

GOLFERS IN ACTION

By Mr. Recorder Weir, D. C. L.

IX.—MR. EBEN M. BYERS

Photographs by T. C. Turner

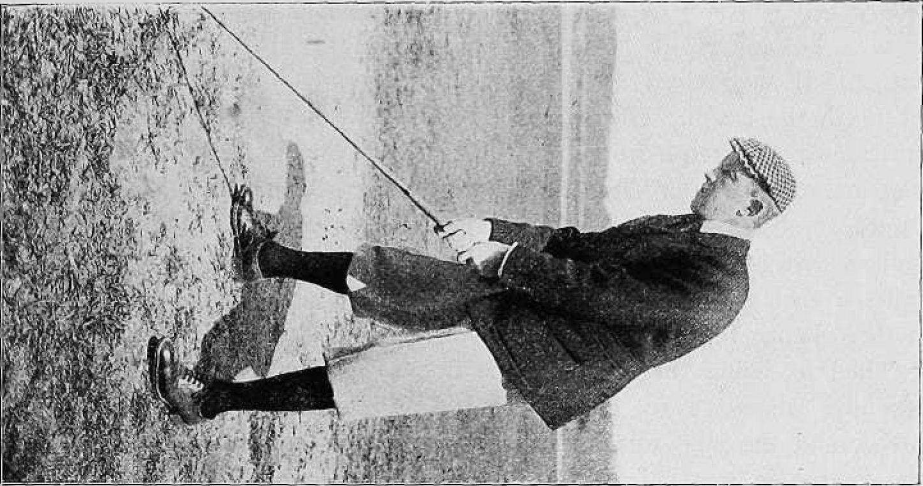
MR. EBEN M. BYERS has justified his existence as a golfer by the fact that in every tournament he enters he is properly regarded as a dangerous opponent. His natural qualifications for the game must be great, for he only began to play about five years ago. Moreover, he has eschewed all professional tuition, learning his game from books—so much despised by the ordinary athlete—but doubtless, also, from a proper use of his eyes when other golfers were about.

Mr. Byers stands five feet six inches, and weighs about 145 pounds. He plays off the right leg. His swing is quite full off the tee, the club head dipping decidedly below the horizontal and the hands being brought above the level of the right shoulder. Mr. Byers is very effective in the long game, being usually quite able to hold his own with any one when the game is with driver or brasse; the chief fault he finds with himself being in the short game. It will be seen from our pictures that Mr. Byers's style is both orthodox and excellent. The arms in the drawback are above rather than out from the shoulder, the transfer of weight from left to right and then from right to left is duly made, and the follow-through is complete. There is no pronounced follow-on of the body as the stroke is being made, and in view of Mr. Byers's ability as a good driver, we conclude that the forearms or wrists get in very effective work at the proper moment. There seems to be two ways of

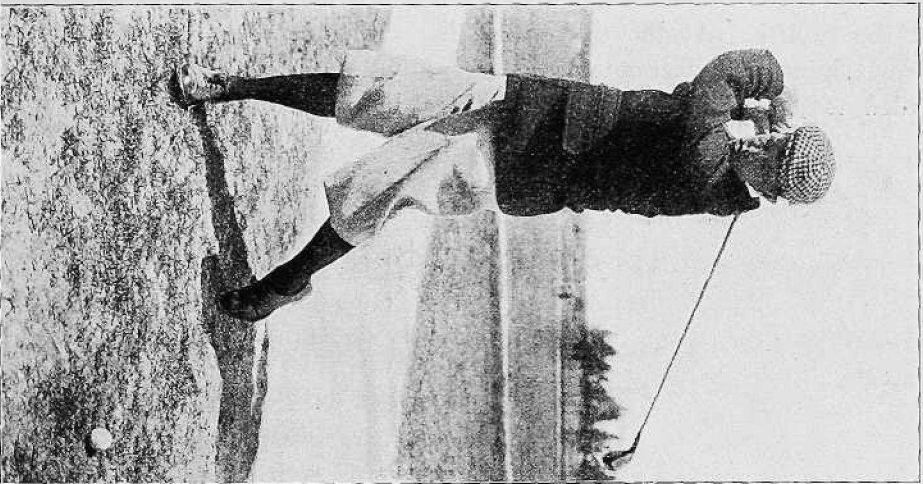
getting distance—one by a full utilization of the body, causing a marked "follow-on," and the other by wrist action, which seems to beget a holding back of the body. Mr. Byers inclines to the latter mode rather than to the former—at all events, there is no loss of balance at the finish, but an admirable restraint and self-poise, securing a centre practically stationary for the big swing.

Mr. Byers, as every golfer knows, acquired a great reputation at Glen View, 1902, when he put out Mr. Travis in the second round for the Amateur championship in a game which deserves a special chronicle. As Mr. Travis remarked of his opponent after the round, "His game was simply unbeatable." Mr. Travis went to Glen View as a double winner of the blue ribbon of American golf, and was picked by every one as sure winner for 1902. He won low score in the qualifying round, played his usual deadly game up to the last hole, and yet was beaten by the simply marvellous play that Mr. Byers put up before an astonished gallery.

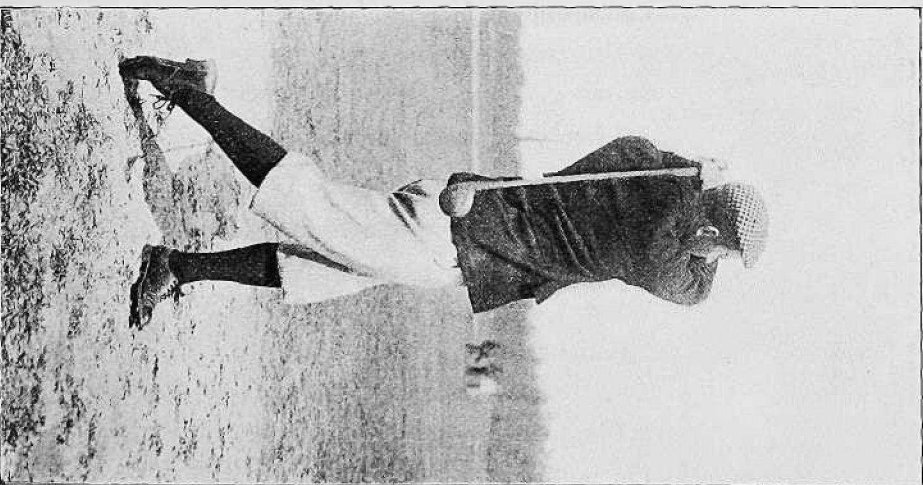
In the first nine holes of this notable match Mr. Byers lost two holes by poor approach putting, and a third owing to a par 4 achieved by Mr. Travis. Of the last nine Mr. Byers won the tenth by the exercise of those qualities of temperament that marks the really good golfer, as thus: Mr. Travis playing the odd after the drive, played safe, not attempting to carry the brook that guarded the green. Mr. Byers did his utmost to carry to the



THE ADDRESS.



TOP OF SWING.
MR. EREN M. BYERS IN ACTION.



THE FINISH.

green (as he recently remarked to the writer, "Of course I had to, being three down"), but topped his brassey so badly that it fell short, but, fortunately, did not reach the brook. His approach left him a putt of twelve feet, with several small curves *en route*. Mr. Travis, with a putt of eighteen feet, placed his ball dead, which is always good play when eighteen feet away, but Mr. Byers had another chance for the hole. Once more he "had to, being three down," the intervening slopes were faultlessly traversed, and the hole was lost and won. The next hole was halved, leaving Mr. Travis still two up. A ten-foot putt by Byers for a three reduced this lead to one at the twelfth. At the thirteenth Mr. Travis, lying a few feet outside the green, failed to place his ball dead, and Mr.

Byers took full advantage of the opportunity to make the match square.

With all even and five to go, Mr. Byers took no more rash chances, but yet had to negotiate another ticklish ten-foot putt on the fourteenth and a shorter one over bad turf on the fifteenth to maintain an equal footing with his skilful adversary. The sixteenth fell to Mr. Byers in four, as Mr. Travis did not reach the green with his brassey. One up and two to go was now his comfortable position, and the two were halved. Thus ended one of the most memorable matches of which our so far brief annals can boast, and after it there was no question of the skill and tenacity of Mr. Byers, as before the match (and since) there had been no question of the skill and tenacity of his indomitable opponent.

AN ARGUMENT

By Leighton Calkins

TO the Driver says the Brassey:
"I'm the peer of every club.

If you're played in lies not grassy

Chances are you'll make a flub.

You are good for one shot only,

You can tee up every whack;

Surely you must feel quite lonely

After your initial crack."

Says the Driver then, replying:

"You rely on metal gear.

When I send the ball a-skying,

Smiting hard without a fear,

As a brassey, cleek, or driver

Played,—by all who know the art,

I'm much more than you a factor

In the game in which we start."