This victory really shook the boys who had said that my swing was unreliable. The next tournament was at Fort Worth, Texas, and I finished third.

I was now ankle-deep in the American golf circuit, with a big tournament every week starting on Thursdays. The distances to be travelled were colossal. For instance, the jump from Fort Worth to Philadelphia for the next tournament was 1,500 miles. The first day's play of the Philadelphia Inquirer tournament was washed out by heavy rain, so the final two rounds had to be played on the Sunday. Hogan led at the halfway stage, with 65 and 69 for 134; I was next at 139, five strokes behind; then came Mangrum and the rest. I was paired with Hogan and Dick Metz for the final two rounds. This was to be a landmark in my career. The Cedar Brook Country Club is a long narrow course with thick rough and superb greens, and it is an exacting test of golf. We set out on the final day, Hogan starting 4 to my 5, and then I gradually started picking up strokes, drawing level with Hogan by holing a thirty-five-foot putt for a birdie three on the 15th. Hogan by this time was shaken and he finished 4, 5, 5, to my three fours, to give me a two-shot lead with one round to play. A round of 70 in the afternoon against Hogan's 73 gave me a four-stroke victory. American golf was rocked from coast to coast. Everyone was amazed that Hogan could be overtaken by a foreigner and beaten. My winning score was 279.

The following week was the Goodall Round Robin in Boston. This is an

The Goodall Round Robin is one of the toughest golf tests in the world. In 1947 I won this invitation tournament by three points over Vic Ghezzi with a total of 37 points.
and holed a putt for the required birdie. At the last hole I got an orthodox four and walked off the green to find that Nary had done not a 63 but a 73 for a total of 279. It is a mistake ever to listen to the 'bush telegraph'. I shuddered afterwards to think that I had taken such a risk on account of an overheard remark. However, that last round gave me the Canadian Open title with a record-breaking score of 268 and made me the first Briton, I understand, to have won this title since 1914.

From there I went to play in the famous Tam O'Shanter in Chicago. I believe that it was during this tournament that feeling against me started to grow among the American pros. I had intended to leave North America for the British Open, but Mr George S. May, who is recognized as golf's most fabulous promoter, gave me a guarantee of $5,000 and all expenses if I would stay and play in the Chicago tournament. This was a topic of conversation among the leading pros, and feeling began to run fairly high. I merely regarded this as jealousy. The tournament started in great style for me. I took the lead in the first round with a 66, and then my good friend and rival, 'Porky' Oliver, struck his form and finished with a total of 276. He was finished before me, and with five holes to play, I had to finish in even par to win by two strokes. I had never seen such crowds. It was estimated that more than 40,000 paid at the turnstiles on that final day.

I had hit my second shot at the 14th hole and was watching my ball when the ropes were dropped and people began racing to get a position around the green. A man running at full speed with his head down hit me smack in the middle of my back and almost knocked me out. After a few moments I recovered slightly and walked slowly to the green. But I was still shaken and proceeded to take three puts. A bad six followed at the par five 15th, but I managed to finish in three bogies to tie with Oliver. The sight around
My life’s ambition achieved. I won my first British Open at St Georges, Sandwich, in 1949, beating Harry Bradshaw in the play-off by twelve strokes with rounds of 67 and 68.
British Open Champion for the second year in succession, I receive the trophy from the Captain of the Troon Old Course Club in 1950.
arrived at 8.40, and with no time even for a few loosening swings, walked straight on to the first tee. I was really strung up. Happily at the first hole my tee shot, after landing short of a bunker on the right of the green, hopped over on to the green. I holed a thirty-foot putt for a birdie 2. This cooled me off.

I must say, at this stage, that a gale of about forty miles an hour was blowing, accompanied by rain at intervals. I battled like every other competitor and again took five on the 18th hole, to finish the morning round in 74. That put me within one shot of Fred Daly, who took 77. It took me three-and-a-half hours to play that third round, and an official complaint alleging slow play was lodged against me by Norman von Nida. The Tournament Committee told me at lunch-time that this official complaint had been lodged, so I asked for more stewards to control the biggest gallery I had seen on a British golf course. I told them that during the morning round I had had a 10,000 gallery, and had had to help control them myself. Often it had taken anything up to five minutes to clear the fairways so that I could drive. I felt I was not to blame for slowness and I felt annoyed. I saved ten minutes in the afternoon only by hurrying the stewards and

My third British Open, at Royal Lytham and St Annes, 1952. The scoreboard tells how close the finish was; but it doesn’t reveal the agonies I suffered as I waited while Peter Thomson was playing brilliantly during the last nine holes of his final round!
up my feet correctly.

I have never been a 'waggler' or a 'shuffler', and the only thing I have watched when I have been teaching has been to see that a pupil's mannerisms do not become obsessions to the detriment of his or her swing. When I am putting, just before I get up to hit the ball, I usually have two little practice swings. I do not consider this is a mannerism. I do it to get the feel of the putter and to make certain I am steadied down so that I can strike the ball easily and smoothly. Anyone is free to watch me do this, for it does not reveal what is going on in my mind.

Mannerisms that are developed to irritate an opponent and are then used to put an opponent off his game are another matter. Some of these little tricks can be classed as gamesmanship, part of psychological warfare—gamesmanship of the wrong sort. I played once or twice with a man who always tried to stand so that his legs and feet were within eye range of his opponent as the latter was taking a shot. Then just as the downswing began, he would move, beginning to walk in a sort of 'let's-get-on-with-the-game' gesture. He tried it with me. The first time I thought it was just a momentary lack of consideration that he was standing over-close to me as I swung, and merely thoughtlessness that he should begin to move as I came down to impact. The second time he did it, I realized it was deliberate. Somehow I managed to stop the club-head before hitting the ball, looked at him carefully and for a long time, and then said quietly, 'Listen, buddy, do that once more and I'll knock you on the head with this driver'.

There should be no place on any golf course for the 'golfer' who habitually walks up to his ball, craftily puts his foot just behind it and bends over, ostensibly to make sure that it is his ball. What in fact he is doing is pressing his toe down as he bends over and pressing down the ground behind the ball; in effect tee-ing the ball up. It is astonishing how many people do this and would be horrified if you accused them, rightly, of cheating.

12. TOUGH SCHOOLING

During my first visit to the United States in 1947, I learned more about the psychology of golf in a few weeks than throughout my career to that time. And I learned it the hard way, because it is part of the American credo in sport to employ every artifice of 'gamesmanship', some artifices indeed that would be abhorrent in countries like Britain. The American viewpoint is that all the criticism and all the attacks loosed on you are good for you; that they teach you to 'take it'.

The Americans are great believers in psychological warfare. They use it unceasingly in sport. As I have already indicated, they tried it out on me pretty thoroughly, and they watched me like a cat to try to define what was in my mind. When I first went there, they got the impression from my walk and the expression on my face that I was never really trying, and several times I overheard conversations to this effect. Inwardly I laughed to myself,
because I had already realized that it was in my interests that they should under-estimate me in as many ways as possible.

It was probably the work of my rusty old putter that first began to shake them, but they never let up on the psychological warfare. In the States they never do. Occasionally when my putting was not up to form they would leap in joyfully to criticize that too. I developed a family understanding with my old putter. Every time I missed a short putt, I used to look at the club and say quietly under my breath, ‘You’ve got another 3,000 chances’. I still say that occasionally. Not that I really mean it. I hope by the time my putter has had its 3,000 chances, I shall be sitting comfortably on the clubhouse verandah watching other players go through the toils.

The first attacks on my ‘slow’ play started in the United States. I remember a heated argument in a club-house at Salt Lake City in which my speed, or alleged lack of it, was the target. Presently I offered to bet a thousand dollars that I was the fastest player in the game, with one stipulation—that my speed was to be reckoned from the time I arrived within six feet of my ball (provided the crowd was not in possession), summed up my shot, took my club, hit the ball and put my club back in the bag. I said, ‘Cover my money; we will get a stop-watch and a neutral-minded person’. I had no takers. I was told too that I had a weak left-hand grip. My reply to that was that I took the cheques with the right hand.

*Driving from the first tee in the last round of the Chicago Victory Open, 1948. Tournaments in America are the toughest golf schools in the world.*
The American tournaments are the hardest of all golf schools, and I shall always be grateful that I had a chance to join in them when I was still a youngster. In every sport the Americans play to win, not just for the game, and only those who have 100 per cent. will to win ever get to the top. Their top players are ‘killers’, and in the United States what is now called ‘gamesmanship’ in sport has been developed to a degree unknown in any other country in the world. I believe in what I might call passive ‘gamesmanship’ and I believe it has become part of the psychology of sport.

In any game where one matches one’s skill and ability against an opponent, there must be unseen conflicts of will-power, temperament, and other inner factors. These ‘unseens’ are often vital, and are, so as long as they are honest, part of ‘gamesmanship’. But sportsmanship comes before ‘gamesmanship’, and I abhor any unsportsmanlike tricks that are calculated to throw the other man off his game. Keeping an opponent waiting long after an appointed starting time is one of the oldest and crudest of these petty tricks. They are not part of psychology of golf or any other game. They are a confession of a lack of sportsmanship and sheer bad manners. Very often bad tactics too. Whenever anyone has tried to pull these sort of tricks on me, it has had the effect of making me more determined than ever to give them a lesson and a thrashing.

To live at the top in almost any sport in the United States you have to be case-hardened physically and mentally. My ‘armour’ developed rapidly, and it was just as well it did, because I had a feeling from the very beginning that I could win a tournament or two in the United States. In fact, in some aspects of the game I could show them a thing or two, particularly in putting.

It is generally accepted in the United States among the leading players that it is quite proper to ask your partner or opponent, after a shot, which club he used. Most of them do it. That practice was quite a surprise to me. Brought up as I was under the rules of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews, it was a practice I had never adopted. I make my own decisions and would never think of asking the other player which club he had used. That to my mind is a step towards losing one’s own confidence.

On one occasion I used this American habit to confound one of their leading players. I noticed that he was watching me very carefully and checking which club I used for almost every shot. As we approached a shortish hole I whispered to my caddie to change the covers on my wooden clubs. On the tee I took out what appeared to be a No. 4 wood, actually it was a No. 1, and laid my shot on the edge of the green. Sure enough this man looked at the cover I had thrown down on the tee, saw it was marked No. 4 and then chose a No. 4 wood for his own shot. He was thirty yards short. This shook him, but he asked for it and he got it. My caddie told me afterwards that later on he asked him, ‘Say, what goes on; I hit a good shot with the same club as Locke used and I was way short’. My caddie told him ‘Sure, the “man from the jungle” pulled a fast one’.
Driving at the 9th on the Old Course, St Andrews, in 1939. I have played there many times, and consider it the most ruthless of all tests in championship golf.

worn carpet. Because of this, on too many British courses luck counts almost as much as ability. It is imperative, in my view, that a golf course should reward good shots and punish bad ones. Too often on British courses you have to pitch short of the green and even then you do not know what is going to happen.

The famous course at Walton Heath in Surrey is a case in point. Not only is it narrow and most of the holes long, but it is a course on which you cannot attack the flag. Time and again when the ground is hard you have to pitch short and trust to luck. On a course like that at a par four hole the first-class player must get the green with his second shot, but, as I say, when conditions are dry at Walton Heath—and many other courses I could mention—you just dare not play a long second for the flag.

I am deliberately labouring this topic because I believe British golf clubs in general must adopt the watering policy in the interests of the game. It has been my unhappy experience to play in the British Open on a course that in my view was not at the time in good enough condition for a local club competition. As I have said, the greens at Troon and Berkshire are outstanding exceptions and for me those courses are a joy to play.

Another fine inland course is the Moortown Club, Leeds. This is a superbly designed course with narrow fairways, well bunkered greens and perfect putting surfaces. Perhaps I have a soft spot for Moortown because it was there in 1946 that I won my first professional tournament in Britain. Moreover, the club members made me feel very much at home. After my victory I remember the club captain, Mr Ted Penfold, out of the blue, presented me with a map of Africa superimposed with my head, and across 162
the top of the map the words *Veni, vidi, vici*.

I think the setting of the 18th green at Moortown is the most perfect I have seen. Frankly, when I am playing big-time golf I do not go around admiring the scenery, but the setting at the 18th at Moortown impressed me the first time I saw it for its picturesqueness and I shall never forget it. It has a wonderful air of serenity and well-being.

Another great favourite of mine is the Mere Club near Knutsford, Cheshire. Although within a short distance of Manchester, this course has a superb setting, for it winds round a placid mere. It was on this course that in 1939 over 72 holes I beat Dick Burton, the reigning Open Champion, by 10 up and 9 to play. It is a pleasure to go there, particularly to meet that grand golf professional George Duncan. I never pass Mere without turning in to pay my respects to him.

Now back to Scotland to recall particularly a series of exhibition matches arranged for me in 1951 by my friend Willie Allison of the *Glasgow Daily Record* and *Sunday Mail*. The matches started at Nairn, a very fine north of Scotland seaside course, on to the Royal Aberdeen and then to the great Carnoustie, where no one has ever broken 70 in a championship. After Carnoustie came Leven in Fife, where the people seemed to live golf, across to Edinburgh to the Kingsknoe Club, and after that Greenock and West Kilbride. I greatly enjoyed that tour, and when my competitive golf ends I hope to play those courses again for pleasure.

I first played in Ireland in 1938 at Portmarnock, and it was there that I had my first big championship win outside South Africa. I was twenty years old and had been a professional only four months when I went to Dublin for the Irish Open at Portmarnock. It was here that I beat Henry Cotton by one stroke—a victory which, incidentally, I do not think he has ever forgotten. I won the title in a thrilling finish from Cotton. I shall never forget watching him play the last green. I had finished and he needed two putts to tie. He

*Playing an exhibition match in 1950 with that grand golfer George Duncan at Mere, Cheshire—a course which is a great favourite of mine.*
three-putted. I must confess I let out a roar when that happened, but remember I was only a boy then. The Portmarnock course is almost on the sea. There are no trees, but if you are off the line with any shot you are in heavy trouble. Even in a moderate breeze the player who completes that course in 72 has played good round of golf.

3. IN THE UNITED STATES

Now to the United States, the land of golfing superlatives, the land where some of the golf club-houses look like something out of Hollywood, palatial and luxuriously equipped. Compared with countries like Britain, golf in the United States is, in the main, a luxury game. Do not let me create a wrong impression. There are many public courses in the United States and, as in so many other ways, a young American who shows exceptional promise gets every encouragement to develop. By that I mean that it is very rarely a young player of promise loses opportunity through lack of money.

As in every other sport they tackle, the Americans have specialized in golf. Besides a sport, it has become a rich industry involving millions of dollars a year. There are glittering prizes for those at the top and for that reason competition is intensely fierce. The pace in American big-time golf is terrific. The Americans have no time for anyone who does not ‘deliver the goods’. They acclaim winners and have little time for losers, good or bad. When I was planning my first trip to the United States a lot of people tried to dissuade me. They told me: ‘You will not be given a chance there. The Americans will do everything possible to beat you down even if it means kicking your ball into bunkers’. How wrong they were! I made a good start in the United States, and very quickly felt American golf fans were right behind me. They enjoyed seeing a young ‘unknown’—‘a man from the jungle’, as some of the Americans called me—challenging and toppling their champions.

The best American courses are virtually manicured. I have read how a leading British professional once commented on the low scoring in the United States and how he said that this was because the courses were short, fairways wide and the flags were always placed in the easiest positions on the greens.

This is absolutely ridiculous. Their best courses are long, many of the fairways are anything but roomy, and for the big tournaments my experience has been that they tuck the flags away in the most inaccessible spots. What the Americans do is that they reduce the element of luck in the game to the absolute minimum. With rare exceptions, on the best American courses a good shot is amply rewarded but a bad shot is ruthlessly punished. It is universal practice there to water the greens. Their idea of golf round the greens is that you go for the flag; the run-up shot is rarely played. And because the greens are so well watered you can go for the flag every time knowing that when your ball hits the green it will quickly stop. I wish golf clubs all over the world would follow this American example and do away
With Jimmy Thomson, Gene Sarazen and Bobby Jones at Augusta, U.S.A., 1947. The Augusta National is Bobby Jones’s club, and is recognized by most players as among America’s finest.

with the high element of luck that enters the game on courses where greens, and approaches to greens, are hard and your ball can kick in any direction.

The best American courses are designed to cater for ability, for the man who can play the shots. In many parts of the country playing conditions are ideal most of the year. There are exceptions, such as dry areas like Arizona, but it is indicative of the wealth in golf in the United States how much money clubs are able to spend on course maintenance in these less favoured areas.

To me the most outstanding of the courses in the United States is the Augusta National at Augusta, Georgia. This is Bobby Jones’s club, and is an amalgam of holes patterned on the best holes from courses all over the world. It is the hardest course I have ever tackled on which to score birdies. You have to play near-perfect golf to get par figures, but to beat par, well, that is something. Many of the greens are nightmares. They are so smooth they are like glass and either undulate or shelve so quickly that a four-foot downhill putt can easily cost you three putts.

The course recognized by most of the professionals and players as America’s finest, and I think I agree with them, is the number two course at Pinehurst, North Carolina, where the Ryder Cup was played in 1951. It is an inland course, but played on such a sandy subsoil that conditions are almost seaside. The fairways are superb and the greens faultless.

My favourite course is the famous Tam O’Shanter Country Club, Chicago. It is probably my favourite because it has been kindest to me. I won the Tam O’Shanter tournament there in 1947 and 1950 and was runner-up in 1948.

As one would expect, Hollywood strives to have its golf hit the biggest