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swing back over the shoulders—instead of following as an effect resulting from the length and freedom of this backward swing as a natural growth.

Let the hands then be brought low down, as they place the club to address the ball. When we say that the shaft of the club should point at, or even almost below, the bottom waistcoat button, as executed by an ordinary tailor, we shall have perhaps given the most exact indication possible of the proper relative angle of hands, body and club.

Remember the instructions, that though the shoulders should work freely, the backbone is to be firm, and do not let yourself be led away by yet another insidious form of 'false encouragement' to your swing—letting yourself bend up, from the small of the back, as the club comes away from the ball. The back must remain throughout the swing at the same inclination at which you adjusted it when addressing the ball at the 'waggle.' If you let it unhinge itself at the small of the back, or if you let it rise up from the hips—in either case alike you throw all your measuring arrangements out of gear, and a 'top' or 'sclaff' will be the almost certain result. Though it has been insisted that the muscles must be flexible, it is no less true that they must not be uncontrolled—they must be supple but not loose. Your body, your arms—all the members of your frame—ought to be in the same relative positions at the moment of striking as when you addressed yourself to the ball. This is the secret of accuracy—of bringing the club back into the position in which you laid its head behind the ball; and this can best—we had almost said only—be accomplished by keeping under firm control all parts of the body whose free movement is not essential to speed of swing. This is the great secret. These are big words to use, but they are not too big—for they are truth, and truth is great. Possibly the most general sin that cultured golfing flesh is heir to is a tendency to 'fall over' the ball as the club comes down to it. This is the result of inadequate control over the too freely working muscles, so that, in the player's exclusive attention to the speed.
not now contrasting St. Andrews with any particular links, but rather with the ideal links, to show in what details it falls short of absolute perfection and of its own approach to that perfection in the days before it was so much played over. On the other hand, it is not so greatly to be regretted, as many think, that the bad and cuppy lies along the course are numerous, for these tend to bring up the standard of golf by teaching golfers to force the ball away out of these lies.

There is also no links which so well teaches every kind of approach shot. Approaching with the putter and approaching with a lofting stroke from the iron are necessary at every links, but there is no links which so often calls into play the power of running the ball up with the iron. The reason of this is that many of the putting-greens are on a plateau with a steep grassy bank. Before this bank is reached the ground is generally too rough to admit of the use of the putter, and the ground of the putting-green being hard, it is often impossible to stop a pitched-up ball so dead that it will not run over the other side of the green. Then the running iron shot comes into play—the ball is skimmed over the rough ground, and sent running up the steep face on to the green. Bob Martin plays this stroke with great perfection with his cleek, but most prefer to use the iron.

Certainly the chief drawback to golf at St. Andrews is one which no true golfer can genuinely regret—namely, that there is too much of it. Not only do the links get congested from the number of matches, but the first few holes are complicated by shoals of schoolboys, all with cleeks and time-worn golf balls, all embryo medal winners, so that, at times, driving from the first tee is scarcely less dangerous to life and limb than driving through Threadneedle Street. Nevertheless, no golfer can deem himself fairly worthy of the name until he has paid at least one visit to St. Andrews. At that great head-quarters he will imbibe all that is best in the spirit of the game; will see it there, in a degree which no other place can match, the pastime which is dear to the hearts of the people.
tee to again send our ball on its return journey soaring over the Himalayas. A full shot this time—no cleeks or half-measures, for beyond, at the far foot of the sand mountains, we remember that there runs that deep rushing burn. So we send our caddies forward—to the mountain top—and if we have struck a good long ball they will shout back the joyful news of 'over!' and with a full iron shot we may reach home to the hole. And then we travel back betwixt bents and burn, back to the hole just over the wall—and on to the old ground again.

And, we may ask, are not these flatter holes, which we have said to be of somewhat doubtful interest, on the far side of the Himalayas, almost a truer test of golf than those which lie in the dells of the sandhills? For, after all, the greater part of the fascination in these holes is in the uncertainty. We hurry up, all eagerness, to see which of the two similarly played shots—say to the seventeenth hole, for instance, which, more than any other, is typical of the old class of Prestwick holes—will have rolled down nearer to the hole. There is excitement and there is fascination in this—in the very uncertainty of it; but though uncertainty is the salt of golf, such a degree of uncertainty as this is not conducive to bringing to a fine test relative golfing merit. Nevertheless whatever we may say with respect to the comparison between the eighteen-hole Prestwick of to-day with the twelve-hole Prestwick of days gone by, it is certain that Prestwick need not fear the result of comparison with any links now extant. The putting-greens are mostly very good, and the lies through the green very fair. The course is full of incident and variety, and the scenery, with Arran, Ailsa Craig, the Heads of Ayr, and all the famed beauties of the estuary of the Clyde in the distance, is unsurpassable. Finally, it has the great advantage of being the property of the club, whose members and their friends have the exclusive right of playing upon it. The greater number of links both in Scotland and England are common ground where the populace have an equal right with the devotees of golf.

Only about half a mile from the end hole at Prestwick is the end hole of the Troon links, which have come into prominence chiefly by the liberal encouragement given by the Troon Club to professional golf competitions.

St. Andrews, Musselburgh, and Prestwick take it in annual succession to be the arena for the contest for the professional championship. The amateur championship is a far more recent institution, and has been played, so far, at St. Andrews, Prestwick, and at one English links, viz. Hoylake. It is on the Hoylake links that the members of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club pursue the royal and ancient game, and they are the scene of much good golf. For, in addition to the purely local talent, which is represented principally by the prowess of Mr. John Ball, Junior, Hoylake, close to Liverpool, though on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, is excellently situated as a halfway house for the meeting ground of Scottish golfers who venture so far southward, and of English golfers and the many Scotsmen whose head-quarters are in London.

And the links of Hoylake are associated, in the mind of every golfer who has played upon them, with the most perfect putting-greens in all the world. Though in summer of a glassy keenness, they are so beautifully true that more long puts, well judged in point of strength and direction, are held at Hoylake than on any other links. The features of Hoylake links are these putting-greens, the hedges which bound the course, and the little cops, or low banks, just over which two of the holes are placed. Playing to the first hole at Hoylake the great point of difficulty is to pitch, either with your second drive or with a short iron shot as your third stroke, over a sandy ditch, and not to run over the putting-green on the far side. Thence onward, you are mainly occupied with trying to keep out of fields which, with their hedges, bound the course on one or both sides; the other side, in the former case, being defended by sandy ground much honeycombed with rabbit-holes. Nine holes, thus accomplished, bring you within a short shot of the first house of the watering-place of West Kirby, and thence you return, betwixt the fields and the rabbit-holes, to
the home hole in front of the hotel and club-house at Hoylake.

This general description has not been without a suggestion that it is very essential, for the successful negotiation of the Hoylake course, that you should drive straight. And this, in point of fact, is the main requisite for a good score at Hoylake. It matters less that you should drive far than that you should not meander off the course, for this will almost inevitably land you in serious trouble. You may even, at most holes, top your ball from the tee with perfect impunity, except, of course, for the loss of distance. And this is likewise noticeably the case at St. Andrews. Although distance is there so all-important, still a topped ball in most instances fails to meet with its deserved measure of punishment. Herein these courses show a marked contrast to the links of Prestwick and North Berwick, and to the English links which we shall shortly mention, of Westward Ho, Sandwich, and, in most cases, Wimbledon. And here, too, we see the reason of a great divergence in opinion with regard to the relative difficulty of the species of links thus compared. For we often hear it said, by unskilful players, that the St. Andrews course is infinitely easier than many a course—say, for example, Westward Ho—for which the lowest score on record is considerably lower than the lowest on record at St. Andrews. And the reason for this is, that at Westward Ho, which we are taking as an illustration, many a topped ball meets with dreadful punishment which, at St. Andrews, would go unscathed. But the good player, who rarely tops his ball, knows that by reason of the comparative shortness of the Westward Ho course (we are speaking of it rather as it was before its recent alterations) it is possible to hole it in an appreciably less number of strokes than the lengthy though less hazardous course of St. Andrews.

Also near Liverpool, upon the Lancashire side, are the links of Blundellsands, whose fame is quite eclipsed by that of their Cheshire rival.

Hoylake we have indicated to be somewhat similar, in respect of its comparative flatness, to St. Andrews and to Musselburgh; but when we go South in England, to the links of the Royal North Devon Golf Club, at Westward Ho, we find a course which recalls the broken, and, in parts, mountainous nature of Prestwick, Carnoustie, and North Berwick. True, we do now but play over the lower lying spurs of that great ridge of sandhills known as the 'Alps,' over whose summits we used to drive in days long past. Yet the Westward Ho course is probably better golf to-day, in consequence of recent changes, than it ever was. The first three holes occupying some ground in old days unutilised, have enabled the course to be elongated, and stretched, and straightened out of its somewhat too complicated, criss-cross mazes. The new holes, though flattish, are fine golf, and the fourth hole brings us into the country of great sand bunkers, with precipitous bluff sandy faces, and of the strong sharp rushes, which have been the features from of old of the Westward Ho course—a course very full of hazard and of incident, where the most condign punishment visits the ball which is not perfectly played, both in point of distance and direction. This we may say is to-day the main characteristic of Westward Ho—that whereas on most links it is sufficient to keep straight (there being a certain course up the whole length of which it is safe to play), at Westward Ho, on the contrary, it is generally necessary to pick out a certain spot—not merely a certain line—to which to drive the ball. And, the ball once driven there, what a blessed reward is ours! For the lies throughout the green at Westward Ho are better than those at any links in England or Scotland. On the other hand, it is but just to say, having ventured upon a comparison, that there is a weakness about Westward Ho in that the outlines of the bunkers are not sufficiently defined. Though precipitous on certain sides, these bunkers have usually as many wide mouths, belching forth wind-swept sand upon the green, as there are points to the compass. Hence, a ball which has fairly carried the bunker itself will often be found in an even worse lie, in this blown sand, than the ball that has been
bumbled into the heart of the bunker. Nevertheless, as a general rule, the ball that has been well struck from the tee will be rewarded with a very perfect lie, while that which has been topped will suffer a cruel fate. There is at almost every hole a carry from the tee—and the finish to the home hole, just over the burn and in front of the Club House, is probably the prettiest in all golf. Moreover, the alteration in the course which has brought the home hole across the burn has brought the commencement of the links and the Club House itself within half a mile or less of the lodging-houses at Westward Ho—a vast improvement over the old tedious walk, or jolty drive of a mile or more, alongside the famous Pebble Ridge.

It was at Westward Ho that golf took its fresh start in England, after dragging on for years and years a somewhat precarious existence under the auspices of the antique club at Blackheath. Indeed its success, in the struggling days of its infancy, was not a little due to the support it received from members of the Blackheath Club, under the leadership of their moving spirit, the late Mr. George Glennie, sometime captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews.

The new life of English golf thus started at Westward Ho received its next development at Hoylake, which was followed by golf over Wimbledon Common under the auspices, originally, of the London Scottish Volunteers. Hence arose the London Scottish Golf Club, which so grew and prospered, with the support of the many Scotchmen in London, that its needs developed a demand for free action which it found in the secession of a large body of its members from the original society to form another club called the Royal Wimbledon at the other end of the common. The two now carry on a mutual struggle for existence, though the new club has taken decidedly premier position.

Wimbledon Common, familiar to very many as the scene of the annual rifle shooting competition (for which a new site is now in requisition), is of a wonderfully wild aspect when it is considered how near it is to the metropolis. In places the
CHAPTER XIV

SOME CELEBRATED GOLFERS

By H. S. C. Everard

The history of golf shows that the game has been played for at least four hundred years; but even if any records survived of doughty champions of the middle ages—and, so far as the writer knows, they do not—their performances would probably be regarded with less interest than those of latter-day players, who are known either personally or by reputation to the present generation; to these, therefore, we may confine our attention. It may be convenient to divide our celebrities into the two classes, Professionals and Amateurs, dealing with them in the order named. In looking back, then, some sixty years or so, the foremost figure that strikes the eye is undoubtedly the celebrated Allan Robertson: not that there were no fine players before his day—far from it, but probably it may be said, without prejudice to their memory, that none of them were so successful as he was in purely scientific execution; indeed, there are not wanting some who declare that in this respect he stands alone even up to the present day, holding as unique a position in the annals of golf as does Roberts in those of billiards, and that, could he rise up now in the pride of his strength, he would still be the superior of any living player. Whilst rendering every justice to Allan, however, it may be remarked that those who claim for him this pre-eminent position are usually found to have a tendency, in comparing his skill with that of other noted players, to say, 'Oh, if the links were as difficult now as they were then, no one would come near him,' thus leaving rather unexpressed their opinion as to what the result might be if, given the links not only of St. Andrews, but in other places in their now existing state, Allan redivivus were pitted against other redoubtable cracks. That he was in advance of his age there can be no manner of question, as was young Tom some years later, and the marvellously accurate play of the former enabled him to do wonderful performances at a time when the St. Andrews green was very much more difficult than at present, when it was more beset with heart-breaking whins, thick bents, and other visible and only too tangible signs of the 'abomination of desolation,' which would have entrapped the occasional loose shot of the very long driver, and then woe betide him! Lucky for him if he lost his ball outright, for the punishment would probably be less; the first loss the lighter if he submitted to the lost ball penalty, instead of belabouring the whins, unyielding as fate, in the bootless endeavour to return to the narrow course.

Whilst Allan was undoubtedly a most formidable player, he does not seem to incur any danger of having his merits underestimated by his admirers; rather indeed the contrary; and he is sometimes spoken of as never having been beaten. This, however, is not, strictly speaking, the fact. Comparisons are proverbially odious, but in connexion with the subject of Allan's play may be mentioned a remark made to the writer by Tom Morris. 'I could cope wi' Allan myself,' he said, 'but never wi' Tommy' (alluding to his own son), thus showing, at any rate, his opinion of their relative merits. But perhaps the
natural feelings of parental pride may in some degree discount the value of the now aged progenitor's opinion. That the 'Veteran,' however, has good grounds for his assertion that he 'could cope wi' Allan' is evidenced by the fact that he actually did play him, and beat him too, and that on two occasions. The first of these was for a small sum of money presented by Mr. William Hamilton, of Cairnhill, Ayrshire. The match was one round of the green, and Tom was victorious by three and two to play. On a second occasion they played for a red coat presented by Mr. Wolfe Murray of Cringletie, Peeblesshire, and here again Tom emerged a triumphant winner of the dyed garment, which, it is understood, is preserved as a memento of the occasion even to the present day. The two never met in a really big match. On one occasion it was intimated to Allan that Tom was prepared to play him for 100/ a side, but the former, for whatever reason, made no response.

All are agreed that Allan's style of play was an easy and graceful one; he played with long and light clubs, of each and every one of which he was the most thorough master. Time after time could he be trusted to land a full play-club or spoon shot as close to the hole as he would have done had he pitched it with an iron thirty or forty yards. If a hole was distant two full drives and an iron, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him in what order he played the shots. He could play the hole just as well if he took his iron for either first, second, or third shot. Nay more, such control had he over his clubs, that he would sometimes pretend to be putting an extra little bit of power into a shot, whilst in reality he was sparing it, so that it would land just short of a distant hazard, leading his enemy to suppose that, if he (Allan) could not reach it, no one else could; then, acting on his mistaken assumption, he would very likely land himself with a well-hit ball, flop in the bottom of the bunker he thought he could not reach. These and such-like wiles are recorded of Allan; and it is said that he could and did intentionally heel balls, or pull them, with the object of getting at a hole round a hazard, which to carry would have been inconvenient. As an instance of his playing with his head, it may be mentioned that it was frequently his practice to play from the incoming sixth to the fifth hole at St. Andrews with three short spoon shots, thus avoiding every difficulty, and making a sure five of the hole. But, as compared with the best modern play, it is difficult to see where the advantage of these tactics comes in; for long drivers now frequently carry the whole lot of bunkers which can catch a tee shot, and get easily home in two, thus saving a stroke; whilst if they fail to get over they are in no worse plight, for they can generally get out, and then home at the third shot. To Allan was due in a great measure the introduction of irons and cleeks for the approach to the hole, these shots having been previously played with baffy spoons. This new departure was not perhaps to be regarded as an unmixed benefit, for it naturally led to his having hosts of imitators of varying degrees of ineptitude, and their well-meant but ill-regulated efforts wrought in the aggregate much ruin on the hitherto virgin sward, and the resultant bad lies sorely taxed the patience of their successors.

Allan's most brilliant performance was the holing of St. Andrews links in 79. It is thus noticed in a local paper:

A noticeable event in the annals of golfing occurred on the 15th inst. (September 1858), when Allan, the champion, in a round with Mr. Bethune of Blebo, holed the links at 79, which has never been done before, and will not likely be soon done again. We subjoin the holes and strokes for the information of our readers:

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In all 40 going out; coming in, 1 = 4; 2 = 3; 3 = 5; 4 = 6; 5 = 4; 6 = 5; 7 = 5; 8 = 4; 9 = 3; in all 39. In a round immediately previous, with the same opponent, Allan holed at 87, which is likewise beautiful play.

Perhaps among the most important of his matches may be mentioned one of twenty rounds, or 360 holes, against Willie Dunn of Musselburgh, which he played in 1843, being then twenty-eight years old. This he won by two rounds and one to play. (In 1849) a match for 400/ was played between
Allan and Tom Morris against the brothers Dunn of Musselburgh, over the last-named green, St. Andrews and North Berwick. Over their own green the brothers made a terrible example of the St. Andrews couple, winning by 13 and 12 to play; the latter, however, by a narrow majority, reversed the result at St. Andrews, leaving the final battle to be fought at North Berwick—for matches then were not decided as at present by the aggregate number of holes, and it was in consequence of this match that the then existing system was abandoned. It would be difficult to find in the whole annals of golf a more perfect illustration of the advantages of pluck and perseverance. The winners, as they unexpectedly turned out to be, halved the first round at North Berwick, lost the second by four, and halved the third; at the fourth hole of the last round were still further astern, being no less than five down, and their position became worse when four down and eight to play was announced. Odds of twenty to one were freely laid on the Dunns; but here began a most extraordinary run of surprises, for Allan and Tom won the first hole, then the second, halved the third, won the fourth, halved the fifth, and won the sixth, all square and two to play. Amid breathless excitement, Tom played a fine tee shot, which, however, was not well followed up by his partner; the brothers, however, by pulling their second shot off the course, landed under a large boulder, and thus lost the hole; so Tom and his partner, retaining their advantage, pulled this remarkable match out of the fire, and landed the 400l., to say nothing of the twenty to one odds which had been laid when their condition appeared hopeless.

In 1852, at North Berwick, Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Hay announced to Mr. James Blackwood, brother of the well-known editor, that he was prepared to take Willie Dunn, and play any two St. Andrews professionals, conditionally on the backers of the latter conceding the odds of two to one in the betting. Mr. Blackwood came to Tom Morris, and asked him if he would be willing to play, and, if so, whom he would select as his partner. Tom cheerfully agreed to do his
share; but, as to Allan, it happened just then that he was rather off his game, or at any rate he himself thought he was, and many were of opinion that Tom would do better to take one Bob Anderson, who, though not so well known to fame as the two invincibles, was in reality just about as good as either of them, being a much longer driver, without a weak point in his game. Tom, however, determined not to desert his old ally, and his confidence, as the event proved, was not misplaced. The match was arranged for thirty-six holes over St. Andrews, the backers of the professionals laying 100/ to 50/.

During the first round fortune was anything but favourable to the supporters of the honour of the home green, as they were no less than four down and five to play on the first round; but, as in their match against the Dunns, this acted only as an incentive to renewed exertions, and so successful were they in their efforts, that in the second round they not only made up their leeway, but by the time they had arrived at the fifth hole from home had actually won the match by six and five to play. In justice to the amateur, it should be stated that the loss of the match was in no degree attributable to him.

Another match may be mentioned which was regarded, so to speak, as a standing dish at Prestwick and St. Andrews. Allan and Sir Thomas Moncrieffe at every meeting used to tackle Captain Fairlie and Tom Morris. The two amateurs were as evenly matched as it was possible to be, and though the tussle used to be continued three and four days on end, neither party could claim the slightest advantage over the other.

In 1859 Allan developed an attack of jaundice, from which he never recovered, and in September of that year passed away, regretted by all who knew him. Apart from his excellent play, he is described as a charming partner and an equally generous opponent; no amount of 'cross accidents' could disturb his equable temper, and when steering an indifferent partner with consummate skill through the varying fortunes of the game, no irritable word or gesture was ever known to escape him, how-
ever valueless, not to say destructive, the endeavour of his
protégé happened to be.

We have taken Allan Robertson as an outstanding figure,
a convenient point of departure; but before he attained to his
dominating position, allusion may be made to Tom Alexander,
a ball-maker at Musselburgh, Tom Geddes, from the same place,
and the brothers Tom Pirie and Alexander Pirie at St. An-
drews. The two latter were weavers by trade. In those days—
about 1820—and for some years later, professionalism in golf
was not nearly so well defined as it has since become, owing
partly to the more restricted means of intercommunication,
greater paucity of links, and other causes.

The good old custom then obtained that every caddie was
brought up to a trade independently of golf, and the two
principal of those then in vogue were weaving and shoemaking.
Thus, those with special aptitude for play passed their morn-
ings in the town at work, and came down to the links about
ten or eleven o'clock; if they were engaged to play or carry
clubs, then so much the better for them: they had some four
or five hours’ pleasant recreation, for which they were well paid,
and subsequently returned to their work.

The two Piries were fine players, but never engaged in any big
matches, being chiefly taken out by amateurs in ordinary four-
some play. Tom Alexander, however, played a match with Allan
Robertson at St. Andrews; but the latter proved too formidable
for him, and won by four holes from the Musselburgh man.

Bob Anderson has been referred to above. He on one oc-
casion, with Tom Morris as his partner, played against Allan
Robertson and Willie Dunn for a considerable sum in an
eighteen-hole match at St. Andrews. He was, as has been re-
marked, an exceedingly long driver; being in this respect very
evenly matched with Dunn; so his partner, arguing that their
chances of success might be seriously jeopardised by Bob’s
continued endeavours to outshine his brilliant rival, with con-
siderable generalship induced him to strike against Allan, whom
he could easily distance; the success of these tactics was ap-
parent, as they won the match, after very good play by one
hole. Subsequently he gave up golf, and worked at the mason’s
trade, but died at a comparatively early age of consumption.

As will have been already seen in our account of their
matches against Allan Robertson and Tom Morris, the brothers
William and James Dunn were in the first rank of players, and
on their native green of Musselburgh were well-nigh invincible.
They were twins, club and ball makers by trade, and remained
a long time at home, but subsequently removed to Blackheath.
Willie Dunn in particular was distinguished for a beautiful, easy
style, standing straight up to his ball, and was, as we have re-
marked above, an exceedingly long driver. In support of this
statement, it may be said that he once played a shot from the
medal tee on the Hole of Cross Green at St. Andrews, coming
in to the fourth hole, and the ball was found in the little
crescent-shaped bunker at the end of the Elysian Fields; this
hazard in commemoration of the shot was christened ‘Dunny,’
a name which it retains to this day. The distance, as mea-
sured on the map, is 250 yards, and although by no means
standing as a record for length (indeed the writer has frequently
seen longer shots driven), yet it will probably be admitted that
anyone who could make such a shot (and in this instance the
circumstances of wind and condition of ground were not ex-
ceptionally favourable) must be credited with driving powers
above the average. After he had been at Blackheath some
years, a match was arranged between him and Willie Park, to
be played at Prestwick. Dunn was tutored by Tom Morris,
who put him through his facings every day for a week; he, how-
ever, was then past his best, and never won a single round
against his mentor during the whole time. The result of the
coming encounter was thus clearly foreshadowed, and in the
end he was severely beaten.

James Dunn was also a very fine player, though not so long
a driver by ten or fifteen yards as his brother; consequently it
fell to the latter to uphold the family honour in single matches
of importance, whilst the former took his share in foursome
play, and could be relied upon as a steady, trustworthy colleague. He died unmarried; but his brother was married and left a family, one of whom is the popular and highly efficient Tom Dunn, the well-known custodian of North Berwick, formerly green-keeper at Wimbledon. He and his brother Willie maintain the family honour, both being fine players.

As cricket runs in families, so does golf in perhaps an even greater degree; and to mention the name of Park is to call up a host of brilliant reminiscences, records of championships won by one or other of the representatives of that name, and generally such deeds of derring-do as every golfer would fain aspire to. The first of the family who made himself famous was Willie Park, sen., who is still alive; but, though by no means a very old man, he has altogether given up play. A Musselburgh caddie, he first began to make a name for himself somewhere about 1853, and, so strong a player had he then become, that money in abundance was forthcoming to back him against Allan Robertson; but the latter could not be induced to play the match. However, though he declined, a foeman was found for him worthy of his steel in the person of Tom Morris, who took up the gauntlet nothing loth. But the backers of Park knew pretty well what they were about, and the result of the first match, and indeed of a second also, was the infliction of such a decisive and thorough drubbing on the acceptor of the challenge, that, in the remembrance of it, surgit amari aliquid even to this day.

These matches brought Park more prominently into notice than ever, and he was now the rising, or rather quite the risen, sun. But unbroken success at golf is seldom or never attained, and a partial obnubilation of his rays was in store for him; for, nothing daunted by his previous unpleasant experiences of this Tartar, Tom, with commendable assurance, issued a challenge in his turn, this time completely turning the tables on his rival and emerging a triumphant victor. These matches were the precursors of others, and, the ball having been literally and metaphorically set rolling, a number of matches were played between the two, at least six of which were for 100/ a side; the net result of the whole was that honours were about evenly divided, at least neither gained a decided advantage. In one of their big matches—the fifth of the series—the finish was at Musselburgh, and the situation had become eminently interesting, as the match was all square, and but few remaining holes to play. The crowd, anxious for their favourite, the local man, to win, transgressed all rules of fair play, and repeatedly injured the position of Tom Morris's ball, to such an extent that the latter declined to continue the match, and, on appeal, the referee stopped the play, and directed that stakes should be drawn. About this period these two players may be regarded as the most successful exponents of the game; not but what others might be named, and several of them, who ran them pretty close—Willie Dow, for instance, of Musselburgh, and Bob Andrew of Perth, known usually under the sobriquet of 'the Rook,' a player celebrated for his exceedingly pretty style; still, take it altogether, the chief interest in big events centred round Willie Park and his rival. In 1860 the first competition for the champion belt was inaugurated. Thirty-six holes over Prestwick were played, and the issue decided by strokes. Here again Park was successful, and carried off first honours with a score of 174, being, however, only one stroke in front of Tom Morris. On two subsequent occasions he repeated his triumph, in 1863 and 1866, with scores of 168 and 169 respectively; whilst in October 1861 he ran second, his failure to win on this occasion also being attributable, in the words of the 'Ayrshire Express,' to 'a daring attempt to cross the Alps in two, which brought his ball into one of the worst hazards of the green, and cost him three strokes; by no means the first occasion on which he has been seriously punished for similar avarice and temerity.' This hole was then the second in the old twelve-hole round; since the enlargement of the course it is now the seventeenth. In 1864 he again came to the front in three rounds of the North Inch at Perth; this time his 168 was bracketed equal with Tom Morris; the latter, however,
was victorious in the two rounds played to decide the tie, and scored 110 as against 124 by Park. In 1875 we find him again to the front with a score of 166 at Prestwick, where he carried off the championship, this being the fourth occasion on which he had done so. Enough has perhaps been said to make it clear that this grand player was one of those who 'make history' in the golfing world. His style (though upon this point differences of opinion appear almost always to exist) was generally held to be most graceful; his swing was easy, with a pause at the end of it, and his balls travelled well; but perhaps, if any point of his game is to be particularised, it should be his putting. There he was deadly; fully conscious of his power to hole out almost every putt within a radius of six or seven feet from the hole, he played his approach puts, not merely to lay them dead, but to hole them outright, and so straight was he on the line, and so invariably was he up the length of the hole, that the percentage of long ones he got in was extraordinary; once arrived on the green, his opponent might prepare himself for the worst. This accuracy with his putter he retained to the last, and when his driving had become latterly enfeebled and short, and he lacked the necessary staying power, yet even then he was a player by no means to be despised. His last public appearance was in the championship at Musselburgh in 1886, when, though a mere shadow of his former self, he managed to play one very good round out of the four.

David Park, brother of Willie, was a very fine player, and in foursome play the two together, as in the case of the Dunn brothers, were a most formidable couple, especially, of course, over their own Musselburgh green; his iron approaches were particularly good. He ran very well up in many competitions, but never managed to pull off championship honours, nor was his name so prominently before the public in single encounters of importance. Of much shorter stature than Willie, he yet drove a long ball, the length of his arms in proportion to his body probably assisting him materially in this respect.

A third brother, Mungo Park, was successful in winning the championship at Musselburgh in 1874, with a score of 159. Owing perhaps to his having spent several years of his life at sea, he had not previously to this been much known as a golfer; but on this occasion he certainly upheld the family honours, and made his mark in the golfing world. He, like his brother Willie, was most dexterous in the use of the putter, long shots with which unpretentious club he would run up to the hole in the style so successfully adopted by the Musselburgh School of Instruction, a method of play which, when accurately controlled, produces, as on this occasion, valuable results. This victory in 1874 was all the more creditable, not to say unexpected, when we reflect upon the fact that among the defeated candidates was young Tommy Morris, then at the very zenith of his brilliant career. Subsequently to this, Mungo became professional and green-keeper to the Alnmouth Club—a position he still occupies. Of late years he has not been much seen in public.

The abundant honours reaped by the family are in no immediate danger of being forgotten; on the contrary, there appears to be every prospect of a considerable accretion to the pile; for the exploits of Willie Park, sen., are likely to be reproduced, if not excelled, by his son, who is already entitled to write 'ex-champion' after his name. Born at Musselburgh in 1864, and brought up in all the traditions of the game, he early evinced an aptitude for it which gave promise of great things to come in the future. At the age of sixteen he was engaged as green keeper and professional by the Ryton Golf Club, where he stayed four years, at the end of which time he returned to his native town and started in business as a club and ball maker. His first public performance of note was a success at Alnmouth at the age of seventeen, when he carried off first honours in a field representative of the best modern talent. The year 1886 saw him again to the front at Troon, a charming green adjacent to Prestwick, just then beginning to be known. Here again all the leading talent of the day was
sometimes astonishingly happy results; and, truth to tell, he, as he is known to us now, lends himself somewhat readily to artistic effort—his characteristic attitudes, his hands always in his pockets, except when engaged in the congenial occupation of grasping a club or filling afresh a pipe (which, by the same token, is oddly enough always a bran-new clay for choice), his grey beard, all these and sundry other points go to form an individuality as striking as it is unique. The writer recently came across a remark which he noticed with some attention; it was that in writing, for any good results to be produced, the mind must be red hot behind the pen. As to the results here produced, the readers of this chapter will of course be judges; but there is one particular as to which the writer's mind is as red hot in its conviction as the most ardent scribe could desire: this point is, that never could there be met with a more perfect specimen of what is called 'Nature's gentleman' than old Tom. Nobility of character is writ on his handsome sunburnt face in letters clear as day, and withal there is an admixture of naive unsophisticated simplicity which is charming to the last degree. An illustration of what is intended to be conveyed may be given in the following anecdote. Many years ago, at the High hole at St. Andrews, Tom was working away in difficulties to the extent of three more or thereabouts, and still a very long way from the hole. Captain Broughton happening to pass by, remarked, "Oh, pick up your ball, Tom, it's no use." 'Na, na,' said he, 'I might hole it.' 'If you do I'll give you 50l.' 'Done,' said Tom, and had another whack, and by some million to one chance the ball actually did go into the hole. 'That will make a nice nest-egg for me to put in the bank,' he remarked, and, further to give the ipsissima verba, 'the Captain he pit on a gey sarous (serious) face, nae doot o' that, and passed on.' Within a few days the Captain honourably appeared with the 50l., of which, however, Tom resolutely refused to touch one farthing, remarking that the whole thing was a joke, and 'he wisna raly meaning it.' From all parts of the country communications reach him on recondite legal questions connected with the game; as an arbiter his authority is acknowledged beyond dispute, in virtue of his vast stores of knowledge, of tradition, of golfing lore, of his years, and consequent wisdom. A veritable Nestor he; gifted, moreover, he is with the faculty of harmonising the most hopelessly discordant elements. Is there a pull devil, pull baker sort of squabble on the teeing ground as to who should start first, about fifty balls teed in a row, and their respective owners all swearing at one another, down comes Tom, oil-bag in hand, lets out a few drops, and the raging waves acknowledge the soothing influence and subside at once into the ripple of a summer sea. But space forbids a longer expatiation on his merits; he is a man of whom it is impossible to conceive that he could ever have had an enemy in the world. Most sincere, though unobtrusive, in his religious convictions, no amount of persuasion was ever known to be successful in tempting him to play golf on a Fast Day; so long as these existed, 'he had never dune it a' his life, and wisna gaun to begin noo,' was the formula with which he usually confronted the would-be charmer, and all honour to him for acting up to his belief. Turn we now to his golfing capabilities. As to that, there is no doubt he was, when in his prime—we may add is still—a very fine player, though perhaps there has been a tendency in some quarters to withhold from him that recognition of his merit which is undoubtedly his due, and to make use of such phrases as 'respectable mediocrity' when referring to him; and indeed, as a recent writer has well remarked, one really is perhaps apt to forget how good a player he was, owing to the fact of his fame in a great measure being overshadowed by that of his son, young Tom, with whom he freely admits he never could cope. Then, too, the standard of play has reached a height never approached in Tom's younger days: so many men, professionals and amateurs alike, are so very good, that his best performances are equalled and excelled every day; this, too, tends to the belittling of his deeds of fame. But it is to be borne in mind that four championships have fallen to Tom's share—viz. in 1861, 1862, 1864, and 1867,
scores of 163, 163, 160, and 170 respectively over Prestwick, and that he was at least the equal of any man living for a great number of years. True it is that but for one peculiarity he would have been better still: one weakish place there was in his armour, and not a golfer but will know to what we refer. Those short puts ! Put him twelve feet from the hole, and not a better holer out could be named; but with eighteen inches or two feet as the measure to be negotiated—but it were kinder to allow the figure of aposiopesis to come to the rescue. Candour, however, compels the admission that of late years he has evinced an enormous improvement in this latter respect. In his own words, 'I never miss they noo,' but it is improbable that he will ever live down his shady reputation regarding them; and if he were to hole five thousand consecutively, but miss the five thousand and first, it is a moral certainty that the taunts of the tonguesters would be levelled at him as of yore. One day, many years ago, he had a most successful encounter with a putt of some six or seven inches, not with his putter, which he habitually used, but with his iron, and for many a long day afterwards, being convinced he was now at last happy in the possession of the magic secret, he toiled on valiantly with this weapon, with varying, but on the whole tolerable, success. His one theory is (and few golfers will be prepared to question it), that whatever the club used, 'the ball be hit'; but the trouble is, or rather was, with him, that he couldn't hit it. 'Gin the hole was aye a yaird nearer till him, my fawther wad be a gude putter,' young Tom used to say of him with a touch of unfilial satire; and Mr. Wolfe Murray once went so far as to address a letter to 'The Misser of Short Putts, Prestwick,' which missive the postman took straight to the champion. A running shot up to the hole with his iron is a part of the game at which he excels; but the most remarkable thing about him is his retention of first-class all-round capabilities for long years after passing sixty. Before reaching that age, however, a spell of the most utter bad play, lasting four or five years, took possession of him: and this was the more provoking, inasmuch as it occurred when his son Tommy was at the very zenith of his powers, and father and son were in the habit of playing other professionals. Never but on one occasion at North Berwick was old Tom much better than a drag upon his son, and it is the literal truth to say that at that time he did not play a game within a third to half one of his subsequent usual form from sixty years old till now. After passing that age he took a new lease of play, and won two professional competitions—one at Wemyss, the other at Hoylake; and on his sixty-fourth birthday, June 17, 1885, he accomplished the remarkable feat of holing St. Andrews Links in the grand score of 81, whilst playing with Mr. Charles Hutchings, his figures being, out 55554434; home, 44455554. It will be observed that not a figure above a five occurs, and what is the more extraordinary, he had until that day never succeeded in going round without a six somewhere in his score. His driving is to the full as long as it ever was in his life, and when he gets what he calls 'one of ma very best,' the longest drivers of the present day would have their work cut out to gain any very material advantage over him. For this wonderful game he is able to play when close upon seventy years old, he has no doubt to thank the strictly temperate life he has always led; and it would be well indeed if some of the younger generation of professionals had the strength of mind to follow his example in this respect. Space forbids any copious account of the many interesting matches he has played during his long career; his tussles with Park are the chief ones to be noticed, but he has encountered at one time or another almost every golfer of note. In a match with Willie Dunn in May 1851, the latter being dormy one, the finish is thus described: 'The last hole was in a very peculiar place at the top of a hill, and Tom's ball rolled first down the east side, and the next putt sent it over again on the west. Seeing that he could not halve the match, Tom gave his ball a kick in disgust, while Dunn took a snuff, and smiled satisfactorily, having the credit of taking the match by two holes.' An interesting match was
played in 1857 over St. Andrews by Tom against Captain Maitland-Dougall, the former holing in 82, 39 out, 43 home, the lowest the links had then been done in. Captain Maitland-Dougall was only three strokes behind. In 1865 a most successful partnership was established between Tom and Bob Kirk, who tackled and vanquished all the best players of the day, including Willie and David Park, whom they beat by two, with a score of 86 at St. Andrews; W. Park and Andrew Strath at Prestwick, and on the same green Willie Park and Dow, by four holes. Then again he and Andrew Strath challenged any two for 100, but nobody had the courage to respond. One fact in his latter-day experience he is much impressed with, and that is his first battle with Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson. He played that gentleman at St. Andrews and got round in 82, but could only secure half of the match, whilst in a subsequent round, with a score of 83, he was defeated.

Finally, we may regard Tom Morris as a golfing celebrity of the first water; without the slightest reflection on his professional brethren, we may point to him as a model of what a professional ought to be—respectful and courteous he is to all alike, as much at ease in the presence of Royalty when piloting a Prince of the Blood round the links as when playing a match with his own particular cronies. Nor has his popularity amongst every class ever caused him to outstep in the very slightest degree the limits of that position to which he has been called, and to which he is such a distinguished ornament.

Of the incomparable Young Tom, the veteran's eldest son, it is difficult to write without a keen feeling of regret at the early close of his brilliant and all too brief career. As applied to his golfing life, the motto capite et supereminet omnes had been a not inappropriate one in a metaphorical sense, and on his coat of arms the familiar heraldic device of balls and crossed clubs. A golfer is not made any more than Rome was built in a day, but it is probable that Tommy attained a rare pitch of excellence at as early an age as any golfer on record. On reaching sixteen he had already become a factor to be reckoned with, one certain to make his mark in any competition he engaged in. Born in 1851, the first we hear of him outside the family circle was in a match at Perth, in April 1864, when a sum of about five pounds was subscribed by some gentlemen there, during a tournament, to be played for by him and a boy of the same age named Greig. It may be of interest to quote a contemporary report of it:--

Perhaps the most interesting match of the day was between Master Morris, son of the redoubtable 'Tom,' and Master William Greig, of, as it seems, Perth juvenile golfing celebrity. They are really wonderful players, for their years, both of them. We had no idea that very-young-Perth could produce so proficient a golfer as Master Greig. He played with astonishing neatness and precision, but the honours of the day were in store for his competitor. Master Morris seems to have been both born and bred to golf. He has been cast in the very mould of a golfer, and plays with all the steadiness and certainty in embryo of his father. The juvenile competition was extremely interesting, and although the young Prestwicker gained the day, Perth has the very opposite of any reason to be ashamed of her youthful champion. It was very funny to see the boys followed by hundreds of deeply interested and anxious spectators.

Three years later, at the age of sixteen, came his first win of importance at Carnoustie, in September 1867. Prizes to the value of twenty pounds were competed for and sixteen couples entered; three rounds or thirty holes were played, the result of which was a triple tie between young Tommy, Bob Andrew of Perth, and Willie Park, score 140. Bob Fergusson was next, 144; and Jamie Anderson, Bob Kirk, and Willie Dow tied at 145. On the tie for first being played off, Tommy won by a stroke or two, Andrew being second. It will be admitted that it was no small triumph for a lad of sixteen to distance a field wherein such leading exponents of the game as those above mentioned were arrayed against him. His father was also playing, but did not back him for the tie, as he thought him 'ower young'; events, however, proved he might well have done so, for in the matter of nerve and determination, as was after-
FOSSILS OF THE PAST
MODERN GOLF CLUBS
exercise, while in real tennis or in rackets something approaching to equality of skill between the players would seem to be almost necessary for enjoyment. These more violent exercises, again, cannot be played with profit for more than one or two hours in the day. And while this may be too long for a man very hard worked in other ways, it is too short for a man who wishes to spend a complete holiday as much as possible in the open air.

Moreover, all these games have the demerit of being adapted principally to the season of youth. Long before middle life is reached, rowing, rackets, fielding at cricket, are a weariness to those who once excelled at them. At thirty-five, when strength and endurance may be at their maximum, the particular elasticity required for these exercises is seriously diminished. The man who has gloried in them as the most precious of his acquirements begins, so far as they are concerned, to grow old; and growing old is not commonly supposed to be so agreeable an operation in itself as to make it advisable to indulge in it more often in a single lifetime than is absolutely necessary. The golfer, on the other hand, is never old until he is decrepit. So long as Providence allows him the use of two legs active enough to carry him round the green, and of two arms supple enough to take a 'half swing,' there is no reason why his enjoyment in the game need be seriously diminished. Decay no doubt there is; long driving has gone for ever; and something less of firmness and accuracy may be noted even in the short game. But the decay has come by such slow gradations, it has delayed so long and spared so much, that it is robbed of half its bitterness.

I do not know that I can do much better than close this desultory chapter with a brief autobiography, taken down from his own lips, of perhaps the most distinguished professional of the century—a man known by name to all golfers, even to those who have never visited St. Andrews—old Tom Morris.

This transcript of a conversation held on New Year's Day, 1886, is not only interesting in itself, but contains much sound
OLD TOM TELLING HIS STORY
golfing philosophy. I give it to the reader precisely in the shape in which it has been given to me:

'A gude new year t'ye, Maister Alexander, an' mony o' them! An' it's come weel in, the year has; for it's just a braw day for a mautch. Lod, sir, it aye seems to me the years, as they rise, skelp fester the tane after t'ither; they'll sune be makin' auld men o've a'. Hoo auld am I, d'ye ask, sir? Weel I was born June 16, 1821; and ye can calc'late that for yoursel'. Aye! as ye say, sir, born and bred in St. Awndrews, an' a gowffer a' ma days. The vera first time, I think, I hae mind o' mysel' I was toddlin' aboot at the short holes, wi' a putter uneath ma bit oxter.

'I was made 'prentice to Allan as a ba'-macker at eighteen, and wrocht wi' him eliven years. We played, Allan and me the-gither, some geyan big mautches—ane in partheecer wi' the twa Dunns, Willie and Jamie, graund players baith, nane better—over fower greens. It was a' through a braw fecht atweenes—green an green—but we snoddit 'em bonnie ere the end o't. I canna ca' to mind Allan an me was iver sae sair teckled as that time; though a wheen richt gude pair o' them did their best to pit oor twa noses oot o' joint. But it was na to be dune wi' Allan an' me. An awfu' player, puir Allan! the cunningest bit body o' a player, I dae think, that iver haun'led cleek an' putter. An' a kindly body tae, as it wee' fits me to say, sir, an' wi' a walth o' slee pawky fun aboot him.

'I left Allan to keep the Green at Prestwick, and was there fourteen years. Three years efter Allan deed I cam to keep the Green here; an' here I hae been sin syne. Na! sir, I niver weary o' the gemm; an' I'm as ready noo to play any gentleman as I was in ma best days. I think I can play aboot as weel yet as I did in ma prime. No, may be, drive jist sae lang a ba'; but there's no muckle odds e'en in that yet. Jist the day I was sixty-four, I gaed roon' in a single wi' Mr. H. in 81. No that ill for the 'Auld Horse' as they ca' me—it'll tak' the best of the young ones, I reckon, to be mony shots better than that.
'An it had na been for gowff, I'm no sure that at this day, sir, I wad hae been a leevin' man. I've had ma troubles an' ma trials, like the lave; an', whiles, I thocht they wad hae clean wauved me, sae that to "lay me doun an' dee"—as the song says—lookit aboot a' that was left in life for puir Tam. It was like as if ma vera sowle was a' thegither gane oot o' me. But there's naething like a ticht gude-gowing mautch to soop yer brain clear o' that kin' o' thing; and wi' the help o' ma God an' o' gowff, I've aye gotten warsled through somehow or ither. The tae thing ta'en wi' the tither, I hae na had an ill time o't. I dinna mind that iver I had an unpleasant ward frae ony o' the many gentlemen I've played wi'. I've aye tried—as ma business was, sir—to mak masel' plesant to them; an' they've aye been awfu' plesant to me.

'An' noo, sir, to end a long and, maybe, a silly crack—bein' maistly about masel'—ye'll jist come wi' me, an' ye'll hae a glass o' gude brandy, and I'll have ma pint o' black strap, an' we'll drink a gude New Year to ane anither, an' the like to a' gude gowffers.'
Set.—A full complement of clubs.

Shaft.—The stick or handle of the club.

Slice.—To hit the ball with a draw across it, from right to left, with the result that it flies to the right.

Sole.—The flat bottom of the club-head.

Spoons.—Wooden-headed clubs of three lengths—long, middle, and short—the head is scooped so as to loft the ball.

Spring.—The degree of suppleness in the shaft.

Square.—When the game stands evenly balanced, neither side being any holes ahead.

Stance.—The position of the player's feet when addressing himself to the ball.

Steal.—To hole an unlikely 'putt' from a distance, by a stroke which sends the ball, stealthily, only just the distance of the hole.

Stroke.—The act of hitting the ball with the club, or the attempt to do so.

Stroke hole.—The hole or holes at which, in handicapping, a stroke is given.

Stymie.—When your opponent's ball lies in the line of your 'putt'—from an old Scotch word, meaning 'the faintest form of anything.' Vide 'Jamieson.'

Swing.—The sweep of the club in driving.

Tee.—The pat of sand on which the ball is placed for the first stroke each hole.

Teeing ground.—A space marked out, within the limits of which the ball must be teed.

Third.—A handicap of a stroke deducted every third hole.

Toe.—Another name for the nose of the club.

Top.—To hit the ball above its centre.

Two-more, Three-more, &c.—See under Odd.

Upright.—A club is said to be 'upright' when its head is not at a very obtuse angle to the shaft. The converse of Flat.

Whins.—Furze or gorse.

Whipping.—The pitched twine uniting the head and handle.

Wrist shot.—Less than a half shot, generally played with an iron club.
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SUMMARY OF THE MECHANICS OF THE GOLF SWING

To strike always with the center of the club face, observe Fundamentals 1, 2, and 3.

To strike always with club face travelling in right direction, observe Fundamental 4.

To strike always with club face at right angles to line of play, observe Fundamental 5.

These five Mechanical Laws give a working theory that is complete in so far as the order of your movement is concerned, as they cover every possible error of the swing that would cause inaccuracy of impact and thereby faulty direction. Therefore no matter what the inaccuracy might be, a perfectly clear, sound and logical reason can be found and a remedy applied. Of course there are an endless number of minor causes that upset each of these Fundamentals, but the first thing to determine always is which Fundamental was violated. It is then a comparatively easy matter to trace out the minor cause. The object of all this theory is to give you a simple and definite way of reasoning out the cause of any and all your golf swing troubles.

These Fundamentals are the foundation of every stroke in the game no matter what the style of the player may be and they cannot be violated in the slightest degree with impunity.
As Presented to USGA 1937

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