

The Late Mr. Anson McKim

Reminiscences by Ex-Recorder Weir, of Montreal,
Specially Contributed to the "Canadian Golfer"

YOU have asked me to contribute some reminiscent appreciation of the late Anson McKim of the Royal Montreal—something to accompany his portrait which you are printing in this issue. There are others you should have asked to do this, for I knew our lamented friend as a golfer, but slightly; if I comply with your request, it is because I do not like to decline one of this nature and also because I happen to have preserved a distinct recollection of an afternoon and evening spent as his guest at Dixie, oh, quite ten years ago. And yet, to tell the truth, I have forgotten all about the golf we played that day—all except what was said between us on the Hawthorne Green.

In the evening of the day I have in mind we were sitting out on the verandah after dinner with Logan and others, listening to our friend's fine victrola, which he had brought out from town, knowing there would be a number of grass-widowers and desolate bachelors who would react to the solace of the music. And there we sat till late, under a white midsummer moon, listening to Caruso, Scotti, Melba, Sembrich and others of the very best; for McKim had fine taste in music. I remember, for example, not long after the war began, that it was announced in the church we both attended (in the off season of golf) that the McGill Medical Corps would be present on the following Sunday. He suggested to me, as a music committee man, that it would be a nice thing to embellish the occasion by having Dubois, our super-excellent cellist, and a Belgian by nationality, play something during the

service. He would be glad to arrange for the artist's honorarium, etc. Dubois came and thrilled us all, khaki doctors and the rest, with some gorgeous prelude for cello and organ, and afterward that most uplifting and entrancing "Nol Kedri" of Max Bruchs'. These were the kind of things Anson McKim liked to do.

But as to what was said on the Hawthorne Green. When we holed out, McKim remarked before we moved off to the next tee:—"This is where Logan wants his cremated ashes spread when the time comes; I never play this hole without thinking of it."

"Quite what a poet like Logan would wish," I rejoined.

"I didn't know John E. Logan was a poet," said my friend, "I thought he was only a broker."

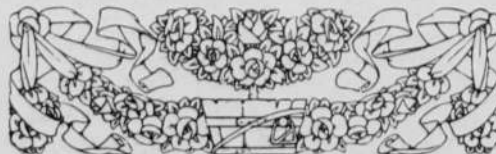
"Poet he was," I replied, "and better known as such, perhaps, under the name of Barry Dane." And then I quoted from "The Squaw's Lament:"

*A blood-red ring hung round the moon
A blood-red ring, ah, me!
I heard the piping of the loon,
A wounded loon, ah me!*

"I must shake hands with Logan and apologise for not knowing his quality," said McKim; and he did so that night, in his own pleasant way.

Since then, Logan has gone (I don't know about his ashes) and now McKim has followed. Not long ago I chronicled good Fayette Brown's passing. Rare spirits all, as we now see. There must be something fine about the Great Change that so glorifies our friends.

R. STANLEY WEIR.





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Director of the Royal Canadian Golf Association, ex-President and Captain
of the Royal Montreal, and one of the best known golfers of the East.