Born in the club house at the famous Prince's Golf Club, Sandwich, of which his father was the co-founder, Laddie Lucas was later to become a highly distinguished fighter pilot in the Royal Air Force during the second World War and a Member of Parliament. He also became a remarkably fine golfer and after captaining Cambridge and England he led Great Britain in the Walker Cup against the USA.

In this unashamedly nostalgic book, the author describes his hobby of a lifetime — fifty years of pleasurable involvement in golf. He has been a friend or acquaintance of many of the great amateurs and professionals of the period from Vardon, Ouimet and Ray to Henry Cotton and Jack Nicklaus. His perceptive pen portraits build up to form a delightful and wide-ranging survey of golf since the First World War.

Immersed in the game from such an early age — his nursery was the pro's shop — Laddie Lucas has not only an instinct for the game but a flair for assessing and expressing the qualities and technical skills of golfers he has observed. His analyses of some of the great golfers are particularly intriguing.

In his concern for its expanding future, the author sets out new ways for the development of golf as a less exclusive sport — with John Jacobs he has devoted much time over the years to the means of teaching young golfers and, as a member of the Sports Council, to widening the appeal of the game.

Laddie Lucas, trained as a journalist, has picked out the features of a golfing lifetime from the standpoint of player, critic and administrator. In his enthusiastic and easy narrative style, The Sport of Prince's is a bedside book that golfers will treasure.
Contents

1 Overture 7
2 Growing Up with It 10
3 If It Was Good Enough For Hagen . . . 21
4 The True Academics 37
5 Time to Change 58
6 The Rise and Rise of American Golf 63
7 Greatness in the Wilderness 75
8 The Angels Have Their Way 80
9 Southpaw Status 91
10 Scrapbook on the Game 103
11 'He Aimed Right and Hit Left' 119
12 Late Wire from the Course 136
13 Agency Outside The Match? 150
14 Public Pleasure . . . 159
15 . . . And Private Privilege 166
16 Extra Hole 180
Index 186
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am indebted to the directors of Sandy Lodge Golf Club Ltd, among whom I must mention my brother, Ian, for allowing me to extract from the club's archives certain, old-time photographs and reproduce them here.

I am particularly grateful, too, to New Zealand's Bob Charles, the only left-hander to win one of the world's two major Open championships, for adding willingly and significantly to the authority of the chapter on left-handed golf.

My thanks are also due to John Jacobs, 'Golf Doctor' and Ryder Cup captain, for letting me quote his admirably plain and compelling description of the simple understanding of a golf swing.

Finally, to my golfing friends the world over, to those who have made the copy for this story, and, especially, to the cherished memory of my father, who started me off at Prince's sixty-odd years ago, I offer my gratitude - and salute.

London 1980
Something happened in 1949 which was to affect radically my thinking about British and American golf.

Thirteen, cataclysmic years had passed since 1936 and my first visit to the United States for the Walker Cup match against the Americans at Pine Valley. Now, back again on U S soil, I was captain of the British side for the game with our perennial allies at Winged Foot, near Mamaroneck, in the state of New York.

Two experiences had coloured the interim. In the winter of 1938, while war clouds were gathering over Europe, I had spent six idyllic, working and playing weeks in Florida, staying at Boca Raton, close to Palm Beach, where Tommy Armour, known picturesquely in those days as 'the Silver Fox', presided over the club's golfing affairs and Fred Perry directed the tennis. I was then a young, working, journalist making a contented, if precarious way with Lord Beaverbrook's Express newspapers in Fleet Street.

My assignment was agreeably wide. Stories of the high and wide life of the so-called Palm Beach 'society', adorned with all those alluring, suntanned girls, were as acceptable to the Editor as the tales of the sporting scene I was there to report – of the baseball camps and their rugged inmates, the jockeys and the hustlers of Hialeah, the pugilists who slug it out under the Miami moon, the athletes, the tennis players and the golfers, all of whom were gathered in the Sunshine State to ply their respective trades and add to the boom and ballyhoo of a transparently blatant, publicity whirl.

Golf's 'grapefruit circuit' had taken hold and it was the likes of Snead, Nelson, Guldahl, Runyon, Revolta and the rest who drew the crowds as the professional caravan travelled northwards up the
coast to pioneer a way for the modern tour which was to follow.

Then, nearly a decade later, in 1947, with the convulsions of war thankfully behind us, the Anglo-American theme was picked up again with another hard-fought Walker Cup match at St Andrews, followed at once by the championship at Carnoustie, staged, as it turned out, for the special benefit of America’s likable Willie Turnesa, distinguished amateur member of an exceptional family of professionals.

In those thirteen, fast-running years, from the mid-1930s up to the end of the 1940s (a telling slice of what I call the post-Jones, pre-Nicklaus era), a remarkable change had overtaken United States golf. Having seen much of it at first hand, I was well placed to judge.

At Pine Valley, the British team had been hammered by an accomplished, but diverse collection of amateurs. Each in his own, individual way was different from the rest, yet together they possessed a capability of performance well above the collective standard of our men. Johnny Goodman, from Omaha, short, brash and extrovert, the only amateur to win the US Open since Jones, was in their team. The discrepancy between the contesting sides was most marked in the shots from around 130 yards in to the pin. This characteristic, allied to the commendable and customarily resolute American temperament – always most apparent when the whip is out – left a margin between the teams which found its ready reflection in the result.

A week or two later, in the US amateur at historic Garden City, on Long Island, the gulf was confirmed. True, our own Jack McLean, one up with two to play in the final, had the tournament burgled from him by Fate, playing under the alias of Johnny Fischer. But, other than Jack and the eighteen-year-old John Langley, two of the three best strikers on what the Americans were apt to call ‘the British squad’, the rest of us were nowhere.

I well remember being beaten, after a splendid, fourth-round game – Henry Longhurst, writing in the London Evening Standard, generously called it a ‘truly great match’ – by the favourite, A. E. Campbell, a Westerner of unquestioned class from Seattle, who had seen off McLean with plenty to spare in the singles at Pine Valley.

When I capitulated on the 17th green, I had a 3 for an honest 72, while Scotty Campbell was one stroke less at even par. There had been little in it except, here and there, around the green, where my adversary had contrived to complete in two shots, tasks for which any law-abiding citizen would normally have expected to require three. This was the feature which impressed, not the striking. Here, as with the rest of his
compatriots in 1936, Campbell was an individual. His style and method, classical in their way, were his own. There was nothing about them, except in their repetitive quality, to suggest that they had been fed on to the golf course by conveyor belt. The blueprint and the copyright belonged to him.

This was how things looked to me on my first American visit. Two years on, in Florida, they seemed much the same; a lot of fine competitors with remarkable short games using their own idiosyncratic styles. There was nothing of the universal robot about them.

A decade – and a world war – later, the picture was transformed. The Walker Cup match at Winged Foot and the championship which succeeded it at Oakhill, near Rochester, were, to me, a revelation. The match itself again left no doubt about the ascendancy of the United States. Certainly, Ronnie White, for us, had a game and a method which stood comparison with the best in the world, but, in a total sense, the Americans held command. The story was repeated at Oakhill. Charlie Coe triumphed with a brand of golf which was to take him to the pinnacle of the amateur game – and keep him there for years – one of the very best of the enduring amateur players to be produced by the United States since the war.

There was something else, however, much more significant than the results and the personalities which caught an observant eye. Out on the course the Americans now displayed a single, common, dominant feature which, virtually to a man, ran right through their games. There was a firmness about their swings which was universal. Their hand and arm actions had become noticeably more solid and decisive. The club was gripped as if for a purpose; fingers and wrists were given little play. There was a uniformity about these firm movements which showed through like the faint watermark on some early American postage stamp.

While styles remained, as they always will, individualistic, this peculiar common denominator was there for those with the eyes to see. To the advanced student it was unmistakable.

Curiously, two years before, at St Andrews, when we came so close to repeating on the same course, Britain’s only previous Walker Cup victory, the development hadn’t been noticeable. It may be that the US game still hadn’t found its level after the interruption of the war years; but, more likely it was that one had to see and sense it in an American setting to recognize its real impact. Now, at Winged Foot and Oakhill, it stood out like a new suit of clothes.
I have always been fascinated by golfing style and method. The foibles, the tricks and the habits of the masters, the way they think, talk and write about their games, have claimed my interest ever since I had first begun to notice them as a child at Sandwich. I thought and I thought about this new phenomenon, the more so because it was accompanied by a lift in the aggregate standard of the top-class Americans' games.

It wasn't now that they were superior, as they had long since been, from 130 yards or so in to the flag. There was a new authority about all their striking which was apparent from tee to green. Not only did they hit the ball more firmly off the tee, they struck it harder and drove it lower; their long iron shots were hit with a solid decisiveness which was noticeable for its lack of flick. Wristiness was now eschewed. Someone had been round with a screwdriver and given each screw a turn, or maybe two.

Why, I wondered, should all this be? Why should a new and common denominator have infiltrated the American game? Think about it as I might in those exciting days, I could find no explanation for it. The Americans didn't talk about it; they never seemed to think about it. Age-old arguments about the competition being tougher and the courses tighter, the grass lusher, the fairways softer, the weather warmer and the winds lighter, carried small conviction. Something much more subtle and radical seemed to be at stake.

I discussed it with others. They thought I was talking my familiar strain of imaginative, assertive prejudice. I asked Claude Harmon, the Masters' champion and resident professional at Winged Foot, and Fred Robson, the Addington professional who had come over with us to help the team, what they thought.

Yes, they said, there was no doubt that swings and actions had been firmed up and the tendency was certainly to reduce flick and wristiness; but this was part of the natural progression of the game and the relentless search for accuracy. It sounded plausible enough, yet somehow it didn't satisfy my inquisitiveness.

Back in Britain, I went, as I often used to do in those days, to consult the Oracle. I had been convinced for years that no one - British or American - had quite such a finely developed knowledge of the intricacies of hitting and flighting a golf ball, or of the reasons for this or that new trend in thinking, as Henry Cotton. We were old friends and I had long respected his perception and faculty for observation. Moreover, he had been back to the United States a couple of
winters before to prepare for his third and last victory in the British Open at Muirfield. He was therefore up to date with the post-war American scene.

I came at once to the point. ‘What is it,’ I asked, ‘that has made these fellows firm up their swings and look so much more solid – or am I on the wrong track and mistaken?’

Henry’s reaction was, I suppose, predictable.

‘You surprise me, boy,’ he ribbed, ‘as an old pupil of mine, and with your knowledge of the game, not being able to pick out the reason. You’re right, but you really should have seen through it.’

‘All right,’ I said, rising to it, ‘I know all that, but go on, what is it, what really is the reason for this change – or don’t you know, either?’

‘It’s the ball, boy,’ he replied, without hesitating, ‘it’s the ball. They’ve been using the large ball now for all this time (in fact, it was seventeen years then) and gradually, perhaps even unconsciously, they’ve tailored their games to suit it. Their problem is keeping it down. They’ve got to move into it and drive it forward with firm, strong hands to hold it down and stop it climbing. It’s the ball which has dictated this action – nothing else. They’ve learned to work it and control it. It’s a fine exercise in ball control and their games have benefited from it.’

I felt instantly that this was the essential, missing piece in the puzzle. The rest now began to fall into place. I remembered something that Armour had said when we were playing together at Boca Raton one sunny afternoon during my 1938 visit to Florida. It was then little more than six years since the United States Golf Association, in a quest to find ‘an easier and pleasanter ball for the average golfer’ (their words), had turned their back on the smaller, British-size ball – the bullet – and had substituted instead the 1.68 inch diameter 1.62 ounce version.

We were playing the old, and now defunct, South Course which I shall always regard as the fairest and most exacting a test of golf as there was to be found in those parts. Tommy, then forty-two, and greatly skilled in the wiles of the game, was still an able manoeuvrer of a golf ball. Somewhere around the 13th or 14th, there was a captivating one-shooter of 200 yards or so, tightly guarded round the green, which ran straight out towards the ocean. That colourful afternoon, with the sun behind and a brisk breeze blowing in our faces, a well-flighted 2 or 3 iron shot stood out Persil white, against the blending blues of sea and sky.
As we waited on the tee, I asked Tommy out of curiosity what he thought of this ‘new American ball’ which had recently come into being. ‘This ball,’ he replied, holding it up between a powerful forefinger and thumb, and spacing his words characteristically to add emphasis, ‘this ball has to be hit with authority. I will now demonstrate my meaning.’

With that, he rifled a 3 iron ‘quail high’, straight at the stick. The ball fell lifeless by the holeside. Tommy stepped away. ‘That shot,’ he said, with supercilious, almost aristocratic disdain, ‘was hit with authority.’ The assertion was well founded.

So now, with Cotton’s unravelling of the mystery, the door was opened to reason. The blinding light which had shone down on the road from Winged Foot to Damascus, continued to illumine the way. I sensed instinctively that a new and (to me) hitherto unknown factor had entered the world game. As if to ensure that conversion was absolute and that henceforth there could be no turning away, another unusual event intruded.

Over the years, while he was building up the hotels and catering organization which bears his name, Sir Charles Forte and I used occasionally to golf together at Sandy Lodge or Sunningdale. If the skills which he brought to the golf course were not, perhaps, quite so readily apparent as those which he applied to the direction of his company’s affairs, there was no denying it, Charles Forte was a golfing enthusiast.

One day in the 1950s, after he had added the Criterion in Piccadilly to the range of his group’s assets, Charles entertained a few of his friends to lunch and to the showing of a golfing film, the significance of which was almost certainly lost on the distinguished audience. It was a pull-together of some of the great players in action – British and American, past and present – during the period from the First World War to the middle 1950s. It covered the golden age which embraced the rise and rise of American golf.

The first sequences, with their absurdly quick, staccato-like movements and clouded impressions, took one nostalgically back to Charles Chaplin, *The Gold Rush, City Lights* and the silent movies of another world. But there, recorded (on celluloid), so far as I knew for the first time, was the metamorphosis of American golf. As we moved from the 1930s into the late 1940s and early 1950s, one feature began to stand out in the same unmistakable relief as it had with the American team at Winged Foot.
The children ... seeing uncle's drives passing theirs ... regarded the whole thing ... as a great "swiz" ... ' Group Captain Sir Douglas Bader (top left), on two tin legs, has played to 4 handicap. Compare him with Palmer (1), Nicklaus (2) and Player (3) and you can see why
Against the full, free, flowing swings of Hagen, Macdonald Smith, Macfarlane, Farrell and others in the 1920s and 1930s were set, progressively afterwards, the more restricted and contained actions of their successors—of Nelson, Guldahl, Horton Smith, Revolta, Lawson Little and Craig Wood. The distinctive trend was accentuated on the screen with the arrival of their post-war counterparts, with their still firmer hand and arm movements and their harder, more solid and more decisive striking.

To be able to compare, within thirty minutes, Hogan, Harmon, Mangrum and Demaret in moving contrast with Hagen, Jones and Macdonald Smith, was to have re-affirmed beyond reasonable doubt the impression which had left its mark upon me during the 1949 visit to the United States. Even the lovely round swing of the ever-youthful Snead, who spanned nearly three decades in the film, looked, by comparison with his predecessors, positively starved of wristwork.

Here, then, preserved for the record, was living, pictorial proof of the extraordinary evolution of the modern American game.

In sharp contradiction was the comparative stability of the little-changing pattern of British styles. In four decades, the variation in action was minimal. With few exceptions, the relatively loose—and yet wonderfully adept—finger, hand and wrist-dominated actions of such heroes as George Duncan in the 1920s and Percy Alliss in the 1930s, were still imprinted upon the styles of our leaders in the ten years or so which followed the Second World War. Nothing in that film suggested that the American experience had been repeated here.

As it turned out, another twenty years were to elapse before, in the second half of the 1970s the first, tentative shafts of light began to stab a British dawn.

The road which had been picked up so many years before at Pine Valley and which was to wind on south through Florida and the Everglades, before turning northwards again, back to New York State and thence across the Atlantic and home to Britain, had left the wanderer converted. I was convinced and now, with a few other trusted disciples, resolved to go out and preach the gospel in the market place.

To deploy our teachings, we used whatever platforms were available to us. No opportunity was neglected. The media, sceptical at first, gave us a fair run. I recalled something I once heard Churchill say in my early days as a member of the House of Commons. ‘When you get a political truth go on ramming it down their throats till they are forced
to swallow it.' We kept the pressure up to such purpose that our electorate nearly choked.

I was surprised, and even elated, to start a lively correspondence going in the London Times. Amid the affairs of state, church, parliament, the law, arts and education, the size of the golf ball was hardly a topic calculated to be given space in those widely-read, and often authoritative, columns. Peers of the realm, angry colonels and the easily-recognised 'fronts' for the vested interests, all had their say.

The letters ran on, intermittently, for weeks until, one splendid morning, some wag, with a twinkle in his pen, writing from Shanklin (never!) in the Isle of Wight, brought the correspondence to an inevitable close. 'Sir,' he inquired loftily of the Editor, 'surely what we want is larger holes, not larger balls?'

What else was there to say?

In the middle of all the brouhaha, and timed as if to suit our special purpose, Tommy Armour, the Silver Scot, unexpectedly came back into the picture with a final pilgrimage to his native land. He spent a few days in London. The word went round. The old fox was back.

My good and now lamented friend, Douglas Russell-Roberts, was, at the time, looking after the Brunswick Corporation's affairs in Britain and the business of MacGregor, the equipment-manufacturing subsidiary, in particular. The names of Armour and MacGregor were synonymous. Douglas, to promote the company's wares, arranged for Tommy a gathering of suitable authority and character, in the plush surroundings of the Mayfair Hotel, just off Piccadilly.

The exiled Scot, well tailored and distinguished, his silver hair freshly groomed, was on top of his form. After the customary pleasantries, platitudes and credits - and the red meat of which commercials are made - the round-off came easily to a conclusion. He invited questions from the audience.

A few pedestrian and commonplace exchanges left the temperature down on the floor. Here, I thought, was my chance.

'I'm sure, Mr Chairman,' I said, 'that many of us here would be interested to know Mr Armour's views on the significance of the use of the big ball on America's golfing supremacy. He has lived through all the changes and can speak with a first-hand, almost unique experience of the results. I wonder if he would care to comment?'

Tommy, now several gin slings to the good and magnificently assertive, went straight to the point. I have, beside me, a note of his response.
‘It has been completely fundamental,’ he replied, oblivious to the wasps’ nests around him. ‘I have personally witnessed the progress of American golf over nearly forty years and I am in no doubt whatever — no doubt, gentlemen, whatever — that the use of the big ball has been fundamental to the advance of the game in the United States. It demands a precision of striking which the small British ball does not require. Yet it’s an easier ball for the ordinary player and that was its first purpose.’

That did it. The room erupted. The various vested interests were quickly on their feet, counter-questioning. The big ball might be all right for America, but wasn’t it quite unsuitable for British conditions? How would anyone get round Hoylake, St Andrews or Muirfield in a gale of wind? Wouldn’t the average golfer lose yards with it in our seaside winds? The arguments were repetitive and familiar.

Tommy, visibly surprised at the reaction, seemed momentarily taken aback. Another gin sling and a cigarette came to his aid.

‘You might think,’ he observed, with a finely-balanced mixture of sarcasm, authority and facetiousness and once more spacing his words — one at a time — for the maximum effect, ‘that the wind does not blow in Florida, Texas or on the Pacific coast. If you think, gentlemen, that the wind only blows in Britain then I will tell you, you are mistaken.’

If must have been twenty minutes, and a final gin sling later, before he had brought things back to normal.

‘Why,’ he asked, as I said goodbye, ‘do they allow themselves to become mentally disturbed at a mere six hundredth part of an inch?’ It was a nice point.

There were then, and there still are today, a dozen reasons why, taking all things together and one year with another, the Americans have attained the pinnacle of golf and will continue to defeat their challengers more often than they will lose. If I had to name the principal, it would be quite simply this. A combination of their course design, construction and maintenance, and playing conditions — climatic, competitive and otherwise, promotes a sharper and more ruggedly aggressive brand of offensive golf. Give their top ten Tour players a continuous year of British golf — British seaside and inland golf — in our familiar Island weather, and the likelihood is that it would take them twice the time to regain their previous peak. If, indeed, they ever recovered it.

All of which has long since convinced me of the spuriousness of the
‘... Immortal of immortals, the incomparable Bobby Jones from Atlanta, Georgia...’ Driving from the 9th tee in the 4th round of the 1926 Amateur at Muirfield. Jones beat the holder, Robert Harris, by 8 and 6

‘... This little corner of East Kent has been contributing for a thousand years to the British story...’ Gene Sarazen winning the 1932 Open on the original Prince’s with a total of 283. Here seen putting on the 6th green with the old coastguard cottages behind

‘When he hit the ball off the tee with a driver the impact sound was different from anyone else’s...’ Henry Cotton, 1937, at the summit of the world
belief that the really good and determined, younger British players should be dissuaded from chancing their arm at a full-time stint in the United States. It is only in the white-heat of the American cauldron that modern world games are smelted – which is why I have admired so much, these last few decades, the ambitious courage of South Africa’s Locke and Player, Britain’s Jacklin and Oosterhuis and those tried cobbers from the Southern Seas, Ferrier, Devlin, Crampton, Charles, and now Graham, Shearer and Newton.

The introduction of the large ball, then, on the American continent nearly fifty years ago can be but one of the causes of the United States’ climb; but its effect (and I suspect this was an unintentional by-product of the decision to change) has been significant, material and, on the evidence, undeniable. The argument that Hagen, Barnes, Hutchison, Armour, Sarazen and Shute had, between them, already usurped the British Open in the 1920s and early 1930s, before this development took place, has little practical merit.

Britain had just lost a generation in the greatest holocaust in history. For five years her life-blood had been draining away among the poppies of Flanders and Northern France. No tourniquet could be applied. Sixty thousand casualties on the Somme in a single day; the flower of the British flock destroyed, as it were, overnight. . . . The marvel was that we could muster, in the aftermath of that ghastly tragedy, the players even to try to resist the United States’ challenge, let alone turn it back. . . .

The controversy over the size of ball Britain should play with at the highest level, which raged spiritedly and even vehemently in the 1960s, has now, mercifully, like an equinoctial gale, at last blown itself out. It is as well. People had become sick of it.

Having once lost a priceless and unrepeatable chance to take the plunge immediately after the Second World War, the Royal and Ancient finally decreed (with as much courage as wisdom), that from the mid-1970s the Open championship would henceforth be played with the large ball. As a result the writing was not only on the wall, but printed in capital letters on the ceiling.

With the professionals irrevocably committed to using it in their tournaments in the United Kingdom, Eire and Europe, there will now be no turning back. The last bastions of resistance outside North America and Europe are falling one after another, as the realization gains strength that, nowadays, the best-made large balls fly so well that even in the damp and heavy seaside winds of a British climate they suit all
practical purposes. Their greatly improved trajectory has dispelled the doubts of all save the most hysterical and entrenched opponents of change.

Anyway, it becomes increasingly difficult to justify the logic, in these days of supersonic jet travel, of playing tournaments in one part of the world with one size of ball and those elsewhere with another. The thesis cannot now be sustained.

What astonishes me as I write late in 1979 is that the amateurs of Britain and Europe haven’t been clamouring for the 1.68 inch ball to be used exclusively in all their principal events. ‘What are you playing with, the boys’ or the men’s ball?’ isn’t a question which were I still an aspiring young amateur, I would much care to hear asked. To me, it would sound so humiliating. Brave hearts and soft options seldom make compatible partners.

Sometimes I wonder whether they truly comprehend, as the professionals have done, the gravamen of the issue. On balance, and with disrespect to none, I think it unlikely that they do. No one ever put it more succinctly – or with greater practical authority and emphasis – than Samuel Jackson Snead.

He was playing one time in Britain, long after he had joined that select company of Americans who have won a British Open at St Andrews. Although age was beginning to creep up on him, his perennially fluent swing exposed few of the traces of the advancing years. The big ball hadn’t then been introduced into the professional tournaments over here.

‘You know, Henry,’ he said to Cotton, in an off-beat aside after a round at Wentworth, ‘I guess it suits me playing golf over here in my old age. I can miss this small ball of yours and still get away with it.’

Snead’s interpretation of missing it is very different from yours and mine. But in that single, casual remark one of the world’s great players had told the story . . . Still, never mind. Ten years in the House of Commons taught me, an age ago, that politics – The Art of the Possible – should be played long. ‘Think well, think wisely, think not for the moment, but for the days which are to come.’ There may yet be some mileage to cover before we reach the Promised Land. But reach it, I feel pretty sure, we shall.

It had taken nearly twenty years, at Winged Foot in 1949, for the total introduction of the 1.68 inch diameter ball in the United States to work through and place its imprint imperishably upon the American game. The harvest in Britain will not be reaped until the best of our
THE SPORT OF PRINCE'S

Youthful players — boys and girls — have all, and without exception, been reared through childhood, adolescence and into adult life on this larger version. . . . And known nothing else.

Only then, I believe, will we secure a base camp on the mountain and ready ourselves for the assault on the ice face. Only then, I assert, will we marshal the strength for the final heave which must surely follow if we are ever again to challenge seriously for a place on the American-held summit.
THE SPORT OF PRINCE'S