

"Don't Let 'Em Tire of Club's Grub", Capt. Jack's Advice

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QUITE RECENTLY a good friend of mine put the question to me, and put it quite bluntly, "Which country club on the Pacific coast serves the finest food?" I wished he had selected something easier to ask me. Why didn't he ask me which was the finest golf course on the coast or the easiest for southpaws to score on. I gave him no response to his inquiry, not what you would call an outright answer at least, for the good reason that I was not in a position to do so, conscientiously. I did make mention of several clubs where the menus were exceedingly attractive, the food ideal, and the service and surroundings supreme—and among them I made mention of the Brentwood Country Club of Santa Monica, California.

One thing I feel sure of—Brentwood's roast beef as served by Captain Jack Leniger, the capable and genial steward and manager, is absolutely unsurpassed at any club in any state. I may go a wee bittie further and say that I know of no club where one can save so much valuable time (once a golfer gets into his togs he's got no time to lose in the clubhouse) in devouring a satisfying meal of excellent food as at the buffet that stands at the left of the Brentwood grill room. It only takes a jiffy. And the grill is so close to the locker room that you can almost fall into it—only you'd have to fall upstairs a few steps instead of fall down.

Club's Officers

Go-Getters

Brentwood is quite a remarkable club and one reason for its unusualness is the fact that its very large and prosperous membership seems to work and play like one huge family. One rarely hears of dissension at Brentwood. That

condition of affairs, ladies and gentlemen, has been brought about by the club having been extremely fortunate in its selection of officials ever since the day of its inception back in 1915. I think it was 1915—it may have been 1914. The men at the helm over that period were, in most cases, business men of prominence in the community, although the present President is a prominent judge of the district court of appeals. In fact he's the presiding judge of that court. Although I don't care much for judges of any sort, I must admit that Judge Works has made Brentwood a most admirable and just chief during his administration, and has done much to build up the good name Brentwood established for herself when she was a struggling institution in her old clubhouse across the way from the present palatial structure.

Leniger Knows His Stuff

But back to the food question and the activities of Captain Jack Leniger, the same Jack who acted as a page boy at the old Waldorf Astoria as far back as 1900 when Peacock Alley was in her gloated pride, and the same Jack who started in the restaurant business shortly after at Paul Salvin's Garden restaurant. Jack has been associated with many noted institutions in his time and it has been freely and with general, cordial endorsement rumored out Brentwood way that the club scored a double header when it secured Jack's signature to a long term contract. Experience of others has taught him that the easiest way to run a country club to earth is the serving of poorly cooked food in a slovenly manner by slovenly attired waiters.

"The end will arrive all too soon. I've seen so much of it in my travels," said Jack. "At Brentwood we serve only the finest



Capt. Jack Leniger, Brentwood, Manager



Brentwood's lounge greets member and guest with hospitable atmosphere.

the market can supply. I pay the highest prices to secure the finest and my system of inspection of merchandise that enters the kitchen forestalls any inferior quality getting past the kitchen door. Back goes any item not up to standard. Everything must be 100%. Something almost as good will not do at Brentwood.

"We use very little canned goods. There are hundreds upon hundreds of acres of vegetables in cultivation all around us twelve months in the year and when a can of any sort ever gets into the kitchen which contains vegetables of any description, it's quite unusual.

Give 'Em What They Want

"I have a wonderful lot of members to serve and I know they deeply appreciate my efforts to give them the best of everything, not only in the grill but all through the clubhouse. I like to cater to the individual tastes of my members and find out just what dishes they like best and if I can see my way clear to serve Tom McCall his favorite steak and kidney pie, Mr. McCall is to have just that. If Mr. Maule prefers a baked potato with his chops, Mr. Maule shall have his baked potato, granting he gives me due warning as a baked "tattle" takes considerable time to fire. Anything to please.

"It is strange how some people tire of certain dishes. Even steaks and chops are subject to such treatment and I think the least affected in this direction is prime ribs of roast beef. The moment I notice members laying off any particular dish, I have it taken off the menu for several weeks and when I put it back on again it is funny how they hail an old friend back to the fold. Human nature is very funny in the matter of eating and it is a most interesting study to watch the peculiarities of several hundred able bodied men as they sit at table day in and day out.

"We do a fine business in our main dining room—not seasonable but twelve months in the year. We average at least three luncheon parties a day with a number of parties for dinner and dinner dances, while the clubhouse is extremely popular for weddings and birthday affairs. The revenue from such events comes in very handy to keep our records in the BLACK and quite far away from the despised RED column, the dread of all club officials. We have 25 excellently furnished rooms which are kept at least 90 per cent occupied throughout the year, most of them being turned over to suites and the revenue therefrom is not to be sneezed at. All in all I think we have as fine a country club and as well oiled an organization as can

be found anywhere and I am of the belief I can carry on in my departments as long as I give the members, first of all, good food to eat and service a little better than they can get at their city clubs. I am extremely happy at Brentwood."

Prompt Service Big Factor

Golfers want quick service from the moment they have changed into their golf togs. They get impatient over delays. Personally, I think the most aggravating of things connected with some clubs is the delay in getting food served to you. Brentwood has solved this problem in fine style. As you enter the grill you see a reproduction of an old-time bar at the left and you can almost hear it groan from the weight of food that stands there. In a jiffy you can have the white-bedecked chef cut you off a slice of roast beef, fix you up with lamb chops, fill your platter with Irish stew and vegetables, have a courteous waiter of color sit you down at a table adjacent to the bar and provide you with drinkables and bread and butter and it is your own fault if you happen to be two minutes late to join your favorite foursome at the first tee. Either your digestion has been slow or some crank member slowed you up by relating about his missed putts, or some other damnfoolery.

That's the way things ought to be in a golf club grill, and that's the way Captain Leniger has it at Brentwood. The first time I stood against that service bar, my feet, quite unconsciously, began to feel around for the old brass rail and when I found it not, I took milk instead. But that roast beef at Brentwood. What a rare

treat. Once you swallow a mouthful, you never forget it.

The club publishes a very interesting miniature magazine every month the name of which, quite appropriate you will admit, is "Brassie." I suspect my good friend Tom McCall, its editor, christened it thusly. From it I culled the following list of prices which I feel will prove of interest:

Grill lunch75
Roast beef75
Roast beef sandwich60
Baked ham60
Baked ham sandwich50
Roast lamb50
Roast lamb sandwich40
Liver and bacon50
Lamb chops75
Corn beef and cabbage.....	.50
Roast beef hash50
Corn beef hash50
Half chicken75
Roast duck75
Ox joints50
Veal chops50
Veal shanks50
Rock bass50
Filet sole50
Sandabs50
All soups20
Fresh vegetables20
Potatoes15
Salads25 & .35
All pies20
All puddings20
Fresh fruits with cream.....	.25
Berries with cream30
All melons20
Ice cream and cake25

Pro Events Are Bargain Days for Winter Playlands

By R. W. TREACY
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ARTHUR LANGTON in December GOLFDOM gives an interesting but not altogether sound view of tournament golf when he writes a California greenkeeper's view of the winter prize playing activities.

One of Mr. Langton's remarks that will not hold much water is: "Those who seem

to be most benefitted are the prize winners who return to their home courses in other parts of the nation to spend their money." Financially, those who are most benefitted by the winter tournaments are the local hotels and the transportation companies directly and the clubs themselves eventually. One does not have to be an expert sta-