

In the luxurious comfort of our favorite country clubs we are apt to be lulled to a sense of smug personal content and a narrow satisfaction with our life, nor care to look beyond. But neither can we as men or citizens, nor can the city wherein we live and where we have one atom of influence, afford to neglect our public duty in this respect. The very fact that the game of golf, which in our good worldly fortune

we have bought and paid for, makes it all the more mandatory upon us that we see to it that its privileges are soon made possible for all citizens, who deeply need its benefits, their rightful inheritance from its time-honored origin.

Assuredly the hand of every citizen, and especially those in power and leadership, should be lifted in favor of public golf.

Golf and Punch

By R. STANLEY WEIR, K.C., Montreal, in "Golf Illustrated,"
New York

GOLFERS worthy of the name: players, that is, who will not accept flattery at the expense of truth, never object to seeing themselves as others see them. On the contrary, one of their complaints is that they cannot so see themselves. They are like the recruit when ordered by his disgusted drill-sergeant (an Irishman, of course) to "step out here and have a look at yourself." If they could achieve the impossible and see themselves otherwise than with the so misleading mind's eye, they would, doubtless, be horribly shocked. "What! I play in that ridiculous style. Impossible!" But the veracious answer would be, "'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true." It is a very good thing, then, to have oneself photographed in golfic action frequently and carefully to ponder the result. As the late Mr. Robert Burns observed in his pleasing vernacular:

"It wad from mony an error free us
And foolish notion!"

"Foolish notion" is by no means an inapt expression!

But there are other foibles and failings of certain golfers which may be legitimately considered for the self-revelation that no good, honest golfer objects to. These are to be discovered in those devotees of the democratic and modern, as well as royal and ancient, game who are described by Mr. Horace Hutchinson as forever scribbling about it. Nobody among those

devotees will seriously complain at being stirred a little by the touch of a gentle satire, if so be he can see himself as others see him, for a good golfer is in the game for all there is in it; for his soul as for his body.

That keen observer of men and manners who resides at 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C., Mr. Punch, paid his compliments, some two or three years ago, to a certain class of writers who were very prone in their beautiful, fresh zeal to setting down the obvious; and gave a specimen of their style for the benefit and admonition of all whom it should concern. I shall quote from this parody in a moment, when it will be seen that Mr. Punch also indulges in a little ironical chaff at those good fellows who are so fond of telling about the most wonderful shot ever played! We are all familiar with stories of those wonderful shots which have made undying reputations for the perpetrators of them. Some of us have seen them; most of us have not. Wonderful shots, indeed, we have all seen—both fearful and wonderful; but the least said about them the better. Mr. Punch, clearly, would have us on our guard against mere legendary lore; and he would also have us on our guard against running too readily into print with every little theory. On this latter question he does not, perhaps, make sufficient allowance for the enthusiasm of neophytes who think they have lighted upon new discoveries and are

as keen as apostles to make the good news known; perhaps, knowing all about new-born zeal, he wished theorists to verify their theories before printing them; but, perhaps (for the last time), he forgot that professionals always acquiesce in any new wrinkle submitted by their pupils—if solvent. Shouldn't the left arm give most of the power? Yes. Shouldn't the right hand come in with a little flick at the impact? Yes. Shouldn't we swing with

noticed with what consummate ease he introduces his subject, abandons it, and returns to it.

The Art of Long Driving.

"There is no doubt that the player who can drive a long ball from the tee gets further than his less fortunate confrere who is a short driver. Much has been, and will be, written on the art of long driving. How is this desideratum of all followers of the royal and ancient



From Punch

ANOTHER LENTEN SACRIFICE

Golf Caddy (to Curate): "High tee, Sir?"

Curate: "No; put it on the ground. I give up sand during Lent."

both hands in unison? Yes. The best explanation of Mr. Punch's little thrust, however, may be that the old gentleman was simply having his fun. Why should not even Punch amuse himself and his friends now and again!

Here, then, are a few of his practical hints, written "sarkastical," as poor Artemus Ward would have said, and mixed with a little light raillery (observe our alliteration) on the marvellous strokes recorded in the biographical studies about great golfers.

Mr. Punch entitles his article "The Art of Long Driving," and it will be

game to be attained? That is what I am about to tell you.

"Some men when going out for a long one from the tee play their ball with a little pull on it: others merely drive a straight ball down the middle of the course. Anyway, as I have said, the player who hits a long ball gets further than the one who hits a short ball, and, consequently, he needs a shorter shot to reach the green with his second.

"Speaking of reaching the green reminds me of two of the most remarkable shots I ever witnessed. I was

playing for the championship of Texas, U. S. A., in 19—. My partner was Mr. 'Slick' Samson, the celebrated professional amateur. At the fourteenth he pulled his drive into the rough. When we came up to the ball it was neatly cupped in a lark's nest which contained four eggs. Now I am betraying no secret when I say that on the three previous greens Samson had been put off by the incessant singing of a skylark, and had missed holing three twenty-five foot putts in succession: a most unusual thing for him. I therefore expected to see him take his revenge by lifting nest, eggs and ball all on to the green together with his niblick. But I was disappointed. Instead, he took his mashie and played the ball with such nicety that it landed dead within two feet of the pin and the eggs remained in the nest unbroken: not even cracked.

"Strange to say, the other remarkable shot was made by the same player on the same course. The game was all square at the seventeenth. We both had good drives at the eighteenth, but Samson had the misfortune to find a rabbit hole, his ball lying about eight and a half inches inside the entrance. Here was a quandary. It was the only rabbit hole on the course, and had been constructed subsequent to the drafting of the local rules, so that no provision was made for this contingency. If he picked up it meant losing the match. He walked forward toward the green,

with a worried look on his face. Then, returning, he took his niblick and hit with tremendous force. The ball disappeared down the rabbit hole. Imagine, if you can, our undisguised amazement when it bolted out of Br'er Rabbit's back-door, about five yards from the green, and came to rest within two feet from the pin! (If I recorded the exact distance—six inches—many golfers might be tempted to doubt my veracity.) Needless to say, I lost the hole and the match.

"But I am digressing. I merely mention these two shots because I am trying to get a good length with my article, which reminds me that the art of long driving is the subject under discussion. Well, I hope that after a careful perusal of these few practical hints you will find that you are considerably getting a longer ball from the tees than you got formerly. If you succeed in doing this you will experience a feeling of true satisfaction."

So reads one of Mr. Punch's masterpieces. But we must confess that it contains statements which militate against its vraisemblance, so to speak. Are there skylarks and rabbit-scrapes in Texas, U. S. A.? If not, Mr. Punch is lamentably off in his local color and guilty of deliberate invention. But Mr. Punch would probably contend that when writing his reminiscences he was more concerned with principles than with facts; or, perhaps (useful word "perhaps"), he was only having his fun.

The Real Spring

IN quoting in full from the editorial in the March issue of the "Canadian Golfer" on "Municipal Golf Courses," the Montreal Standard says:

As all faithful readers of this weekly effusion know, just as soon as the first blades of grass are seen around Dominion Square, and the first peek-a-boo waists appear in the store windows on St. Catherine Street, it has been our custom to ask why it is that Montreal has no municipal golf course, no municipal tennis courts, and no municipal bowling greens, etc. It would appear to us at this time that some would-be controller or alderman missed a great chance not only to secure many votes, but also to be the leader in a movement which some day in the near future is going to

assume considerable proportions. We are more than pleased to see that such an authority on the game as the "Canadian Golfer" is now "boosting" the idea of municipal links, and we will be glad indeed to welcome other helpers to the fold. To us it is ridiculous that a city such as Montreal, with facilities galore for the establishment of nine-hole courses for the public at a moderate fee, has not yet succeeded in establishing them. Especially when such courses can be established at a very moderate outlay and will pay for themselves within a very few months. A municipal golf course will add nothing to the civic debt, it will add much to the pleasure of thousands of Montrealers, and it will do much to promote the love of a health-giving and fascinating game.