fairway cost him a shot and made his score 70.

Northumberland professional, Bill Dixon, was second with rounds of 72 and 77, while third place and leading amateur award was shared by Tom Brown, from Hartlepool 77-74-151 and young David Moffatt (City of Newcastle) 74-77-151.

W. Robson (Wearside) 75-77-152, and Tom Harrison, the Ponteland professional, 78-74-152 were next in order.

Surprise return of the first round was a 73 by P. Inman, an eight handicap player from Wearside. He failed to maintain his form in the second round and took 83.

GADD ONE UP IN DOUR GOLF BATTLE

By ARTHUR WILSON

BERT GADD (Brancepeth Castle) retained the Northumberland and Durham Golf Alliance Victory Cup, at Ravensworth yesterday, when he beat Ken Geddes (Gosforth) one up in the 18 holes final.

The meeting of these two players—on current form the best in each county—created a great deal of interest, especially in view of the Gosforth man's record-breaking 63 on Wednesday and Gadd's success over Geddes in the semi-final stage last year.

The match was exceedingly close, so close indeed that it required a brilliant chip shot to win it. This came at the 17th, where Gadd, through the green (458 yards) in two, holed out to become one up.

Geddes, not unnaturally shaken, played the home hole poorly and Gadd had little difficulty in collecting a safe four for the match.

All the shots

Geddes could not reproduce the precision golf of Wednesday, and no doubt found match play a different proposition from stroke play, especially against a player of the calibre of Gadd.

Approximate scores were Gadd 69 and Geddes 72.

Gadd has all the shots in the game. The fact that he was two down at the fourth hole mattered little, for he soon wiped out the deficit and went in front at the 242 yards eighth hole with a birdie three.

From the fifth to the eighth Gadd revealed his power with his irons.

The ninth was halved, and Geddes squared at the short tenth.

And from there it was a question of which player would slip up.

The next four holes were halved, with Geddes missing a holeable putt on the 14th green for a win. He redeemed himself, however, by sinking one of useful length on the 15th for a win in three after both had been in the sand from the tee.

At this stage the odds were in favour of Geddes.

Both hit grand drives to the 16th, inches short of the green. Gadd, however, had to play over a sand bunker to the pin.

This did not perturb him, for he played a clever shot, skimmed the bunker, and finished so close he was not asked to hole out!

This squared the match, and Gadd went on to execute that vital chip at the next hole for the match.

In the semi-finals Geddes beat W Waugh (South Shields) 3 and 2, and Gadd accounted for Ravensworth assistant G. Thompson 6 and 5.

Gadd killed golfing 'jinx'

By ARTHUR WILSON

WINNER in 1946, Bert Gadd, Bishop Auckland professional, won the Northumberland and Durham Golf Alliance championship for the second time at Bishop Auckland yesterday, by the decisive margin of nine strokes with a return of 139 for the 36 holes.

In the morning Gadd went into a commanding lead with a new course record of 67—seven strokes in front of B. Cooke (Whitley Bay) and B. B. Manners, Bishop Auckland amateur.

From then on there was little doubt about the winner. He roasted round in the afternoon in 72, with a six at the 15th, while his rivals were struggling.

"This championship is a jinx for me," said Gadd. "I've been second six times." But this time he certainly left the rest of the field with little chance after 18 holes.

Trouble-free

His record round was trouble-free golf and with the advantage of local knowledge he reached the turn in par figures for each hole—33.

The next six holes followed the same pattern and then over the home stretch he turned on the heat to finish with three "birdie" threes to be back in 32.

Second place at 148 was taken by W Waugh (South Shields) who led the joint thirds W A Dixon (Northumberland) and W Robson (Wearside) by three shots.

The course, in delightful surroundings and in excellent order, baffled the majority of the field and the 70 par was rarely in danger.

A lot was expected from English champion Alan Thirlwell who on his first time over the course in his morning round took 83, which included a seven at the second and eight at the 13th, plus putting mistakes.

In his second round, however, Thirlwell hit the ball magnificently for a 71, which established a new amateur record.

With luck he could have emulated Gadd's effort, but after reaching the turn in 34 and starting home with a birdie two, his putter failed him on three greens.

One of the best returns over 18 holes was that from teenage Bob Hindhaugh (Beamish), whose afternoon 73 shot him well up the list.

An eight handicap player, he was out in 38 and dropped two strokes coming back.

Another Beamish player, J. Laurie, returned a 170, composed of a 94 and 76!

Leading returns

	1st	2nd	Aggr.
B. Gadd (Bishop Auckland)	69	70	139
W. Waugh (South Shields)	75	73	148
W. Robson (Wearside)	77	74	151
W. A. Dixon (N'land)	75	76	151
B. B. Manners (B. Auckland)	72	79	151
A. Thirlwell (Gosforth)	83	71	154
W. Dixon (Ravensworth)	79	77	156
J. A. Jarman (Seaham)	82	74	156

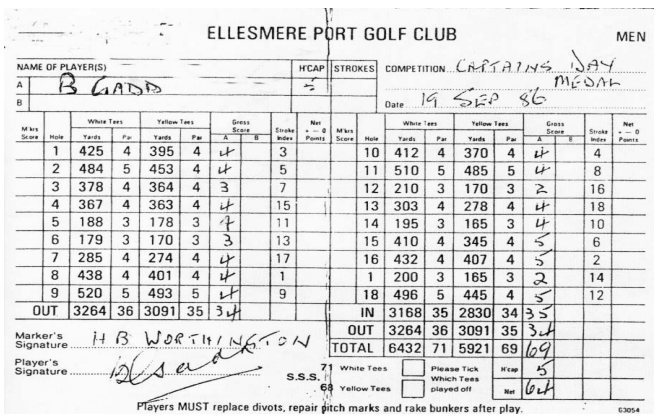
Ken Geddes (brother-in-law of former Chester-le-Street pro Maurice Strong, himself a prominent Alliance player) was one of the best golfers in the North East in the fifties and Bert's biggest rival. He was a fine match player who made the headlines when he defeated Henry Cotton and Dai Rees (twice) in major competition. He was pro at the Davyhulme Park club in Manchester when his premature death occurred at the age of forty-three.

ELLESMERE PORT G.C.

Bert Gadd's amateur record

40 competition wins in 15 years
1984 - 1999

THE CAPTAIN'S PRIZE



ELLESMERE PORT GOLF CLUB — MEN

NAME OF PLAYER(S): A B GADD — H'CAP 7 — STROKES

COMPETITION: CAPTAINS DAY MEDAL — Date 19 SEP 86

M'kr's Score	Hole	White Tees Yards	Par	Yellow Tees Yards	Par	Gross Score A	B	Stroke Index	Net + – 0 Points
	1	425	4	395	4	4		3	
	2	484	5	453	4	4		5	
	3	378	4	364	4	3		7	
	4	367	4	363	4	4		15	
	5	188	3	178	3	4		11	
	6	179	3	170	3	3		13	
	7	285	4	274	4	4		17	
	8	438	4	401	4	4		1	
	9	520	5	493	5	4		9	
	OUT	3264	36	3091	35	34			

M'kr's Score	Hole	White Tees Yards	Par	Yellow Tees Yards	Par	Gross Score A	B	Stroke Index	Net + – 0 Points
	10	412	4	370	4	4		4	
	11	510	5	485	5	4		8	
	12	210	3	170	3	2		16	
	13	303	4	278	4	4		18	
	14	195	3	165	3	4		10	
	15	410	4	345	4	5		6	
	16	432	4	407	4	5		2	
	1	200	3	165	3	2		14	
	18	496	5	445	4	5		12	
	IN	3168	35	2830	34	35			
	OUT	3264	36	3091	35	34			
	TOTAL	6432	71	5921	69	69			

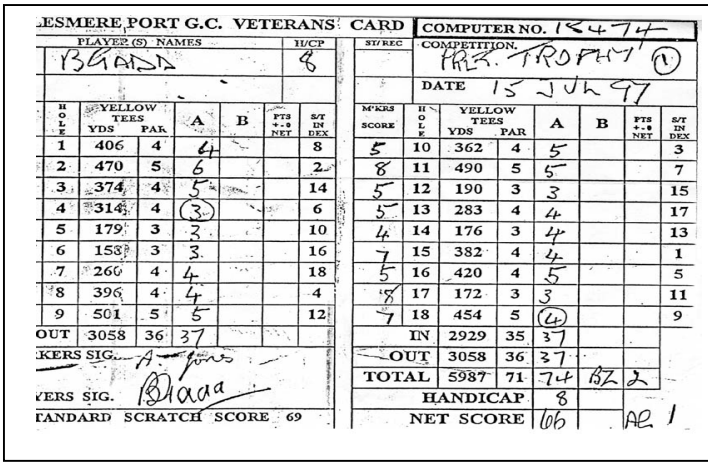
Marker's Signature: H B WORTHINGTON

Player's Signature: B Gadd

S.S.S. 71 White Tees / 68 Yellow Tees — Please Tick Which Tees played off — H'cap 5 — Net 64

Players MUST replace divots, repair pitch marks and rake bunkers after play. 63054

CAPTAIN'S DAY MEDAL WINNING CARD : GROSS 69
1986 : Age 77



ELLESMERE PORT G.C. VETERANS CARD

PLAYER (S) NAMES: B GADD — H/CP 8

COMPUTER NO. 18474

ST/REC

COMPETITION: PRES. TROPHY (1)

DATE 15 JUN 97

HOLE	YELLOW TEES YDS	PAR	A	B	PTS +-0 NET	ST/ INDEX
1	406	4	4			8
2	470	5	6			2
3	374	4	5			14
4	314	4	(3)			6
5	179	3	3			10
6	158	3	3			16
7	266	4	4			18
8	396	4	4			4
9	501	5	5			12
OUT	3058	36	37			

M'KRS SCORE	HOLE	YELLOW TEES YDS	PAR	A	B	PTS +-0 NET	ST/ INDEX
5	10	362	4	5			3
8	11	490	5	5			7
5	12	190	3	3			15
5	13	283	4	4			17
4	14	176	3	4			13
7	15	382	4	4			1
5	16	420	4	5			5
8	17	172	3	3			11
7	18	454	5	(4)			9
	IN	2929	35	37			
	OUT	3058	36	37			
	TOTAL	5987	71	74	BZ	2	
	HANDICAP			8			
	NET SCORE			66		AR	1

MKRS SIG. A Jones

VERS SIG. B Gadd

STANDARD SCRATCH SCORE 69

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIZE: WINNING CARD : 1997: Age 88

The Bert Gadd Memorial Trophy presented to the club by Bert's daughter Jo in 2004

An amusing tribute to Bert - compiled by Colin Craggs: -

ELLESMERE PORT GOLF CLUB 1996 - 1997

GOLFERS CRAMP!

DO YOU SUFFER FROM BACK PROBLEMS, ARE YOUR ELBOWS BECOMING STIFF , ARE YOU STARTING TO FEEL THAT A LACK OF STAMINA IS AFFECTING YOUR GAME AND YOUR AGE IS A CONTRIBUTORY FACTOR FOR YOUR LOSS OF FORM!. THESE ARE SOME OF THE MANY FEELINGS OF MEN IN THEIR FORTIES AND FIFTIES TAKE HEART LOOK BELOW AT A RECENT E.P.G.C.VETERANS COMPUTER RESULT SHEET FOR A MEDAL ROUND AND REALISE THE WINNER BERT GADD HAD CELEBRATED HIS EIGHTY SEVENTH BIRTHDAY A FEW DAYS BEFORE.

KEEP IT GOING BERT

THE FOLLOWING WEEK BERT DID A 79 GROSS (BACK IN 36) NOT TOO GOOD BUT HE WAS PLAYING IN A FIVE A SIDE FOOTBALL MATCH THE NIGHT BEFORE.

1996

WEATHER: GOOD
DATE PLAYED: 02/07/1996
BASIC S.S.: 69 ADJUSTED BY +2:- COMPETITION SCRATCH SCORE (CSS) 71
WINNER A GADD

POSN	NAME	GROSS	NET	OLD EH/PH		NEW EH/PH	
1)	A GADD	76	69	7.0	7	6.6	
	N BAGGOTT	93	69	24.1	24	23.3	23
3)	T.G HALL	93	70	22.6	23	22.2	22
4)	B HADLEY	93	71	22.1	22	22.1	
	J STEPHENSON	90	71	18.5	19	18.5	
6)	J DYKE (VET)	85	72	13.1	13	13.1	
	M GEORGE	84	72	12.3	12	12.3	
	DS MARRIOTT	95	72	23.0	23	23.0	

BERT IS GETTING BETTER
74 GROSS. 1997 NOW 88 YEARS OLD
BERT LOOKS FOREWARD TO REACHING ONE HUNDRED AS IT WILL BE EASIER TO SCORE BELOW HIS AGE *C Craggs* ***E P G C COMMITTEE***

1997

QUALIFYING MEDAL: COMPETITION NO. 25
COMPETITION: PRESIDENTS TROPHY
WEATHER: GOOD
DATE PLAYED: 15/07/1997
BASIC S.S.: 69 ADJUSTED BY +2:- COMPETITION SCRATCH SCORE (CSS) 71
WINNER A GADD

POSN	NAME	GROSS	NET	OLD EH/PH		NEW EH/PH	
1)	A GADD	74	66	8.4	8	7.4	7
2)	M GEORGE	80	69	10.9	11	10.5	
3)	L COLLINS	82	70	12.3	12	12.1	
4)	B SHARPES	99	71	28.0	28	28.0	
	W BASNETT	91	71	19.8	20	19.8	

TIPS FROM BERT GADD'S NORTH-EAST NEWSPAPER COLUMN

Thickness of the Grip

A GOOD workman doesn't blame his tools if a job goes wrong, but he may be using tools that are not best suited to his style. "What has this got to do with golf," you may ask.

The point that I have in mind is the thickness of grips. Too many players are apt to "take them as they come." So a check-up can do no harm. If your grips are right, you

should, with your normal left hand grip, encircle the grip, the tips of the second and third fingers just touching the ball of the thumb.

If your fingers do more than this, grips may need building up a little; if there is a gap, fining down a little.

It is a point that I commend to all golfers.

The above photograph illustrates the left hand grip, showing fingers.

BERT GADD.

Get Correct Start to Your Backswing

THE initial movement of the backswing should be a press away with the left hand, and an almost simultaneous movement of the left hip, this being the commencement of the pivot. In fact, it could almost be said that the left hand, arm, and hip move together to form the initial movement of the swing.

Try to keep the club-head in line with the ball for the first few inches of the swing as shown in the illustration.

Do not roll the wrists away from the ball. That would anticipate a wrist movement that should come considerably later in the swing.

BERT GADD.

Do Not Sway Outside Feet at Top of Golf Swing

AT the top of the back swing don't let the weight sway outside the legs.

The position at the top of the swing is, roughly, that most of the weight has moved over to the right foot in the course of the backswing; not all, for quite an appreciable amount is retained on the ball of the left foot, with the left leg acting in the nature of a prop.

In the down and forward swing, the left leg and side act as a stop, keeping the weight at the back of the shot.

In brief, once the stance has been taken, the weight movement must take place between the feet.

BERT GADD

Avoid Tension In Your Address

KEEP the arms fairly close to the body at the address.

The illustration shows my address. The hands are in an ideal position for hitting and also it is a comfortable looking stance.

Reaching for the ball creates tension (which you can very well do without) and also keeps the hands out of a good hitting position.

When practising, a good way to arrive at a comfortable address position is to push the club away from you until the arms and the club are in a straight line—then allow the arms to fall in towards the body as far as they will (without any forcing) bringing the club with them.

This should give your approximate address position and ensure that the hands are in a good position.

BERT GADD.

Start your downswing by pulling hands down

THE change over from backswing to downswing is a danger point where a great deal of trouble can be caused.

Where players can most easily go wrong is in the first conscious movement of the downswing.

The best advice I can give you is this: pull the hands down from this point. This action has the advantage of not forcing a premature "unhooking" of the wrists, keeps the hands in a good hitting position, and also ensures that the clubhead comes onto the ball from the inside.

BERT GADD.

Regulate back swing for approach shots

WHEN playing short approaches, always try to regulate the length of the backswing to suit the length of the shot.

This has the effect of making them more like a full hit with a shorter swing, and produces a much crisper action.

The most dangerous way of playing these short shots is to take a long swing and "hit them soft."

Try and avoid this action, for trouble is not far away if you persist.

It may be nasty trouble too! Ever heard of "socketting"? The "soft" action could be one of the causes.

BERT GADD

Try this grip if you are off your Putting

TRYING to teach anyone to putt is difficult, as there are so many styles, stances and grips employed that—by most members—the generally accepted standards, but are so amazingly successful, that it would be quite impossible to lay down any hard and fast rule to be applied.

If you are "off" your puttings, try this grip. Place the shaft under the ball of the left thumb allowing the thumb itself to rest down the top of the shaft. Use a normal right-hand grip (i.e., overlap, etc.), but keep this thumb also down the top of the shaft.

It is a sound putting grip; it keeps the hands together, and helps you to swing the club straight.

This type of grip is extensively used by top class players.

But the best tip of all is: look at the ball a little longer.

BERT GADD.

Hit firmly with hands for Explosion Shots

THIS ball explosion shot from sand should normally only be employed when the ball is lying badly. It differs from the ordinary bunker shot in both application and effect.

The stance is the same: fairly upright and close to the ball.

Keep the club face square to the ball (with a lofting shot from sand it is easy for the club to slide away from the ball if the face is open) take a fair amount of sand, and hit strongly with the hands to force the clubhead under the ball, keeping the left arm, and side as solid as possible at impact.

The follow through is short, and as the action of the ball is in the nature of "a lob," allowance should be made for a few yards run.

BERT GADD.

Keep club face open for shots from bunkers

THE player who can consistently put his ball within reasonable holing distance when playing bunker shots from short range, will, for the most part, have "the edge" of his opponent.

Here are a few points that may help.

For the straightforward shot, when the ball is lying clear, stand fairly upright with a slightly open stance, club face open, and keep close to the ball.

Aim to strike just behind the ball, and drive the hands strongly down and through.

This has the effect of forcing the ball up sharply, and it should, under normal conditions, get a fair amount of "bite" on the green.

BERT GADD.

This week's hint is on adding to length

MANY players are under the impression that to get a little extra length it is necessary to swing the body at the ball.

It is a fallacy. Extra length comes from extra speed at impact, and this can only come from faster hand and arm action.

Concentrate on this; let the arms and hands dictate the swing.

They should do, for they represent roughly 80 per cent. of hitting the ball.

BERT GADD.

USE YOUR HANDS TO GET THOSE EXTRA YARDS

By BERT GADD

Former French and Irish Open Champion, and at present professional to the Brancepeth Castle Club.

How often have you heard the remark, "If I could only get an extra 10 or 15 yards, I should be satisfied"? Indeed, I don't doubt that many of you have probably said it yourselves; and what does it all add up to?

YOU will, if you find the extra few yards, play perhaps one club less for your next shot. Is it worth it?

All right, golfers, I know the answer to that one.

Nearly every club golfer would be pleased to have it, whether or not he really needed it; so, how do we set about finding it?

First, it must be realised that there is a limit to the distance the ball can be hit—imposed by the physical limitations of the player—but many golfers could find the extra few yards by exploiting more fully the capability they have, and that lies in the use of the arms and hands, particularly the hands, for hitting the ball.

SPEED UP CLUB HEAD

Too many golfers use them as just something to hold the club with.

Faster hand action means increased speed of the club head. Which in turn means extra distance. There is the whole matter in a nutshell.

The hit to golf is essentially right handed. There is no limit to how hard you hit with the hand provided it can be controlled by the left hand and side, which provide the control, and must never be dominated by the hitting right hand.

The ideal to aim at is the hit past a firm left side. If you remember that hitting a golf ball is at least 80 per cent. arms and hands, you will be well on the trail of that illusive ten yards.

AMERICAN EXAMPLE

One of the best examples of using the hands is the new Amateur champion, Dick Chapman.

He really does hit the ball with his hands, and it's a joy to watch.

I have heard it said that we lost the Walker Cup because the American unofficially beat our men from the tee. It may be so, and here I come to the main point of my theme. They know what their hands are for and keep using them.

All the Americans that I have seen, both pro. and amateur, seem to use their hands much more vigorously than we do, and they nearly all hit the ball vast distances — and keep on doing it.

So, the point to remember, you workers after extra length is—**keep your hands mobile.**

FOOTNOTE: To satisfy the curiosity of the "Late Caller" who rang up Brancepeth Golf Club recently—at midnight—to find out my age, I was 42 on May 31 last. Why remain anonymous?

Putting it into practice
West Cheshire G.C. 1937

POST SCRIPT:

Some records of the 'Golfing Gadds' that might have made it into the books of 'Facts and Feats':

George Gadd:

Won the second most important event of the day, after being taken to the 19th hole in four rounds.
News of the World Matchplay Championship, 1922

Charles Gadd:

Won a PGA event from a field including two Ryder Cup players, despite being severely disabled.
Northern Professional Championship, 1930

Bert Gadd:

Won a European national championship the first - and only - time he played on the continent.
French Open Championship, 1933

Holed a putt that he paced out at 43 yards (approximately 130 feet), in a Major Championship.
The Open, St Andrews, 1933

(Bobby Jones was reputed to have holed a putt in excess of 100 feet in winning the previous St Andrews Open, 1927. The longest recorded putt in a major was 110 feet by Zimbabwe's Nick Price on his way to victory in the 1992 USPGA Championship (Guinness Book of Records)).

Won a national championship with two closing eagle threes.
Irish Open, 1937

Won a regional tournament nine years running.
Northumberland & Durham Victory Challenge Cup, 1950-58

Recorded the best aggregate score in a Professional Alliance seven years running.
Northumberland & Durham Aggregate Cup, 1953-59

Regained his amateur status at the age of seventy-six, after over sixty years as a professional.
Ellesmere Port G.C., 1985

Won a club competition at the age of eighty-eight with a gross score of 74 - 14 shots under his age.
Ellesmere Port G.C., 1997

(Bert Gadd's handicap was never higher than single figures from his early teens to his late eighties)

Remained the (joint) holder of a course record at the age of ninety (67, Royal County Down – 1935)
Ref: Golfer's Handbook, 1999