MY GOLFMING LIFE
TOLD TO CLYDE FOSTER

BY
SANDY HERD

WITH A FOREWORD BY
FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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A. HERD AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FIVE
FOREWORD

BY FIELD-MARSHAL HAIG

No one is better fitted than Sandy Herd to present to the public a book of recollections of the great game of golf, and a long-dated acquaintance with him, coupled with a sincere appreciation of his qualities both as a man and as an exponent of the Royal and Ancient game, made me accede very willingly to his request that I should write a Foreword to the story of his career.

The supreme test of a man’s mastery of any game is surely the ability to teach something of his skill to others, even as the power of teaching indifferent performers without loss at any time of patience or good-humour is certainly the highest trial of a man’s character and temper. Of my own special knowledge, many times put to the proof, I can assert confidently that Sandy Herd comes through both tests with flying colours. His good-humour is invariable, his patience and courtesy unlimited, and his power of encouragement amazing. The man who could
not learn something from Sandy Herd’s teaching must needs either be a champion at the game, or a very poor golfer indeed.

Many a time I have tried Sandy Herd’s patience sorely as a pupil. I have watched and admired him when battling courageously, and by no means always unsuccessfully, against younger men with great golfing reputations. I have appreciated and am thankful that I can still appreciate the “feel” of his beautifully balanced clubs. I am quite sure that with such qualifications and with his long and varied experience to help him, a book written by him on the game to which he has given so much of his life cannot fail to have a lasting appeal to all true lovers of golf.

Kingston Hill,
June 9th, 1922.
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NORTH STREET, ST. ANDREWS
Lamp-post in foreground was first tee and last hole

HERD'S BIRTHPLACE, ST. ANDREWS
Close to the first tee of his private links!
MY GOLFING LIFE

CHAPTER I

BOYHOOD'S STRUGGLES AT ST. ANDREWS

I BEGAN golf in the way that is best for the likes of me.

As a man climbs a hill or a ladder, I started at the bottom. Even before being a caddie I was a "bare-fitted" golfer of the street, in the grey old city of St. Andrews, like "Andra" Kirkaldy before me, and others before us—and since our day.

Golf found me "daft aboot it," as my mother used to say when I could not afford to buy clubs or balls. But I was not kept from playing on that account. Shinty sticks, cut from Strathtyrum Woods, where Mr. Blackwood of the famous Edinburgh firm of publishers lived, and champagne corks served well enough to begin with. The corks were gathered from a refuse heap behind the Royal and Ancient Golf Club,
Duncan performed the miracle and won his first championship.

It will not be his last, for George Duncan has a brilliance such as even Vardon and Taylor at their best did not outshine. It breaks out like an inspiration, and woe betide the man who has the Aberdonian juggler to reckon with when the fit is on him. His play is miraculous then.

More perhaps than any of us, Duncan is the professional's "pro." You will often see the young school of professionals flock out to follow him around at a big meeting. They know he can show them golf at its best.

I think it was Kirkwood, the Australian champion, who said to me that he was waiting for the opportunity of seeing "Duncan go mad." We all have fits of "madness" at times, but Duncan "goes mad" oftener, and then "madder" than any of us.

TAYLOR THINKING IT ALL OUT.

Did you ever see J. H. Taylor sitting on the grass by himself at a championship meeting? He is a picture of silent concentration. Look at the old warrior there. His chin is set firm and his face is grave as grey granite, and not unlike it. His elbows are planted on his knees and he
covers his eyes with his hands. Is he down-hearted? No! That is not his trouble.

He is playing over again, shot for shot, the round he has just finished. More than this. He is playing the next round in his imagination, and making mental notes of how faulty shots should be corrected.

Walk down the street with Taylor in the evening while a championship is still in progress. If you feel in a talkative mood, it will rest with you to keep the conversation going, for "J. H." would much prefer to use the fewest possible words, evidently considering it quite possible for professional golfers to behave like philosophers, reading each other's thoughts without the help of speech.

Taylor is not a Scotsman, but I never knew anyone so engrossed in the game of golf. He is the sort of man who must have gone far in any line of life. He sees every shot before he plays it. In his great power of concentration lies the secret of his amazing success. I always regard Taylor's record as being the greatest in the history of the game.
A UNIQUE GROUP OF OLD-TIME GOLFERS AT ST. ANDREWS

Left to right:—Sandy Herd's grandfather as a caddie; Old Tom Morris; Matthew Gorm, a caddie; R. Cathcart of Pitcarlie; Old Daw, a caddie; a spectator; Boy Jamie Anderson, three times champion; Allan Robertson, champion golfer (third from right); a spectator; addressing ball, Mr. Wemyss of Wemyss Castle, near St. Andrews
My long friendship with J. H. Taylor began at Prestwick in 1893, when Andrew Kirkaldy introduced me to him, saying: “This is the man, Sandy, you’ve got to reckon with in years to come; a born champion, as fact’s daith.” We had been chaffing Andrew at St. Andrews about letting the Englishman beat him in two matches they had played, and he rounded on us, saying: “Taylor’ll set ye a’thinkin’ one day; just wait till my words come true.”

PLAYING “UNDER PROTEST.”

I can see Taylor now, after he had finished a round at Prestwick, standing alone on a hill-top watching the other players coming in. He was like a commander-in-chief taking a bird’s-eye view of the position; just as to-day we regard him as the general-in-command of the professional forces—still on the hill-top; directing the movements of the Professional Golfers’ Association.

He did not win at Prestwick. That was Willie
BRAID DRIVING OFF IN THE INTERNATIONAL FOURSOME

Seated in the background is Old Tom Morris
Auchtelonie's year. I was third. Taylor's first championship came the year following at Sandwich. I remember he was slightly built then, of very quiet, retiring habits, an abstainer and non-smoker, I think.

And now I come to 1895 at St. Andrews and the hailstorm that robbed me of what should have been my first championship. During that year I had an unbroken succession of victories, mostly in Scotland.

I was drawn against Andrew Kirkaldy, who was then a great golfer and as likely to win a championship as any one of us; a real champion for ten years, though, unfortunately, his name never appeared on the roll of champions. We both finished close in the 'eighties in the first round, and in the second round I did a seventy-seven, which put me five strokes in front of Taylor and the whole field.

In the third round next day, at the famous short eleventh hole, I put my ball over the dip, which is termed "ower in the Eden." I was lying beautifully teed up on grass. It was necessary to play up the bank six yards or so to the right, and in making the shot I grounded my club. One of the members noticed this, and I learned at the close of the day that a complaint had been lodged in the belief that "ower in the Eden" was a hazard.
I immediately went over to the club to find out how I stood, and was told that I had to play the last round under protest. That was like hanging a millstone round a man's neck. However, I pulled myself together, determined to make the best of it, as I had erred, if at all, in ignorance. As I did not win that championship nothing more was said, and I have often wondered what might have happened if I had won. Taylor sympathised with me when I told him how that "under protest" position tormented me.

SULKING AT PROVIDENCE.

Starting off in the afternoon for the fourth and last round, I was leading by three strokes, Taylor being second. He was the only man I feared, just as he had still more reason to fear me.

I began the last round in great form with three 4's and a 5. Then down came the hailstorm, which so covered the greens and coated the ball that I dropped putt after putt. The storm lasted for fully half an hour, and during this period of tribulation I knew that my chances were, to say the least, jeopardised.

Taylor started late in the afternoon when the storm had spent itself, leaving the greens suitable for his approach pitching. He played fine golf, making no mistakes, and beat me by two strokes. I almost sulked at Providence that day.
But if anybody had told me that I should stay there nineteen years I should have shaken my head. Yet I was just about as sorry to leave Huddersfield in 1911 as I was glad to go there in 1892. Professional golfers are not rolling stones. Practically my whole career has been spent at two places—Huddersfield and Coombe Hill.

Fixby Hall, the Huddersfield club house, is an old mansion with rooms in it having thrice the floor space of the wee house I was born in.
Many of the members were cricketers and footballers of note. They were keen to excel at golf; for Yorkshire men show a high average of skill at all games. They don't do things by halves.

A new recruit slapped me on the back in my shop one day and said: "I want to learn golf, and, judging from what I have read in the papers, Herd, you are my man."

I rigged him out with a few clubs, and off we went to the first tee. My hail-fellow-well-met pupil was the best slicer I ever tried to break in. When a beginner shows a tendency to slicing, I know what is before me. By patience on his part and mine, I at last got him turning his right hip on the impact of the club head with the ball, while he turned his wrists properly at the right moment. His slicing disappeared.

Golf is a hard game to learn when the beginner is ten or fifteen years late. Mr. D. S. Crowther—for my pupil on this occasion was that well-known Yorkshireman—took to the game at once, and said he: "Sandy, there is £10 for you when I go round in 80."

That made me cock my ears. Offer a Scotsman a tenner and he will make a golfer of you somehow.

The £10 was mine within a year, and another £10 when he did a 76 not long afterwards. During the first twelve months he played with nobody but me.
CHAPTER V

SIXTEEN "WAGGLES" AND SEVENTEEN "ONES"

I SUPPOSE my name is seldom mentioned among golfers who know me and have seen me play without reference to my "waggling" style of addressing the ball.

Numbers of friends have asked me to say something about the waggle in this book. One sent me a postcard, which ran:

I ken a champion golfer with a wiggle-waggle style,
    He dances on the tee beside the ball.
While his partner stands and watches with a rather weary smile,
    As he counts the champion's waggles up to twal'.

Everybody waggles a little, some more than others, but none so much as I. You may depend upon it that I would be glad to curtail these manoeuvres if I could play as well without them. But I am afraid I must hang on to my waggle now, when it has become second nature with me.

Perhaps you will be surprised when I tell you
"MY RECORD WAGGLE."

As the years went by my waggles multiplied, till golf reporters began to make comments and artists drew pictures making fun of my style. Nobody enjoyed their banter more than I did.

My brain works very hard when I am golfing. All the time the club waggles in my hand I am getting my wrists supple and shifting my feet inch by inch till I know everything is right for the shot.

In a jocular mood one afternoon, while playing with two Huddersfield golfers I turned to an onlooker who counted up to eight waggles, saying: "Quite right, that's eight." Then I paused a moment and began it all over again. I suppose those sixteen waggles must be my record.

Take my tip, golfers all, and do not mind what you hear against waggling. A little more of it would very likely do many of you much good. You cannot get a long ball unless you keep your wrists and joints slack and supple.

"What a lot of waggles you took that time, Sandy," said a lady to me at Raynes Park.

"Yes, madam," I replied, "I believe I took more than usual then, but, you see, I never
grudge the time. It’s better to take pains on the tee than lose time in the rough, looking for the ba’.

If you would like to try a waggle, let me write out this prescription for you. Tuck your stomach well back. Don’t hit the ball with the arms stiff like a pump handle. Shake your wrists about as if you were trying to throw your hands away. When you have got into the right striking position throw the club at the ball and keep your balance on your feet.

Don’t bother about anything else at present, and don’t try to waggle seven, eight, nine, or ten times, as I do. Begin with three or four waggles.
him. I had not seen the rubbed-cored ball before, and when we reached the fifteenth hole, Mr. Ball, smiling at my comments regarding his drives, gave me a Haskell to try.

FAREWELL TO THE GUTTA BALL.

That was the end of the gutta ball for me. The first drive I made with the Haskell was longer than any drive I had ever made with the gutta, and what impressed me chiefly was that the Haskell could be driven without any effort.

On returning to the Club House I made straight for Jack Morris's shop to secure some Haskells. Jack was a very reverend-looking gentleman, like his uncle, old Tom Morris, of St. Andrews. He was only able to give me four Haskells, but my joy was unbounded.

I did a 77, which was neither very good nor very bad, only fair, and, all things considered, a poorer performance than I ought to have made. Harry Vardon started off with the wonderful score of 72, but in the afternoon he took 77, making the wonderful total of 149 for the two rounds. The general opinion was that Vardon would win again, for the fourth time. I knocked up a very nice 76, giving me a total of 153, which satisfied me that I could do better. Ted Ray tied with me for second place, and James Braid was
strokes, so that at the end of the third round I led by three strokes from Vardon and eight from Braid. Could I hold on to my advantage?

All the bogeys of the past, when championships have slipped through my fingers, seemed to troop alongside of me in the last round, and I finished with a score of 81—distinctly below my form.

WATCHING VARDON’S FATEFUL SIX-FOOT PUTT.

You can picture me waiting for Vardon on the last green, with Mr. Ball standing beside me, fully understanding my thoughts. When I learned that Harry had a six-foot putt to tie with me, my feelings can be imagined. I saw him take a good look at the putt, going down on his right knee to see the line. In those days Harry Vardon rarely missed putts of that distance with the gutta. Fortunately for me, this was one of the rare occasions. I should not have cared to be photographed as I watched that putt of his come up straight for the hole and then stop on the lip. I did not say “Hard luck,” being too grateful for my own good luck. So that was Harry out of the way.

My hopes were beginning to rise until James Braid came along to give me a second fright. Though I led him by eight strokes for the last
round, he came hot after me. Requiring a 73 to tie, he just failed with a wonderful round of 74. I watched him very nearly hole a long putt to equal my score. I breathed again and knew now that the goal of my ambition was reached, for I feared none else but Vardon and Braid.

These lifelong rivals and friends were the first to congratulate me in the heartiest possible manner. I was certain that both of them were delighted that I should at last have joined the championship ranks. Everybody seemed pleased. I did not know till then I had so many friends.

After the usual presentation ceremonies I stayed at Hoylake that night, and received about fifty telegrams. The first one I opened was from Alec Mallison, captain of the Huddersfield Club that year. It ran: "Don't return without a box of Haskells." Other wires were: "That's better than playing marbles, Mack." "Lang may your lum reek." "Hang on, Sandy, many happy returns of the day, St. Andrews Club." "They canna sit on the thistle," and "Bravo, not much decay about that, Fifer." This telegram had reference to Mr. Hilton's mistaken estimate of my golf at that time when he said that I had reached the decadence stage, or words to that effect. Mr. Hilton, however, has fully compensated me with his pen since those days.
Ah, Mr. Hilton, we are about the same age. Perhaps I am a trifle older. It is nice to know that neither of us shows many signs of decay yet.

Nineteen hundred and two was the year of King Edward VII’s Coronation, so they called me the Coronation Champion.

**DOLLYMOUNT.**

What a golfer Vardon was in these days, "leatherin’ a’ comers," as we say in Scotland. I always say that our greatest matches were three we played in Ireland. I won each of the games on the last green, when the pixies guided my putts into the hole and kept his out. It was a feat to catch the "greyhound" then.

Vardon had been three times champion when we were left to fight out the final in a great tournament at Portrush twenty-two years ago.

The final was thirty-six holes. I was dormy one, and we halved the last hole.

The Portrush club next gave a purse of £50 for an invitation match between Vardon and me. Neither of us had played for so much money before. We crossed the Channel together, carrying our clubs in thick leather cases.

What was considered a large crowd in those days came by special train from Belfast to follow us round. Among them were many Scotsmen.
It was a tense moment. The spectators were afraid to whisper. Everybody, including Vardon and me, felt the air "close," I can tell you.

My drive was better than his, and I lay on the far edge of the green in two. Harry played the odd, and was no nearer the hole in three than I lay in two. He took five, and I sank a four-foot putt for a four.

Never did I take such care over a putt. When at last I set the ball rolling I felt as if I was bringing the hole to meet it. That is when putts go down.

The scene was a memorable one. The Scotsmen were delirious, dancing around me in their glee. The gentleman who won the £50 bet had actually got his cheque for £25 written out and ready to hand me on the spot. He must have had great faith in me.
We can all do a chum a good turn at an odd time, and a good turn is sometimes a turning-point. James Braid did me a good turn sixteen years ago, which may have gone a long way to bring me much of whatever golfing fame and fortune I have had since. Anyhow, Jimmy can have my thanks in print now for that good turn.

In July in 1905 much interest was created by a match between Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor, as representing England, and James Braid and myself, as representing Scotland. The money price was £200 a side, and the backers were Sir George Riddell, who put up the money for the Scotsmen, and Mr. Edward Hulten, who staked his £200 on the English pair.

For a time golfers wondered who should be chosen as Braid’s partner. The choice really lay between me and that great golfer, Willie Park, who was some years my senior and had proved
his skill by winning two Open Championships, whereas I had only won one. I had the good luck to be chosen by Braid.

This was the first big money match that brought before the notice of the public the quartette—Vardon, Taylor, Braid, Herd. Before then the golfing world stood awed before the wonderful achievements of the great Triumvirate, consisting of the first three.

The memorable match was played over four greens—St. Andrews, Troon (the mention of Troon makes me shiver even now), St. Anne’s, and Deal. The first green was my home green, St. Andrews, and you can imagine that I had some emotions to contend with. I was proud of the distinction and not a little afraid lest I should not rise to the occasion. A man may have better golf in him than he can produce in certain trying circumstances.

10,000 SPECTATORS.

A start was made on August 23, and when I came down to the links and saw the great crowd I tell you I had to grind my teeth and talk to myself like this: "Sandy, forget a' aboot the crood. It'll be soon enough to think of them when they start cheerin' ye at the close of the day's play."
BRAID AND HERD v. TAYLOR AND VARDON, ST. ANDREWS, AUGUST 23, 1905

Herd putting on eighteenth green
HAVING rung down the curtain on the story of my life, I should ask you to keep your seats while I have a few chats with you about the great game itself. I have not played golf nearly half a century without learning something worth telling you.

Golf is a simple game. We make it difficult by trying too much. If only players, of all sorts, would keep in mind the main principles and perseveringly observe these, the simplicity of the game would be proved by experience and its joys more generally shared.

Thousands of golfers will confess that they play no better to-day than they played five or ten years ago. They talk now, as they talked then, of occasional shots that surprised them, for the ease with which they were made; long rising tee-shots, such as champions play, crisp iron shots and beautiful, high mashie shots up to the pin. What man can do, the same man
hit the ball unless you feel easy and comfortable on your feet. I always say a man should feel foolish when he excuses a bad shot by saying that he wasn't comfortable when he made it.

Why didn't he feel comfortable? Nobody was pushing him or disturbing him in any way. He was free to make himself as comfortable as he liked, and he must pay the penalty for his neglect.

Here is a simple rule that will appeal to any man's common sense. It is fatal to begin to swing by starting the hands first, as the result of this is not to drive the ball but in a sense to drag it. You cannot drag a little, light golf ball. You must whack it, and the only way to whack it is to bring the club-head to it in front of the hand, not a great way in front, but a few inches in front, so as to "swipe" it away. I like "swipe" better than "sweep," because "swipe" has something of "hit" in it.

People who come to me for golf lessons may be divided into three classes—learners, unlearners, and improvers.

Suppose you come as a learner who has never yet played a round. I take you to a quiet part of the course, out of everybody's way. There is no need for balls. My first concern is to teach you the golf swing.
direction. The long straight ball must come. There is no road to it but correct golf. It is the character of his shots, not the length of them, that marks the golfer. Golf is an art, and a fine art, too.

Now we go on to the full swing.

The club must not be "lifted" or "pitched" or "dragged" back. It must be "swung" back. When the horizontal is reached, a barely imperceptible pause may be made, by way of making sure that the left wrist has come almost under the club shaft.

What I mean is, that you must not begin the downward swing as if you were anxious to get it over. Haste spells disaster and disaster is disheartening. I am always on the look-out against a pupil becoming downhearted.

That is why I am constantly saying:

"Wait for the wrists! Wait for the wrists to come into position!"

We all go wrong at times through neglecting this fundamental guiding principle.

Haste throws the hands in front. All the vim then goes out of the shot. Try hitting a nail with a hammer. The right sort of blow is made when the hammer-head "falls" on the nail.

"Let the club-head do the work" is an excellent rule to follow in golf. Do this, and you will immediately see the force of it.
The full swing is the ideal swing, but it must not be too full. A three-quarter swing is better than a swing that causes the player to lose control of the club. You should work up by degrees to the full swing, going smoothly all the time.

Suppose now you have reached that stage when the full swing seems to suit you. Don't trouble about the "open" face and the "shut" face. Such things are not for you yet—in fact, they are of no very great importance to anybody.

No golfer took fewer liberties with the natural swing than Harry Vardon, whose golf in his prime was the best the world ever saw. His style was always capable of being imitated. Hundreds of good golfers own their success to the study of Vardon's natural methods.

At the top of the full swing, the club should lie horizontal with no dip on the club-head. By dipping or dropping the club-head after the swing is completed, you lose control and balance, thus throwing the swing out of gear. Grip quite easily at the top of the swing, to maintain the flexibility of the wrists.

Your club in coming to the horizontal across the right shoulder, a few inches out from the nape of the neck, arrived there by the line it must take in the down swing. There is no going up one way and coming down another. Your
return ticket is only available by the line you went up by.

Be careful not to pull the hands in towards the body in coming down. Throw the club-head out behind you at the start of the descent. The effect of this is to bring the club well behind the ball—and not down on it—for the blow. There must be an element of sweep in the hit, or an element of hit in the sweep.

But unless the club comes at the ball almost on a plane for two or three feet, the result will be a high, short shot at the best.

One great golfer, we know, decries the "follow through," and says he gets his long drives without it. I have watched him, and found that he follows through quite as much as any of us, but does not finish over his left shoulder. That is all the difference. His back swing is full. He comes down at such terrific speed that he has no choice but to follow through.

If you are a learner, be sure you know what you are doing. Don't be always playing matches with men of your class. Go out alone and practise, and proceed by degrees. Don't doom yourself to be a comparative duffer for years when patient study will put you on the sure road to success.

I know young men, strong as lions and supple
DRIVER AT TOP OF SWING
Showing straight right leg

FINISH OF THE FOLLOW-THROUGH
WITH DRIVER
Just before the head turns to observe flight of ball

Photographs by Sport & Genera
of advice or correction. My "patient" then said to me, "Sandy, I came for a lesson—treatment, so to speak, not so much for the pleasure of a game with you."

"But," I said, "ye hae been driving verra well. It is like ga'n to see the dentist half-daft wi' toothache and finding the pain leave ye at the door. I'm waiting to see ye crack up, but dinna be in ony hurry aboot it, because it should na be necessary to tell ye what ye hae been doin' wrang, it will be easy enough to tell ye at the feenish what ye hae been doin' richt."

I wished he had gone on playing without saying anything about the lesson he was supposed to be having, because from this point of the game a sound twelve man could have beaten him level. He sliced his drives in a fearsome way, till I almost despaired of being able to do much for him.

He commenced gripping the club as if it were a bar of iron, and as if the muscles of his forearms were not gristle, but bone. There was not a semblance of the follow-through about his shots, no flick of the wrists, just a sort of biff.

"Now, then," I said, "I have been waiting to discover what it was that brought you to me for a lesson."

I slapped both his arms in the bend of the elbow, and said to him:
"Keep those muscles pliant, and off you go. You are well on the rails now. No more pump-handling with the left arm. Shoot the left back smoothly, and wait for the wrist to fall under the shaft at the top of the swing. Everything will go well if you pay attention to this."

Then I pulled out a box of matches, and stuck two in the ground, one nine inches in front of the other. They were ordinary sparking lucifers, and after three or four shots he lighted both of them with his driver, following through as I had told him to do. This little plan of mine—which I had seen at St. Andrews forty years ago—so appealed to him that he made a kind of entertainment of it, until in a joking way I asked him if he had any matches of his own, as my box was nearly empty.

Going over to the tee at a long hole I stuck a match nine inches in front of his ball and told him so to follow through the ball that he would knock down the match in front of it. He was not to worry about the length of the shot. I would watch where the ball went. All he had to do was to play the shot correctly. In a few minutes he was driving the ball beautifully down the centre of the fairway.

An old pupil, whose handicap was creeping down steadily, wrote asking me to point the road to scratch.
BEG I NNING OF THE SWING FOR DRIVE

CONTINUING UPWARD SWING

TOP OF SWING FOR "DURSH," OR CHOP SHOT, WITH NIBLICK, IMPARTING BACK SPIN

FULL NIBLICK SHOT FROM HEAVY LIE

Ph oto graphs, Sport & General
To the thousands who are looking for that signpost, I should recommend self-analysis to find where weaknesses lie. Only knowledge of the game quickly enables a player to rectify faults that have crept into his play. There is no need to make the pathetic appeal to a partner or caddie—"What am I doing wrong?" He knows.

The trouble is to put oneself right immediately, and there is little enough time for repairs during a match. It will be found that things do not come right as easily as they go wrong. But the skilled mechanic knows his machine and carries a bag of tools with which to make all the necessary repairs. The golfer's "kit" is his knowledge.

I have heard of a great cricketer who started golf on a single-figure mark. His progress was so fast that the handicapping committee could not keep pace with him. He came to a halt at plus something or other. Cricket is an aid to golf, in so far as it strengthens the wrist and forearm, while it keeps spots out of a young man's eyes—where there should never be any spots. It also develops timing.

Eighty per cent of golf is timing and eighty per cent of golfers underrate its importance. Only timing makes the other twenty per cent what they are. It is timing that gives the click to
their shots, and that is why a lightweight may drive as far as a heavyweight; or almost as far, and certainly far enough; for great length has its dangers as well as its thrills.

Mitchell is the straightest long driver in the world. The Americans say so, too. His timing is perfect, and none of his great wrist power is wasted.

It must be obvious to everyone that there are degrees of timing. We all hit the ball at some "time" or other; but too often at the wrong time. A hundred golfers might differ in their styles, but the one among them who times his shots best is king. The care taken with timing is the best possible regulator of temperament—the bogey we hear so much about.

As is well known, I am the most elaborate "waggler" in professional golf. Timing is what I am after with five or six waggles for wooden shots. I hang back and will not let the club go until I feel sure it is going right.

In America recently I lost my waggle; and was as helpless as a sheep on its back. I could not find my feet. I suppose this was owing to the fagging effects of the great heat. The Americans were disappointed to find my waggle down to normal proportions. My golf suffered in consequence, and I had been back in England two
THE LONG TEE-SHOT

months before the waggling habit of a lifetime returned, to my great relief. My timing became all right immediately.

"But," you ask, "how is this timing acquired?"
The great enemy of timing is hurry. The only way to time a golf shot is take your time; time yourself, so to speak.

Whatever faults you have I have too, but probably not to such a degree. Some days, strive as I may, my driving is twenty yards short of what I know myself to be capable of. I commence making the same mistake as the six or eight handicap man and other strugglers. I break my neck trying to hit the ball harder to reach the needed distance. That is the surest way not to get it.

I then talk to myself, and arrive at the sound conclusion that this ill-timed pressing only makes matters worse. Golf cannot be played in a hurry. There is only one George Duncan, and although the Aberdonian wizard seems to be in a hurry, the fact is that Duncan thinks and moves quicker than other people.

Of course, you need not be as slow as the hands of a clock in your deliberation. All I am driving at is that time should be taken to bring the wrists into position at the top of the swing, without any cramping, so that the club-head shall flash down and through, quickening as it goes.
Wait, and again I say wait, for the wrists to fall into a striking position before you commence the downward part of the swing.

Whether you are making a half swing, three-quarter or full swing, on no account come down in a flutter, but with a steady, smooth sweep that gathers pace gradually. Everything will then turn out well. The ball will be hit in the clean manner, which makes all the difference in golf—the kind of shot that rings a peal of bells in the brain and sets the blood tingling.

There is, however, a danger to be guarded against here. Beware of jerking at the moment of impact, or about a foot from the ball, in order to increase the speed of the driver at this point. That is not how this should be accomplished. The highest speed of the downward swing ought to come at the bottom as naturally as a falling stone strikes the ground at its fastest pace. Don't try to shove the club-head through as if the joints in your elbows and wrists might just as well not be there.

Flick the club-head through, or "breeze" it through, or "whistle" it through, but if you value your peace of mind don't try to "heave" it through. Give it all the smooth speed you can.

The swinging of a hammer seems easy to any-
often going on grazing after a knock as if nothing had happened.

"A deer's head's no good," the caddie argued, "because the chirping of a grasshopper or the call of the cuckoo would mak' a deer look up." All champion golfers belong to the sheep's head class.

Though it is hardly a compliment to be likened to a sheep, still, in the sense he meant, the stoical self-possession of old "Maisie" is worth having. When the mind wanders the ball wanders.
In many other cases I have said to pupils, "You seem to get along all right with the overlapping. Therefore let well alone, and go on with it."

It is a good testimonial that Mr. John Ball, who has won a cartload of cups, an Open Championship, eight amateur championships and enough medals to decorate a regiment, has always used the same grip as I use.

The late Jack Graham, who was killed in the Great War, was another of us, and I have heard Mr. Ball say of Jack that he would have become the greatest of them all.

A pupil of mine, now a plus player, once took it into his head that he would like to experiment with the overlapping grip; and, being thorough in all things, he gave the new grip a six months' trial.

He played fairly well, but confessed to me at the end of his experiment that he had lost twenty yards of length. For that good reason he decided, as he said, to go back to the "Sandy Herd grip," The overlapping grip did not suit him.

I do not want to be dogmatic, but I feel sure that the average golfer should think twice, and more than twice, before he gives up, or ignores, the natural method of gripping the club. I am a great believer in a natural way of doing
everything. Science only comes back to nature and common sense after all.

I have seen my pupils hanging fire with their wrists when getting half-way up on the back swing, owing to the overlapping grip in some way causing a hitch.

It has done the same for me when I have tried it; as on getting just beyond the half-swing back I have felt that my left hand would be better without a thumb on it.

I could not get my left wrist to come into position, and the snap vanished from the shot.

It may easily be that the overlapping grip is weakening your game, and if you are looking for length from the tee a change to the natural grip for a few rounds might be instructive.

The overlapping grip has brought business to sticking-plaster makers by peeling the first joint of the left forefinger through the pressure of the right-hand little finger.

I know many converts to the overlapping grip whose game, to say the least, has not improved. In most cases I detect a sacrifice of power. The natural grip also enables you to play a much larger variety of shots.

To sum up, play the grip that comes easiest and most naturally to your hands, and do nothing
merely because other golfers do it. One part of yourself is worth three-parts of me or anybody else.

CLUBS TO MEASURE.

Let me repeat that a bag of clubs should bear a family resemblance, especially about the heads. They must, of course, vary in length, but they should not be a scratch lot, picked up here and there, more or less at random.

It may be true that a good shearer never gets a bad hook—as I have heard my mother say when I growled about a table-knife being blunt—but a good golfer “wales”—I like that old word better than selects—his clubs with great care.

He is as hard to please in the professional shop as a woman at the draper’s or the bootmaker’s. Sometimes I grudge him the time, while admitting his good sense.

Pains should be taken to see that the “lie” of the clubs suits your reach and style; and special pains to secure similarity in the “lies” of your wooden clubs.

The driver and brassie ought to be the same length; the spoon an inch or so shorter.

When I make a wooden club for my own use I lay the head flat on the floor alongside the head of a good old one. Then I press the two heads
with my hands to see that the shafts rise at the same angles.

The "feel" of the club in your hands is a matter of great moment. The club you fall in love with right away is the club you will come back to after trying half the clubs in the rack. You are never likely to take to a club that did not "feel" right at first.

It is from considerations like these that I hesitate to recommend a club too strongly, preferring to encourage a customer's fancy.

The question of short or long clubs, light or heavy clubs, is a hard one, in view of the varying height, strength, age, and suppleness of golfers.

A slightly built man, or one with short arms, will probably be best suited with long, light clubs; although I have known many powerful men who drove long balls with short "womanish" clubs.

The length of a drive is determined by the speed at which the club-head follows-through the ball, provided the shot is well timed.

But a club can be hopelessly too light, just as it can still more easily be too heavy. You can neither drive with a switch nor a sledge-hammer.

The golden mean, adapted to your wrist power, is the thing to observe. Most great golfers have powerful hands and wrists; notably Abe
Mitchell and Harry Vardon. I use thick grips to suit my well-cushioned hands.

Not only in the selection of clubs should care be taken, but also in the condition of clubs thereafter. I have always been finical about the state and appearance of my clubs, bestowing much care and attention upon them to get the best results out of them. I like to see their heads and faces clean and shiny.

Many of my clubs have been bag-mates for years, and some of them could not be bought. There is one club I often wish, in a sentimental mood, that I had kept. I mean the home-made driver my mother tied together for me in my caddie days, when she was too poor to buy me one. A picture of that queer little stick would have been worth a place in this book.

A LAST WORD.

I have not counted how many times the term “follow-through” has occurred in these pages. But it could hardly have been repeated too often, as therein lies the vital secret of the Royal and Ancient game that will yet spread upwards and downwards through every class of society till the sound of “Fore!” is heard as far as “Auld Lang Syne” is sung—and perhaps farther than that.
Whatever other theories you apply in the playing of one shot or another the principle that underlies them all is "follow-through," even the niblick shot in the bunker is "follow-through" the sand downwards.

I have tried in a chatty way to tell you all I know that seems to be worth knowing. If I could be sure that I have done your golf good, then I could not wish anything better for you in this workaday world.