THE QUARTETTE

ALEXANDER HERD
JAMES BRAID

J. H. TAYLOR
HARRY VARDON

(At St. Andrews on the eve of the commencement of the great international foursome, England v. Scotland, 1905)
GREAT GOLFERS IN THE MAKING


EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY

HENRY LEACH

WITH TWENTY-FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS

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(The Frontispiece is by Fairweather; the portraits of Laidlay, Harris, and Robb, by Elliott & Fry; and those of Hilton and White by Ullyett.)
INRODUCTION

SINCE my own part in the preparation of this work has been merely that of organiser and editor, with here and there a little literary assistance given to those who asked it of me, I am free to speak of its merits, and I do not fear that the golfing public, always thoughtful and discriminating, will fail to concur in the suggestion that it is one of considerable present and permanent value. The chapters of which it consists contain a mass of the most interesting and authentic golfing history such as could have been collected by no other method.

"How did you come to take up this game?" is the question that the golfer is always asking of his fellows in these days, for there is nearly always something subtly curious about the manner and the circumstances of the beginning of one's golf. In the following pages the question is answered in close detail by nearly all the foremost golfers of the day, and by some of those of a generation which is dying. But it is not only from this point of view that these autobiographical stories are interesting to the general golfing reader. They are valuable to him also if he gives them the attention which they deserve, inasmuch as they indicate in a very large measure what are the secrets of the success of these great players. These men tell how they learned the game, what were their chief difficulties, how they overcame them, and so on, and they encourage the persevering golfer and clearly point the way in which he, with certain limitations, may go and do likewise.
contributes through the medium of *Golf Illustrated*, which I was editing at the time. If such a privilege had not been extended to me, the task would have been vastly more difficult than it was. At the same time I should mention that since their appearance serially, the majority of the articles have been carefully revised by their contributors, and in many cases have been considerably extended, particularly in the matters of "reflections" and "morals."

And finally I have to thank all the contributors to this volume, the men who stand in these times for the best golf that is played, for the admirable manner in which they have supported me towards the fulfilment of the idea of the work. The labour of organisation and editorship has not been light by any means; but it would have been impossible in the absence of the intelligent sympathy of these thirty-four players, the majority of whom I am pleased to number among my personal friends.

HENRY LEACH

LONDON, January 1907
I do not need to look very far back for the opening of my golf, as my game is but ten years old, and I feel that there is still much to learn. Golf first attracted my attention in the summer of 1897, when my brother and myself laid out a three-hole course in a small cow pasture at the back of our house in Highland Park, Ills. Artificial hazards were unnecessary, as the uneven ground, long grass, trees, and the tennis court fence furnished plenty of trouble for our untutored game. The holes averaged possibly fifty or sixty yards in length, and there were no greens or excuses for greens—merely a small hole in the ground a little deeper than the many hoof-prints of the cow. Our clubs, or, more correctly speaking, club, was a crooked stick, which had been used many a time for "shinny on the ice" in winter time, and we used a tennis ball.

My cousin, Walter Egan, had been playing golf since the spring of 1896, and I shall never forget the time he first visited our crude links. He had with him an iron and a "real golf ball," objects of great interest to my brother and myself. We showed him the first tee and pointed to where the first hole was beyond the tennis court in a corner of the fence. There was no flag in the hole, nor was there any other means of his knowing its exact position, but he played the ball up among the trees and off we went after it. A diligent search proved useless until one of us discovered it lying in the hole. That was my introduction to golf as it should be played.
During the early summer of 1898 my brother and I visited my cousin at Lake Geneva, Wis., where there is an attractive little eighteen-hole course. For the first time we played on a real golf course and with real clubs, and were introduced to the harrowing troubles of sand bunkers and ditches. However, the game had taken a strong hold of us, and it wasn’t long before the weeds grew undisturbed in our tennis court at home. My brother and I, with some three or four other boys, laid out a nine-hole course, using our pasture, the neighbours’ lawns, and the stretch of grass up and down the road. We had the golf fever so bad that we took great care in cutting and rolling greens for each hole, and using empty tin cans to line the holes with. Then, of course, came the excitement of buying our first clubs. After careful perusing of Spalding’s catalogue, we each bought a cleek and mashie, and then our games began.

We were golf crazy, so to speak, and that winter we had many an indoor putting match, placing the tin discs in different rooms on smooth rugs, and placing chairs as hazards to punish inaccuracy. We held a championship nearly every week, with possibly six or seven entries, and had most exciting and close matches. This indoor putting is, I think, splendid practice for the eye and for delicacy of touch in putting, as carpets and rugs make very fast “greens.”

Seeing how fond we were of the game, my father joined the Exmoor Country Club in 1899, and I became a junior member, and bought a whole set of clubs, and was as proud of them as could be. My first score (it was then a nine-hole course) I remember was 61, but by dint of hard practice I reduced that to 43 before the year was out.

During that summer I had one short lesson from a young Scotch professional named Alexander Christie. All he had to say was, “Swing over your shoulder, and not the top of your head.” The only other lesson I ever had was with Alexander Taylor, who cured me of tearing up divots by telling me to keep my shoulders from dropping as I swung down.

Whatever else I have learnt about playing has come from experience, careful study of the game, and the study of
other players. I have noticed how readily little caddies will mimic some player's swing in all its peculiarities, and I think the ability to mimic the better players is a great help. Of course one must absolutely have a style adapted to himself in order to be smooth and natural in his motions. Otherwise his muscles will work against each other instead of cooperating.

The summer of 1900 saw me playing nearly every day on the Exmoor course, and I reduced my record of 43 to 39. In July I won my first prize in a driving contest, a tiny cup about three inches high and as big around as two fingers. However, its value to me is far above its intrinsic worth. In the spring of 1901 I spent some time throwing the twelve-pound hammer for the school athletic team, and this strengthened my arms, shoulders, and back muscles. This, I think, together with the fact that I was growing somewhat, lengthened my drive about twenty yards that summer.

My golfing career opened that spring in a team match between the Rugby School (my own) and the University School of Chicago. My cousin captained the opposing team and I the home team. I won my match by two holes, defeating my cousin for the first time. For the last five years I have played in a great many tournaments around Chicago of varying importance and with varying success.

I entered Harvard University in the fall of 1901, and the four years of intercollegiate golf that I was able to have was of great benefit to my game, and will never cease to be a pleasant memory. The experience of playing golf on a large number of strange courses was of great value, and likewise the playing with a large number of strangers, some of them the best players of the younger element in the United States.

Nothing is so good for the game itself, as well as the individual, as rubbing up against other players from other courses, and the interplay from course to course. America, on account of its size, has a disadvantage in that respect. Comparatively few New York golfers have any idea of the Chicago courses and vice versa. The Kent Country Club of Grand Rapids is a splendid links, and yet I don't believe ten
golfers in Chicago, and, I am safe to say, none in New York, know of its existence.

I played in my first Championship in 1902 at the Glenview Club, Chicago. Mr. Eben Byers, of Pittsburgh, defeated me by three up and two to play in the round previous to the semi-finals. I tried my luck again at the Nassau Club, Long Island, the following summer, but was defeated in the fourth round by Mr. Williams, of Philadelphia. In 1904, at the Baltusrol Club, Short Hills, New Jersey, I had the good fortune to win, defeating Mr. Fred. Herreschoff in the finals. In the summer of 1905 the Championship was held at the Chicago Golf Club, Wheaton, Ills., and I was able to successfully defend my title, defeating Mr. Sawyer, of Chicago, in the finals. I might add that I have twice won the Western Championship, the Intercollegiate once, and the Harvard University once.

During the summer of 1903 the team of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society visited this country, and I had the pleasure of meeting them in three matches, as well as in some informal play. If a custom was started of interplay from one country to another it would be a splendid thing for the game, and I hope some day to see the time when a team from America will visit Great Britain for a golfing holiday, and when another team from the other side will visit this country again. I think it would have a broadening influence for both sides.

Most of the critics of the game have told me that they consider my power of recovery to be the strongest point in my game. For some reason which I cannot explain myself, my tee shots for the past two years have shown a strong tendency to be wild in direction, and I have been given to slicing and pulling off the course at most embarrassing and unexpected moments. I have tried every remedy I could think of, but as yet have met with little success. As a natural result I have had a great deal of experience in playing out of trouble, especially from the long grass and heavy clover which border most of the holes on American courses. Thus I was obliged to get out as best I could, and have had to make a sort of study of the shot.
During the Championship at Chicago in 1905 many men who had watched the play asked me what club I used to get out of the grass with. They are the type of player who carries a heavy mashie or patent iron of some sort, which they always use in long grass, whether the lie may be good or bad, or whether it is fifty or two hundred yards away from the green. It really astonished them when I answered that I used every club in the bag for long grass shots, including driver and putter, the selection of the club depending on the conditions of the shot to be played. Of course some lies in the long grass are so bad that it is necessary to play a tearing shot with a niblick for the nearest fair green, but I have found the average long grass shot to be far from the bugaboo that it is supposed to be. I do not know another shot in the game that rewards skilful play better than the long grass shot. The ball must be struck very accurately to secure the desired result. The slightest half-top, and your ball fails to rise from the grass; the slightest tendency to play too low, and your club catches the heavy and stronger part of the grass, spoiling your distance and often your direction. A good firm grip will conquer the resistance of the average long grass lie, and is essential for a sure shot. A good many people have asked me what the best way is to play a long grass shot. All I could say was that they should use their own judgment as to what club to use after studying the lie and the desired distance, and then merely grip the club firmly and never fail to keep their eye on the ball to ensure as far as possible an accurate and clean stroke.
THE JERSEY STRAIN

THE story of the early golfers of Jersey has already been told by my distinguished brother, and much of what was his experience was mine also. The chief difference is that, being two or three years younger, I do not remember the coming of the first golfers to the island, and the making of the course, as Harry does. I have some recollection of knocking a ball about the garden with a stick, but by the time I was big enough to take any intelligent interest in games golf in Jersey was in full swing, and as a small boy I went out on to the links to watch it and to carry clubs. With my elder brother, also, I went out into the woods to cut branches from trees with which to make clubs, and I took part in those moonlight matches with him and others, and remember that another way we had of noting the flight of the little balls, and the places where they dropped, was by lying down on the grass immediately behind the players. The ball could be watched quite easily in this way.

Of course, there was no such thing as golf tuition for us, and I was never taught; but, like most other professional golfers, have learned my game by watching others play it, and in this respect the first school of Jersey professionals was fortunate, for the amateurs who came over there to play, and whose methods we watched, were distinctly good players, with nice styles. A very good meeting was held in October, and the play then was of a high order as a rule. There were usually such players as Mr. Plummer, Mr. Henry...
Lamb, and Mr. Molesworth, who were better than any of the natives of the island at that time. By carrying and watching I soon picked up a very fair game, and by the time I was a grown boy I could play very well. I seemed to have a very considerable aptitude for it, but so do most boys when they are bred up with it in this way.

The great trouble always with me and my playfellows was with regard to our clubs. We never had a chance of doing justice to the golf that we felt we could play on account of never having proper clubs with which to play it, and how much better we should have got on if we had had those proper clubs it is difficult to imagine. Of course, clubs then were not by any means so plentiful as they are now, and when a man bought a driver he usually made up his mind that he would have to stick to it, even though he found soon after he had completed his purchase that it did not exactly suit him. He would do his best to suit himself to the driver, instead of, as in these days, buying driver after driver until one was found at last that suited the player to the very last nicety of his style. Money also was much scarcer in Jersey than in other places, and there was little or none of it for the boys, so that there were no drivers for them and no golf clubs properly made at all. What we did in these circumstances was to get a head of any kind from somewhere, perhaps one that had been broken off from another club and discarded, and an odd shaft that had been abandoned in the same way, and these we pieced together in the best way we could. They made very inefficient weapons, but they were the best we could lay hands on, and even they were a great advance on the primitive affairs that we originally made for ourselves from the branches that we cut in the woods.

By the way, when I mention the branches I should like to call attention to a little peculiarity in the game of both Harry and myself, for which these tree clubs were entirely responsible in the first place. For a long time we were almost alone in first-class golf as players who put their thumbs down the shafts of their wooden clubs when playing with them, and the habit was generally condemned as being
bad and interfering with the drive, though during the last few years this opinion has been very much revised, and one now sees an increasing number of golfers gripping their clubs with the left thumb down the shaft. I am a very firm believer in gripping in this way, and I know that Harry is also, for we hold that the club is steadied and guided in this way as it could be in no other. Nevertheless, we did not come to grip in this way because we had thought the question out on these lines, but in a quite accidental manner. When we played as small boys with our roughly cut blackthorn shafts we were unable to place any covering on the handles, and to make matters worse these were generally fairly well covered with knots in the wood, which we trimmed and smoothed down as much as possible, but which still were hard and rough to the hand. We found that when we grasped these handles with the thumbs round the shafts they bruised our hands very much, made them too sore for us to play, and at times even cut us, and we found that the best and only certain cure for the trouble, short of putting on proper grips, which seemed out of the question, was to grip with our thumbs down the shaft, and so we did accordingly. We grew up to the habit, and have experienced no desire to desert it, notwithstanding that the majority of our contemporaries favoured another kind of grip and have challenged the efficiency of ours; and now, as I have said, I believe that ours has merits that are possessed by no other. What an insignificant little thing in golf must seem to the outsider this question of whether a man shall place his thumb along the shaft or at the side of it; but the old player knows of what mighty importance are these small details!

Not only were the clubs with which we played through our boyhood deficient in quality, but they were exceedingly few in numbers, and often enough one's "bag" consisted of but a solitary implement, and with this we had to play the game as best we could. Of course, the quality of the game that one could play, and one's progress at it, were alike limited, and yet there may have been some advantage in a deficiency of clubs at this early stage of one's experience.
The mistake which many beginners make is in overloading themselves with all kinds of implements made specially for any number of different and peculiar purposes, with the result that not only are they never masters of any particular club, but they get into the way of depending too much on their clubs and too little on themselves to do the work in hand. Of course, the fewness of clubs can be overdone—as it was, necessarily, in our case—but when a man has but a very few he practises and plays with them all the more, gets to thoroughly understand their points, peculiarities, and capabilities all the better, and in the end has far greater resources than the man with many more clubs of none of which he is in complete command.

It is simply marvellous to me, as I look back on it, what a game we Jersey boys could play with so very few and so very poor clubs. It is a fact that I never had a proper set of clubs while I was in the island—not until I left it to go to St. Anne's-on-Sea to learn to be a professional and club-maker under the guidance of George Lowe, this being when I was about eighteen years of age. Hitherto I had had to be content with one or two made-up affairs of the kind I have described, and yet I am quite certain that with them when I was only about sixteen years of age I could play as good a game as I can do now. I mean it. I do not say that I knew as much about the game as I do now, and the experience I have had since would tell its tale in a severe competition, but I could play pretty well any hole as well then as I can now; and, indeed, almost as soon as I got to St. Anne's I began to show form as good almost as any that I have shown since.

I came to take up golf as a profession not so much through my own initiative and desire as because of circumstances and the intervention of others, and the matter may be regarded as one of some importance, not only to myself but because, as Harry says, it was my example that led him to take it up in the same way, and, therefore, presumably if I had not left the island he would not have come out in the same way that he has done since. I was fond of the game, very fond of it, but it never occurred to me to make an attempt to earn my
living at it, and as I grew up, and the time came to be thinking of work and of doing something to help the family, my thoughts naturally turned in other and more orthodox directions. But I had become closely associated with the links through helping my father, who, originally a gardener, had got the job of looking after the greens, and when I was thinking of going off to do something else in the morning he would say to me, "Tom, you had better stop and help me to do the greens," and so I did. We had the task finished at about half-past eleven, and then I used to potter about, and went to the club and played and taught a bit. I think I may say that I was the only one of the Jersey youth who was much good at the game at that time. And so Major Scott, who took an interest in me, and who knew George Lowe at St. Anne's, wrote to Lowe about me. Lowe agreed to take me on as apprentice, and I went to him accordingly. I was born in October 1872, and it was in May 1890 that I left home for St. Anne's, so that I was not quite eighteen years of age at the time.

I have a very clear recollection of an incident of the time of my departure. Military service is compulsory in Jersey, and I had ten years of it to do. When the time came for me to go away I had done two of them as a recruit and had got my uniform for the third year. We had to parade for the Queen's birthday, and we were marching at ease from the town down to the sands when I, in a very irresponsible sort of way, but only following the example of others, left the ranks for a minute or two without permission to talk to someone. Some of the officers who saw me and knew me ordered me back, and when I got back I had to fall out. Two or three days later, on parade again, I was brought before the colonel, who began by saying that he had to complain of my conduct on the Queen's birthday. I begged his pardon, and said that I had done no more than others had. He told me not to do it again, and there the matter ended, if I had not, in a spirit of bravado, and in defiance of the regulations forbidding me to answer him, sung out, "All right, sir." That settled it. "Give that man another year's drill!" thundered the colonel, and I should have had to do
the extra year of service if I had stayed in the island. But in the circumstances the order did not trouble me, for they did not know what I knew—that I was already engaged to go to St. Anne's.

Before making the last mention of Jersey, I might take the opportunity of referring to a point of parentage and blood upon which there is sometimes some speculation among golfers when they reflect upon the success that has attended our family on the links, and particularly my brother Harry. They wonder, so they say, whether, in the first place, there is any French blood in us, and whether that has in any way given us a peculiar touch, or temperament, or anything that has contributed to our success. As to the touch and temperament I can say nothing, since a man has no experience of any save his own, and can make no comparisons; but I can say that we have French blood in us, for our mother was French, though our father was English. When we were all at home together father and mother used to talk French, and I myself could speak it better than most of the others.

I had a very pleasant and, on the whole, a very successful time for one so young while I was at St. Anne's. I got on to a very good game, and took either third or fourth place in a tournament that was held there soon after I arrived, and in which most of the best professionals, such as Douglas Rolland, Willie Park, and others competed. That was my very first tournament, and it was not a bad performance in the circumstances. They seemed to take to me at St. Anne's, and Lowe turned over all his playing and teaching to me, so that I got a great deal of both. In my first year there Lowe took me to Scotland with him to the Championship. My entry was sent in, and I actually played in the competition, but it was under protest from the authorities, as I, with several others, was given to understand that something had gone wrong with our entries, that they were too late, that we could not, therefore, be admitted to the Championship, and that whatever scores we did would not count. Consequently there was not much encouragement to playing one's best game on that occasion, and I did little more than knock a ball round the links. The next tournament after that that I competed
in was at Musselburgh, and it was one that was held there just before the Championship meeting at Muirfield, thus attracting most of the championship entrants. On the first day I was thirteenth on the list, but I finished up second on the second and concluding day, and thus got a good prize. Thereafter I was generally among the prizes, and I might mention that from that time until 1905, when I did not finish, I took a money prize in the Open Championship every year, and, as most people know, I once came very near to winning the great event, and only failed to do so through the intervention of another member of the family. That was when Harry won his fourth championship at Prestwick. I was playing exceedingly well just then, and I think I ought just to have beaten Harry, but I certainly do not begrudge him his victory at my expense, for he achieved it and at the same time the distinction of tying with the record for the number of championships won by the same man, under the most trying conditions of physical breakdown. I made a little record at Prestwick on that occasion also, by going round twice in one day in a total score of less than 150, a thing which had never been done on the course before then.

My two rounds on the second day were 75 and 74, the latter being the best return in the last round, Harry taking 78 to it. It was an 81 in the second round on the first day that spoiled my chances, and Harry's 72 on the morning of the second day was too much for anyone. However, I am rushing too far ahead in my little story.

I was two years at St. Anne's, and then I went to Ilkley, where I remained for eight very happy years before coming to Sandwich, where I am now. When I went to Ilkley golf was only just beginning there, and everything connected with it was in a very raw state. But we soon got going well, and by and by we had a most successful club, with which I was proud to be associated. I shall always have the most grateful recollections of the treatment accorded to me by the members during those eight years.

The Yorkshire natives were in a delightful and sometimes inconvenient state of ignorance about the game. The main
road from Keighley to Ilkley cut through our links and came in at two of the holes, and the Yorkshiremen who were on the road at the time a ball found its way there were a dreadful trouble. They always concluded that we were playing a glorified game of knur and spell or something of that kind, and invariably, out of the goodness of their nature, picked up the ball and handed it to the player.

There was some talk of starting a workmen's golf club there, and two Yorkshire novices who knew nothing about the game, but were burning with enthusiasm for it, made a match to play each other for what was for them a considerable stake. As neither had ever played before, they were equal in this respect, but one was a much stronger man physically than the other, and it was agreed that he should on this account concede his opponent a start of four holes in the round of nine, of which the match was to consist. I was invited to be referee, but I could not get off that afternoon to act in this important capacity. I was told that quite a crowd followed the game, and later on I was requested to settle a dispute that occurred at the outset. There was a wall going to the first hole, and the man who was conceding a start of four holes got his ball under this wall, and was quite unable to get it out again. Consequently he lost the hole, and thereupon his opponent, now five up, claimed the match, his argument being that as the match was one of nine holes, and he was already five up, he was obviously the victor. It was no use explaining to him that the four holes with which he was presented at the start did not count as four of the nine to be played.

While I was at Ilkley we changed our links, and I shall never forget what happened soon after we had got on to our new course, which was low down and quite close to the river, instead of being on the moors, where the original one was. A great cloud burst quite close to us, and for two hours water poured on to the course as I have never seen it pour before or since. Afterwards there was mud on the course quite eight inches deep, and it cost us £150 to get rid of it. At the same time, the water-mains in Ilkley were burst, houses were torn down, and one man was killed.
A little oil painting on the wall of my sitting-room here at Sandwich will always remind me of my games at Ilkley with Mr. Charles Stanfield. In the winter there was very little golf going on, and I played a great deal with him. He was a great sportsman, and would always insist on playing me for a stake instead of simply paying me for my services in the ordinary course. I gave him two-thirds. He would bet about everything, and every stroke, and I remember that once, when he had driven from the first tee and had obtained a cupped lie and had still to get over the wall at the first hole, he insisted on my naming a price about his doing so. It was quite twenty to one against anyone doing it, and so I laid him twenty to one in sixpences; but he duly got over the wall with his brassy. He was two other things beside an enthusiastic golfer. He was an artist, and he was a very good billiard player. At that time I knew nothing of billiards, but even with the start I gave him I could always beat him at golf. He had just finished a pretty little picture of a woodland scene, and we agreed to play for the picture on his side against three guineas on mine, at both golf and billiards, I to receive 30 start at the billiards. It was made a condition that the billiard match must be played on the evening of the same day as the golf, and that the man who first won both events on the same day should take either the picture or the three guineas as the case might be. But it seemed as if this competition would never end, for on the first day I won the golf and he the billiards, on the second the same thing happened, and it happened again many a time afterwards, until we were getting rather tired of it. And then it snowed, and the snow remained on the ground for a long time, during which period there was no possibility of any other outdoor sport except tobogganing. I thought that that would be a very good time to learn billiards, and went down to the saloon in the town and engaged the marker to teach me the game. I am fairly quick at taking up games, and I practised so hard at this one that at the end of a week I could make a thirty break. When the fine weather came again I said to Mr. Stanfield that it was about time we made another effort to
settled our match, and he agreed, so we played again. After I had beaten him as usual at golf in the afternoon he said, "Well, Tom, the same thing again," looking upon the billiards part of the business as a foregone conclusion. But when we came to play the billiards I made over twenty to begin with from his miss in baulk, and he was never more surprised in his life. I won by thirty or forty, and that is how I came by the picture.

As a golfer I have few fads, and not many morals to point as the result of my experience. In the way of shots I have a very decided opinion that the most useful shot in the game is a half-iron, just a quick, sharp tap, right up to the hole. Harry and I and one or two more have made a speciality of it. Harry calls it a push shot, though I hardly agree with this description. Anyhow, it is a most remunerative shot.

I might just say that as the result of my experience I have rather strong views about much of the advice that is given to golfers about the different pressure they should exert with their hands, the loose way in which they should hold their body, and so forth. They are told to hold tightly with the left hand and loosely with the right, that the left hand hits and the right hand guides. I put it the other way about. I say that the left hand guides and the right hand strikes, and whether he knows it or not I think that every golfer's hands divide the work between them in this way. Golf beginners and others are told also to hold their bodies loosely while they pivot during the upward and downward swings. I don't agree with all this talk about looseness, and I am sure that it is the cause of the undoing of many a young player who may perhaps take the advice a little more literally than those who gave it intended. I believe in the body and arms and everything else being fairly firm, but bending easily and freely at the joints. That, I think, is everything—the quick and easy bend of the joint that is responsive to the changing necessities of the swing. All the bends must follow each other in order as quick as lightning and that without any pause or conscious effort on the part of the player. He must go through the lot like a flash and
finish his drive like the crack of a whip. I am sure that that is the way to drive, and that it counts for more than for any flexibility of body or anything of that kind. However, this is a long story, and I am dropping into a very big subject.
WILLIE PARK
ANDREW KIRKALDY
JACK WHITE
TOM VARDON

OLD FAVOURITES
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thrust upon them, and which, provided that none of the fundamental theories of the game are violated, need be no serious impediment to their progress in the game. To this extent, therefore, I am a believer in every man having his own style, and adhering to that which comes most naturally to him, correcting in it only those faults which are due not so much to natural bent as to ignorance, and the continuance of which would be fatal. I am aware that there are severe critics of my own style, and that I may be suspected of self-interest in making such observations as these. To that I have only to say that my style is that which has come most naturally to me, and that I am absolutely convinced that I should be a failure if I attempted any other methods. And therefore I would say that by patience and perseverance, and by a judicious and painstaking cultivation of his own style, the prospects of the average golfer becoming a really good player, if not a great player, are considerably better than they are often made out to be. A certain amount of fitness for the game and adaptability to it are necessary, but given that, there are few other sports or pastimes in which solid determination to succeed is so often well rewarded. Many a man might make himself very nearly a great golfer if he made up his mind that nothing on earth should prevent him from being one. Study and practice and experience count for nearly everything in golf. Even very immature and doubtful players must have had cause to suspect as much sometimes. See how much farther they can get with less effort with all their iron clubs in their fourth year than they did in their second, even though it constantly happened in the latter period that they seemed to play the shots quite accurately, and no doubt really did so. The difference is one mainly of complete accuracy and confidence, and these are the things that come from experience and practice. I think I have experience and practice to thank for most of the success that I have achieved in the game, and that is most evidently so in the matter of putting. At one time I was a very bad putter indeed, and weakness on the greens was the cause of scores and scores of matches lost. But if I may humbly say so, I do not lose much in my putting in these days, and
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