

"Reds" Makes Them Happy

By William Ullman

HE IS the only one of his kind in existence. He is a great hulk of a fellow with the round, rosy fresh face of a chubby, healthy baby and the finest, friendliest blue eyes you could find in a long search. He never talks aside or whispers, because what he has to say, brusque or otherwise, is never anything he would say behind your back. Whatever observations he may have to voice he lets go right out in the open. Sometimes they are a little salty, but they are never steeped in meanness or tintured with venom. He is the mentor of many men and the shepard of a sizeable flock. His name is Thomas d'Arcy Banagan, better and popularly known as "Reds," and he is the assistant pro at the Columbia Country Club in Washington.

Few clubs have heavier playing memberships over 18 holes than Columbia, while no club anywhere "tees off" its matches with less complaint and dissatisfaction than Columbia and keeps those matches moving with nicer precision.

That is because of the incomparable Reds Banagan. He is indeed the cook and the captain bold of play at Columbia, and no one questions his leadership. No one desires to do so, because each member has complete confidence in it. Not only are all the members of Columbia fond of Reds, but he also holds the warm friendship of his fellow workers at the club together with the respect and confidence of all the caddies.

Nearly 30 Years at Columbia

It was as a caddie that Reds entered upon his career at Columbia nearly 30 years ago, moving into the golf shop with the arrival of Freddy McLeod, veteran and beloved pro of the club.

"Reds has been with me a bit more than 26 years," Freddy told the writer, "and I don't know what I would do without him. He is everything that a pro could ask for in an assistant and far more than most of them get. He has contributed immeasurably to making our department one of the smoothest operating of its kind in all the land and, I am happy



This is "Reds" Banagan, unique master of matches at the Columbia Country Club, Washington, D. C., in characteristic pose just back of the first tee as he sends the players away on a busy day.

to say, the wide acclaim he has received from the membership for his efficient handling of his job has in no wise affected his ego. He is still the bubbling, laughing, shrewd, friendly, and always respectful, Reds."

Matches Players Perfectly

Reds makes most of the matches and they are invariably satisfactory to all concerned. His uncanny ability to make most contests finish by a close margin is a marvel of the golfing world. A fine character analyst, a keen observer of human frailties and vanities, a good judge of playing ability and with a splendid understanding of human nature generally, Reds manages to start the right men out together, or, rather, make up congenial foursomes.

It is the delight of his heart, and his constant aim, to have "good fellows" meet each other, and when a foursome finishes showing unmistakably that they have had a happy afternoon, none is happier at the result than Reds.

More often than not he will send a foursome out comprising one of the club's best players, one of its poorest and two fair performers. And when he tees off such a quartette, it is a safe wager that they are four "swell guys" who will get along well together and play the game like gentlemen. The difference in playing ability is something that Reds easily—and generally accurately—adjusts with handicaps.

One day, when I was new at the club, I wanted to play early and get back downtown for an appointment. So I joined up with three players who also were ready to go without waiting for

placement by Reds. When I came into the clubhouse a few hours later, I was pretty well worn down with a wearisome and unhappy afternoon. Those three players were nice enough as men, but as golfers they were not "my kind." By that I mean no reflection on them as gentlemen, but merely to mark the difference between a fast, nervous player and one who moves slowly and more deliberately, for example.

Reds met me shortly after I came in.

"Well, how did it go?" he inquired.

"Oh, pretty good," I lied in return.

"Well, you don't act to me like you've had a good afternoon," Reds shot back. "Now let me tell you something," he went on, "its your own fault and serves you right. I never would have put you in that game. I knew they would worry you sick. They're fine gentlemen, but they don't play as you like to play and I was sure you'd have a bad afternoon. But you didn't ask me; you walked right into it. Now let that be a lesson to you."

Since that time Reds has made all my games. Also since that day I have had none but very pleasant companionships on that golf course.

Like most big golf clubs, Columbia's membership embraces men from many business and professional fields, and once into their golf togs they look pretty much alike on the first tee and on the course. But a foursome just leaving may comprise a high ranking officer of the United States Army, a church prelate, a real estate broker and a newspaper man. The next may include a famous surgeon, an insurance agent, an architect and a diplomat from some foreign nation. Reds mixes 'em up. Cliques don't form and draw apart from the other membership as would be the case if all Army members played together, all Navy members played only with other Navy men, doctors with doctors, lawyers with lawyers and so on.

Reds Gives the Orders

With the many pleasant attractions at Columbia, there is none more enjoyable for me than watching Reds work on a busy afternoon, with players lined up on all sides waiting to tee off. To a man who is accustomed only to giving orders and receiving them from few men, Reds calls out:

"Alright there, General, get on the tee, you're off next. You're playing with Mr. Brown, Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith. Mr. Brown is your partner and you're giving them two up." That settles it for that

foursome, like it or not, and the General takes his orders like a good soldier.

Reds turns next to a distinguished appearing silver-haired man with very bright eyes and apple-red cheeks.

"Alright there, Father, you're up next. Get on that tee. That's your game waiting for you. You take Mr. Black and play even. Get going."

And do Columbia members like Reds? They love him. Going back to where we started, he's the only one of his kind in existence. You'll know him when you see him. He's a whale of a big fellow with a big cigar. And his hair is red and his eyes are blue and he is Irish through and through. And if you play golf, he'll get your number quicker than you can say "Reds Banagan."

IT'S ON THE HOUSE

By TOM REAM
Mgr., Westmoreland C C

There is only one way to get more efficiency. Hire better people. Train them professionally, supervise them closely.

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Cultivate your disposition to get along with people.

•
Beware of the employee who resents criticism or modification of suggestion.

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Individuality lends distinction to your service.

•
Deodorize and disinfect telephone mouth-pieces.

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You would never believe that rolls can keep so crisp, so fresh, so tasty for so many hours until you taste them out of a modern roll warmer.

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Lazy employees are an extravagance that few clubs can afford.

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Destroy odor. Freshen air with regulated ventilation.

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There is beauty in true simplicity.

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Do you do everything possible to give, or have someone else give, any service which members may require?