

# Concerning Golf : By HENRY LONGHURST

I HAVE just concluded a week-end to which I, like all the rest who took part in it, had been looking forward assiduously for two or three months, the annual match between the mysterious golfing society known as The League and Cambridge University.

Every year the brief note, "a room has been booked for you at the University Arms, and unless I hear to the contrary . . ." conjures up visions of that golfing bliss and contentment which only the nine holes at Mildenhall can provide, and in which year after year they have never been known to fail.

Whether or not it is, as I believe, the best inland course in the country, there is something about Mildenhall which makes it incomparable with any other. The very journey to it is unique for a start, with its long, straight stretches across Newmarket Heath. Golf near Cambridge, though it may not be inspiring, does exist, and it is not for nothing that people will be induced to travel twenty-one miles each way every time they play.

The League took down a very strong team, and it was not without some surprise that it found itself supplying Cambridge with the means of achieving their first victory of the year. Their record up to this point had been depressingly uniform and there was no reason to believe that against a team that had Cyril Tolley, Rex Hartley, and John de Forest at the top and R. Butterworth at the bottom, the result would be any more satisfactory than usual.

Nevertheless the illustrious trio at the head, for a variety of reasons, scored no more than one and a half points between them, each having played in four games. John de Forest had what was the best, if only because it was the most original, excuse in that he had just returned from the Outer Hebrides, where he had spent the last three months. Considering that he had only played four times since the Open Championship in June he did well to reach the 16th green in each of his matches.

Cambridge, if fancy, are a better side than they are on the whole given credit for. It is a fact, which is clear to anyone who habitually watches both teams, and which is explained, one can only suppose, by a difference in temperament, that they never seem to try so hard in the opening stages of the season as do Oxford. For the last seven years at least this has struck me as being true.

For this reason, therefore, I think it would be unwise to base a forecast of their ultimate form on their deplorable record for the greater part of this season. There is no reason why their "coming up with a rush at the end" policy should not be successful, as long as it is not left too late.

In any case they have been somewhat disjointed by the absence of J. S. Rowell, the secretary, which has thrown the foursomes out of gear. His was one of the most unfortunate of injuries, for he hurt his shoulder in playing what was almost certainly to have been his last game of football—a match of no particular importance against Rugby two years ago. The trouble recurred when he was practising bunker shots during the Championship at Hoylake in June, and again during this term, with the result that he now has water on some joint in his shoulder, of which he alone can pronounce the name. Luckily he will be playing again in January.

Some criticism has been directed, I see, at G. R. A. Jamieson, this year's captain, for having made up his team so early. A few weeks ago he had already filled every place except one. The wisdom of this move depends entirely on the number and quality of the players at his disposal. That, I am aware, is a remark of no very apparent depth, but it states a fact which is liable to be overlooked. It so happened that this year the ninth player to be given his place, P. W. Marsham, and those above him stood out clearly from the rest, and there was therefore nothing to be gained (but much to be lost) by keeping him and the other two new members of the team waiting to be chosen.

Who will eventually play his way into the one remaining place no one at the moment can venture to guess. There are four or five who are on the border line, and it will be left for one of them to make a better use of the vacation, as far as golf is concerned, than the rest. A freshman who walks into the team at his first attempt is a comparative rarity at the beginning of the year, but in the Easter term is practically unknown. The only risk that Jamieson took, as far as I can see, was that two of these might appear in January, both of whom were better than Marsham.

By next week I hope to have seen Oxford in a similar match with The League and to be able to draw some sort of comparison.



THE HESWALL GOLF CLUB: ST. ANDREW'S DINNER MENU

The Heswall Golf Club, Cheshire, held their St. Andrew's dinner on the 4th, and this menu was designed by Mr. Richard J. Wyllie, the portrait-painter. At the top are Mr. J. E. Roberts, the ex-captain, and Mr. E. W. Fraser, the hon. secretary; in the next line Mr. J. R. Fleming, the captain; then Dr. R. E. Roberts, chairman of the House; Mr. C. F. Price, the hon. treasurer, and Mr. W. A. Kellett, the oldest member; and at the bottom Mr. H. A. Anderson, chairman of handicaps, and some other members