

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WOMEN AS GOLFERS

By FRANCES C. GRISCOM

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AMERICANS differ widely in their ideas as to the standard of golf on the other side. Some think we are as good, if not better, than our cousins, while others look upon them as unbeatable. Two years ago it did look as though we should never catch up, but golf has made such a wonderful stride amongst the women of this country that we are rapidly overtaking them. Our average golfer is quite equal to theirs, but they have about ten players who are four or five strokes ahead of our best. If we undertook to challenge them this year, I fear we should be sadly beaten. But in another year or two it may be a different story.

It is most interesting to note their point of view toward the games, compared with ours. They play golf for the love of the game itself, and begin as children. They never think of taking caddies, except for an important match. They play nearly every day of their lives, if they are really golfers, and (what is to be greatly admired) they do not need a *silver cup* at the other end to make them interested. There are more prizes offered in one American city during a year than one will find in all England. It is the case with all sports; golf is not an exception. I wonder, if we eliminated prizes in this country, how many people would play golf, tennis, and ping-pong?

In Great Britain, outside of the open championship, they have the Irish championship, club championships in some places, and each club has a monthly competition for a medal or brooch. This must be won three times before it becomes the property of any one. How does this compare with us? There is hardly a day during the golfing season that, on picking up a newspaper, one does not read, "A tournament was held on the — links to-day for a cup offered by Mr. A." We are certainly "*enfants gatés*."

There is no fair way of comparing our women and theirs. To begin with, their turf is, oh! so much better than ours. That makes it easier to do low scores. But, on the other hand, their courses are laid out with the idea of punishing every poor shot, so that it almost evens things up. We have four or five courses that are equal to theirs, *excepting for the turf*; but a great many of our earlier ones are very badly laid out. If asked how we compared with them I should say their average woman is six strokes better than ours in medal

play, but that the American would win three times out of five in match play. This may sound extraordinary, but I account for it by the fact that the Americans are much better up-hill players. They have more nerve than their cousins, and have the faculty of playing better than they know how, when it is necessary. That would be our only hope if we ever met in an international match. As to their style and form, their best women are in a class by themselves in this respect. It is a pleasure to see what perfection a woman can attain. They all have their own style, and a person wishing to learn could choose ten models, each perfect in her way. It is curious to see the difference in form of the Scotch players and the English and Irish. The Scotch women almost invariably play a short three-quarter swing, like Miss Hoyt's. They get their power in their follow through, *and with their wrists and forearms*. On the other hand, the English and Irish women use *long, full swings*, as we do over here. This is better, to my way of thinking, for it does not require so much strength. They all use their iron clubs with much better effect than we do, and I attribute this to the fact that they have *more strength in their wrists*. They play all games, and always have since they were children, so are physically better than we are. Of course, this is generally speaking. I know a great many exceptions. Many American women who took to golf had never played any game before, and then wondered that they did not improve more rapidly. Those who had played other games are now in the front rank. The best player I saw abroad was *Miss Rhona Adair*. She has been open champion once, and has always reached the semi-finals excepting when put out by the winner. She has been three times Irish champion. She, like Miss Hecker, plays in perfect form, and is good in every shot. If she has a weakness, it is in her approaching. If she is playing steadily, she plays even this shot well; but if she breaks at all, it shows first in her approaches. Her drives average 170 yards (using a gutta ball), and I have seen her in a match with Ben Sayers outdrive him three times. Her brassies (her best shot) almost equal her drives, *and she can put*. She uses a tremendous swing, getting the most perfect follow through I have ever seen. Her swing is somewhat like Miss Hecker's, but impresses one as being more powerful. I was not fortunate enough to see

all women players abroad, so where I am unable to judge I shall quote Miss Adair. She was kind enough to give me her opinion as to their relative strength, and, as she is in a much better position to judge, I feel very grateful to her. She selects as a team of ten to meet us the following names:

Miss Sybil Whigham, Miss E. Neville, Miss M. Hezelet, Miss Adair, Miss E. C. Orr, Miss M. Graham, Miss M. Whigham, and three to be chosen from the following names: Miss Lottie Dodd, Miss B. Thompson, Miss S. Walker-Leigh, Miss M. E. Stuart, Miss Orr, M. Campbell.

In speaking of the first, Miss Sybil Whigham, Miss Adair says: "Sybil Whigham (I think, and so do most people) stands alone, and *if* (but this is a very big *if*, indeed) she had a head no one could beat her. But having neither nerve nor head, she is beaten in every championship. She will win it some day. I do not say that her method is quite orthodox, but she is one of those born golfers to whom method is a mere detail. Her bad putting, apparently, is a case of carelessness and nerves." Miss Adair omits saying that Miss Whigham is the longest woman driver living. She has driven over 230 yards. Few men can claim that honor. In speaking of Miss Neville, Miss Adair says; "She comes next as one of the best. She drives a tremendously long ball with her *arms*, being one of the least graceful of our best players; strong point, approach putting; weak point, a tendency to break down at the critical moment.

"Miss Hezelet, our present champion, is the one about whom I know the most," Miss Adair adds. "What first strikes one about her game is its intense ladylikeness. Although she drives a long ball, she entirely lacks that peculiar snap so characteristic of Miss Whigham. Her strength is her accuracy and straightness near the green; and her short approaches are wonderful. I can not find her weak spot, for she has none."

Miss Adair I have already spoken about, and I think it is only modesty that brings her so far down on the team.

Miss Edith Orr, ex-champion, is the best ex-

ample of a half-swing I have ever seen. She plays very much like Miss Hoyt. Although it is not a pretty style, it is most effective. She plays her mid-iron and full mashie shots better than any woman I know. This is her forte. Her drives are good, but not wonderful.

The other English players are all good, but not quite so brilliant as the ones described. It is a much more difficult task to choose our team. In the first place it would depend upon whether we played match or medal play. We have four women in America that I would put in a class by themselves, and after that I could name sixteen or seventeen who really deserve a place. It would be a very hard matter, and would depend upon how they were playing at the time. If I had to choose a team to-morrow for match play, I should select the following names:

Miss Hecker, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Manice, Miss Margaret Curtis, Mrs. Fox, Miss Bishop, Miss Wells, and Mrs. Rogers.

For the last two places I could name at least six who have shown a right to the position. I think to let them play off would be the only fair way. Take names like Miss Lucy Herron, Miss Oliver, Miss Underhill, Miss Mollie Adams, Mrs. Gorham, Miss Porter, Miss Wetmore, Miss Lockwood, Miss Curtis, Miss Terry, Miss Sands, and Pauline Mackey, and you have a second team nearly as good. I am sure that a team of the left-overs would hold their own with the first team. That is why it is so hard. I did not mention Miss Hoyt because I believe she has given up golf. What a mistake! For, while she played, she was never outclassed.

A thing greatly to our advantage, if we ever meet, will be the courses. If we went abroad to play on their links, the lies would seem so wonderful to our women that the moral effect would strengthen their game and give them courage. On the other hand, if they came over here, I think they would find great difficulty in playing the fair green. It would be apt to make them press and feel a lack of confidence, a thing fatal in golf. All things considered, I think if by next year a match can be arranged we will not disgrace our country.

Hole High On Golf Records

Wherein Are Offered Some Facts and Figures Calculated To Settle More Than a Few Arguments

By John G. Anderson

THERE are twenty thousand golf shots played for every hole made in one, say the agents of Lloyds of London, and usually at the short holes every golfer who is aware of that fact tries to prove the company wrong. From the list of names of those who have scored "oners" in the south this past winter it is apparent that a mark of scratch has no precedence over high handicap holders. Of the seven holes-in-one recorded, five were by men who boast not at all of their sixteen to twenty-two allowance. Here indeed is one feat which proves a bit o' luck.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, d'ye ken, as Harry Lauder would interpolate, it is the low handicap man who has the chance to place his name among the record holders of the world's golf. It is timely, perhaps, to set down a few of these high-water-mark performances, many of which we are confident are little known.

For instance, take the case of R. H. Corbett, who was teamed up against a clubmate in the semi-final round for the Tangey Cup over the Mullion links in Cornwall. He was all even at the turn which he had made in 40. The distances of the last nine holes in 1916 were as follows: 10—385 yds.; 11—202; 12—325; 13—282; 14—404; 15—295; 16—347; 17—351; 18—190. The bogey, used in England as frequently as par, for these holes is 5 3 4 4 5 3 4 4 3 or 35 for the incoming nine. Mr. Corbett had this score: 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3—27. His opponent cried for help long before the finish.

But if this seems impossible of accomplishment on a fairly difficult course, then try to match Benny Sayers' record of playing eighteen successive holes in four. It doesn't make much difference what course you pick out, unless you are very, very, careful you'll be making a 3 or missing a putt for a 4. Sayers performed his feat on a wager over the Edinburgh Burgess links, and golfers who followed that match say it was as interesting as any contest between two great golfers.

Hutchings Defied Age

PERHAPS you are a golfer nearing the age when the Seniors will be asked to take you in. Championships seem far distant, perhaps in the never never land. It won't do any harm, however, to recall the fact that the amateur championship of Great Britain was won at Hoylake in 1902 by Mr. Charles Hutchings, at that time a grandfather and over fifty-three years of age. And that from a field containing such stalwarts as John Ball and Harold Hilton.

These last few weeks we have been reading of the strange antics performed by the golf ball when controlled by the Australian champion, J. H. Kirkwood. Particular men-

tion has been made of his driving a couple of hundred yards when the ball was teed up on the face of a watch. It is one thing to do this in exhibitions, and not a very great feat at that, but Jamie Waggott, a clubmaker of Musselburgh, in 1894 played the best ball of two club members and teed off the face of

soon became enmeshed in piles of stones and it was with difficulty that he finally succeeded in reaching the destination an hour or so after his opponent. The distance of that hole was nine miles.

The nearest approach of which we have record was played in this country twenty-one years ago, when Dr. E. R. Pfaare, Eugene Cassons, and J. W. Haulebeek played for four and a half hours in a downpour of rain from Hackensack to Paterson. Holes were improvised as the journey proceeded and Dr. Pfaare was on the losing end with 327 strokes to his credit or discredit, 22 more than either of his fellow players.

Duncan's Low Mark

EVERY now and then from some district usually where golf is somewhat new, there comes a report that the world's record for low scoring has been broken. When a remonstrance and a reminder is given that in golf there can be no such thing as a real world's record for one or four rounds, since links vary so greatly, the reply is often made that eighteen or seventy-two holes is eighteen or seventy-two holes, that two putts can be accounted for on one course as well as another and so on. For the benefit of these chaps, therefore, and for those others who imagine the record is held by Edgar, or Barnes or Diegel, let us say that George Duncan won the championship of Lucerne with a seventy-two-hole score of 263, or twenty-nine strokes under an average of 4's.

Marathon golf has been popular for fifty years and world-wide attention was given to the recent efforts of Messrs. Knight and Styles of Philadelphia, in their efforts to break all existing records for the number of holes played. As far back as 1875 a Mr. Bloxam of Aberdeen played one hundred and eighty holes besides walking ten miles afterwards for good measure. A year previous the same enthusiast, in company with a professional, Bob Ferguson, played sixteen rounds over the Musselburgh links.

The professionals were not averse in olden days to having a crack at the records as is attested by the rounds played by the stars, Allan Robertson and Tom Morris, who with partners played five rounds per day over St. Andrews for two days in succession. It was no wonder, when they finished, that Old Tom said, "I've never had sic' a bellyfu' o' gowf in a' my days."

Daniels' Marathon Stunt

BUT the crowning long-distance feat belongs to an American, Charles Daniels, who previously had made a world-wide reputation as a record holder and Olympic champion. (Continued on page 23)



George Duncan, British Open Champion, once played seventy-two holes in a total of 263 strokes at Lucerne, Switzerland. We know of no lower record

his watch for every drive. He was round in bogey and never even scratched the watch. This would make a very interesting competition for those who wish to stage the unusual on a Fourth of July.

The longest hole ever played may invite competition although no one for forty-one years has tried successfully to outstrip Willie Campbell and Mr. Hall Blyth, who played from Point Garry to the High Hole at Gullane, about forty minutes out of Edinburgh. Campbell took the shore route and the ball

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pion swimmer. Daniels trained faithfully for the test and over a course in Northern New York measuring two thousand one hundred and seventy-four yards, a bit short it is true, he scampered round from hole to hole averaging 38 for a full twenty-five rounds and then adding three holes more making a total of 228 for the day. He began at four o'clock, took twenty minutes for breakfast at eight, spent but fifteen minutes for lunch at twelve, had a glass of milk and a few crackers at four and stopped work—it must have been that—at seven-thirty. Thirty-five miles of running golf. It begins to look as if the record would go unchallenged.

Long driving as well has been a thorn in the side of the recordists. The fall, wind, and character of the ground all enter into the final judgment, but there are on record a few exceptional wallops which the new ball may put in the shade. In August of 1913, E. C. Bliss in a tourney at Herne Bay drove the green four hundred and forty-five yards from the tee. In order to avoid future disputes a Government Surveyor, L. H. Lloyd was asked to measure the drive and the levels. The distance was as given above and the drop in the ground from the tee to the final resting place of the ball was seventeen yards.

James Braid has driven three hundred and ninety-five yards; Horne, the masked marvel, three hundred and eighty-three yards and Duncan, three hundred and eighty-three yards and one foot. All these drives have been accurately measured, and stand as the finest authentic performances.

Miss Molly Whigham with two consecutive drives of two-hundred and fourteen and two hundred and thirty-four made at Westward Ho in the semi-final round of the Ladies' championship of 1900 and with a "guttie" ball holds the record for ladies. In

1913 Angus Hambro, an Internationalist, carried on the fly a bunker two hundred and seventy yards from the tee of the fifteenth hole at Walton Heath. Another record for the new ball to equal.

We are wont to speak of the precocity of "Bobby" Jones. Don't let us forget that John Ball at the age of fifteen, finished sixth in the open championship of Great Britain with a score of 165 for the thirty-six holes. He was but eight strokes behind the winner. In the year 1875 Mr. Horace Hutchinson, then sixteen years old, was admitted to the North Devon Club and proceeded to carry off the honors in play for the Fall medal. With this honor went the title of club captain which obligated the holder to preside at the meetings of the club and committees, a duty which he performed with unusual talent. Eleven years later Hutchinson won the first amateur championship of Great Britain. They had their youthful stars in the olden days too.