

*THE WINNING PUTT on the 18th during the exhibition charity match played at Upon-by-Chester. Note how Henry Cotton has got down the shaft to this critical putt, which he holed for a birdie 3.*

## Chester Helps the Red Cross Fund

**T**HE Upton-by-Chester Golf Club recently staged what has become almost an annual charity event, when for the third year in succession they collected a handsome sum for the Red Cross and St. John Fund by means of an exhibition golf match. When I left the course, after a most enjoyable afternoon's golf, over £900 had been raised.

This club—only two miles from the centre of the city of Chester—is on parkland, and as two early holes have been completely ploughed up, we played two of the better holes twice over, thus making a really fine 18 in all. Despite being grazed by hundreds of sheep, this remaining part of the course was in good condition, and if the greens were a bit slow following the recent wet spell, they were all that much easier to play for the visiting players. These were George Duncan, (soon in his 62nd year), William Shankland (the local professional), J. W. Davies and Mr. F. Wilkie (the club's backmarker) who played the morning round but whose place I took after lunch. Results were:—

Davies and Wilkie beat Duncan and Shankland, 4 and 3. Davies and Cotton beat Duncan and Shankland, 1 up.

So just how good is Wilkie, I was asked. I personally did not see Wilkie play, but the point is that playing before his home crowd, he more than pulled his weight, and with sturdy Bill Davies almost holding the other two, Wilkie came in twice at critical moments to pull his side through comfortably. George Duncan was in fine form, hitting the ball from the tee delightfully straight, and with that unique abandon which has made him for 40 years an idol of golfing crowds the world over. He is still hasty of decision and definite of stroke, and still nips the ball from all sorts of lies. He could be compared in a "small" way with my recently knighted golfing friend, Sir Alexander Boyne King, of Glasgow, who, never having taken a divot for years, finally brought me one to see. He carried it on his person in an envelope because it was the first he had taken for a very long time! To return to my story, I do not know when I have seen George Duncan take a divot. At St. Andrews a few days ago, Sir Alexander King, playing his first round of golf since receiving his accolade of knighthood, was being congratulated on his recent honour by the lusty-voiced "starter" Alexander who "resides" in the little green hut adjoining

the first tee. Sir Alexander followed up these felicitations with a terrific drive, whereupon the Starter remarked to a friend in a far-carrying whisper, "The King must have knighted *him* with a mashie!"

George Duncan played one or two shots not often played by golfers to-day—such as "ripped-up shots from close lies." I always feel they are the right strokes, but very risky, which, of course, makes George play them all the more. George also putted well and holed a nice putt for an eagle 2 at 256 yard third hole—to mention but one.

Shankland did not play as well as usual. However, he does hit the ball a thud, but through the green his weakness, if any, lies around the pin. And yet, his putting is sounder than it was, and in his final putt to halve the match, the ball boldly struck, ran all around the rim and finally finished up facing him on his side of the hole! But, in golf—as in most sports—a near miss does not count!

Davies, the local boy, a small edition of W. J. Cox in build and style, is a most confident player. Using a gripless, iron-headed putter with his fingers holding the bare wooden shaft, he gave the ball such "whacks" that at times I thought it might go right off the green—and yet it was never more than two feet past! Whether I carried him, or he carried me, is a moot point, but we played well together and I got down in a chip and putt for a birdie three on the home hole to scrape our side home to a win.

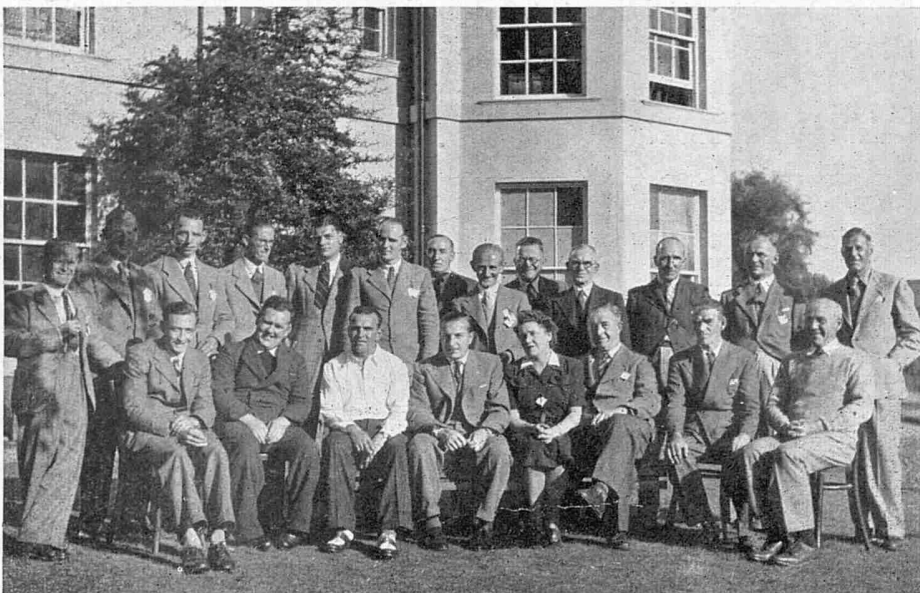
There are many good holes on this under-6,000-yard course, and whilst there are too many holes between 200 and 300 yards, the few long holes—over 500 yards—can easily put 5's on the score card. A 260-yard hole, for example, is always a good three, but a bad four, and regrettably there is nothing to be done about it.

*Henry Cotton*

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*THIS 33 lb. PIKE which had resisted all the tempting baits of the county's keenest anglers for many years, was recently landed by a Charterhouse schoolboy, Alan Anscombe, after a fight lasting half an hour. It was known to have inhabited Power Mill Pond, Battle Abbey, Sussex for over 30 years, and had been nicknamed, "Peter the Perisher." The previous biggest pike taken from this pond over a generation ago weighed 28 lb.*



*THE PLAYERS AND OFFICIALS: Sitting, left to right: Mr. F. Wilkie, J. W. Davies, William Shankland, Henry Cotton, the Lady Capt., Mr. Huntback (Club Capt.), George Duncan, T. C. Griffiths (referee).*