



# *The Long Game*

**The Official Newsletter of the Golf Society of Australia**

Golf Australia House, 155 Cecil Street, South Melbourne, Victoria, 3205, Australia  
Telephone (03) 9699 7944 Fax (03) 9690 8510 Editor Telephone (03) 9521 6809

Issue Number 10

March, 2000

## **Doug Bachli (1922 - 2000)**

See Page 4



*Douglas Bachli MBE with the 1954  
British Amateur Championship Trophy*

## **2000 Calendar of Events**

Listed below are the remaining events planned for 2000.  
Please note your diaries accordingly.

6th April	Dinner at Woodlands GC
1st May	President's Trophy at Victoria GC
25th June	Hickory Day at Kingston Heath GC
3rd August	Dinner at Huntingdale GC
5th October	Dinner at Yarra Yarra GC
13th November	Doug Bachli Trophy and AGM at Victoria GC
7th December	Dinner at Commonwealth GC

## **From the President**

As our millennium draws to a close it gives cause to reflect that golf, whether as paganica or cambucca, or as we know it from its Scottish ancestry, has been played throughout the one thousand years.

Considering the game's basic concept is extremely simple, one might well wonder why it has lasted so long and why it is becoming even more popular. For whilst golf's fascinating characteristics are known to players, one might well attribute the role of organisations such as our Golf Society as being key to embellishing and perpetuating golf's honourable substance and wholesome ambience.

Because golf has lasted so long and because it is a part of the fabric of life of mature and sophisticated societies, the collection of memorabilia and the recording of its progress are an essential ingredient of the golfing mix.

And it has been in the last few months of the millennium that two events have happened, the universal knowledge of which will be of benefit to posterity. One is the unforgivable behaviour of the 1999 US Ryder Cup team and their supporters in their match against Europe and the other is the absolutely glorious win of Aaron Baddeley in the 1999 Australian Open Championship followed by that of Brett Rumford the following week in the Players Championship.

Members of the Golf Society who can pass onto forthcoming players the worthy aspirations of competing and winning for the sake of honour and glory and the undoubted reasons for avoiding unmitigated selfish behaviour at golf, which the above two instances have exemplified then Golf Society members will be doing golf a very great service for the next generations in the next millennium.

Daryl Cox, President

## **Don Lawrence Trophy**

The annual Don Lawrence Trophy was contested on 10th March at Peninsula Country Golf Club. The winners were -

Don Lawrence Trophy	Mike Fitchett & Diana Davis
Best out nine	Daryl Cox & Ruth Summerfield
Best in nine (c/b)	John and Rosemary Wakeham
Secret nine	John Wilson & Marjory Nadalin

## Golf Trivia Quiz

(Answers on Page 8)

1. Who are the only two players to win a particular major event six times?
2. In which US Open did brother beat brother in a play-off win?
3. Which English golfer broke his leg teeing off in the 1991 British Open?
4. Before Tiger Woods came along, who was the last man to win consecutive US Amateurs?
5. Of all the women's major events, the US Open is the most notorious for slow play. What did Lori Garbacz do in 1991 to pass the time while waiting to tee off?
6. Who was the first golfer to win five British Opens?
7. Who was the first woman to win both the US Open and the British Open in the same year?
8. Why did Ed Furgol have to wait thirty minutes to putt out on the 10th hole in the third round of the 1963 Masters?
9. Ely Callaway, founder of Callaway Golf, is the cousin of a famous golfer. Name the golfer.
10. What did Harry Vardon and Ted Ray have in common?

## “Fore” was used 300 years ago

The word "Fore" seems to have been used nearly three hundred years ago in connection with the name and duties given to certain classes of caddies. Robert Clarke, in his book on "Golf, a Royal and Ancient Game," states that James II, in 1681 and 1682, frequently played at golf on the Links of Leith and that he employed one Andrew Dickson to go before and look where the balls fell. In 1771, the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews agreed upon a tariff for the payment of "Fore" caddies.

The minutes of Blackheath Golf Club of June 14, 1856, contain this resolution: "Resolved that every 'Fore' caddie be provided with a red flag and cap and be instructed to take particular care to warn passers-by."

Originally, it seems that the word "Fore" as used in golf, was a contraction of the word before, and the caddies known as "fore" caddies were those who were sent on ahead or sent before the players for the purpose of minimising the chances of losing golf balls. We know that in those days dense patches of whins and gorse covered most of the golf grounds and these caddies were sent before to mark the ball as it fell.

Gradually, as the gorse and whins were worn away by constant play, and thus gave way to designated areas known as fair-greens or fair-ways, the use of "Fore" caddies became unnecessary. However, the increasing number of spectators at matches as well as the citizens who strolled along the countryside made it necessary to create some method of warning them of the danger of being hit.

Horace Hutchinson, in his glossary of technical terms employed in the game of golf, states: "Fore!— a warning cry to any person in the way of a stroke. A contraction of the word before." Willie Park, Jr., in his book, states: "The usual mode of warning persons, whether engaged in playing or not, that they are in the way of a

stroke is by shouting 'Fore', which is supposed to be a contraction of the word before, meaning look out before".

## Flocking to Carnoustie

*T.T. Alexander, Carnoustie Commentary, 1937*

Nearly forty years before William the Conqueror and his Norman Knights landed at Hastings and carved out a kingdom for themselves in the land of the Angles, Malcolm II of Scotland fought and defeated Camus the Dane on the Links of Barry.

The story goes that after the fight the Danes, furious and humiliated by their defeat, put a curse on the district.

They determined to have their revenge, and after a while they returned, but not to fight.

With them they brought thousands of crows, which they uncaged upon the seashore. The well-wooded country around was soon full of the birds, and from morning till night the incessant clamour of their cawing continued.

In course of time the inhabitants of the district got into the habit of calling it "Craw's Nestie."

"Carnoustie" it became, but the original name is still preserved in the "Craw's Nest Tassie," the trophy of the Open Amateur Golf Tournament, which, since 1927 has attracted the leading golfers of the world to the famous links at Carnoustie.

## Driving to Destruction

*From The Irish Golfer, 1902 by J. C. Law*

If a good golfing temperament were not a *sine qua non* to success on the links, there would be many more players of first rank. Golfers there are by the score who are capable of playing the game with accuracy and power, and when things are going well of doing brilliant deeds; and yet they somehow or other fail when we most hope and expect that they will succeed. And this failure may, I fancy, not infrequently be laid at the door of mental rather than physical causes. The flesh is able, the muscles are fit, the eye is keen, the knowledge is sufficient, but the mind cannot control and govern the whole man. It has been said by one well able from experience both of life and golf to give a good judgment, that golf is a game which is always fighting against the player.

That golf is an irritating game anyone who has played it seriously knows, and recognises also that the man who loses his temper as a rule loses also the match. "I know it's only a damned game," shouted an eminent legal luminary as he snapped his croquet mallet over his knee and then hurled its head through the drawing room window, but even games require some mastering or they will get the upper hand.

Nothing is more annoying than, after a good drive, to find one's self hampered for the next stroke by an unfortunate lie. Among the many ways of improving golf that have been suggested, a proposal that every ball should be "teed" seemed to me, at the time it was made, to be the most destructive. It was argued that this would

make the game fairer and eliminate luck; and certainly the idea should have been welcomed by all bad-tempered golfers. But to overcome bad luck and come out triumphant in the end is the most satisfactory of enjoyments, the greatest of glories. Remove luck from the game and it loses one of its chief recreative qualities, and becomes, in fact, a game no longer.

If it be the bad lies that bring out the qualities of the player it will be found that it is the even-minded golfer who will overpower circumstances and surmount difficulty with success. The ball lies badly, then tackle the situation with all the ability you possess, and do not waste time and mind in thinking how different it would have been if things had been otherwise. Of course, had the ball been lying well it could have been played with great ease; the green might even have been reached had a wooden club shot been possible. But the ball does not lie well, so the best thing to be done is to make the most of the possibilities of the situation, to master within limits the work that has actually to be done. And yet this is easy to say, and hard to do; for the golfing mind is hard to concentrate, though concentration is vital.

If we think we are doing well success will probably follow; if we regard every misfortune as a catastrophe, every small failure as only one of many others sure to follow, then we are playing a losing game.

I like not the partner who assures me, after I have missed a short putt at the first hole that is is unlucky to win on the first green. I like better the man who says "Never mind, there are other holes to play." For this is true golfing philosophy, namely, not to look back on the milk on the ground, but rather go forward with a determination to observe more care.

There will probably happen in the course of a golf match things that may either be taken humorously or in anger, and the former attitude of mind will be found to answer the better. A lady may allow her parasol to be blown across the putting green just when a stroke is about to be made; a spectator may audibly ask the name of the player who is addressing the ball.

But what is most important, from the player's point of view, is that he should treat such incidents in a friendly way and not as pointed and premeditated insults to himself. Let him laugh at the matter for a moment, and then return with fixed mind to the business on hand. The man who can fix his whole will power on every shot he plays, who is unconscious of what others are thinking of him, who cheerfully is determined to make the best use of every chance, be it ill-looking or fair, that man is not far from the perfection of golfing temperament.

## From the Editor

I do hope that you enjoy this issue. I have made a special point of including tributes to two of our "greats" who passed away recently - namely Judith Percy and Doug Bachli. I had the great pleasure of playing golf with both of them and they are rightly regarded as outstanding Australians. Thanks to those members who are forwarding favourite pieces for inclusion in The Long Game.

## One of Australia's greatest - Judith Percy 1926 - 1999

*Extracted from The Golfer Newspaper, November 1999*

Judith Percy, one of Australia's all time great golfers, passed away October 9 after a long battle with cancer. She was 73. Born in India where she started her golf, Judith moved to Brisbane in the 1940s and, with her sister Jocelyn (Cameron), went to boarding school at St Hilda's, Southport.

It didn't take her long to make her mark on the golf course and in 1949, she was selected in the Australian Tasman Cup Team to New Zealand, where she finished runner-up in the New Zealand championship. She did, however, return a winner, taking out the NZ Foursomes with Joan Fletcher.

A year later, she was picked in the first Australian touring team to travel to Great Britain and reached the British Amateur semi-final played at the famous Royal County Down course in Northern Ireland.

Judith, who captained an Australian team in Perth in 1953 against a touring South African team, represented Australia through to 1963, winning five state and three Australian championships.

After her family moved to Toowoomba, she added the country championship to her long list of victories which included State and Australian foursomes titles. She also held many course records over the years.

According to her good friend, Fletcher, she was a "strong, exciting and no nonsense golfer". "Judy only knew two colours --- black and white," Ms Fletcher said. "There were no other shades of colour with her."

Despite her golfing brilliance, she was sometimes wayward as she was at Glenelg enroute to winning her third Australian amateur championship in 1962. During the tournament, a temporary car park adjoining one of the fairways had been set up for the galleries. One of Judith's wayward drives landed in the car park and, while officials were deciding which cars needed to be moved, she calmly lofted a 4 iron over the cars and onto the green.

While she didn't suffer fools, she also believed a good game of golf was a fast game. On her way to winning the 1951 Queensland amateur title, she, along with playing partner and runner-up Fletcher, played the first 18 holes in two hours. They were asked to slow down during the afternoon round as the referee and gallery were having trouble keeping up.

Judith, a private person with a great sense of humour, was a naturally talented athlete and was listed as one of Australia's top 10 natural sportsmen and women by the old Telegraph Newspaper. Her name was up there with the calibre of Don Bradman. Rod Laver and Clive Churchill.

She retired from golf in 1964 and, with dedication and hard work, became equally successful on the land, eventually selling her property Merryvale at Deepwater in northern NSW in 1990.

There is little doubt, had she been born in a later era and turned professional, she would have reached the top of her profession.

## Vale - Douglas William Bachli - (1922 - 2000)

The Golf Society of Australia lost one of its foundation members and one of the greatest players in the history of golf in this country when Doug Bachli passed away in January. The Society owes so much to Doug who, in the formative years, spared no effort to advance the Society and its objectives.

The following recollections have been contributed as shown by members of the Society.

From Daryl Cox, President -

"The Golf Society of Australia owes so very much to the late Douglas Bachli MBE. Douglas was the inaugural President who set the agenda for the the Society's successful calendar of events and it was Douglas who was the significant force in having the Society become associated with the Australian Golf Union. Douglas collected an enormous amount of memorabilia for the museum and created travelling exhibitions for a number of Australian Open Championships manning the booth personally most of the time. In recognition of his services to the Golf Society he was made a Life Member of the Society in 1996. Douglas was always of a most pleasant disposition both on and off the golf course. "

From Ken Shepherd, Founder, Life Member and Patron of The Society and his wife Joy -

I wasn't one of those lucky golfers who played with Doug at Victoria Golf Club or in a Victorian or Australian team. In fact, I saw Doug play only a few shots; at the long 8th at Metropolitan in an Interstate Series and later during the 1961 Australian Open at Victoria. My pleasure came when Johnny Snell and I raised with him the subject of a Golf Society. Doug and John really hit it off. Doug's easy enthusiasm and seemingly endless facilities were incredible - space at the Ansett Building for our early meetings and his rushed plane trips interstate to offer the idea to his many golfing colleagues. His suggestions and input were always kindly put and his entente with Burtta Cheney and the ladies was always of great assistance in those early days. His willingness to put himself out in order to carry forward our ideas I found most helpful. Doug tried very hard to establish the Society in other states; the lack of interstate chapters cannot be blamed on Doug who spent many hours on aircraft in pursuit of this aim. I think we of the committee and the Society were so fond of Doug and his golfing achievements that we really gloried in his presence and leadership. How sad we all were when he had a couple of minor car accidents and lost his driving licence. Then there was the occasion

when his "Carnoustie" putter was "stolen". These aberrations were, of course, the start of his tragic illness. Perhaps my outstanding recollection of Doug was from the early days of the museum when set about reclaiming the clubs with which he won at Muirfield and subsequently sold. The gent who had purchased them was loathe to part with them. We all realised that they would be a most important item for display at the museum and Doug spent several months getting them back! Eventually he acquired a new bag and a complete new set from Slazenger to exchange - this did the trick.

Doug's recounting of the last few holes at Muirfield in beating Bill Campbell in the 1954 Amateur were listened to many times and enjoyed. Our own "Aussie hero" who we admired, revered and loved.

From the Editor, John Lindsay -

When I joined Victoria GC in 1960 I had two role models; Peter Thomson and Doug Bachli. I watched them both at every opportunity and set my target on emulating them as well as I could. Peter was often away but Doug was a constant inspiration to me. Not only did I admire his enormous talent as a golfer but, over time, I came to appreciate what a great personality and character he was. He often spoke with the junior members and always inspired with his direct and often simple approach to success in golf.

Doug loved Victoria GC with a passion and I can still hear his voice extolling its virtues to us younger members. Some of my fondest memories relate to our all too short pennant days together. Doug retired from pennant shortly after I broke into the team but Pennant practice with Doug

was always a most enjoyable experience. Both Doug and Vic Sleigh had an almost inexhaustible memory bank of jokes - many of them not repeatable in these columns - and the 19th hole seemed like endless laughter.

In more recent times, Doug spent happy times at Victoria among his friends but, unfortunately his illness eventually robbed him of that pleasure.

I will never forget Doug's funeral. The number of golfing luminaries in attendance made it memorable. The family contributions were moving and, in the words of his son Paul, "I have lost my hero" - we have all lost a hero. Unfortunately there was no photographer present but the sight of the many VGC members lining the club driveway to give a final send-off was a very special moment which, I'm sure, all present will never forget.



*Harry Berwick and Peter Heard carry Doug Bachli triumphant from the course at Muirfield.*



# The Henry Longhurst Page (Extracted from Golf Magazine 10th June 1954)

*This week we asked our correspondent to give us his reflections from Muirfield in the quiet aftermath of the Amateur Championship*

As there was an "incident" during the otherwise admirable championship, let us dismiss it first and turn later to the more congenial aspects of the week, of which heaven knows there were plenty. I refer, of course, to the occasion when the holder, Joe Carr, drove into casual water at the twentieth and beat young Peter Toogood, of Australia. It was a thousand pities that it should happen to a celebrated player and in somewhat dramatic circumstances, and in particular that it should happen to an Australian.

I yield to no one in my admiration for that great country, except that the sporting press is a barbarity equalled only by the licensing laws (they close the pubs at six, instead of opening them - and you ought to see them in the final hour of what is known as the Six O'Clock Swill !). One could imagine only too well the cables humming, and "We waz robbed" churning out the headlines—to say nothing of father Toogood who was observed to be taking movie pictures to prove that it wasn't casual water and an Australian camp follower who allegedly told the *Daily Express* that we should "never get any more Dominion players coming over if things like this . . ." etc.

This sort of thing is really a most frightful nuisance, so let us get one simple point straight. "Casual water" is an arbitrary term devised by golfers for their own use. Normally, doubt on such points will be resolved by the club committee. If they are still in doubt, they write to the Royal and Ancient for a decision. In this case the highest tribunal in the land happened to be present. The chairman of the Championship Committee of the R. & A., Henry Turcan, was not "sent for from the clubhouse." He was there on the spot, and so were three of his colleagues.

In questions of *fact* they could possibly err, especially if their information were second hand. In questions of *interpretation*, they cannot err. What they say is automatically right *because they say it*. If the Championship Committee say "This for golfing purposes is casual water," then for golfing purposes it *is* casual water, and no amount of Mr. Toogood's films will make it otherwise.

\* \* \*

While we are on the less happy side, let me add that many of us were a little alarmed at the tendency of one or two young players to "claim the hole." Broadly speaking, in golf you simply do not claim the hole and I cannot help feeling that older players will be failing in their duty to the game if they do not jump firmly on young enthusiasts who look on golf in this way. One of them, playing a past Walker Cup player, an international of immense distinction, claimed and won the twentieth on the ground that he had not conceded a 2-inch putt which his opponent knocked away. On another occasion another young Scot declared that his opponent must "mark" his ball with a coin and that, if he failed to do so again, he would claim the hole. On the opponent demurring, he said that he was "determined to see a member of the Championship Committee about it." He did not know that he was actually playing with one!

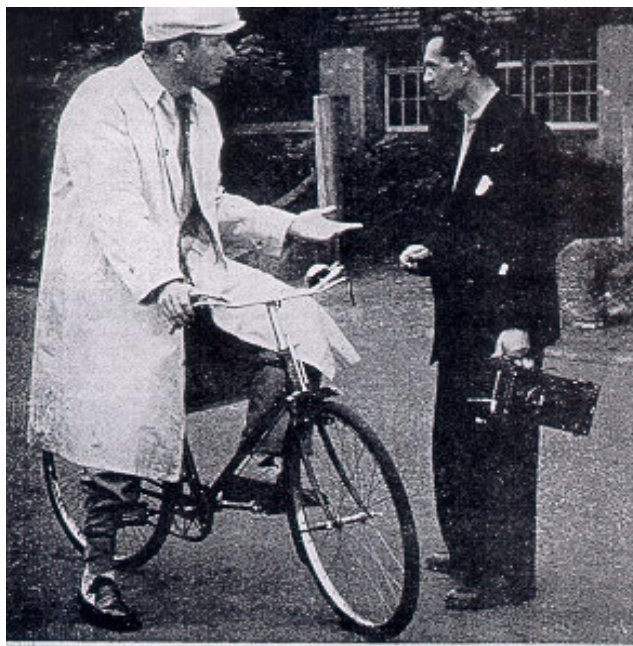
\* \* \*

The new champion, Douglas Bachli, is a delightfully modest and unassuming fellow with a great golfing heart—a living example of the adage, so difficult to believe when you are one or two down, that, if you keep on hitting the ball down the middle and holing the putts, you may be a match for anybody.

It was put to me in a graphic way that I had not heard before that there is nothing like "letting your opponent keep on seeing your ball." This is just what Bachli did to his stronger, and by all the record books superior, opponent, Bill Campbell. Time and again, at short holes and with wooden club seconds (against perhaps a 4 or 5 iron by Campbell) Bachli put his ball up on the green for Campbell to see, and in the end Campbell could simply stand no more of it and failed.

The loser had no great luck with his putting but somehow, until he can do more of it for himself, I do not think he will have. Every putt was preceded by long conferences with his caddie, widely reckoned to be the best "greenreader" at Muirfield, and I do not believe that any of the great golfers of the past have had to have so much done for them. Unless you have positively no ideas of your own, there must come times when you think the line is on the right and the "greenreader" says it is straight — and then where are you? In the end I think you have got to make your own mind up and reserve the green-reader for the times when you honestly can't.

Anyway, though Bachli's was a popular win, especially with all the Commonwealth Teams here, Campbell's was the reverse of a popular loss. It was his fifth visit here that the sight of the enormous fellow pedalling bow-leggedly along from Gullane on his borrowed bicycle was a splendid thing indeed and his many friends will wish to see him back.



Bill Campbell and his bicycle

# More Strokes, More Fun

By Bernard Darwin

From "Out of the Rough" (1932)

The tearing up of a card is generally regarded as a rather discreditable business, showing at once vanity and pusillanimity in the tearer; and I must say that I do feel something more of a man when I have gone on to the bitter end and handed in the horrid thing. Circumstances, however, alter cases; there are occasions when, if only for the sake of the players behind, we are almost justified in the cowardly act, and I am about to write of one.

As a rule, when a golfer tears up a card he does so not merely figuratively, but literally, and no one but his marker knows the exact facts. A card has now come into my hands which, I think, its owner must have intended to destroy. He did not, however, and his marker first secreted it and then passed it on to another who, thinking that it might be useful, gave it to me. The whole business is, as you will perceive, a shady, if not a positively dishonourable, one. I feel rather ashamed of it; but so poignant a 'human document' as this card cannot be allowed to lie hidden. So, with all due precautions of anonymity as to player and course, it shall be set out.

The score was compiled in a qualifying competition on a well known seaside course, and here it is as far as it goes:

Out: 10, 12, 9, 9, 10, 7, 11, 9, 8  
Home: 12, 17, 12, 9, 20, 8.

That is to say, the player took 85 to go out and he had taken 78 for six holes on the way home when he gave up the unequal struggle. Statisticians will note that he took double figures at eight out of the fifteen holes played, and that his average score for a hole was  $10^{13}/_{15}$ . There appears to be some doubt whether the tally was duly kept. Both marker and player, though persons of the highest probity, may have grown a little tired, and one who played behind them declares that in the twenty recorded for the fourteenth hole 'air shots were not counted'. I entirely dissociate myself from any such slanderous statement, but there it is.

With nothing but the card and the length of the holes to help us, we must employ the methods of Sherlock Holmes if we are to discover anything about the round, and those methods, as Watson found, are easier to admire than to apply. We are probably justified in guessing that the wind rather favoured the player on the way out, but, on the other hand, his later falling off may only have been due to a natural and cumulative fatigue. In those first nine holes, I think, he must have played more or less his normal game, for there are no purple patches, and the two holes at which he took fewest strokes, the 6th and 9th, are both one-shot holes. He holed them in seven and eight respectively and, judged by that standard, his eleven at the 7th, which is 478 yards long, was a noteworthy achievement. On the way home, seventeen was superficially bad at the 11th - a mere 352 yards long - but my recollection is that at this hole there is a deep and cavernous ditch running along the left of the fairway, and once the player is in it, anything might happen. Of course, the twenty at the 14th was a real tragedy, because this is only a one-shot hole of 162 yards. Heaven forbid that I should call it an easy three; it is not that, and especially not in a wind, but it is a little hard to understand where there is enough trouble to account for an 'approximated' twenty.

No praise can be too high for the way in which, after this calamity, the player pulled himself together and did his second eight of the round, and that not this time at a one-shotter. This makes it all the sadder that he never holed out the 16th. It is a long and severe hole (510 yards) in hilly country, and I am told that the getting there was a long business. He had almost reached the green when suddenly his courage forsook him. His marker urged him to go on, but he answered quietly that he had 'no

chance now', and picked up his ball. So his card only remains a noble fragment. Had he been able to hole the last three holes in thirty- six shots - an average of twelve - he would just have beaten 200. There was a one-shotter coming at the 17th, where another eight might have been hoped for. Could he have done it? That we shall never know. An inscrutable riddle, he mocks us to the end of time.

It chanced that this card was handed to me at the hour of the cocktail in a place where people congregate before luncheon. Several sniggered over it with me, but there was one who took a rather different and more serious view. He said, possibly with some exaggeration, that his golf was of the same quality as that of the man who made the score, and that he and his like got much more pleasure out of the game than did superior persons. Would I, he asked, write an article to that effect, and then, in an inspired moment, he exclaimed: 'More strokes, more fun, there's your title ready-made for you!' So, having adopted his suggestion, I must do the best I can with his subject, but I am not convinced that he is right. His title might be true of cricket, where, roughly speaking, the more strokes the more runs, or, at any rate, the more prolonged the innings. It might be moderately true of lawn tennis. Give me an opponent of exactly my own futile calibre, and we can now and again have quite a long rally by means of our mild little lobs backwards and forwards over the net, which we find exhilarating and enjoyable. Our strokes are contemptible, but they do, during that rally, attain two primary objects of getting the ball over the net and into the court. Our ambitions are strictly limited and are satisfied. On the other hand, the man who takes twelve to a hole at golf is nearly all the time failing miserably to attain his object: a large proportion of those twelve shots must be tops or fluffs, unless, indeed, they are, most of them, accounted for by a rapid rain of blows in a bunker which leave the ball *in statu quo*. And surely nobody, except a man who is blind with fury and wants to hit something can enjoy mere unsuccessful thumping.

Admittedly, my friend, taking him at his own valuation, is much more easily pleased than the superior person. One good, honest drive, if he hits one, will give him a greater thrill than a champion will get from a whole round of perfectly struck tee shots. Just to see the ball rise into the air is, for him, something, and when it flies over a tall bunker and disappears into the happy valley beyond he is doubtless ecstatic. Moreover, he is not unduly bothered about hooks and slices; as long as the ball soars, its direction is a secondary consideration. Granted all these things, I still think that his joys are few. 'I 'ate heights,' said a famous professional, who did very few of them. The lowliest must come to hate them when they are part of the regular routine. If an eight could represent perfect play, judged even by the humblest standards, it would be a different matter, but on no course of my acquaintance is there a hole which can be described as 'a good eight hole'.

This is not to say that the very best of golfers must enjoy the game more than the next best, and so on down the scale. I do not believe that for a moment, but I do say that beyond a certain pitch of badness golf cannot be very much fun. Probably the exceedingly steady and trustworthy golfer with a handicap of five or six gets as much pleasure as most people. Within his powers he makes a great many good shots, he gets a little the best of it in match-making, he wins, by means of his steadiness, a large proportion of matches and half-crowns. He is not tortured by mad ambitions to be a champion: but stay ! is he not? We do not know what is going on inside that old grey head of his, and it may be that he would give all his steadiness just to hit one drive like that young slasher in front. 'See how strangely we men are made !' said Prince Florizel.

# Dr Bettington talks on Golf - and Cricket

*This article is a follow up on Dr Ken Shepherd's fascinating contribution in our March 1998 Issue.*

**By Hector Morrison**

*While playing golf does not have a deleterious effect on cricket form, says Dr. Bettington, the reverse is the case when it comes to the effect of cricket on one's golf. The popular Sydney medico, who is Amateur Champion of Australia and of N.S.W., does not believe that playing big cricket helps to attain nerve control when one takes to championship golf.*

Australia's amateur champion golfer, Dr. R. H. Bettington, who has had the unique honour conferred upon him of having been appointed captain of a State side in both cricket and golf, had some enlightening things to say about both games recently.

"Playing golf," he said, "does not in any way have a deleterious effect on cricket form. But cricket, i.e., batting, undoubtedly is injurious to one's golf swing, mainly for the reason that in batting the wrists are kept in front all the time."

"I do not think," continued the burly medico, "that playing in big cricket helps in any way towards the attainment of that nerve control so necessary in big golf. One might perhaps be a little nervous at the start of a big cricket match, but one soon gets worked up to concert pitch and the game becomes more or less automatic."

## **Cold-Blooded Golf.**

"In golf, however, there is a splendid isolation which does not apply to cricket. It is more cold-blooded. Every shot in golf has its own thought.

"I know no more ghastly feeling than to be playing golf badly in front of a big crowd. There seems no escape from it, for it is only human to abhor making a fool of one's self in front of a large critical gallery. To add to the player's misery, too, the more he tries to pull himself together, the more hopeless he generally gets.

"In cricket a missed 'sitter' engenders much the same feeling, especially as the crowd invariably rubs it in. Still, generally an opportunity soon presents itself of making amends and then all is forgotten, both by the player and the crowd. In golf, however, a man's misdeeds stay with him for the rest of the match."

## **Makes a Study of It**

During this season, the Australian and N.S.W. amateur champion has come out of his shell on the golf course. Asked if there was any particular reason for this, he said: "During the last 18 months I have been studying the game more closely. Some people say that I have shortened my swing, but I do not know whether that is so or not. But I certainly have endeavoured to accentuate the hitting from within-outwards theory, with the wooden clubs particularly. And, as an important adjunct to this, I have concentrated on acquiring the weight transference from the right to the left leg at the moment of impact."

There is no better holer out from eight to ten feet and under in the game today than the genial doctor. His putts don't wobble around and fall in, but go plumb into the centre of the hole. In fact, the deadly accuracy of his putting has been the main factor in his success this season.

"I agree with Nigel Smith," said Bettington "that



**WAITING FOR IT TO DROP**  
**Dr. R. H. Bettington at the finish of a long putt.**

putting is 90 per cent confidence. The catch, of course, is to acquire the confidence. Using the same method every time without variation helps. I found that overlapping with the left hand gave me a feeling of confidence. It enables one to steady the club with the heel of the left hand and putt with the right."

*Extracted from Australian Golf and Tennis, October 1, 1932 Edition.*

*(Many thanks to Golf Society member John Fawcett for providing this article. Ed.)*

## Acknowledgments

The Society is extremely grateful to the Golf Collectors' Society of USA, publishers of the "Bulletin", the Golf Collectors of Great Britain, publishers of "Through the Green" and the International Golf Research Institute, publishers of the Japan Golf Report for allowing material to be extracted and used in our Newsletter. Any material extracted from the above sources will be acknowledged.

The Golf Society is extremely grateful to our Patron and honorary life member, Dr. Ken Shepherd for generously providing access to back issues.

## Answers to Quiz Questions

1. Harry Vardon (six British Opens) and Jack Nicklaus (six Masters).
2. 1910 - Alex Smith defeated McDonald Smith and Johnny McDermott at Philadelphia Cricket Club.
3. Richard Boxall.
4. Jay Sigel in 1982 and 1983.
5. Ordered a Pizza and had it delivered to the tee.
6. James Braid
7. Patty Sheehan in 1992.
8. It took officials that time to remove the flagstick which was stuck in the cup!
9. Bobby Jones.
10. They were both born in Jersey, the Channel Island.

## Nothing New in Golf!

*Extracted from "Through the Green" - December 1999*

*We have observed many times that "there is nothing new in golf". Slow play and overcrowding may seem modern ills but are they?*

A rule of golf, more honoured in the breach than the observance, states that matches constituted of singles, threesomes, or foursomes shall have precedence of, and be entitled to pass, any other kind of match. Strictly speaking the parties to any other kind of match are not playing golf at all, for a preceding paragraph of the same rule defines golf as a game played by two sides, each playing its own ball. But matches in which more than two balls are used have become so common, that it would be ridiculous to insist strictly on the definition quoted. If, therefore, we are justified in regarding three or four ball matches as contests of golf, it follows that the ordinance whereby precedence is given to singles, threesomes, and foursomes, needs justification.

Many, declares a writer in "The Field," will agree that the Rules of Golf Committee would do well to delete it; and to rely for the regulation of play over crowded courses, solely on that other rule which provides that, if a match fail to keep its place on the green, and lose in distance more than one clear hole on the players in front, it may be passed, on request being made. Although golfers in general, show due consideration to their fellows, we are from time to time asked to settle disputes arising out of the rule which determines precedence. The case submitted commonly takes the following form. A two-ball match claims the right to go through a party

playing three or more balls, although the latter are keeping their place on the green. The law allows the claim and a referee must decide according to law, even when he considers that the claim should not be made. Courtesy requires that a match, however constituted, should not be molested so long as it keeps its place. Common sense reveals that those who insist on going through a three or four ball match when the holes ahead of it are occupied, are gaining but a few moments of time and paying a heavy price for them. They will again be held up when they have caught the next ahead party, and those whom they have passed will have acquired a low opinion of their manners and their intelligence.

So true is this, that at St Andrews, North Berwick, and other crowded courses, the rule of precedence is tacitly regarded as non-existent. If it were not so, no multi-ball match would ever get past the second teeing ground of those greens. When a rule is abrogated in the very places where its use should be greatest, if it has any real usefulness, its deletion is indicated. Similarly, the local by-law, commonly in force at clubs where ladies are allowed to play on the men's course, is unnecessary. It prescribes that matches in which a lady is taking part, must allow themselves to be passed by any party composed of men only. It is the pace, not the sex of the players ahead of him, which affects the convenience of the golfer; and if they go slow enough to lose the statutory clear hole, he has his remedy, and can apply it to all and sundry without discourtesy. **GOLF 23 November 1899**

## St Andrews answer to Slow Play

*Extracted from "Through the Green" - December 1999*

During the busiest portion of the past golfing season at St Andrews, it was matter of frequent complaint that the large number of learners of both sexes who made use of both golf courses caused the round to good players to be a somewhat protracted and exasperating affair. There is, however, some hope that this objection will be removed by another season. At the meeting of the Burgh Commissioners on Monday night, a committee was appointed, on the motion of Mr. J. R. Welch, to report on the practicability of forming another Golf course between the new course and the sea, and which, it is under stood, would be mainly used by those who are tyros in the Royal and Ancient game.

