



THE COMFORTABLE LOUNGE OF THE NORWOOD GOLF CLUB
An ideal setting for the 19th hole. Design by H. A. Jacobs

Photo by Allison & Hadaraj

FEELING THE GOLF STROKE

By ROBERT STANLEY WEIR

A SUDDEN shower had driven some of the players into the club-house and as it was well past mid-afternoon, refreshments were in order. Kanawaki being established upon an Indian reserve, "longer waters" are prescribed, hence the popularity of the cup which cheers but not inebriates. The pipe of peace, however, is, as may be supposed, freely smoked there together with those refinements in the form of cigars, cigarettes and cigarettelets which the dilettanti affect.

The talk turned upon wrist action; and Big Shaw, who had been reading up J. Sherlock on the subject, declared that wrist action was a misnomer.

"Sherlock says that the only wrist shot in golf is the putt," he added.

"If I remember right he claims that what is called wrist action is really forearm action," remarked Baylis, "and he rather scoffs at the doctrine that the right hand should turn leftwards as the club is striking the ball. I can see that, without naming them, he is paying his compliments to Horace G. Hutchison, Ben Sayers and others."

"There is no doubt," said Robinson, "that the need of scientific terminology in golf is quite urgent; but those who criticize terms in colloquial use should supply us with

better substitutes. For my part, I think that the wrist has a lot to do with every shot in golf, including the putt, and am prepared to defend my opinion."

"I am quite sure," he continued, "that whatever the cold science of it may be, there is the *feel* of wrist action in every decent stroke, and if a man *feels* that he is putting his wrists into it why shouldn't he be allowed to say so?"

"But the point is *does* he put his wrists into it," remarked Big Shaw. "It is some satisfaction to know whether what you are doing is the same thing as what you *feel* you are doing."

"Well as to that," rejoined Robinson, "it is well to distinguish between science and art. Golfers are artists. If they want to *know* all about the game let them dig into the science of it; but, if they want to *play* the game and play it well, it is the art of golf they want to master; and the art comes by the employment of your five senses or feelings, not by cold reason."

"But why not mix a little science with your art?" queried Baylis.

"Every good golfer does," said Robinson, "but when he plays he is an artist or he is nothing. He has to *feel* everything, stance, grip and stroke."

"I am satisfied," he continued, for Robinson who plays at scratch, is our oracle, "that what the purists mean, when they say that the wrist is used in putting alone, is that, in putting, the left wrist should *bend*, the right following suit to a certain extent; but in practically every other shot, although, as I say, you have and should have the *feel* of wrist action, what really happens is that the bones of the forearm rotate one way and then the other; and the wrist or hands *turn* in unison."

"That is what Burdham Hare says in *The Golfing Swing*," said Putnam.

"Well, he is right as a matter of science," said Robinson, "but, as a matter of convenience in talk and to help correct form, I hold it good politics to think and speak of putting plenty of wrist into one's strokes. If you don't put the proper emphasis there the stroke not only lacks pith, but you are apt to find yourself pressing with the body, hitting too soon, making a useless big windmill kind of stroke and playing an unsatisfactory stroke generally."

"Nothing is more noticeable in the golf swing than the way the hands and forearms turn away from the ball and come back to it. That action is the center and climax of the swing. Everything else is contributory."

"I suppose this is your theory of swing, Robinson," said Baylis.

"That is my theory of the ordinary swing," replied Robinson. "The turn away and return of the hands and forearms gives the enlivening snap which makes a good stroke *feel* good. All the hoary maxims are good in their way: Keep your eye on the ball, slow back, etc.; but they do not say much about action. Get the *feel* of wrist

action while recognizing how the forearms act and you will be a happy golfer. But the rain is over. Who is for another round?"

As they proceeded to the tenth tee, Baylis asked Robinson: "What do you think of the maxim, 'Hard at it from the very top,' as sometimes quoted?"

"I think it very mischievous" was the answer. "It means pressing and windmill action. Hit your ball with the *feeling* of hitting with the wrists I say, of course you don't hit with wrists, but you must *feel* the stroke as though you were doing so."

Teeing up his ball, Robinson despatched a beauty far down the alley. All the power, so far as the eye could detect, seemed to be concentrated at the impact; the drawback being easy and seemingly effortless.

"If I understand your theory of swing, Robinson," said Big Shaw, "you concentrate the power at the impact by visualizing a wrist stroke. You say it isn't wrist action really, but forearm action. Still you prefer to be guided by the feeling of it more than anything else. You don't worry about turning your shoulders or whether your swing be flat or upright; you are liberal as to choice of grip and you take for granted all the rules about stance, keeping your head still, your eye on the ball, and so on."

"Exactly," was the reply.

"Well here goes," said Big Shaw. The result was a horrible slice.

Much disgusted, Big Shaw exclaimed, "What in thunder made me do that?"

"You put too much wrist into it," said Robinson.

What Big Shaw said need not be printed.

ANGELICA LANE

A Golf Idyll

By John Campbell Haywood

*Angelica Lane had the heart of a sport,
But a waist line around forty-three
And the rest of her adipose tissue was such
She was really embarrassed. So she
Consulted an anti-fat medico who
Made a neat diagnosis right off
And said, "There's but one thing, dear lady, for you
That is golf."*

*So Angelica Lane bought a trim set of clubs
And sought out a noted profess
And to him she explained that the doctor had said
She must golf to take off her round flesh
And the pro very promptly at so much a shoe
Showed the drive, the approach and the putt
'Til Angelica Lane very quickly became
A golf nut.*

*And this nut as it ripened day in and day out
Decidedly shrunk in its shell
So she went to the anti-fat medico who
Made a neat diagnosis "You're well"
For reducing her tissue he sent a fat bill
But instead of collecting his fee
She said she had left all the money she had
On the tee.*

*So the anti-fat medico went to the links
Where he carefully searched every tee
'Til Angelica Lane brought the pro to explain
His mode of reduction. Then he
After watching the pro swing his club to and fro
Made the patient approach for a hug,
And now every day has a match underway
Nut & Bug.*

