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More Recollections from Bob Evans.. .

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE GRANVILLE GOLF COURSE

Donald Ross [1872-1948]

The Granville Golf Course was designed by the world famous Scottish golf course architect, Donald Ross. Ross designed the course in Granville for John S. Jones and his Granville Inn. This course has long been noted as one of the best public courses in the mid-west. In this issue, Bob Evans recollects about the early days of this famous sporting area in Granville, where he both played and caddied as a young man.

From the author: Here is the recollection of one, now old, fellow who started to play the Granville Golf Course in 1926. For the most part, these are random thoughts with little continuity. On purpose, I have kept the time frame in the upper middle to late nineteen twenties.

We, the Evans family, Charles, better known as "Ted," Orpha, his wife [my mother and father], moved to the brand new house built specially for us on the Newark-Granville Road in 1927. ' The eighteenth fairway was our back yard. Mother, Dad and I would walk out there in the late evening during September and October and watch the moon rise over what we called Alligator Hill. That moon was the biggest moon ever. It shone so bright that we could see our golf balls as we hit them up and down the fairway.

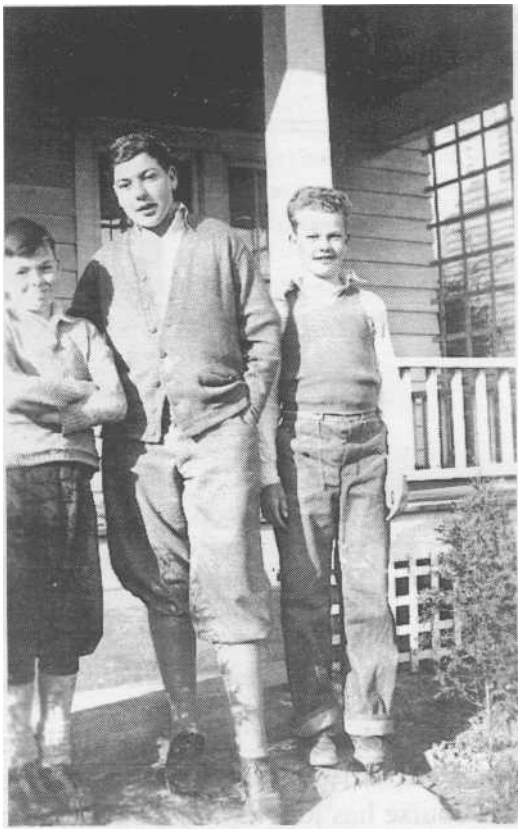
The "Granville Inn and Golf Course" was the official name. The Granville Inn was uptown while the golf course was just outside the village on the Newark-Granville pike. John S. Jones, who owned both the Inn and the golf course, had his large home and farm farther out on the pike. This was a large working farm and dairy called Bryn Du. The big house sitting back from the pike about a quarter of a mile was a beautiful brown stone structure with tall white columns.

Caddying in the Early Days

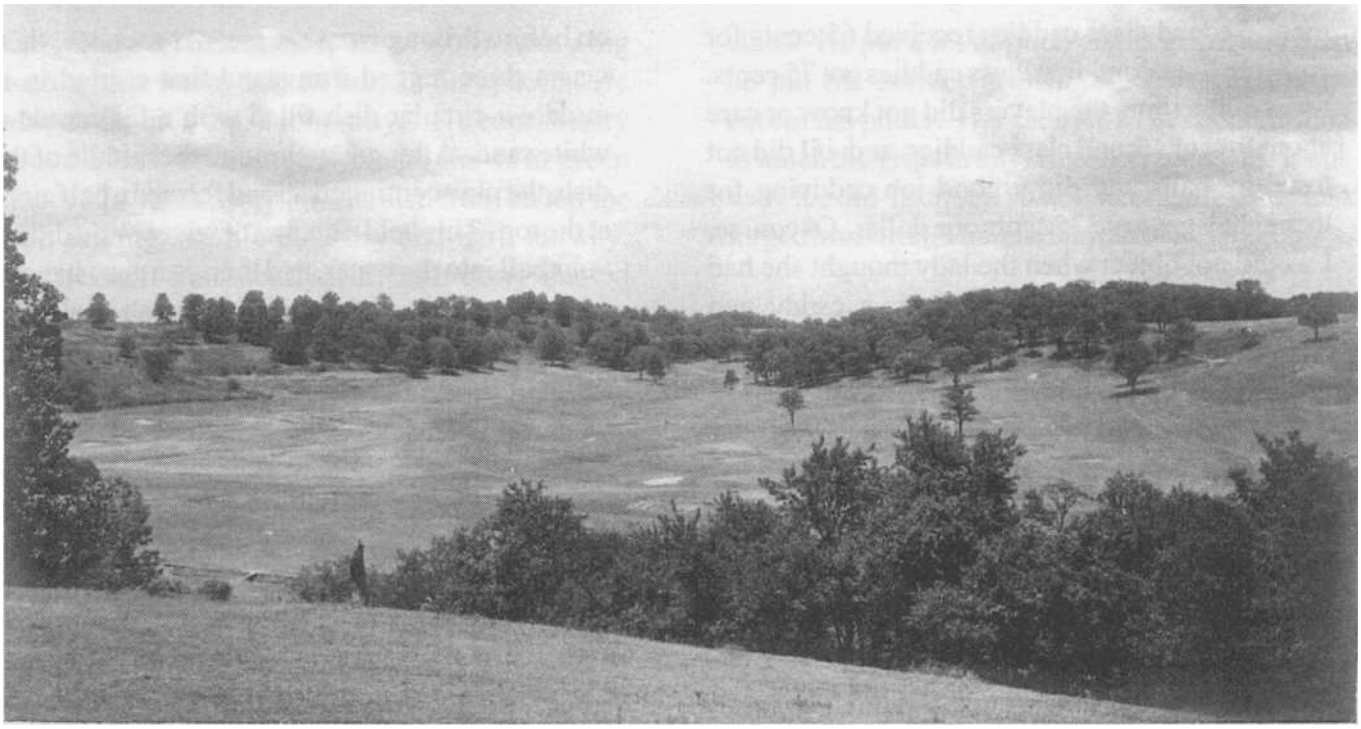
The golf course was eighteen holes totaling about 6800 yards. We walked about three miles to complete one round. Caddying was a good job. The lowest pay we ever got for 18 holes was 65 cents, then 75 cents, and the highest was $1.00. In 1929, when I was nine years old, in 90 days I made $90.00. A dollar a day was not too bad in those days! That money paid for my clothes, books and spending money for the year. I had my own account in Mr. Geach's bank uptown.

During the depression, the golf course was more than just a place for the rich to play golf. It was a place for men to earn enough money to feed their kids and keep their families together. It amazed me then and it still does today how, in the midst of a depression, so many people managed to afford to play golf. But that was the way it was. There were people who would drive down from Cleveland and as far away as Pittsburgh and Detroit to stay at the Inn and play golf every day for a week or so.

I benefited from several of these situations by caddying for the lady of the twosome; she was not always the wife! One time, I caddied for a daughter who was considering going to Denison that winter. When I first started caddying in 1927, the rotation for taking turns was determined by the first caddy on the course in the morning who was first to go out. A list was started by the first guy and attached to the wall of the clubhouse, where the caddymaster's room was located. The second,



Three young caddies in 1932; left to right are Ken Murray, Dick Murray and Bob Evans.



The view of the course from Mt. Parnassus in the early 1930s.

third and so forth, would follow on by signing their names as they arrived. At seven o'clock, the caddymaster, Paul Brady, would take the list, and if anyone came in late, Paul would add the name to the list. That determined what chance you had for that day to get a job caddying at the Granville Golf Course.

On the weekends, if you were in the first twelve, you would probably get out in the morning, and the second twelve in the afternoon. On weekdays, you never knew because you were depending on tourists mostly, and some local men who might have a special day off. On Thursday afternoons, the "Granville Golf Club" had its weekly tournament. These golfers were the Doctors, Dentists, Lawyers, and Merchants of Granville who took the afternoon off to play golf on this wonderful course. This meant that at least twenty of us would work that day, but, for most of us, it meant straight pay with no tips!

Rising Early in the Morning

On weekend mornings, I would awaken at four o'clock and go sign up at the course. Then I would go back home, eat my breakfast in a hurry, and rush right back to the clubhouse. Once you signed up, you had to stay at the course to keep your place. If you were not there when your turn came up, you were put at the end of the list. Signing up at four in the morning, it should be noted, did not mean that I was first. One or two ofthe Sunkle boys from Newark would start the list. They did not go home at night but came to the golf course at about midnight. They would sleep in the sandtrap next to the eighteenth green. Then came Bob Cooper and the "old man" whose name I can't recall today. They too were in the sandtrap. Some times "Big Dutch" would be there too. Thus, I was seldom first on the list. The Sunkles, Cooper, and Dutch were all, at this time, in their twenties. The "old man" was lots older. He claimed he had a wife and four children, and he had to make money caddying in order to feed and clothe them.

At the tender age of seven, I was the little one. I was designated a "second class caddy" and given only the lighter bags to carry. Therefore, I had my start with the lady golfers and the not too good

men. Second class caddies received 65 cents for eighteen holes, and first class caddies got 75 cents. Most of the time, the players did not know or care about first or second class caddies, and, if I did not lose any balls and did a good job caddying for them, they gave me 75 cents or a dollar. Of course, I would not object when the lady thought she had a cute little curly haired boy for a caddy and insisted that her gentleman golfer pay me the same as he paid his own caddy. That dollar was big money to me!

Names of the Early Golf Clubs

When I first became acquainted with golf, clubs were named and not numbered as they are today. They were the Driver, Brassie, Spoon, Mid-iron, Mashie, Niblick, and Putter. All the clubs had hickory shafts and smooth leather grips. The wooden heads were made of persimmon and were shaped by hand. The iron heads were hand forged. Thomas Stewart, whose registered trademark was the "curved stem clay pipe," made all the good clubs in St. Andrews, Scotland.

In 1954, I visited St. Andrews and while there purchased a hand forged putter at the Thomas Stewart "plant." There were five old men still hand-forging club heads. I told one of them that I wanted to play the Royal & Ancient course that day. It had been raining all morning, and I was not at all optimistic about the weather changing that day. In the thickest Scots brogue I had ever heard, one of the gentlemen told me: "Laddy, you be on the first tee at eleven o'clock and you will not get wet. The saying here is `rain before seven, it is gone by eleven'!" I was off the first tee at eleven, played 18 holes in 84 strokes, walked off the 18th green, and only then did it start to rain again. Indeed, the old Scot knew his local weather!

On Teeing Up the Ball

Along with the hickory shafts, etc., we did not have wooden pegs—today's tees—to set the ball on before driving from the tee. At each tee, there was a three-legged iron stand that carried in its middle a circular dish filled with a fine grade of white sand. After going through the middle of this dish, the pipe continued up and formed a half circle at the top. This held a bucket ofwater. You dipped your ball into the water, and then you got a handful of sand and rubbed the sand on the ball to clean it. Next, you dipped your hand and the ball in the water to rinse off, dried off on the towel, and you were ready to tee off. Next you took another handful of sand and made a mound on the grass of the tee; you set your ball on the mound of sand. This was your tee. The white sand was a special kind and was imported from somewhere, but I don't recall today from where.

The wooden peg or tee, to the best of my recollection, came into being sometime in the late twenties. At the same time, another tee made of celluloid came on the market under the Walter Hagen label. It was made in two pieces; the top where the ball sat, and the peg that went in the ground. The two were not supposed to come apart, but after a couple of hits, they usually separated. The two pieces could be put back together again and again, but that was a big chore, and after a while it was not worth it. The initial price per tee was a bit expensive too. The wooden peg, of course, was the answer.

Alex Murray and Bill Campbell

The first pro at the Granville Golf Course who I knew was Alex Murray. He came from Scotland with his wife, Grace, and two sons, Dick and Ken. Alex's sister, Chrissie Murray, worked in the big house at Bryn Du Farm. Alex and his family lived upstairs in the clubhouse. The golfers used the ground floor, and the basement was a locker and shower room. Caddies waiting for jobs hung around the clubhouse primarily under the big porch just outside the locker room.

It was a very relaxed atmosphere at the Granville

Golf Course; Alex made it that way. He was a big man with a warm Scotch burr in his speech. He also could hit a ball a long ways. He consistently drove a ball with his putter onto the 17th green about 370 yards away. It was also from on top the hill, driving down onto a dry and hard fairway. But he did it consistently with his hickory shafted mallet head putter.

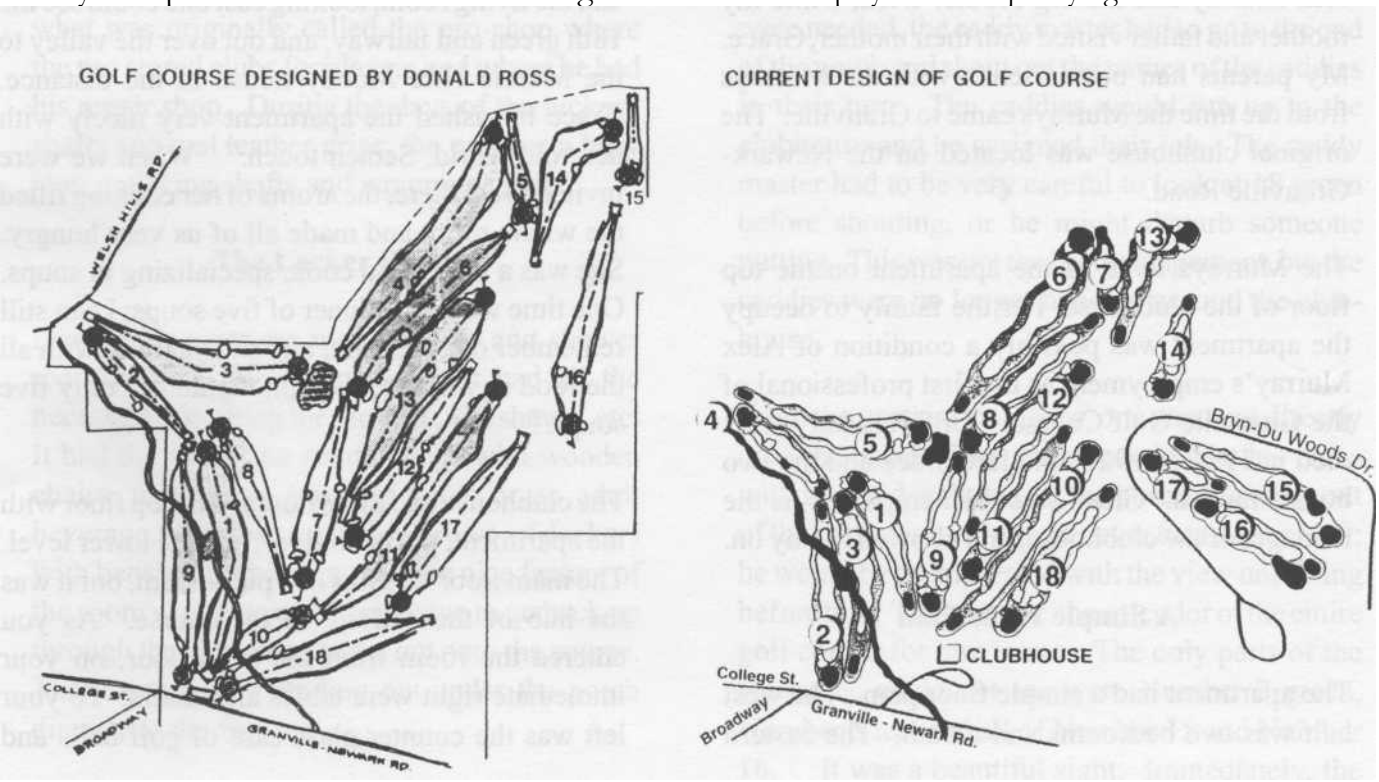
Alex died after only a couple of years as pro of the course. Grace and the boys stayed on in Granville continuing to run the clubhouse. The new pro was Bill "Scotty" Campbell, who also came from Scotland with his wife and two children, Mable and Bob. They lived down the pike about a half-mile. Bill too was a good golfer and a very good teacher. He was a handsome fellow with a full head of wavy hair. I always wanted to caddy for Bill because I liked to watch him swing the club. He had a very smooth and a full "scotch" swing. I tried to copy him, until one day, I saw Sam Snead swing the club, and from then on, Snead became my idol.

Scotty Campbell also worked on his own golf clubs. He put a lot of pitch on his grips, and then he put his correct grip imprints on each club, except his putter. His caddy was never permitted to touch the grips in any way. As I recall, his clubs were the old-fashioned black steel shafts and hand forged irons from Thomas Stewart at St. Andrews's.

The Original Donald Ross Course

I recall little about the origin and development of the golf course designed by Donald Ross in 1924 and opened in 1925. It was a well-established course when I got there in 1926. The greens were all watered scotch bent grass, well manicured, with the proper drainage, and perfect cutting made the ball roll true. The tees were also watered. The rest of the course, however, depended on the natural rainfall. In those early days, the fairways and the short rough were not always as green and lush as they might have been.

There were no better golf holes in the entire United States than numbers 14 through 18. [2] And I bet Gene Sarazen would agree. I remember that Sarazen played in the qualifying rounds held at the



Granville course for a major tournament taking place that year at Inverness in Cleveland.

On the original course layout as designed by Donald Ross, the front nine went out and then back to the clubhouse in a nice, even flow, one after the other. With the exception of hole Number 12, the back nine did the same. Each hole easily followed on each other. Numbers 14, 15 and 16 were real golf holes! You had to play very good golf in order to round that corner in par. Number 17 was fun, but then Number 18 was another very good golf hole.

The signature hole was Number 17, with the tee up on top of the hill. Here not only did you have the chance for a three hundred yard drive, but also you could see the golf course where you had just been as well as the surrounding country side. It was a beautiful spot and a fun golf hole. The toughest hole was Number 16. The tee was in the trees. The fairway was lined on both sides by trees; furthermore, it was on the slope of the side of Alligator Hill [3] for the first two hundred yards, and then leveled out on top of the hill for the last two hundred and fifty yards. The green was in the clear, but it had a bunker on each side. A perfect drive and a very good second shot would put you on or close to the green. Waver one wee bit to either side, and you had troubles galore. For players, pars were scarce on this hole; for caddies, plenty of balls were lost and found in the trees and rough. Number 16 was a memorable golf hole to everyone who ever played it. I have played courses in Japan, Singapore and Scotland, including the Royal and Ancient St. Andrews, and nowhere have I played a hole like the original Number 16 at Granville!

The Original Granville Golf Course Club House

The first memory I have of the club house dates back to about 1926 when I went there to play with Ken Murray and his big brother Dick, while my mother and father visited with their mother, Grace. My parents had been friends with the Murrays from the time the Murrays came to Granville. The original clubhouse was located on the Newark-Granville Road.

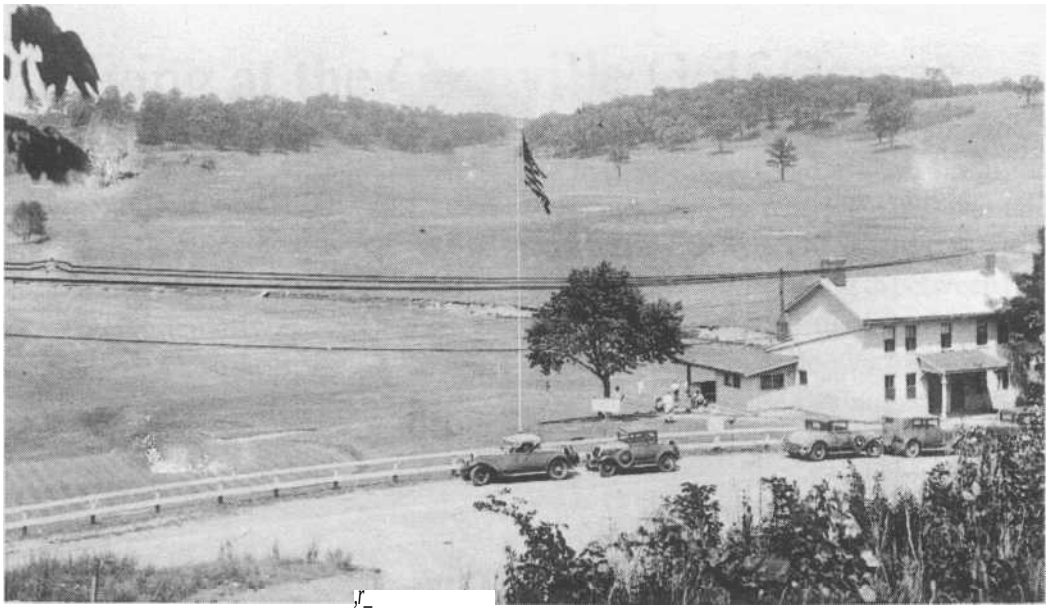
The Murrays lived in the apartment on the top floor of the clubhouse. For the family to occupy the apartment was possibly a condition of Alex Murray's employment as the first professional of the Granville Golf Course. Unfortunately Alex died in 1925 or 1926, and left Grace and the two boys stranded. Grace was then employed as the manager of the clubhouse, and allowed to stay on.

A Simple Floor Plan

The apartment had a simple floor plan. The west half was two bedrooms and a bath. The eastern half was one big room with the kitchen, dining area and living room all in one. From the dining area and the living room, looking east one could see the 18th green and fairway, and out over the valley to the Minnie Hite Moody house in the distance. Grace furnished the apartment very nicely with her "old world, Scotch touch." When we were invited to eat there, the aroma of her cooking filled the whole room and made all of us very hungry. She was a very good cook, specializing in soups. One time we had a dinner of five soups; I can still remember our pleasure, and satisfaction, with all the food in what we thought would be "only five soups.

The clubhouse had three floors. The top floor with the apartment, the main floor, and the lower level. The main floor was just one plain room, but it was the hub of the activity of the course. As you entered the room from the front door, on your immediate right were tables and chairs. To your left was the counter glass case of golf balls and

tees, and then candy bars and packaged snacks. At the end of the counter on the wall was the cash register where Grace signed in the players and collected green fees and other sales. Just to the right of the cash register was the door leading out to the big porch and the course. Opposite the front door were two staircases, one leading down to the men's locker room the second going up to the top floor. There also was the door leading into the ladies dressing rooms. The east wall of the room was all windows, making the area furnished with the tables and chairs very pleasant.



View from Mt. Parnassus showing the old Club House in the early 1930s.

Going out the door towards the porch you passed what was originally called the pro-shop where the pro stored clubs for players and where he had his repair shop. During the days of the hickory shafts and real leather grips, the pro was a busy man replacing shafts and wrapping grips.

The Locker Room

Downstairs were the men's locker and shower rooms. Like all locker rooms, it had all the necessary plumbing for showers, and shaves, etc. It had the usual two round tables with wooden chairs, used for a game of cards or an adult beverage, and the usual three rows of lockers with benches in between. But the nice feature of the room was that you did not have to go back up through the clubhouse to get out onto the course. There was a door leading out under the porch directly to the first tee.

The area under the porch was supposed to be used by the caddies while waiting for a job. However, there was only a bench along the side of the clubhouse to sit on, so most of the time, the caddies were out under the tree or sitting on the fence along the road. This was not satisfactory to Bill Campbell when he arrived, so he had a three sided shack built down on the east side of 18 green in what was supposed to be a parking lot. Then when caddies were needed, the caddy master had to go to the end of the porch and shout out the names of the caddies in their turn. The caddies would run up to the clubhouse and be assigned their job. The caddy master had to be very careful to look at 18 green before shouting, or he might disturb someone putting. This was not the best arrangement, but the caddies were no longer hanging around the clubhouse.

From the upstairs main area, one went out directly onto the porch. The golfer would take his clubs with him and walk out on the porch. Coming out of the door, his head would never turn right or left; he would be so impressed with the view unfolding before him. There it was: the splendor of the entire golf course for him to see. The only parts of the course he could not see were Number 2 green, Number 3 tee, and all of Number 15 and Number 16. It was a beautiful sight. Immediately, the

The original 10th green on the right; in the center of the photo a depression marks the tail of the mill race-on Clear Run which was established in 1816.

golfer could feel the challenge and the toughness of the course he was about to play. As a caddy going up on the porch to take the clubs, I have seen that look on a player's face, a small smile on his lips, and a set to the line of the jaw. He was going to play the game of his life and beat that course today! It did not matter if his handicap were three or twenty-three; if he were going to break a hundred or shoot par, the look was the same.

The porch ran the full length of the back of the building. The roof was high enough, the pillars were small enough, and the railing was low enough, for a person sitting or standing to enjoy the full view of the spectacular course. There were tables and chairs along the east end where players waiting to go out could stand and plan their game, and the players who had finished could sit and remember, or try to forget, what had just happened to them. The porch was the social center of the clubhouse for everyone.

Turning to the left, the golfer walked off the porch out underneath a small tree where the caddy had your clubs, balls, and tees out ready for you. Just to the right and looking out over the course was a flat area, which was the "back " first tee. The regular first tee was down the hill onto the flatland on the same level as the creek.

When played from this upper tee, the number one hole was a difficult challenge. The creek was a real hazard, whether you played your drive short or tried to go over the creek. This is probably why that tee was not used very much and abandoned early on. This upper area was changed into a practice putting green in 1929 or 1930.

This is how I remember the original clubhouse from the front door to the first tee. A great institution for many years, which is now gone, and thus it remains only as a memory of the building and the people who occupied it.

On Caddying at the Granville Golf Course

The biggest help a caddy could give a golfer was to read accurately the distances of shots, and to translate that into the proper club for the player to use. Generally, a good caddy could pretty well tell how far a player could hit the ball after the first hole. At Granville, this was particularly true because the first hole had so many variables in it. Most ordinary players had shown their skill by the time they had reached the green either in two, three, or four shots. If only two shots were required, you knew you had a pretty good player. The three and four shot players were harder to judge. But, after the drive on the second hole, it was easier to know how to "club" the player. This second hole was 200 yards from the middle of the tee to the middle of the green.[5] Noting which club the player chose for this drive, the swing employed, and the results thereof, gave a good caddy about all the indications he needed to advise properly the player from then on. If the caddy did a good job and the player scored well and won his bets, then a good tip might be forthcoming. Some players split their winnings with their caddy.

Reading the Greens

Another way to help was to read the slope and grain of the greens, which of course you knew from the experience of seeing them every day and knowing when and how they were cut. A caddy could help with a comment like, "Play it about one ball width to the right of the hole;" "Hit it softly and let it drift in;" or "Hit it straight in firmly; you are going up hill against the grain." If he made the putt, your chances of a good tip strengthened. Also, when you were holding the pin, you could whisper: "Putt at my right toe!" This was, of course, against the rules of golf, but then, if it worked!

Often the players were gambling. You knew that if your player won big, you would probably get a good tip. So you did everything you could to make your player a winner. One of the easy things to do was to see that he always had a good lie in the rough. You knew exactly where the ball was and you walked directly up to it. Often you saw that it was down in a small hole, or sitting in between two clumps of grass. So you set the bag down and looked around to see if anyone was looking your way, and if not, you nudged the ball up on to the grass with the toe of your shoe. A good shot should follow.

Dealing with the Non-tipper

You usually knew when the player you were caddying for would not give you a tip, so you figured out a way to get an extra quarter out of him. You sold him his own ball for a quarter! So, he paid you seventy-five cents to caddy eighteen holes, and you sold him a ball for twenty-five cents, and thus making your dollar for the eighteen holes.

It was easy to sell him a ball, because such tightwad golfers were always looking for a bargain, and you had one for him. A real nice clean ball almost new but obviously used. At the fifteenth green, where no one was watching, you took one of the good balls out of his bag and put it in your pocket; but always where no one saw you do this. Then, as you were walking down the sixteenth rough in the trees, you bent over and picked up a ball. Holding it up so all could see that you had just found a lost ball, you wiped it off and put it in your pocket; then you walked out on the fairway where your player had hit his drive. As you walked up, you casually took the ball out of your pocket so that he could see that it was a good ball. Sure enough, he would ask: "How much do you want for it?" And your answer was: "Only a quarter!" He, knowing it was a bargain, immediately reached in his pocket and gave you a quarter. You, of course, put his ball back in his bag. You had your tip!

The "Special Golfer"

One of the best deals for a caddy in those days was to have a "special golfer." This meant that the player took the same caddy every time he played, and so stipulated this fact to the caddy master and the other caddies. With this arrangement, the caddy did not have to sign up for a turn. Rather, he would wait for the player to arrive at the course and automatically take the job.

I had a "special" with Dave Skuller from Columbus. His group played about every Sunday. Bob Cooper had a "special" with Bill Jacobs in the same group. There were six players in the group, but all seldom played on the same Sunday. So, if Dave did not show up, I would caddy for one of the others; likewise for Bob Cooper, if Bill did not show up. Whoever played, they usually got in thirty six holes, which meant I would earn at least two dollars regardless of the player I caddied for. If Dave came out ahead on his bets, he would usually give me an extra fifty cents or dollar.

I started caddying for Dave Skuller when I was eight years old. Our first meeting, naturally, was early on a Sunday morning in the clubhouse. I had already caddied nine holes, and I was in the clubhouse to buy a candy bar to eat between the nines. Dave was registering to play. He saw me, and he told Mrs. Murray that he wanted me to caddy for him because he thought I would bring him luck, as he rubbed his hand on top of my curly hair.

Mrs. Murray called the caddy master, who said I already had a job, and that I would have to finish with that player. But Dave insisted, and he said that in addition, he would pay me for the nine holes I had caddied for the other player, and then he would pay the caddy who took my place fifty cents for the nine holes he did not caddy. Thus, the other player would only have to pay for his last nine holes. The other player and the caddy master agreed to this. And in this fashion, I started to caddy regularly for Dave Skuller. This relationship lasted until I joined the Navy in 1940. Once, during W.W.II, I visited Dave in Columbus where he owned and operated the Saber Bar and Lounge on South High Street, just across the street from Lazarus.

Caddying was fun. It was educational. It was work for which I was paid. Not much most of the time, but I made enough each summer to buy my own clothes, my own books and school supplies, and spending money for the next winter. For ninety days in 1929, I kept track of my income, and I made $90.00; not bad for a nine-year-old! I made more as I got older, and I estimate that by 1936-37, I probably made $120 to $150 during the entire golfing season. Those dollars purchased a lot of enjoyment.

The Pay's Not Very Good, But the Work is Steady

It was necessary to weed greens every so often. Caddies were asked if they wanted the job. The pay was not very good, but it was steady as long as it lasted. So when I was asked, I accepted the offer. I figured I would work more hours and make more money than straight caddying.

We worked under the supervision of Cecil Driscoll, who was the greens keeper under Bill Campbell, the pro. We worked on an hourly basis, and Cecil was the official timekeeper. However, we all kept our own time separately just to be safe. There were some discrepancies on occasion, but usually they were readily corrected.

Using a "Weed-Puller"

The primary weeds were crab grass, plantain, and dandelion, but any weed that we saw we pulled out. We were given a trowel-like tool appropriately called a "weed puller" [what else!]. We got in a line, down on our hands and knees, and crawled across the green, pulling weeds as we

went. Usually there were five or six ofus, and each person took a path about three feet wide.

Now pulling weeds out of a very well kept green is not as simple as it sounds. First, the weed-puller must be placed properly beside the weed so that when inserted into the green and pushed up under the weed, the root of the weed will come out free and not break off. If the root is broken and left in, then it will grow back bigger and stronger than ever.

After the root is extracted, there is a damaged spot in the green that must be repaired. This operation requires some skill, because the puller is used to tap the surface down and the hand brushes the grass lightly to bring up the nap so if a ball passes over the spot, it will not be deflected. Simultaneous with this, the weed is tossed forward where it will be the first of a pile as you proceed along your path. After the green has been crossed, the little piles of weeds are picked up and carried to a spot in back of or to the side of the green to be picked up later by a truck.

Normally play was not suspended while we were weeding. Generally, the players would see us on the green and would shout "FORE " at us, and we would move off the green so that they could make their regular shots. Of course, if one of our piles of weeds was in the line of a putt, we were obliged to remove the weeds and see that the green was in proper repair for the putter.

Occasionally, there would be no shout. All we would hear would be the ball landing on the green too close to our heads for comfort. We would jump up and look down the fairway at the offending player, and, of course, get off the green in a hurry. Most of the time, the player would be most apologetic, saying that he did not see us, or sometimes he would say very modestly that he did not believe he could hit the ball that far. Of course we smiled and assured the player we understood, but all the time we were thinking otherwise!

The original fourth green.

The Touring Pros and the Caddy Strike

The touring pros came to Granville in 1935 or 1936, as I remember it. We, the caddies, knew about the big event well ahead of time, we asked Bill Campbell, the pro, and Paul Brady, the caddy master, for a raise in the caddy fees from 75 cents to a dollar. Both refused, saying that the touring pros would not pay that much money to a caddy.

The touring pros arrived, and we, the caddies, went out on strike. We stood across the Newark-Granville Road and greeted each pro as he parked his car along the fence beside the road in front of the clubhouse. We, of course, made our position clear that we wanted a raise in our fees. If the pro brought along his own caddy, we also made it clear that we were not in favor of that caddy taking a job away from us. Most of the pros just took their clubs out of their cars and went into the clubhouse without saying much of anything. But some of the pros waved a hand, smiled, and said, "OK"! Our feeling was that they did not relish the idea of playing the course without caddies.

The Stand-off with Management

The leaders of our movement were the two Sunkle brothers, Marv, and Bernie, from Newark, Wally Sunkle from Granville, Freddie Roberts, Bob Cooper, Dutch O'Hara, and several other older guys from Newark, and then the younger kids like myself in the background. On the other side were Bill Campbell, Paul Brady, and his younger brother Harry, who caddied for Bill and acted as the assistant caddy master.

The pros would not play without caddies. They stood on the first tee waiting for their bags, and they were giving Bill Campbell a hard time. The pros said that they would be glad to pay the one-dollar, so it was agreed that the caddy fee for the tournament would be one dollar. After the tournament, however, the fee would go back to 75 cents. The starting time for the first pro off the first tee had been delayed about an hour. The "management" was not happy; the players did not seem to care. The caddies were very glad they had stood up for themselves.

Walter Hagen and Gene Sarazen

Walter Hagen was the best dressed pro, nattily attired in his plus fours, tie, white shirt, and suit coat with belted back and big pleats running from shoulder to belt. Horton Smith was tall lanky; Chick Young, as I remember, was shorter and stocky. Another name I remember is Steve Zappe from Cleveland. His legs were long but not unusual, but I remember his long walking stride down the fairway. He covered a lot of ground with little effort. I caddied for Lawson Little, who was fairly famous at that time. I cannot remember if Jimmy Thompson or Sam Snead played golf that day. But every one knew that Gene Sarazen was there!

Gene Sarazen was a showman. He drove up fast, swung into a parking spot, and jumped out of his car with a big flourish. But that was only the beginning. His car was a Cord, all white except for the tire treads. It had an open cockpit and was white throughout. Sarazen too was dressed in white: cap, tie, shirt, coat, plus fours, socks, shoes, all white. White golf bag. He was the white knight out to do battle with the evil Walter Hagen. Hagen was on the tee impatiently waiting for Sarazen, who was a couple of minutes late for his tee off time. Sarazen walked straight to the tee, took a couple of practice swings, and hit his first shot on time by seconds. Observers could see Hagen was steaming. However, no words were spoken.

There was no winner at Granville that day, be-

cause the three rounds played were to qualify for the big tournament at Inverness in Cleveland. I can't remember who won there nor can I remember which tournament it was—either the PGA or the US Open. The stop over of the touring pros at Granville, however, was a big thing for all of us. And looking back on it, our strike for higher fees was a lot of fun too.

Footnotes:

1This *is the second house to the west of the present site of St. Edward the Confessor Roman Catholic Church.*

2 The holes to which Mr. Evans refers have been renumbered and some have been altered from the original course layout he describes. What Mr. Evans refers to as Number 14 is the present Number 13 hole. The original Number 15 no longer exists. It was a difficult par three hole located at the top of the hill behind the present Number 13 green. The original Number 16 was a very difficult and challenging par four hole along the ridge from the present par three Number 14 to near the present number 18 tee. The present Number 18 was the former Number 17, and the original Number 18 fairway went through the present clubhouse area in a westerly direction to the ground across the stream, which now serves as a practice sandtrap and green. The original Number 10 green is now the putting green near the present clubhouse. At one time, the course numbering was altered so that what Mr. Evans refers to as the front nine was the back nine, and vice versa .

3 . What Mr. Evans refers to as "Alligator Hill" is not "Alligator Mound," which is located about a quarter mile east of what is now the 18th tee on the Granville Golf Course.

4 *This is the present Number 3 tee.*

5. What Mr. Evans refers to here is the present Number 4 hole. The original tee for the then Number 2 hole is the present Number 4 championship tee. The old Number 2 was a challenging par three hole.

An ad for the Granville Inn and Golf Course in the Denison University 1927 year book, The Adytum.

About The Author

Robert C. Evans was born in Granville and lived on Granger Street, across from the elementary school until 1926, and then on Newark-Granville Road, in the second house west of St. Edward's Church, until moving to Newark in 1933. Two of his reminiscences about winter activities in Granville were published in the winter issue. Mr. Evans is now retired and lives in California.

Ann Natalie Hansen

Society Names Writer 1999 Historian of the Year

At the annual meeting of the Granville Historical Society, Monday evening, April 26, Ann Natalie Hansen was presented with this year's Historian of the Year Award. Ann has family roots going back to the earliest settlers of Granville. A long time member of the Granville Historical Society, during the past few years Ann has written three thoughtful historical accounts for our quarterly, *The Historical Times.* A student at Our Lady of Mercy School, what we know today as the Bryn Mawr mansion, in the 1940's, Ann wrote about her days there for *The Historical Times* and for *the Bulletin of the Catholic Record Society*. A descendant of the Cooly and Bancroft families, and related by marriage to the Rose family, Ann wrote a wonderful account of probably the most famous Granville native to undertake work in American history, Herbert Howe Bancroft. Ann studied at Denison for a year during the Second World War, went to Oxford and matriculated at Sommerville College from which she received a degree, earned an American bachelors degree from what was then called the College of Saint Mary of the Spring's, and received a Master's Degree from The Ohio State University. The 1999 Historian of the Year taught at Berea College in Kentucky, The University of Dayton, and The College of St. Mary of the Springs. In addition, for several years, she worked for the *Columbus Dispatch.* Her college taught courses include English Constitutional History and Western Civilization.

Miss Hansen is the author of four books in history: *Oxford Goldsmiths* [1996], *The Dorcherster Group: Puritanism and Revolution* [1987], *The English Origins of the Mary and John Passengers* [1986], *Western the Winds: Being Some ofthe Main Currents ofLife in Ohio,* 1788-1873[1974], and the author of a travel book: *So You 're going Abroad: How to do It* [1982]. Earlier this spring, Ann lectured in England on the topic of "Writing Family History." Several years ago, she lectured on "The Oxford Goldsmiths" at London's Victoria and Albert Museum. Her essays have appeared in *The New England Quarterly, The New Catholic Encyclopedia,* and *The American Neptune,* among other places. Ann's MA thesis at The Ohio State University was on James Kilbourne, the founder of Worthington, Ohio.

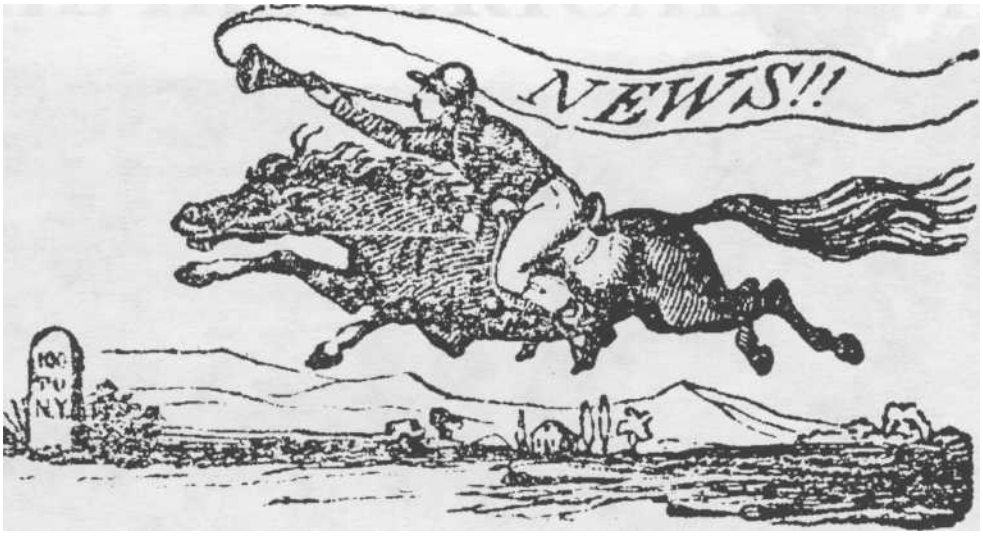
Y2K and GHS

The Granville Historical Society is Y2K compliant! Can you imagine a Historical Society loosing track of all dates, including dates of artifacts and documents, donations, and dues payments? After a diagnosis of our old computer which held the records of our archives, museum holdings, membership lists, and other essential information, we have avoided that gloomy fate. The Board voted unanimously to purchase new equipment. Each member will benefit from this enhancement. We are greatly indebted to Bill Holloway for his recommendations, advice, for transferring all of our records onto new software in our new computer, and for re-working programs to make them more efficient and easier to use. Each time you see Bill around town, be sure to thank him again.

In connection with the upgrade of the Society's computer hardware and software, we also now have an e-mail account. You may reach the Society at: Granvillehistorical@juno.com Someone will check the account at least weekly, but please don't anticipate instantaneous replies.

Old Colony Updates

Walk through the Old Colony Burying Ground to



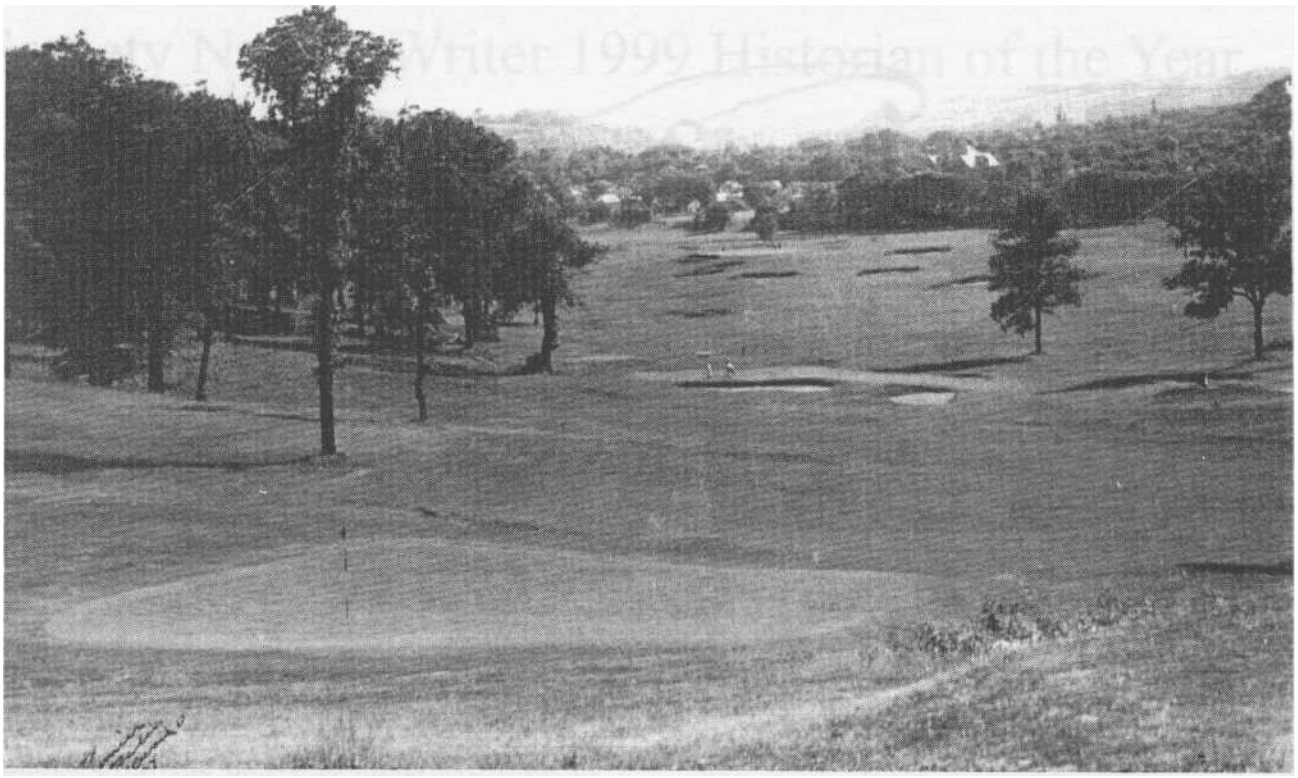
see the many improvements. The Red Oak tree donated by the Daughters of the American Revolution through the Granville Tree Commission has been enhanced by a stone seating area. The red, white and blue annuals surrounding it were designed and planted by Sandra and Kenneth Nihiser. In an impressive ceremony on May 22nd the Granville Chapter dedicated the tree to the Granville Revolutionary War Veterans who lie buried in the Old Colony.

Two self-guided tours have been re-designed by John Senn. Each is marked with color coded flags and numbers which are listed on the brochure for each tour available inside the small pedestrian gate on Main Street and at the Granville Public Library or the Historical Society. The brochure has a short paragraph about each gravestone and the person it commemorates.

The annual Walking Tour of the Old Colony was held on June 3'. The theme of this year's tour was the art of the 19`" century gravestone carver. Seven former citizens of Granville returned to tell of their life and times. Of especial interest this year was Hannah Graves (1762-1839) portrayed by her great great great great great granddaughter, Virginia Gakle.

The cemetery is now easily accessible from the corner of Prospect and Maple Streets by a stone staircase. The steps replaced a dirt pathway on a steep slope. More flowers have been planted near the flag pole, the retaining wall inside the main entrance, and around the lilac bushes between the storage building and the south fence.

The Fannin-Lehner Preservation Associates are returning for two ten day stays again this summer, in June and in August to repair and restore monuments. Their enthusiasm and expertise has been invaluable in the long range project to make the Old Colony into a beautiful historic park which will be a place of pride to the Granville community. Everyone is invited to join this volunteer effort. Skill or strength are not necessary. If you have willing hands, call the Society for additional information.



A familiar view of the Granville Golf Course and the village of Granville front the tee on the old Number 15 hole. The Granville Historical Society is indebted to Bill Stewart for the many historic photos of the course included in this issue

Thirteenth Year
for the
Historical Times

We hope that the members of the Society have enjoyed reading about Granville's history.

Send comments, suggestions or queries to:

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