



Besides being the Dean and Professor of Medicine, McFadzean was a single-figure handicap golfer, a status very few can aspire to. He was a member of the Royal Hong Kong Golf Club since 1954 and at one period was playing off a 3-handicap. I think it would have pleased him very much if he could be a scratch golfer. He represented the Club in the Putra Cup Match in 1963 at Kuala Lumpur where unfortunately during one game, a dislocated shoulder joint put him out of action. Many of his friends in the Club knew him as “Alec” and was happy when a few would address him simply as Dr. McFadzean. Those who had the privilege of getting to know him much longer still called him the “Prof”.

Even in golf one could feel that he was a sensitive man. To him the sanctity of the golf must be preserved and the rules to be obeyed in spite of the intricacies of the game. Honesty, good etiquette and patience overrode all other aspects. His swing was neither graceful nor powerful, but it was impressive to see his concentration and total devotion to the discipline of the game. The Old Course was his favourite and I asked him why. “It had character,” was the reply and few would disagree. By tradition and training in the wind swept links north of the border, most of his shots were low and down the middle. Very few could surpass him around the green. On one occasion when he put the ball close to the pin, a friend remarked that it was a very nice chip. Turning around he commented, “It was a pitch and not a chip.” I remembered well his second shot in the tenth of the Old. After clearing Tony Tucker his ball landed on the left and between him and the green there were few trees jutting outwards in the corner. Without much fuss, using a 5-iron, the ball shot out low, to the right of trees and started to bend left towards the green. With advancing years, he demonstrated the effectiveness of a 5-wood in the medium-length par threes. I have profited from this experience.

On the green he was a very good and consistent putter. Once when I asked him the secret of good putting, he said “Between the ears.” A four-ball game after a nice lunch gave him much pleasure. On such occasions when faced

with a 2-footer he would jokingly turn around and said “You don’t expect me to putt this?” On the green he expected players to uphold the etiquette of golf. Walking off the green before others had finished their putts was very bad manners.

Among the golfing events, the Hong Kong Open was always his favourite. During that week his staff will have to bear the responsibilities of the department. Often he acted as a marker. As a spectator his comments on the “pros” could be devastating. However, over the years a few “pros” who played here regularly came to know him well and he always had a kind word for them.

At the nineteenth hole, he was not the “Prof” as others knew him. His recollections of characters in the club and the old days were enjoyable. A comment on a friend who used a No. 1 iron off the tee as a “juvenile delinquent” was most appropriate. Another on the tee was compared to a hula dancer. The conversation sometimes wandered off to food at Shatin and cooking. In this respect few knew how well he could cook seafood particularly large prawns and lobsters. His idea of food could also be radical. The waiter’s eyes nearly popped out when at breakfast he had to serve kippers and a glass of cold San Mig. “He is the man after my own heart” was the comment of an Australian friend. It will be difficult to forget the “Prof” when I have this breakfast and also at Sandy’s pulpit.

NOTE: In order to honour him, there will be an A.J.S. McFadzean Fund which is to be used for postgraduate medical education according to the specifications of the late Professor McFadzean. This will include the A.J.S. McFadzean Research Fund and Library, which will be housed in the Department of Medicine.