

CANADIAN

GOLFER



HAMILTON

Vol. XXI, No. 8

NOVEMBER - 1935



Official Organ

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UP NORTH — *OF COURSE*



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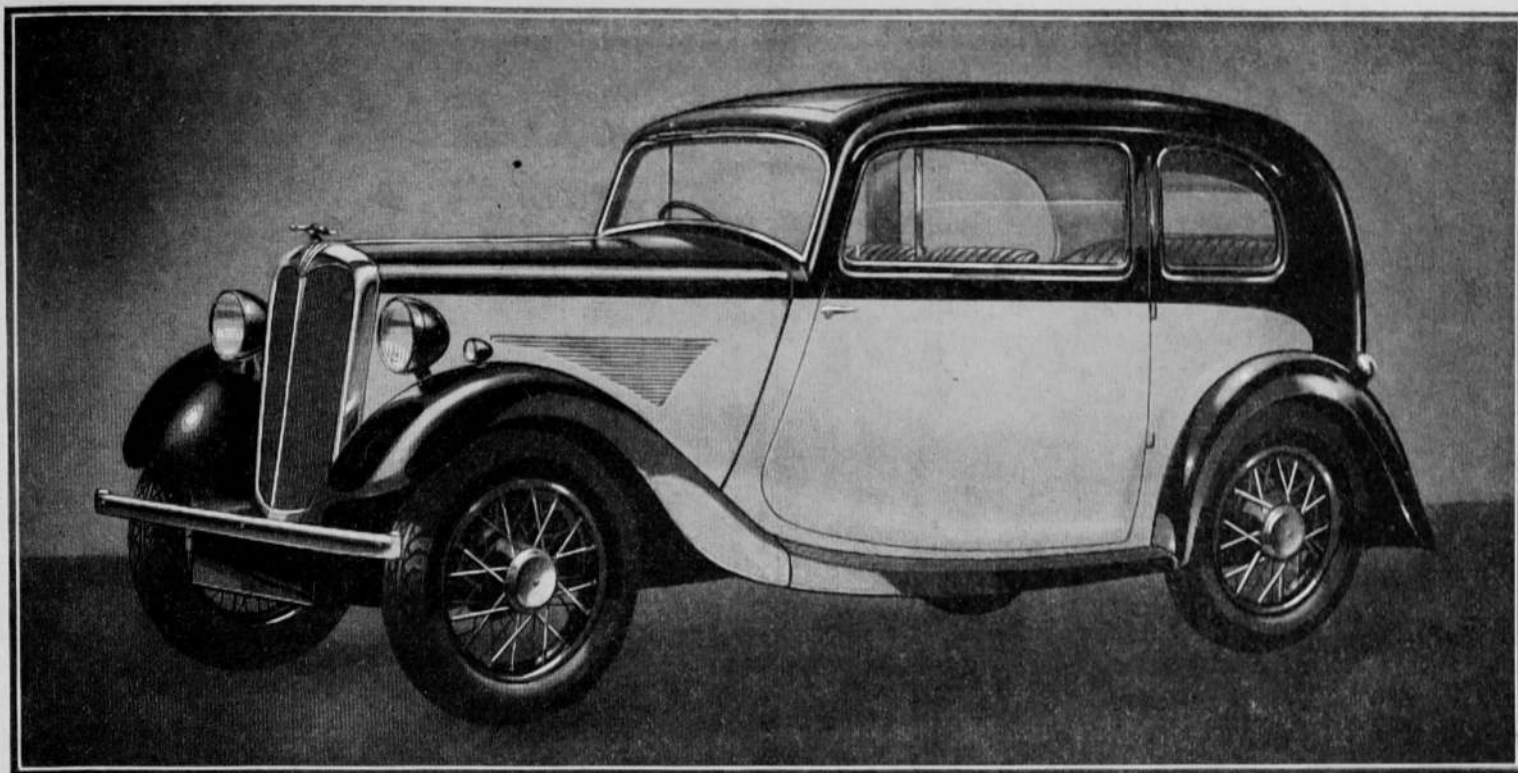
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THE MASHIE

This composite picture of Henry Cotton making a mashie shot, built up from a film taken from behind during the execution of the stroke, shows a pronounced loop at the top of the swing. The arc of the up swing is wider than that of the down swing, while the clubhead does not follow the same path. Note the firm controlled follow-through.

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Canadian Representative: Drummond McCall & Co., Ltd.,
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Left: A modern WIL-
LIAM TELL. Jean
Bauer of Providence,
R.I., plays a chip shot
from a Gombae hat
worn by Georgia Cole-
man Gilson, Miami,
with Sue Vilas, Coral
Gables, at the British
Colonial Women's
Amateur Champion-
ship which last winter
took place at the Baha-
mas Country Club.
Below: The Skier pic-
tured below is Mr.
Wally Ryan of Mont-
real who is one of the
leading Canadian
downhill and slalom ex-
ponents.

IS IT NORTH OR SOUTH THIS WINTER ?

Above: A group of prominent young athletes cast a unanimous ballot in favor of Bermuda when the stormy winds take over the reins of sport North of the Mason and Dixon line. The three fair young lassies seem to be playing one of Joe Kirkwood's best shots, but we'd gladly accept the role of the reclining damsel (even without the hat) to spend a few weeks on the Bermuda fairways and places adjacent. In this particular picture Bermuda only provides the background for what would be a selling point for even Little America. Just the same the sunny south is one way of whiling away a winter . . . Ho Hum . . .

Now below on the right we have a different story. If one is a robust "man of the north," slaloming is just the thing. This gentleman is making a twisting slalom course on the side of Mount Tremblant in Northern Quebec look like a walk to the first tee. But if you haven't done much of this sort of thing, and there is a mat-

ter of choice, the Southland is yours by divine right—or something. A word of explanation is necessary however. In Northern Quebec one finds the Mecca of winter sports in this continent. Society and sportdom mingle on the snow-clad Laurentian foothills north of Montreal each winter. If the

easterner, Canadian or American is the sort of man who goes from Hickory to Hickory—I.E. from golf shafts to skis—here is the place. Somehow that picture above stirs something in us, however, and still gets our vote—must be the golf in our blood . . . ahem!



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TORONTO, ONT. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Canadian Golfer

Established 1915

201st issue of Publication

Official Organ

Royal Canadian
Golf Association

Canadian Senior Women's
Golf Association



Official Organ

Province of Quebec
Golf Association

Montreal Professional
Golfers' Alliance

November, 1935

MONTREAL-TORONTO

Vol. XXI., No. 8

Winter and the Indoor Golf School



LAST MONTH the Editorial was in the form of a short sketch which was intended to encourage the player to enjoy the last few weeks of golf on Eastern and Middle Western Canada. In the far west golfers do not need this encouragement, for with the exception of a little "dry rain" there is no great handicap to golf. The rest of Canada envies the west in this respect for the golf season can never be too long to suit the true golfer. As a matter of fact just as most of us are beginning to become fully acquainted with the clubs and feel a real confidence in them the blast of Father Winter comes

swooping down upon us and that is the end of the season.

Golfers cannot regret too much this interference in Canada, for what we lose there is almost a fitting retribution in the form of Canada's truly marvelous winter sports. The ice and the snow-clad hills and valleys offer something of the same challenge that lies so deep-seated in the essence of our first love, golf.

Indeed there is no use fooling ourselves any longer. In the greater portion of Canada golf for 1935 is almost at a close. Unless one is fortunate enough to be spending the winter in the far West or in the South all but a few Canadian golfers should really be oiling up the clubs and hanging them up for the winter. Yet golf does not have to be forgotten completely. In fact much can be done to improve one's fame and actually keep the player in fairly good physical condition.

In practically every center of golf in Canada there are professionals who set up Golf Schools in the winter. These are the places where the swing can be maintained and the rust kept off the muscles that are used in the game. A great many golfers do not feel that they obtain the worth in expense and in effort when patronizing the local golf schools in the winter, but for the person who does not exercise a great deal any way outside of his golf, this is a real outlet to energy. One hits two or three hundred balls in the golf

school and even the young man player will feel that he has exerted himself considerably. Of course the walking is not to be had, but one does not get the actual physical exertion in playing golf that he does in merely hitting balls. Along with this advantage there is the fact of keeping the swing throughout the off season and the feel of the club which is so valuable to an early return to good form in the spring.

For muscles that are slightly without the suppleness of early youth it seems almost impossible to overcome the loss of the "feel" until the summer is a quarter over. In this respect the ardent golfer will admit that any course of action is worthwhile to offset the humiliation of taking dust from the wrong people at the start of the season.

For the young player there is no dearth of pastimes along which to spend his physical energy. Every year, more and more, the intense pleasure and thrill of skiing is becoming more realized. In the Laurentians, the mother of Mountain ranges of the world, Canada has a play-ground second to none. In the West, Banff and Jasper Park afford everything that the sportminded individual could ask. In fact when the winter comes in Canada we find the golfing public turning to different sport venues and everyone of the winter pastimes from Curling to Ski-jumping are represented by the members of the golfing fraternity.

This is significant of the fact that golfers are individuals who are genuine lovers of sport. During the winter months therefor *Canadian Golfer* will follow not only golf, the sport, but the people who golf in their various winter activities.

In closing this habituary to the past season we urge every golfer who has not already a definite winter sport interest to find one as soon as possible. A sudden dropping of all exercise is most harmful to the individual, and a winter of physical inactivity will find a decided decline in one's game when the season opens again next spring.

Even more than that, it is almost sacrilege to spurn the grandeur and health that the Canadian Winter offers to every red-blooded individual.

The Royal Canadian Golf Association Nominates

Yearly the officials of the Royal Canadian Golf Association are called upon to name their successors at the helm of Canadian Golf. Throughout the past Canadians who are part of the great golfing fraternity of the land have played under the auspices of a body of men who with a practical view have guided the course of the game observing at the same time all the highest ideals and traditions which are a part of golf. Indeed it is truly said that the most compact and smoothly functioning golf association in the world is to be found in the R.C.G.A. And this compliment is not ill-founded in any respect.

The interprovincial, international, and national tournaments in which Canadians participate are planned and carried out with careful precision by the ruling body of Canadian golf so that over three thousand miles from ocean to ocean golfers are bound together for the further enjoyment of the game. Such things as a close similarity of handicap rating among Canadians has been one of the great works of the R.C.G.A. heads in the past. This has not been entirely completed but will in the near future be a total reality. More than this the interworkings of the various provincial associations has been facilitated immensely by the Royal Canadian Golf Association. International play such as the amateur team of ten Canadians who went abroad to England this past summer is possible only through the vision and planning of the parent body of Canadian golf. The extension of the friendship between the two peoples and the actual furtherment of the game are tremendously advanced by such gestures.

With these things in mind CANADIAN GOLFER wishes to express the feeling of congratulation to the men who have been recently chosen for nomination to the executive and to Mr. Robert Jacob, of Winnipeg the president-elect. To these men has fallen a great honor and a vital responsibility. Most of their names are familiar as time-proven servants of the game and so it is with pride that we present the slate of new personal which will be voted upon in February at the annual meeting of the R.C.G.A.

The following is an excerpt of the official notice received from Mr. B. L. Anderson, Secretary of the Association:



"CAPT." ROBERT JACOB

We beg to submit the unanimous Report of the Nominating Committee elected at the last Annual Meeting for the Officers and Committee of the Royal Canadian Golf Association for 1936.

According to the Constitution of the Royal Canadian Golf Association, Article VIII, Sec. 1.—"All candidates nominated must be members of Clubs, members of this Association. The nominations shall be reported by the Nominating Committee to the Secretary of the Association not later than the 15th of November in each year and notice of such nominations shall

be mailed by the Secretary to Clubs, members of the Association not later than November 20th in each year and shall be accompanied by a nomination blank for the purpose of other nominations by member clubs." Sec. 2—"Representatives from each Province may be nominated by any two Clubs, members of the Association in such Province. All nominees must be members of Clubs, members of the Association. Such nominations must be in the hands of the Secretary of the Association not later than the 20th of December in each year."

Mr. Robert Jacob, of Winnipeg, nominee for the Presidency during the coming season, is one of the best known figures in golf in the Middle West and has justly earned the title of "Capt." Bob Jacob for he has lead the Manitoba Provincial team as manager on a number of occasions. Mr. Jacob was sent this year as the executive representative with the Canadian Amateur team which played in Great Britain. At Ancaster at the time of the Canadian Amateur Championship Mr. Jacob assisted greatly, and at the presentation of

(Continued on page 24)

OFFICERS

President

ROBERT JACOB K.C., Winnipeg, Man.

Vice-President

To be elected by the New Executive Committee

Secretary-Treasurer

To be appointed by the New Executive Committee

Executive Committee

British Columbia	W. S. Charlton
Alberta	O. L. Leigh-Spencer
Saskatchewan	Major J. H. Warren K. C.
Manitoba	Justice J. E. Adamson
	Col. Claude Brown
Ontario	F. G. Hoblitzell
	G. L. Robinson
	B. N. Holtham
Quebec	Dr. A. S. Lamb
	J. I. Rankin
New Brunswick	J. Royden Thomson
Nova Scotia	Frank L. Lewis

Respectfully submitted,

E. C. Gould, Chairman
 Geo. H. Forster, Ex-Officio
 C. W. Jackson, Ex-Officio
 W. H. Plant, Ex-Officio
 Dr. W. J. Browne
 H. Milton Martin
 W. W. Walker
 A. Collyer
 Gordon T. Cassels

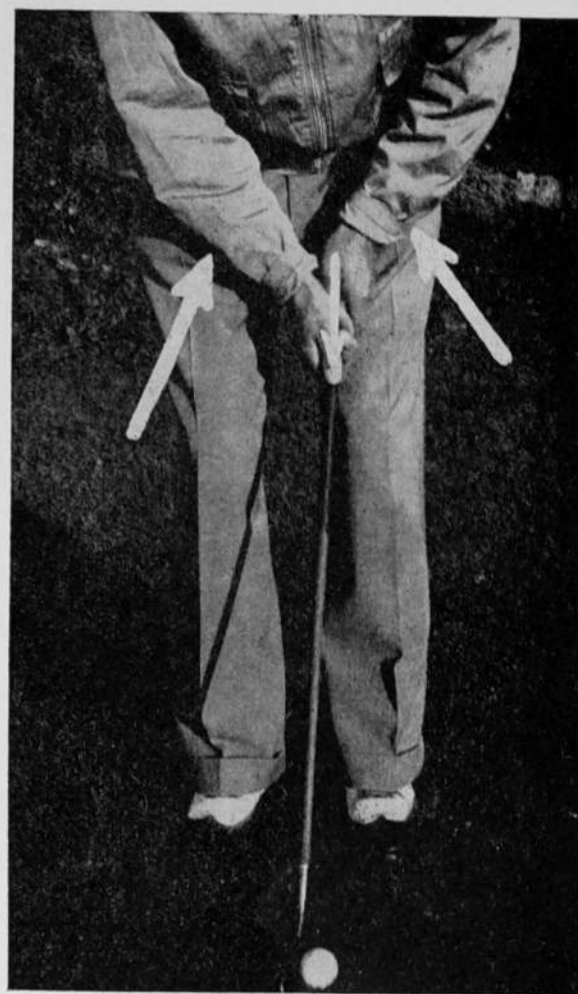
GOLFERS and golf writers are forever inventing new wrinkles and new devices, whereby, they may improve, either factually or in their minds. There is no ultimate goal in golf, and for that reason there will always be new theories and trick devices coming from one source or another. One particular phase of the game which has not been exploited too much in this respect is the putting stroke. This has been the case simply because most people agree upon a definite method with fully orthodox measures in order.

To join the happy throng of suggestion makers is a temptation too great to overcome. But there is some justification since the source of the idea which is about to be presented is none other than Gene Kunes, the new Canadian Champion. All those who followed his final two rounds at Summerlea were struck with the consistency of his approach putting. Not that Kunes was holing every 20 footer in his final march for the title, but he was getting a few of them. This few accounted for the comfortable part of a three stroke margin which he held over the rest of the field. Also on those putts which Kunes did not actually invade the cup, his ball was always on the line and very close to the hole, making his second effort very easy.

Now when we noticed this (which was not at all difficult to note) it immediately followed that we must find some reason for this player's consistently fine putting touch. Therefore, after the last round, Gene was good enough to pose for a picture and to discuss the matter at some length. First of all there is nothing unusual about Kunes' stance. He merely stands up to the ball with his head over the spot where it is resting and then strokes. Certainly there was nothing to be learned there. Next there was the matter of the grip. This too is fairly orthodox with the two thumbs running down the shaft and the left hand overlapping. To be sure we have all seen this any number of times. At that point of the discussion we were about ready to admit that it must be Gene's innate ability rather than any physical feature which made the execution of his putting strokes so accurate—then quite suddenly we noted one feature—simple though it was which we both agreed must have something to do with the unerring

Gene Kunes Conjures Up A "New Wrinkle" In Putting

*WHERE THE ARROWS
POINT are spots which Kunes
finds important in finding the
hole.*



line that Kunes was attaining. The fact was that Gene was resting his arms on his thighs in a way so as to make the motion of a stroke entirely a matter of the hands and wrists. This makes the putt something more of a tap than a stroke. With his arms resting in such a way the tension was removed, and there was no tendency to err by a backward or forward motion of the hands and arms. In other words once the ball was lined up Kunes had but to stroke it thinking only of the distance required. The bracing of the arms had greatly removed the possibility of turning the club face during the stroke.

Having played the part of the sleuth in discovering this secret device, it is now passed on to you for what it is worth. Perhaps it will only work for Gene Kunes, or perhaps your arms are too long or too short to

rest comfortably on your legs. At any rate if you decide to try the Kunes putting method, the accompanying picture will give you an idea of the position to assume, the grip, and the general attitude from which a lot of putts may be sunk—we vouch for this fact for we saw it done.

The trouble generally rests in the fact that golfers try to adopt the styles of others rather than use the positions that are natural and comfortable. Either this situation exists or the reverse is the case in which the player will not temper his natural inclinations in golf sufficiently to let a little common sense application of the initial laws of physics govern his natural impulses. Building a putting stroke must be done on the principles of making room for the least possible number of errors. This little tip gleaned from Gene Kunes is a device that cuts said possibilities considerably.



THE QUEBEC C. L. G. U. REPORTS FOR 1935

Officers of the Quebec Branch of the Canadian Ladies' Golf Union for the coming year. They are, front row, left to right, Mrs. H. I. Nelson, first vice-president; Mrs. Edwin Crockett, of Toronto, president of the C.L.G.U.; Mrs. W. S. Lighthall, re-elected president; Mrs. Jack Pembroke, honorary secretary. Back row, left to right, Miss Margaret Lockhart, chairman Pars Committee; Miss M. Nesbitt, tournament manager; Mrs. W. E. Bickley handicap manager; Mrs. T. Eardley-Wilmot, honorary treasurer.

Secretary's Report: New Slate

The following slate of Officers for the Quebec C.L.G.U. during 1935 was elected:

- Hon. President — Mrs. L. S. Kelly
- President — Mrs. W. S. Lighthall
- 1st Vice-President — Mrs. H. I. Nelson
- 2nd Vice-President — Mrs. C. M. de R. Finniss
- 3rd Vice-President — Mrs. W. G. Fraser
- Hon. Secretary — Mrs. Jack Pembroke
- Hon. Treasurer — Mrs. H. L. Burrow (succeeded by Mrs. T. Eardley-Wilmot, June 1935)
- Handicap Manager — Mrs. W. E. Bickley
- Tournament Manager — Miss Mary Nesbitt
- Chairman Pars Committee — Mrs. A. B. Darling

Miss Meredith Hodgson, Mde. E. Gohier and Mrs. Francis Hankin were appointed to the Executive Committee as "President's Three" at the first meeting.

Executive meetings were held each month, with members of sub-committees in attendance, as well as Executive Officers. The average attendance at these meetings was eleven.

A Committee of five was appointed to assist Miss Mary Nesbitt, Tournament Manager, who also undertook the Chairmanship of the Rules Committee, it being felt that these duties were closely associated. District Committees were appointed to control Tournaments and C. L. G. U. affairs in the Eastern Townships, under the Chairmanship of Miss Mary McGreevy's Chairmanship.

In April a meeting of Captains and Presidents was held in the Mount Royal Hotel, when the Handicap Manager, Mrs. W. E. Bickley, explained the revised system of handicapping, and the Tournament Manager, Miss Mary Nesbitt, outlined the fixture card for the season. At this meeting also your President discussed the Provincial Team Fund project, a report on which will be presented to you later by Mrs. H. I. Nelson. Similar meetings were held early in the season in the Eastern Townships and in Grand Mere.

With the Dominion Championships scheduled for British Columbia, the Quebec Branch made a determined effort to secure the interest and support of its Clubs in the Provincial Team Fund, in order to raise sufficient funds to send a 4-player team to Victoria to represent the Province of Quebec. Members of the Executive Committee visited several to explain the aims and objects of the Team Fund, and during the summer Mrs. Lighthall and Mrs. Nelson also visited Ottawa where a very successful meeting was held. As a result a sufficient amount was raised to enable Quebec to send a team to British Columbia, composed of Mrs. A. B. Darling, Mde. J. B. Dagenais, Mrs. A. J. D. Wright, and Mrs. Leo Dolan.

Clubs now affiliated with the Quebec Branch total 53, 4 new clubs having joined the C. L. G. U. this year, Wentworth, Rawdon, Mount Royal and Meadowbrook. Shawinigan Golf Club, which had resigned returned to membership again this year.

With increased membership in the Union, the duties of your Executive officers likewise increase, and it is with great sincerity that I thank my fellow members on the Committee for their wonderful co-operation during the past year, and the officers of all Provincial clubs for their ready support at all times.

Respectfully submitted,
GENEVIEVE L. PEMBROKE
Hon. Secretary
(Mrs. Jack Pembroke)

Report of Team Fund Committee

Madam President and Ladies,

I have the honor to present this report as Chairman of Canadian Golfer's Team Fund Committee, Quebec Branch, and it is with mixed feelings that I do so.

In the first place, delighted to be able to report that so many Clubs realized that this fund is now an established fact, and that each year their members will be asked to contribute to this fund the small sum of Fifty Cents, and made a determined effort this year to collect their quota.

In the second place, disappointed that a number of Clubs failed to realize that they must also do their share of collecting for this purpose. The showing made by these Clubs we feel certain would have been very different had their members understood the objects of this fund, for the best results were received from Clubs to whom the fund had been fully explained by a member of the Team Fund Committee. It is to the Presidents and Executives of Ladies Branches that we must look for the success of Team Fund Collections, and may we ask that next spring you grant an opportunity to a member of Team Fund Committee to address your members at Opening Tea or Luncheon.

The amount asked for from each Golfer, is as you know only Fifty Cents annually, which is the smallest amount we could ask anybody to contribute to this fund, if it is ever to become self-sustaining, which is our aim, and is an amount every Golfer can very easily afford to contribute. It should be merely a matter of educating your members that this is an annual contribution.

We believe the most successful way to take care of the collections for this purpose would be to have a uniform system throughout the Province, therefore, if you have any suggestions to offer, will you please send them to our Provincial Secretary. Be assured that your suggestions will be appreciated, and may be of considerable assistance.

I have listed the contribution Clubs on a percentage basis, starting with those rating 100%, as follows:—

Braeside	\$ 10.00	Senneville	30.00
Marlborough	115.00	Grand Mere	8.00
Kanawaki	125.00	St. Patricks	10.00
Laval-sur-le-Lac	100.00	Cornwall	16.50
Beaconsfield	125.00	Royal Montreal	40.00
Whitlock	50.00	Gatineau Golf Club	10.00
Elm Ridge	60.00	Ottawa Hunt	33.00
Islesmere	42.00	Tecumseh	10.50
St. Leonards	20.00	Rivermead	25.00
Mount Bruno	34.75	Country Club	19.00
Royal Ottawa	100.00	Como	5.00
Rosemere	20.50	Laurentian	5.00
Summerlea	75.00	Quebec Golf Club	11.50
Grove Hill	40.00	Chaudière	10.00
Hampstead	34.00	Total Golf Clubs	\$1,231.75
Drummondville	10.00	P.Q.G.A. Contribution	70.00
Grandby	10.00	Result 3 Raffles-Golf Balls	72.15
Sherbrooke	15.00		
Manoir Richelleu	10.00		
Personal Subscription	2.00		
	<hr/>		
	1,016.25		\$1,373.90

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. H. I. Ethel C. NELSON
Chairman Team Fund
Quebec Branch.

Report of the Quebec Team Trip

On the trip out, our first stop was made at Jasper National Park, where we played 18 holes over this very interesting course under ideal conditions. We arrived at Vancouver on the Thursday morning, which allowed us several practice rounds over the Jericho Country Club before the qualifying round of the Open. All the teams were billeted at the Georgia Hotel, and everyone out there was most kind to us.

As you are all familiar with the play in the Open championship, there is no need to give any details here.

We moved on to Victoria where the team match was played on Monday morning over the Royal Colwood Golf Club. This match was played separately for the first time, and resulted in the tie between Ontario and Quebec. The play off took place the following day in conjunction with the qualifying round of the Close championship, and Ontario won out by some very sound golf, the average score for the four members of the team being 83.

Due mostly to the team fund, six Provinces were represented in the team match, and also in both championships, which of course, made the play much more competitive.

Mrs. Crockett made arrangements for the trip back east, some sixteen of us travelling in a special car and stopping to play exhibition games at Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina and Winnipeg. We also played at Banff, where we had to start at seven o'clock in the morning in order to maintain our schedule, and despite the early hour, it was well worth while, because Banff is such a beautiful course.

At all these places where exhibition matches were played, everyone was awfully nice to us, and we found them, most enthusiastic about the game, and especially about the team fund.

Speaking for the members of the Quebec team, we consider ourselves as being most fortunate to have been selected, and needless to say will always remember the trip as one of the most enjoyable.

Financial Report of the Quebec Ladies

GENERAL STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS

Receipts

Cash in Banks, Nov. 14, 1934		847.25
Sale of Luncheon Tickets	241.00	
Annual Fees	230.00	
Entry Fees:		
Field days	371.00	
Provincial Tournament	225.00	
City and District Championship	108.00	
Junior Championship	11.25	715.25
Bank Interest		18.02
Grand Total	\$2,051.52	
Total	1,204.27	

Audited and confirmed by M. E. P. Christian, November, 12th, 1935.
Respectfully submitted,

FRANCES EARDLEY-WILMOT,
Hon. Treasurer.

Tournament Manager's Report for 1935

Madam President and Lady Members:

In presenting my report I would like to say that, considering the unfavourable weather prevailing during some of this season's events I feel that our year has been very successful, despite the fact that the number of entries did not exceed those of last year.

During the season there were Four Field Days, one of which was a Four-some, open to players who had scored one hundred and twenty or less. The first Tournament was played over the *Beaconsfield Golf Course* on the 10th of June, with one hundred and thirty nine entries, twenty more than for the same event last year. Mde. J. Dagenais of Laval-sur-le-Lac and Mrs. A. B. Darling of Whitlock, tied for the low gross; Mde. Dagenais, having the low score on the last nine holes, won the honor.

The *Foursome Tournament* was played over the *South Course* of the *Royal Montreal Golf Club* on July 8th, and proved to be one of the banner events of the season. The entries numbered two hundred and eighteen, the winners being Mrs. N. K. Gordon and Miss N. Hankin of Rosemere.

A *Field Day* was held at the *Country Club of Montreal* on July 29th, when the entries numbered one hundred and forty three, surprisingly good considering the rain and wind which prevailed. Mrs. A. B. Darling of Whitlock was the winner.

One of the fixtures of the Canadian Ladies' Golf Union is the holding of a *Field Day* outside the Montreal District. This season, The *Sherbrooke Country Club* offered the privileges of their course and a *Field Day* was held there on August 6th. This proved to be a decided success, with seventy six entries. The winner was Miss Yolande Moisan of Summerlea Golf Club.

The *Bronze Division Trophy* played for annually, was won by Summerlea Golf Club. This is the fourth consecutive year the Summerlea Ladies have won this Trophy.

I wish to express our appreciation to the Ladies' Branches of the Clubs where the *Field Days* were held, for their assistance and cooperation in making these Tournaments successful.

It was a pleasure to find that the rules of Golf were so clearly understood by the players, this giving the Ruling Committee few decisions to make.

The entries for the Montreal City and District Championship, held at *Marlborough Golf Club* on June 25th and 26th, were not as numerous as the previous year, although we had seventy two entries. Mrs. A. B. Darling, of Whitlock, and Mde. J. Dagenais of Laval-sur-le-Lac, tied in the aggregate low gross, Mde. Dagenais winning in the play-off with a score of eighty five.

It was the consensus of opinion of the Low Handicap Players that the Provincial Championship should be held in the latter part of the season. This resolution was seriously considered, adopted, and proved to be a decided success. This Championship was held over the course of the *Laval-sur-le-Lac Golf Club* during the week of August 19th to 23rd. The entries num-



Right:—Quebec's Interprovincial team which placed second to Ontario. They are: Mrs. A. B. Darling Quebec Champion, Mrs. Leo Dolan, fine-playing Ottawa star, Mrs. A. D. J. Wright of Montreal, and the finalist in the Canadian Open, Mde. J. Dagenais.

bered seventy five, with sixteen players to qualify. The scores recorded in the qualifying rounds were much lower as compared with last year, and it may be interesting to know that the number of entries with handicaps of ten and under was also greater. The play in the elimination was extremely keen. In fact, in a number of matches the play was carried beyond the eighteenth hole for decision, adding greatly to the excitement. The final was between Mrs. A. B. Darling of Whitlock and Miss M. Kirkham of Meadowbrook Golf Club, Mrs. Darling winning at the nineteenth hole. Miss Kirkham is, however, to be complimented for the wonderful Tournament Play she showed in taking the match that far. The Team Shield which is played for annually, during the Qualifying Round of the Provincial Championship, was again won by Laval-sur-le-Lac.

After the finals of the Championships held at *Marlborough* and *Laval-sur-le-Lac Golf Clubs*, the players were entertained by the Ladies of these Clubs to a most enjoyable tea. A great deal of credit and thanks are due to those connected with these Clubs for their untiring efforts and cooperation which greatly helped to make the Championship Tournaments such a success.

The next competition was that of the Junior Girls' Championship, played over the Course of the *Rosemere Golf Club*, August 26th to 29th. On the 26th the qualifying round was held and on that day several players reduced their handicaps. The three days' play was very popular with all the entrants, Miss A. Macintosh, of Whitlock, retained her championship crown of last year, with Miss Helen Davis of Como Golf Club, as runner up. This event was most successful and ended very pleasingly with a luncheon, at which Mrs. F. Hankin and Mrs. J. Webster acted as hostesses on behalf of the Rosemere Golf Club.

The *Junior Girls' Championship* is one which should be fostered and encouraged, because the Junior Girls, in the very near future, will be the support of our Ladies' Golf Union.

The last fixture of the season was the *Eighteen Hole Medal Club Team Play*. This was a very popular event, which is indicated by the fact that sixteen teams entered, one of which was Cornwall as compared with thirteen teams last year. Unfortunately, due to the heavy rain, only seven teams finished play. The winning team was Whitlock.

To my Tournament Committee, Mrs. Bickley, Assistant Tournament Manager, Mrs. Stewart, Miss Olive Rogers and Miss Margaret Lockhart, I wish to extend my sincere and heartfelt thanks for their able cooperation, which certainly made my term of office most enjoyable and pleasant.

I also wish to express my thanks and appreciation to the District Tournament Managers, Miss McGreevy, Ottawa, and Miss Horner, Eastern Townships, for the work they have done in organizing Golf Tournaments in their respective Districts.

Respectfully submitted,

MISS MARY NESBITT

Provincial Tournament Manager.

Madam President and Ladies:

As chairman of the Pars Committee of the Quebec branch of the G. L. G. U., I wish to report on the work carried out by my committee during the past season.

Last year a general check was made of the pars of all clubs, so that it was not necessary to repeat this work, although now pars were established for the following courses—Hampstead Golf Club, Manoir Richelieu Golf Club, St. Patricks Golf Club and Rosemere Gold Club Kanawaki.

Six new clubs become members of the golf union this year, which were parred by my committee and myself during the season.

I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks for the manner in which we were received and entertained at all the clubs which we visited.

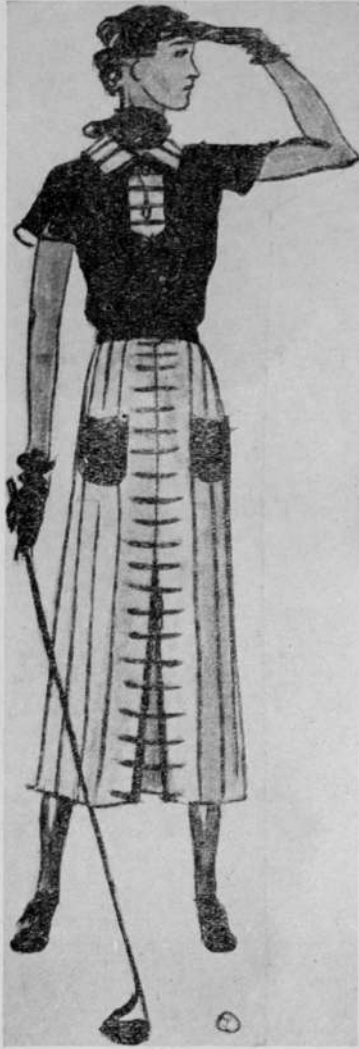
Following is a list of the new clubs which were parred:—Mount Royal, Meadow Brooks, Belleview, Shawinigan Falls, Wentworth and Rawdon Golf Clubs.

I would like to thank my committee, Miss Mollie Hankin, Mde. Dagenais, Mrs. Wright and Miss Barbara Took for their kind assistance and co-operation during the past season.

Respectfully submitted,

Dora V. Darling.

(Continued on page 20)



LADY FAIRCHILD—entwined with the game practically by heredity

ONE Tuesday evening—the evening which I always reserve for dinner at home by myself—I sat down beside the fire to think about things. That is one custom kept by the Mohammedans which makes me feel them to be among the greatest living peoples. But that is aside from the point—the fact of the matter was the port had been good, the fire in the study warm, and the great easy chair, which the heads of our family had for three generations kept as their own, felt more marvelously comfortable than my poor words could express. I completed the picture with a pipe—a favourite from the den rack, and there alone in the fire-lit coziness of my trophy-room I found a portion of that which any man might call heaven.

THE 1001st USE OF VOODOO

By H. R. PICKENS Jr.

Editor's Note

We do not ask the reader to believe any more of the statement below than he wishes. Either as fact or as fiction it should prove interesting both to the golfer and to the lover of stories. There is no way to substantiate the occurrence other than the word of our esteemed friend Capt. Pettigrew-Bourne who, until this time, has remained entirely reticent on the subject. The circumstance seems highly plausible in the light of what we are told about good golf being a state of mind, however.

Outside the wind was bending the elms almost to the ground—howling like a choir of tortured souls around the garret roof of my den. In front the fire flashed up the chimney in great robust bursts. It was a hale noise like the puffing of an over-fed country squire who has just run a hundred paces for the first time in ten years. Such were the thoughts that ran through the mind of a very comfortable gentleman, myself, as he lolled with out-stretched legs enjoying all the deep-seated pleasure of luxurious solitude. And yet there could be no doubt that even amid all this pleasantry—pleasantry of a physical nature—there was a cloud of worry which clung to me now even as it had during the past month. It was a worry which comes generally in the



CAPT. PETTIGREW-BOURNE—Seven goal polo player, swordsman, mountain climber—but certainly no Golfer

life of every man. In short, it seemed as if I was about to lose the one lady about whom I felt I could ever care more than two pence.

In the course of the half year my proposals to Mollie, that's Lady Fairchild, had numbered more than fifty. At first I had thought it was just a matter of time, for she undoubtedly felt some affection, yet now that the golfing season was in full swing there could be no doubt this feeling was slowly ebbing. The trouble, I realize disgustedly, rested in my-worse-than-indifferent golf.

One would have to know Mollie Fairchild to appreciate this, I s'pose. At any rate she is one of those very athletic women, a prize product of her generation, and she is entwined with the game of golf practically by heredity . . . club champion, captain, and all that sort of thing. For my part I had never taken the game seriously until I met Mollie. That was near the end of the last season. More and more I was brought to feel that I must become adept at the game in order to ease the pressure which was growing between us. It seemed absurd that I could not fathom this sport, for sports had always been my fort. If I could have even taken her on with a handicap of say a third, instead of losing to her better than half the time playing even, I think she would have said "yes." As it was, my pathetic ef-

Can Golf Ability be Reduced to a mental state? Kant, the Philosopher Tells Us that Reality Exists only in the Human Mind—In this Light the Strange Story of Capt. Pittigrew — Bourne Seems Almost Feasible.

forts gave her no chance to respect me. One might suggest that I should have discontinued the game entirely, but such an action would have been an open admission of defeat—a thing that no Pettigrew-Bourne has ever done.

Indeed, my plight was serious, for I could not bear to see Mollie playing daily with that fellow Cuttenham. This was habit she had begun first because he was a "scratch" golfer, but now seemingly she was beginning to like the bloke. Meanwhile I, with my dangling sixteen handicap, was in a position to do nothing about it. That was the most disconcerting part of the whole affair. All my life I have been a man of action, but here I was tied hand and foot by a game I had always looked upon as the sport of old age. It is a strange thing how a situation may arise and assume such an ill-proportion on the horizon of one's future. I alone, it seemed, was aware of the absurdity of Mollie's attitude, for the choice of a husband, I felt, should certainly be based upon something more than his ability at one game. Nevertheless, the circumstances existed, and I had to face them.

For a length of time I had been telling myself with characteristic optimism that the matter was not one for ultimate worry, but somewhere deep inside I realized that I was only whistling in the dark, so to speak. As a matter of fact when I saw Mollie and Cuttenham together I felt the same forboding which inevitably possesses me just before impending disaster. Once it came over me just before an opponent's foil tip snapped off as he scored a touché, so that I was badly wounded in the shoulder. Again I recall the sensation the moment a life-line broke leaving me stranded on a four foot ledge three thousand feet up in the Bavarian Alps.

It seemed so ironical that a seven goal man with the British Army Polo Team in South Africa, a master of the epee and sabre at Oxford, and one of the few men to scale the Matterhorn alone, should lose the woman of his dreams simply because he could not solve the mystery of a simple golf swing. To a man of my temperament and back-ground the idea was galling to a point of distraction. It was in this trend that my thoughts travelled on that eventful Tuesday evening which began like so many others, but which was to culminate the most unfathomable event of my far-from-eventless life.

I imagine I must have dozed off for a few moments despite my uneasy contemplations. It was my man Basil who awakened me with his inevitable, "chem, pardon Sir." His cheeks were ashen white in contrast to their usually ruddy coloring as he announced a Mr. Lenart Doggerie to see me. Feltham Moors does not produce unexpected visitors very often. Still less does one have callers after ten on such a night as this. Doubtless the cause must be ur-



LENART DOGGERIE—Repayer of a strange debt—sender of the leaden phail

gent or this person would have considered these facts.

Scarcely could I blame Basil for his loss of colour when I saw the man who entered the room a moment later. Even I who had served for eight years in the heart of darkest Africa felt a strange tingling running the length of my spine as Lenart Doggerie crossed my threshold.

For a moment he paused in the doorway, bowed stiffly and swept into the room like a shadow from the blustering night itself. He wore a greatcoat—a heavy-caped affair which hung from his thin sloping shoulders like a shroud. It was black and reached almost to the ground. The man himself was probably six feet and a half tall, with a head too small for his body. His nose was the most conspicuous feature of his face. It was long and high bridged, giving him the appearance of a great bird of prey. Indeed it was the vulture which he most resembled for there was not one hair on his tiny, ill-shapen head.

"Mr. Pettigrew-Bourne," he addressed me and bowed again, "you must excuse the intrusion, but I have come

on a matter which may compensate in part for the unpleasantness of my ungainly appearance and your inconvenience." The man's voice was low and rasping, but the percision of his enunciation marked him at once as a foreigner who had completely mastered the language.

"I might have written you and explained my purpose thus saving you this interview, but you are not the type of man to be impressed by a letter. In the end I would have to come in person." The man was apologizing and at the same time trying to flatter me.

"No inconvenience at all, Mr. errr Doggerie, is it?"

"Doggerie is not my name, but it will suit the purpose for the time. In this matter I can assure you my own name would mean nothing, perhaps it would even cause you to decline my aid." The man was talking in riddles, and it was hardly conventional to burst into a gentleman's study openly admitting to have done so under a fictitious name. Under ordinary circumstances I would have objected, but already I was fascinated with curiosity to know what this wierd fellow, this freak-man, might want of me.

"You speak of my declining your aid, Mr. Doggerie," I asked, "what do you mean?"

"Mr. Pettigrew-Bourne," my visitor eyed me in a strange amused way, "I have reason to know that you are confronted with a crisis. Do not ask me how, but I know this. The crux, as you might call it, of your dilemma hinges upon your inability at a sport which I believe is known as golf. I see you are astounded at my knowledge of the situation, but I have come to tell you that your fears concerning the loss of the lady are well founded."

The sole light in the study came from the open fireplace and, as the flames dance fitfully throwing out their dim illumination, ever-changing shadows played on the dark emotionless features of the man who sat before me. All at once he seemed the personification of the fears which had haunted me. For a moment I thought I might be dreaming, but there was something in the brilliant glint of Lenart Doggerie's eyes which made me realize that this was no hallucination.

"I will be brief," my visitor continued, "the circumstances are fully

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"The Old Championship Winners"

'Where did they end their days'

By BERTIE PAXTON

Tom H. Harley the first winner of the Canadian Amateur championship. He took the title in 1895 at Ottawa by a score of 5 and 4.

A few years ago, an East Lothian golfer who was playing at Kilspindie near Gullane, noticed an elderly player whose style and serving seemed familiar. It was not long before the two recognized each other and one of them turned out to be Tom Harley, a former Canadian Champion. He had left Scotland towards the end of last century and had settled in Eastern Canada. Before leaving home, Harley had won many golfing trophies: and soon after coming to Canada he successfully competed for the Championship. A little-known East Lothian village like Alverlady was a strange place to meet an ex-Canadian champion but Harley had returned to his native village to spend the evening of his life.

This chance meeting suggested the question—where did the well-known players of fifty years ago spend their old age and how many of them are still alive.

There is only one man living now who won the British Championship previous to the year 1890. Davie Brown, who won it at Musselburgh in 1886, is still living near that little town; and his nearest rival in point of years is Mr. John Ball, who won it in 1890. All the rest are gone, many of them before reaching middle life.

The circumstances surrounding the early death of young Tom Morris are too well known to require repetition; but it is not so generally known that his great friend and rival Davie Strath

died on the voyage to Australia whither he had gone in search of health. Those who can remember the two must sometimes wonder which was the better player; but as young Tom won championships and Davie Strath did not, the palm must be awarded to him. Still, there was little, if anything, between them. It was a case of a great player being overshadowed during all his career by an exceptional one. If Strath had happened to live in the Eighties, it is likely that he would have won the Championship as often as he liked to play for it. The scores at that time show a great falling off from Tom Morris's day. Willie Campbell, who died some years later in Florida, used to be styled the greatest golfer that never won the Championship. Perhaps he was. But what about Davie Strath? Willie Campbell never had opposition like young Tom Morris to contend against—and Davie Strath had.

Then there was Willie Parke, the elder, hero of three great challenge matches with Strath and the winner of the Championship on three occasions. He died at Musselburgh, full of years and golfing honors. The greatness of the Parke family's golfing ability may be judged from the fact that among them they won the Championship seven times.

Bob Ferguson, another great Musselburgh player, finished his days in his native place, but although Bob

won the Championship three times in succession he never seemed to appeal to the gallery as these other players did. After his day there was a somewhat lean period in Scotch golf, not unlike that through which Great Britain has been passing since the war. But there was no American invasion in these days to mark the poverty of the land so unpleasantly apparent. But a lean period there undoubtedly was, and the Scots at that time did not have the excuse—which they sometimes urge now—that their best players had been bought up by their rivals and had gone to join the band of Mercenaries who have done so much for the land of their adoption. In the Eighties, as in the Twenties, there were plenty of good players in the Old Country but none of outstanding ability. A glance at the list of Championship winners in these days reveals a group of names practically unknown before that event and almost forgotten now. Not very many of the present generation ever heard of Jack Simpson or Willie Fernie; Jack Burns or Davie Brown—yet all of them won the Championship and none of them did much of note afterwards.

Jack Burns, a native of St. Andrews who had gone to Warwick to work at his trade, went back to his work and was little heard of again in the golfing world. Willie Fernie died at Froom where he had spent most of his life as greenkeeper. Jack Simpson died in early life, and the only one left is Davie Brown, an old man now and getting pretty feeble.

Turning to the amateurs it will be seen that the case is somewhat different. The great players of the Eighties are nearly all alive. Messrs. John Ball, J. E. Lairdlay, L. M. Balfour-Melville and Harold Hilton are still to the fore and, although their championship days are past, they still indulge in their favorite pastime. Of the other winners in these days, the two earliest,

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How Far Back Should The Club Travel

Since the Year One of commercialized golf teaching there are certain questions which never seem to come up in a definite way to the satisfaction of the average golfer. One of these seldom-discussed points is the little matter of how far the club should travel on the back-swing. One can only feel sorry for the beginning who tries to solve this question for himself. Perhaps he feels that he can glean the answer by attending a few major tournaments and deducing from the swings of perfect golfers just where to stop the club on the backswing. This is an intensely difficult thing to do. In the first place there are scarcely two of these great players who take the club back the same distance. It is a generally conceded that the iron swing is a shorter swing than that used with the "woods," but this does not answer what the individual should do with his own clubs.

And yet there is an answer. A very specific answer which is never failing in its efficiency against error in that portion of the swing that we are now considering. This accounts for the fact that at the Open championships we may see Hagen swinging back very fast in what looks like a three-quarter backswing. Then we see methodical MacDonald Smith,—he is taking the club back like a wand and we can see it all the way. It goes a little beyond the parallel position to the ground. There is a model we say, and yet Horton Smith, his namesake beats him fairly consistently with a half swing that has become faster and faster during the years. Indeed this is most perplexing. As we stop to think about the matter, we remember seeing Phil Perkins—one of England's greatest amateurs of a few seasons back. He set one foot down, then the other, both

like placing tent pegs, then with a swish suddenly the club went back. It went back about half the distance of a normal full swing. It was a quick powerful heave controlled. Yet Perkins was, and is, a great golfer. What was the secret of his swing, and where is the common denominator of his method with those of the more orthodox swingers like Sarazen, Jones, MacDonald Smith?

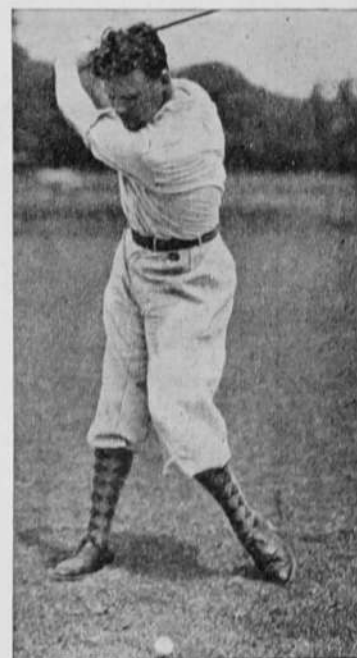
The answer to that question lies in the word control. And behind it is the matter of your own individual decision as to how far you should take the club back. Big Ed Dudley, always an impressive performer, showed me much of what is meant by control in the swing, but he only demonstrated with an iron—a mashie niblick. With this club the matter of length in the backswing is not so important, for with the shorter shots one hits within his capacity natural-

Right top:

Percy Allis is somewhere between Horton Smith and Armour. To become petty he appears as a seven eights swinger, but he too has the control in the hands.

Right bottom:

MacDonald Smith, the man who is perfect in smoothness . . . here he is caught seemingly over-swinging . . . don't let the picture fool you nor that term. Mac has the rhythm of club control.



Below:

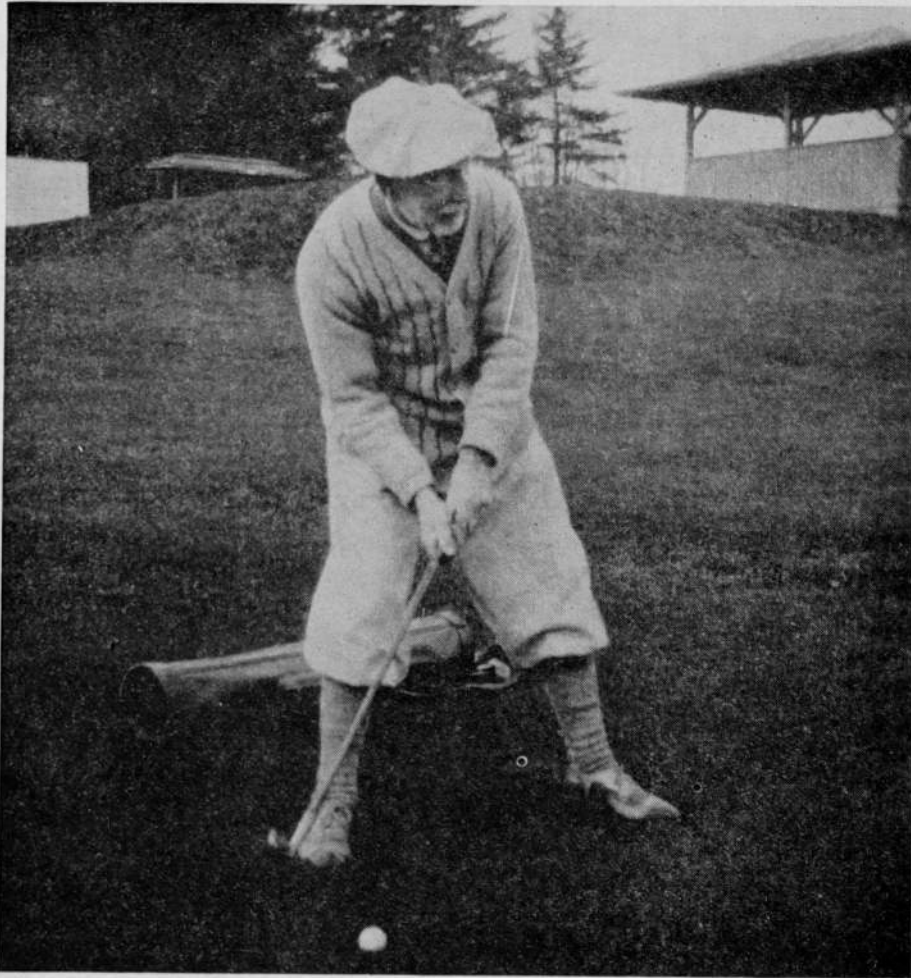
Horton Smith has cut down his back swing considerably since that first great year of his successes when he won so consistently and sky-rocketed to fame. He has now become rather a curtailed hitter, but he still gets the distance.



Below:

Tommy Armour may look a bit stiff at the top of this swing but this year's finalist in the American professional title hunt is in full control of the club at the top. In that school of swingers this position is perfect.





Left: MR. C. C. HOLLAND of Montreal—A truly great lover of golf.

CANADA has produced a real Grand old man of golf in the Middle West. Ernest Beauvais, a man of only 85 years picked up the game at the tender age of 82. He made up his mind to conquer the game and since then has played avidly . . . What we would like to commend as a mighty fine attack on his purpose rests in the fact that Mr. Beauvais plays consistently in the nineties—the low ones at that. It was told, just before the close of the season Mr. Beauvais clicked off thirty-six holes in one day. His friends prevailed upon him to stop at that point, but it was no fault of the ardently enthusiastic veteran who is not really a veteran of golf at all, but plans to play like one next season.

The story of the veteran Calgary player puts me in mind of one of the most remarkable players that I have ever seen. He, too, is not a very young man but he can walk any one of a number of men fifty years his juniors into a trance. This is C. C. Holland of Montreal. At his home course, Marlborough, he plays thirty-six a day every week end and has in recent

"Some Thumbnail Sketches"

By RALPH H. REVILLE

years gone as many as 54 in a single day. He carries his own bag . . . is the best ball finder among his friends . . . and can keep the scores of a foursome in his head for the whole round as easily as you or I could do with the pencil and card . . . beyond this he has one of the soundest swings which one could hope to see . . . several of his shots are real masterpieces and his drives are string straight close to the two hundred mark in the summer. His sand shots are played as cut explosions with a jigger, or some such straight-faced club. His worst point is putting at which he has never learned to take time . . . "It makes me nervous to spend time with putts"—that is the way he describes the sen-

sation . . . despite this fact he qualified for his club championship with a score well below ninety two seasons ago. His favorite partner is his son Charles, aged 21. Mr. Holland actually defeated his son more times than the decision was reversed this year. All of this is pretty remarkable considering that Mr. Holland is a man of 74 years. He started golf at the age of forty-five and even with this somewhat belated beginning has recorded scores as low as seventy-four over championship courses. He has been a member of Beaconsfield, The St. Lambert Country Club, The Outremont course (since discontinued), Royal Montreal Golf Club, The Lake Placid Club, and at one time was owner of the St. Margaret's Course in the Laurentians. A few seasons ago Mr. Holland had an accident which broke his left arm. Golf, it seemed was over for the well-loved president of G. A. Holland Co. Ltd. But by the next season the love of the game and the indomitable spirit that belongs to Mr. Holland found him back again building a new swing because of the injury. Now Mr. Holland has perfected that swing and thirty-two days before Christmas in Montreal this year was planning to go out to his club. What other game can compare to provide such an interest as golf has over the past thirty years in the life of a man like C. C. Holland?



Dr. Herbert H. Murray a popular member of the Lakeview Golf & Country Club, Toronto, is receiving congratulations from his club-mates and others. No, the Medico did not win the club championship or notch a "One-shot" but he did land a \$31,000 prize in the recent Irish sweepstakes And that's nae sa bad. "My job," the Doctor is reported as stating "is to take care of the sick even if they haven't any money and that's exactly what I intend to do and this bit of luck will help me do it."



Mr. E. C. Gould, President of The Royal Canadian Golf Association and his charming wife, took quite an extended motor trip the past season, to New Brunswick and visited many of

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Learning From A Canadian

Learning things about golf from sources that are close at hand is a none-too-practiced feature of Canadians. Rather we would turn to the world generally for our golf instruction, feeling, no doubt, that there is no authority on the game as complete as that which comes from a few famous names of big-time professionals. Even our own professionals we do not class with the greats of other countries and for evidence one has but to observe the articles and features appearing in papers.

Of course these men who do written instructions for the golfing public for the most part, know what they are talking about, but they are not necessarily *great golf writers or teachers merely because they have made names for themselves as players*. In a recent questionnaire which was answered for CANADIAN GOLFER at the Canadian Open Championship, there was not one pair of answers coming from the stars which corresponded when the matters of mental attitude or technique was questioned. This means these fellows are all getting at the same thing from individual points of view. They all think of different things just before hitting the ball, and they all hit it a little differently.

The point behind this is that we Canadians may well take our own players as examples, and from their swings build up the facts which may be most beneficial towards a better understanding of the game.

There is one player in Canada who has not been as prominent in golf in his own land as he has been abroad. That is Jack Nash, the young London, Ont. player who this year made such a splendid showing in the American Amateur Championship. Both in England and U.S.A. Nash has built up a fine reputation for himself, and is, next to Somerville, the best known Canadian player when important tournaments in other countries get under way. When the Canadians visited Great Britain this year as a team all of the boys who were present entered the British championship. According to the writers of the Old Country there could be no doubt of



A Study of Jack Nash's Swing

Nash's impressiveness. They praised his swing, his temperament, and his general effectiveness. This fall when Nash got to the last sixteen from a field of 128 in the American Amateur Championship it was the London Hunt Club player's swinging that was most praised.

"Fine-swinging" or "smooth-swing" or "stylist"—such were the epithets which were given to the last Canadian in the American tournament this year. Nash has conquered such men as Max Marston, former champion, and Charley Yates, one of the favored of Amer-

ica's great amateurs. He was in no way lucky in finding his opponent's "off," for in every match Jack had to play practically par or better to win. Getting as far as he did was a marvelous achievement for which Canadians well may be proud of the dark-haired youngster. There is probably no player in the Dominion who is much sounder than Nash in his method and swing. He is a very dependable sort of player as evidenced by his fine showings on strange courses and under strange circum-

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Something Babe Ruth Doesn't Know

THE main reason why a ball curves in the air is that one "side" of it is moving faster than the other. This causes more friction on the faster moving side than the other. All projectiles seek the line of least resistance. Naturally, there is more friction on the faster moving side so the ball gradually edges over to the slower moving side where the friction is less.

We use the word "side" as a matter of convenience for, strictly speaking, a sphere can not be said to have a side in the ordinary acceptance of the word.

Most people are, at first, inclined to doubt and even to ridicule the idea of one portion of the ball moving faster than another. It is, however, a matter of well known rudimentary physics that the top of a wheel in motion is moving considerably faster than the point on the ground immediately below it in a vertical line.

Anyone, who doubts this, can easily remove the doubt by putting a mark on the wheel of a car where it touches the ground and another one on the

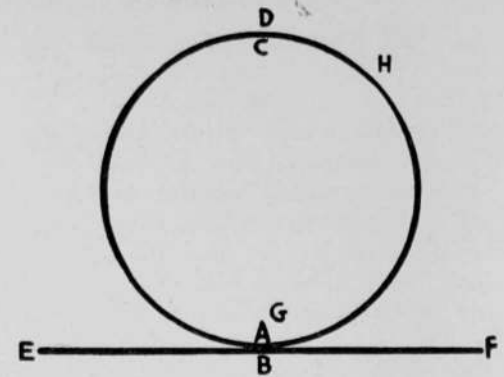
Why a Baseball Curves

By P.A. VAILE

top of the wheel in a vertical line through the center of the hub and making two more marks, one on the ground and one on the car above the wheel, all of these marks being in the vertical line and in line with a stick stuck upright in the ground. Now move the car forward a foot or two and note how much farther the mark on top of the wheel has moved than that at the bottom.

This experiment may be made with any disk, even half a dollar on a mantel piece or any other suitable place with a wall and a "road-bed." All it requires is the vertical line through the center of the disk and the mark on the wall and the road.

It will perhaps be convenient to show how this may be done. Take the disk and place it on the mantel piece E F. Mark the wall at D and the mantel piece at B. Roll the disk forward



until C arrives at or near to the point H. Now note that A has merely gone to the point at or about G, a much less distance than C has moved. This is due to the movable axis and would not, of course, be the fact if the disk or wheel were spinning on a fixed axle such as when the car is jacked up.

Very briefly this is the main secret of the curve of the golf ball that we see in the hook and slice and, indeed, even in the push or ball with backspin although the upward curve, or "swerve," as it is called in England, is not so apparent here for the spin is in direct conflict with gravitation all the time. This condition does not exist in the other two strokes wherein gravity and spin work together more than in backspin.

There is another very interesting feature in connection with this curve of the ball that is not, so far as I know, mentioned anywhere in the ballistics of sport. It is that there is a semi-vacuum on the side of the ball opposite the friction-producing side. Thus, in the ball with backspin, we not only have the friction of the more rapidly moving lower forward portion of the ball forcing the ball up, but we have above the ball an action analogous to "the area of negative pressure" as the airmen call it on top of an airplane wing.

This was disclosed to me by the action of the rotors on Flettner's sailless boat, which was propelled by revolving cylinders. Herr Magnus, a German scientist, discovered in 1853, if I remember, that wind directed onto a revolving cylinder was thrown off on the side revolving with the wind, producing a suctional effect.

It thus comes to pass that the spinning ball is being pushed out of the straight line by the faster moving side and sucked out of it by the slower side.

In the push shot, or ball with backspin, we therefore have, as indicated a true analogy with the action of the airplane, for hard as the layman finds it to grasp, the main portion of the lift is done by the suction on top of the wing and not by direct pressure from below.

Left: Lou Cummings, of the Toronto Golf Club who during the past season has shown the foundations of a remarkably fine game. He is the son of the famous George Cummings, generally considered the Dean of Canadian Professionals.



The 1001st Use of Voodoo

(Continued from page 11)

known to me, and there is but one solution which will save you. You must prove your worth at this game or the lady will be swayed by a temporary and illogical reasoning into marriage with the man you fear. Doggerie sat before me like some sort of genii stating my fears as facts. Even as fears I would not have believed them known to any other man in the world."

"What must I do to avert this event?" I heard myself asking. "If you know this much perhaps you have some solution to thwart this situation." Lenart Doggerie leaned towards me with what I supposed was intended to be a smile.

"That is precisely why I have come. In a short time I believe there is to be some sort of combat at your club, Mr. Pettigrew-Bourne. A sort of test to ascertain the superiority of some one player over all the others." At once I knew that Doggerie referred to the club championship which was to be played over the coming week-end. The tightly drawn dark skin of Doggerie's lean face drew a little more fully into a smile as he went on in the same low monotone. "In this test, Mr. Pettigrew-Bourne, lies perhaps your only means of overcoming the impending sequence of events. In brief if you could assume, for a short time, the role of a master player and emerge victorious in this event you would have proven yourself to the lady beyond question."

I could not help noting that Doggerie was unversed concerning golf. The way the man spoke of the game showed him to be completely ignorant of golfing terms. His lack of understanding was more evident when he implied that I might win the club championship. With such men as Cuttenham and many others playing, I was out of my class the moment I entered this tournament. Doggerie only chuckled deeply when I told him this fact.

"If I were to tell you that you could win this championship, as you call it, would you be willing to follow my instructions implicitly? Of course, I realize you know nothing of me, and I can only assure you that I am not taking this opportunity to harm you in some clumsy way."

There was an odd sincerity about the man which prompted my decision.

There in my darkened study with the wind moaning a mournful tune in the eaves of my house, I made up my mind with the speed characteristic of a Pettigrew-Bourne. "I do not know exactly why, Mr. Doggerie, but I am placing myself at your disposal, although, if you are intending to teach me how to play golf by Thursday morning, when the tournament begins, I can only say that Black Magic itself would scarcely assist you."

"You say this championship begins on Thursday, how long does it last?" Doggerie was stroking his chin now like a doctor over a patient. "I told him the final match was to be played on Saturday. Then I waited while he thought for a moment. At length Doggerie broke the silence. First he asked if I possessed any books pertaining to golf. The two I produced, one by Jones and another by Duncan, he took with an indefinite promise of return. Again with the air of a physician he commenced to give me instructions. I was to take three drops of a certain drug which he would send me in the mail, each night during the tournament.

"In conclusion" Doggerie continued, "I warn you to avoid long conversations after you have taken the first of the drops. You will need all the rest possible between now and Thursday for your only chance of failure will rest in lack of endurance. I do not think this will trouble you, however, for I once saw you play polo, Mr. Pettigrew-Bourne."

Before I could question this last remark my visitor was making the same awkward half bow and gliding towards the door. For a moment that long towering frame was outlined in the doorway then distantly I heard the outside door close and the stygian night swallowed Lenart Doggerie just as it had brought him.

Strangely fatigued, I must have fallen into a deep sleep almost at once for my house-keeper had difficulty in awakening me the following morning. The package which she handed me immediately dispelled any doubt as to the reality of what had taken place the night before. Ripping off the covering I found a small leadened phail shaped much like a test tube with a tiny opening sealed with wax. On the sides of the phail strange figures or hieroglyphics were carved. Throughout the day I could not shake indecision from my mind. The act of actually taking the stuff was finally prompted I believe

when I bumped flush into Cuttenham again that evening when I called at the Fairchild's home. There was no time that night to have the contents of that phail analysed. I do not think I would have taken the precaution anyway. At eleven I took the drops and almost at once the oddly heavy and tasteless drug brought sleep.

Even if I wished to recount details of the happenings during the next three days I could not. They were probably the most strangely mechanical that any man has ever experienced. Despite my numbed senses I was conscious towards the end of a great fatigue which made my limbs seem like tremendous weights. Hole after hole I walked, playing in a tournament which I scarcely realized was going on. Yet even through the cloud which befogged my mind I knew that I was doing things that I had never done before. I knew that I was playing many matches and winning—always winning. Sometimes the scores were close, but mostly they were not. I knew people were following these matches and I heard the comment of wonderment which were evoked by my strange silence as much as by my brilliant stroking. Deliberately I avoided friends. Twice I even left Lady Fairchild alone with Cuttenham for it was a torturous task to make even the simplest replies!

Years later—on Saturday, I dimly recall the finals. I sent Peter Cuttenham down to a crushing one-sided defeat—Peter Cuttenham, South of England Champion and idol of the club! I thought I would collapse before the hand-shaking was over, but somehow I reached a drinking stand. The cool water seemed to revive me almost instantly.

A month later Mollie and I were married, and I should have been the happiest man in the world. I say I should have been, but in some way my inability to comprehend what had really happened left me a changed man. It was at Juan-les-Pains while still on my honeymoon that I received a letter addressed to "Capt." Pettigrew-Bourne, a title I have discarded after retirement from active service. It read:

"Master, rather than leave you in your present unhealthy state of perplexity for the remainder of your days I write to you. I am now on my way back to the hill country of the Transvaal where I was born, so that your knowing will make no difference. I

(Continued on page 24)

More Facts and A New Light On A "Deplorable Mistake"

By The Editor

In the October issue of Canadian Golfer the frontespiece contained a communication concerning a certain incident which took place at the Women's Championship in Vancouver just previous to the publication. It is not Canadian Golfer's desire to leave anything in the nature of a bad taste by the publication of such a communication. Rather the pages of this magazine stand as a medium which directly or indirectly attempt to serve golf and its tradition.

When the communication to which we refer was received, complete details of the matter were not known. The letter, itself, was worded in such a way as to be a fine scourge of a very undesirable element in any game—the rule infringers. Canadian Golfer wishes to thank the writer of this letter as it incorporated a most sharp and commendable respect for the game. Such a letter taken generally is indeed a sincere demonstration of zeal in the protection of the best interests of the game. It would have been worth-while printing if for no other reason than that . . . however in this instance a definite aspersion was cast upon eight of the leading golfers among the women of Canada. The eight women had to suffer rather than a disclosure of the identity of the actual participants. This situation would have been unfair in itself—even if the two ladies in question had been guilty of the infringement. But since publication of this letter Canadian Golfer has made it a purpose to fully investigate the matter. The first reassuring evidence was the fact that various players who were on the scene felt certain that there had been a mistake. "Out of the question"—that was the general word of players who were on the West Coast at the time of the tournament. Then it seemed that even a number of the people who witnessed the incident were of considerable difference of opinion. Next a complete and very plausible explanation of the action was given by the player and this was attested by her partner—a member of the opposing team which was effected by the tie. Certainly there can be no thought that a player of another team would de-

sire to aid an opponent obtain a tie in an important team match through an infringement of a rule. These are but the minor points which prompt this article.

Above such facts there is the matter of the committee ruling in the case—for it did go before the committee. The same party who communicated this matter to Canadian Golfer felt it his responsibility to report it to the committee. After due consideration THE COMMITTEE DECIDED THAT THE OBSERVER HAD MISTAKEN THE INCIDENT. When the writer of the letter, which was published last month, sent us this note he did not mention the matter of the committee ruling which supported the golfers. We feel that he should have done this for while Canadian Golfer does not doubt the sincerity of the writer in the least, this publication is forced to accept the ruling of governing committees about tournaments and incidents occurring in them. After all if the committees do not have justice and the best interests of the game shining clearly above all other influences then neither has any person or groups of persons. Somewhere this writer has inherited a respect for certain procedures of the Canadian Ladies' Golf Union. It is a rather staple and precise organization. Canadian Golfer cannot believe that a C.L.G.U. committee would be wrong in such a matter. More than this the writer, when the name of the player was divulged, realized that such an occurrence was impossible. Golfers and people generally do not spend the better part of a lifetime building up a reputation for sportsmanship and fairplay to despoil it in a single useless gesture such as this affair was destined to be . . . it was the question of one stroke, and as the incident took place at the ninth hole of a team match it is not logical to assume that a player would jeopardize her enviable record for one stroke. A fine golfer, a great fighter, an exemplar of sportsmanship, and a thoroughly lovable character on the links, the lady who was faced with the blame in this instance would be exonerated of any charges without investigation by Canadian Golfer—but

The Old Champions

(Continued from page 12)

Messrs. A. F. Macfie and Horace Hutchison died within the last few years. P. C. Anderson, winner a few years later, went abroad; and the premature death of Doctor Allan robbed Scotland of the most promising young golfer of the day. His short and brilliant career is a strange commentary on the elaborate methods used by championship aspirants now. He had no professional coach. He picked up the game for himself of the Braids—a pretty rough place in those days. He used only six or seven clubs instead of orthodox sixteen, and he bicycled from Drem station to Muirfield, about four miles, every morning of the match. Golfers, then and since, have wondered how he could play golf without nails in his boots. But he managed it fine.

In conclusion, it is somewhat curious to notice where the golf champions come from. Golf history shows us that when the game first strikes a country, that country generally becomes a nursery for champions. Thus, many years ago, all the great players came from round the Firth of Forth. Musselburgh and St. Andrews had the monopoly. Then as the game spread through England, Westward Ho and the Channel Islands gave us Horace Hutchison, Harry Vardon and J. H. Taylor. The Liverpool district gave us such players as Ball, Hilton and the Grahams; and Hoylake, for the time being, became the centre of the golfing world. Then America took up the running and for some years all the best players in the world seemed to belong there. Some of these players were natives and some of them were imported. The tide seems to be turning now but there is little to indicate where the next group of great players will come from. Perhaps some part of England! Some enthusiasts look to Canada! But let us hope it will be Scotland—St. Andrews or North Berwick for choice. It is about time they produced a Champion!

to satisfy others it should be realized that the C.L.G.U., though feeling the same way were forced to investigate—and the matter was dropped as a misunderstanding.

When Ky Laffoon Lost His Goat

KY LAFFOON, the youthful Denver professional who has played such extraordinarily fine golf during the past year or more and who was chosen along with Paul Runyan, Craig Wood, Leo Diegel, Harry Cooper and Denny Shute to represent the power of American professional golf in the Australian Centennial tournaments in November, is one lad who has successfully mastered an erratic temper that was his in an over-abundance a few short years ago.

Laffoon, like Horton Smith, has a sprinkling of Indian blood in his veins which, literally speaking, would make him about as truly representative an American professional as it is possible to unearth anywhere. Fred Mazie, a former clubmaker for Joe Martin at the Virginia Country Club, Long Beach, Calif., told me of the time Laffoon lost his "nanny" while playing in the Long Beach Open of 1929 and how Ky brought into the golf shop a lapful of broken shafts and carelessly laid them down in utter disgust on the floor. "What's all the kindling wood for, Ky?" asked Fred, who could readily see what happened. "Everything went wrong out there. I couldn't hit my hat. I shanked every iron shot I played and got into all sorts of trouble so I got real mad and broke five of them across my knee. You can shaft them for me and have them ready tomorrow morning?" asked the likeable profes-



KY. LAFFOON—Runner-up in the 1934 Canadian open and voted by many professionals as the most colorful figures on the fairway.

sional whose name is now on every golfer's lips.

Next morning Laffoon had his irons reshafed in Joe Martin's finest, selected hickory and went out to shoot infinitely sounder and better golf along with Alex McCafferty of Salt Lake City, who happened to partner him in that particular tournament.

Ky's case of temperament reminds us forcefully of Bobby Jones in the

days of his youth and of the uncontrollable temper he carried around the fairways with him for a number of years. Ky, like Jones, has overcome this shortcoming and I see no reason why he shouldn't go on and on through the race of champions until he is the holder of every professional title this and other countries have to offer. He's no longer temperamental. He now plays his shots with the outward calm of a Dutra. He has not yet definitely decided just what groove—or may I say concrete form or style—he will employ as a finality, but once a little more experience among the greats comes to him, you may have a new Caesar to worship in American golf. I look to him to reach the very ultimate within three years. Olin Dutra, who so dramatically won the United States Open at Philadelphia a short time back, is of the opinion that Laffoon has a fine future ahead of him and fully expects the lad to accomplish great things within the next three years. Olin likes the enthusiasm of the Indian-blooded lad from Colorado and thinks he has one of the finest temperaments in professional golf. "He's a very fine boy and a companionable chap to have as a partner in any competition. I would like to see a lad like Laffoon reach the top of the ladder because he's just the sort to bring credit and honor to the glorious game we all love so well. I wish him well," said the big Brentwood professional in his genial way.

The Southern Ontario Open

Here is a tournament that is a bit out of the way but at the same time is productive of some pretty fine golf. It is the Southern Ontario Open Championship. Recently it was played over the Essex Country Club course at Windsor. The winner of the event was Bob Gray Jr. professional of that club. Young Gray who came to Montreal for the Canadian Open scored rounds of 71 (which is below par) and 74. With these two rounds he easily took the title from the field and led Jim Boyle, Little River Professional, by a goodly margin. The new champion seems to be a comer in the ranks of the Canadian professionals.

His best round was a 64 over his difficult home course, his favorite shot is the mashie-niblick pitch, and he is one of the players who believe that Clarence Gamber is a longer driver than Jimmy Thompson. He tells us that the hardest shot for him is a four foot putt, and that in his scheme of things putting is too important a factor in the game of golf. Canadians should hear more of this young fellow before many seasons.

Colfer of Two Years Holds the Cape Breton Title

The championship of Cape Breton Island was held over the 36 hole route

at medal play and a player who has only been at the game two short seasons had the pleasure of winning a real district title. That player was Ernest Ganter of the Lingan Club, Sidney. Ganter did not shoot what men who have played the game all their lives would call a particularly low score, but it was good enough to shadow the rest of the field. The score was high, but not half as high as the wind that swept the links throughout the tournament. There were thirty competitors in the field and of these two averaged better than 85's for the two rounds. These were the winner and Johnny Neville the runner-up who is a member of the Highland Club.

How Far Back Does the Club Travel

(Continued from page 15)

ly. With the full shots the tendency is to try to exceed oneself in the amount of power that is expended. Thus the backswing is likely to be prolonged or extended—beyond the point of control.

The secret behind all this rests in the player's realizing, by feel, how far back he can take the club and how fast without losing the mastery of it. In other words Phil Perkins can whip that club back so fast because he has learned that he has power and strength in his hands which enable him to bring that club into the ball as he wishes to direct it. That is what all great golfers do, and it matters not that the length of their backswing varies as does the speeds at which they take their clubs back.

Now we are ready to round up this helpful hint in the form of a definition an effort to aid the medium golfer.
Quote:

The length and the speed of the back swing do not matter so long as the player controls the club head at all times with his hands. The tendency usually is that one over-swings when he takes the club back too fast, for when he tries to arrest the backswing he hasn't the power to stop the natural backpull of the club at the top. This means that the club-head may travel a few inches further than the player desires it to. From this predicament one can seldom regain control of the club during the swing. Once this situation occurs a good shot is a lucky phenomenon. Therefore, *take the club back no faster nor farther than you feel you can control the club.* Do not make the backswing too short or too slow to enable yourself to establish a feeling of rhythm between the forward and downward swings. Gain speed slowly throughout the back and forward swings reaching the greatest possible Controlled momentum of the club head as the bottom of the swing is reached. Any jerkiness in the swing means loss of control in the hands—that jerk may be introduced because the club is taken back too slowly followed by a sudden effort to obtain speed at the last moment

(Continued on page 24)

1935 Quebec Ladies Financial Report

(Continued from page 20)

DISBURSEMENTS		
Luncheon Expenses		238.55
Field Days:		
Prizes	118.27	
Gratuities	37.00	
Printing	31.80	
Tournament, Manager's Expenses	26.21	
Total		213.28
Provincial Tournament:		
Prizes	99.77	
Gratuities	30.00	
Printing	10.28	
Tournament, Manager's Expenses	6.65	
Total		146.70
City and District Championship:		
Prizes	67.01	
Gratuities	12.00	
Tournament, Manager's Expenses	3.17	
Insurance, etc.	8.95	
Total		91.13
Junior Championship:		
Prizes		27.79
General:		
Special Prizes	36.90	
Travelling	71.22	
Auditing	25.00	
Subscriptions	6.58	
Printing, Postage, Stationery, etc.	88.45	
Printing Luncheon Tickets, 1935	4.06	
Installing Card System for Handicaps	79.80	
Cash Book	3.50	
Bank Exchange	3.34	
Total		318.85
TOTAL DISBURSEMENTS		1,036.30
Cash in Bank—12th November, 1935		\$2,051.52
		1,015.22

INTERPROVINCIAL TEAM FUND

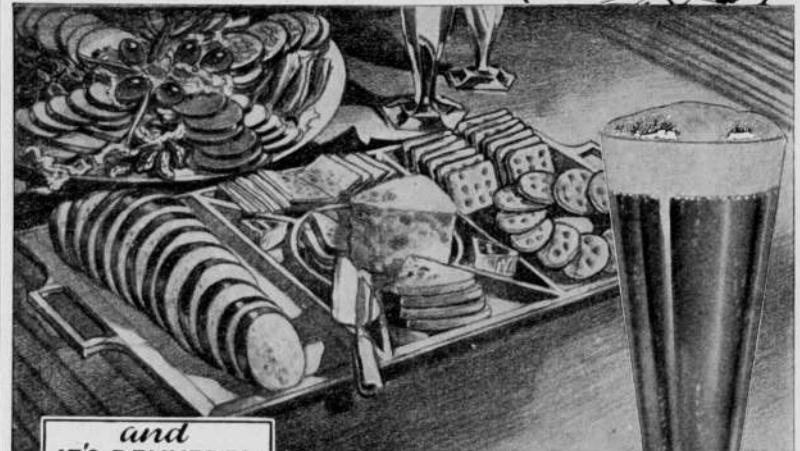
Receipts and Disbursements—14th November 1934 to 12th November 1935

Cash in Bank 14th November, 1934		354.00
Contributions received 1934		35.00
Contributions received 1935		1,229.75
Special donations		72.00
Proceeds from Raffles		72.15
Bank Interest		3.31
		1,766.21
Less:		
Travelling and subsistence expenses of Team Members attending InterProvincial Tournaments	1,025.60	
Contribution to Canadian Team Fund	350.00	
Printing and typing	16.05	
Travelling, Postage, Telephone, etc.	23.54	
Bank Exchange	2.11	
		1,417.30
Cash in Bank, 12th November, 1935		\$ 348.91

Audited and confirmed by Mr. E. P. Christian, 12th, November, 1935.
Respectfully submitted,
FRANCES EARDLEY-WILMOT
Hon. Treasurer.

(Continued on page 23)

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Horton Smith, in three poses which picture the control obtained by a shorter swing and a shorter grip. Horton does not grip down the shaft as mentioned in the article, but his clubs are shorter than one would expect of a player his height. This brings about the same effect as the "choked" stroke which is mentioned below. His consistency is due to a large extent no doubt to this feature

The "Choke" Shot For Fall Golf

Probably there is no time in the golfing year in Canada that the golfer's skill is put to such a test as in the fall. Golf in the cold air and damp ground becomes a good deal different game than it is when the hot sun and balmy summer days are upon the courses. For that reason there is much to be considered in keeping the game somewhere near normal under these abnormal conditions.

In the first place the most important change is generally not to be found among in the actual climatic conditions for although these are important the real difference is in the player himself. It is his muscles and hands which are effected by the cold weather so that it takes much longer to get the "feel" of the club and the swing.

If this one factor alone could be completely overcome in fall golf, the few yards that the cold takes off the length of the shots would not be such a factor. Unfortunately without the feeling of the club plus cold muscles there is a tendency to miss and half-hit shots which at other times might be overcome, but with which the lack of roll and limited distance of fall weather on the course combine to spell complete disaster.

The question is therefore, how to overcome this inability to feel the club. And that is the reason of this article. If you are cold and the club feels more like a crowbar than anything else in your hands, there is one suggestion that will aid immeasurably. This is the matter of shortening

your grip on the club . . . a simple device but one that will give you club control much quicker than anything else.

When it becomes a question of how far down the shaft of the club one should grip this question may be answered best by the player himself for he will have a definite sensation of control of the club when he has gone down the shaft the right distance. It is true that a great many players use this device in the middle of the season when they feel that they are not controlling the club, but it is particularly useful in the cold fall weather.

Gripping down the shaft, or "chocking up" as it is called is a trick that many a golfer finds useful on a narrow fairway at anytime of the year for the matter of direction is aided by the greater control which is thus afforded.

Some of the greatest players have been masters of the "choke shot" and both Hagen and Kirkwood use it with grand results. What these fellows do is to take a club one number less and then with the shortened grip play a powerful but controlled shot. I saw Hagen play one of these strokes at the eighth hole in one of the opening rounds at the Fonthill tournament in Ontario this year. He was about 140 yds. from the hole with a nasty piece of embankment in front of him. In the bargain there was a fair breeze in his face. The shot required plenty of control and a boring flight if it was to be on that tiny green when it ended. I be-

(Continued on page 23)

D' j'ever ?



D'J'EVER HAVE A BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCE INVITE YOU TO A STAG PARTY AND FOR THE SAKE OF HIS PROSPECTIVE ORDER YOU ACCEPT AND WHEN YOU GET THERE YOU FEEL LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER — DONT KNOW A SOUL.



AND AS YOU LOOK THE CROWD OVER YOU MAKE A FEW MENTAL NOTES THAT YOU DON'T THINK MUCH OF THAT FELLOW AND YOU'LL BET THAT FELLOW IS AN AWFUL GROUCH.



AND JUST AS YOU ARE THINKING OF PUSHING OFF HOME, IN COMES THE BLACK HORSE ALE..... RIGHT OFF THE ICE



MAN! — D'J'EVER KNOW AN ALE TO MAKE A PARTY A PARTY LIKE BLACK HORSE DOES ?

33

just say "Dawes
BLACK HORSE
 Ale Please"

Quebec C. L. G. U. Official Reports

(Continued from page 20)

PROVINCIAL HANDICAP MANAGER'S REPORT

Madam President and Ladies,

I have the honour to submit the Handicap Manager's Report for 1935.

The season 1935, in spite of cold and rainy weather early in the summer, appears to have been marked by great activity in all Clubs throughout the Province. Reports of reduced handicaps were heard from all directions, and the interest shown by Captains and individual players was indeed keen. District Handicap Managers also report that the Spoon Sheets were well and accurately kept, and the co-operation of the Club Captains with their District Managers was indeed gratifying.

The season commenced with the Captain's meeting held in the Mount Royal Hotel on April 10th., when twenty-six (26) clubs were represented, and the revised Spoon Sheets given to the Captains. On May 21st., Mrs. Lighthall and your Handicap Manager paid a visit to Grand Mere and due to the kindness of Mrs. Timmis the Captains and ladies of Three Rivers and Shawinigan Falls were present at an informal talk on the use of Spoon and Extra Day Sheets. We visited Three Rivers and were introduced to the difficulties and beauties of the course. On May 29th., a meeting of the Captains of the Eastern Townships Clubs was held at the Sherbrooke Golf Club, when Spoon and Extra Day Sheets for that district were distributed.

Forty-nine (49) Clubs in the Province received Spoon Sheets, and Forty-six (46) won Spoons — the distribution being twenty-eight (28) Silver and fifty (50) Bronze. As this is quite an increase over last season it seems as though the interest taken in C. L. G. U. activities has greatly increased. Sheets were given to two new Clubs this year, Meadowbrook and Mount Royal, and these Clubs should be congratulated for the interest shown by their players. Shawinigan Falls rejoined the C. L. G. U. this year.

The Canadian Ladies Golf Union Provincial Handicap Reduction Cup was won this year by two (2) players who both reduced 50%. They are Mrs. Leo Dolan of Ottawa from 8 to 4; and Mrs. F. E. Barkley of Rosemere from 36 to 18; which makes a tie. These two players should be congratulated for their splendid achievement.

It is interesting to note that we have at least twelve (12) players with reductions of 40% and over, which is indeed encouraging and shows decided improvement in Golf in the Quebec District.

We have at present in this Province 16 players with handicaps of 6 and under

The "Chocke" Shot for Fall Golf

(Continued from page 21)

lieve the "Haig" took a four iron for that one and he had inches to spare at the top of his shaft. He might have used a six or a seven iron and pitched it up to that hole, but the chances of dropping short or being blown off the line would have been much greater. Hagen took the four iron, shortened the grip, and slammed the ball low into the wind to within ten feet of the hole.

When trying to "choke up" remember that with the shorter grip you cannot expect to stand your usual distance from the ball. The whole swing must be compact in comparison. The hands must be closer to the body at address, but the need for relaxation is just as great as on any shot for the tendency with the choke shot is to swing too fast. This may be overcome by definite relaxation.

Indeed the "choke up" is a grand stroke to use in fall weather, but it will also be of tremendous use even in the summer months for it is a shot of control—and there is always a place for such shots in any season.

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Mrs. Leo Dolan	Ottawa Hunt	4
Miss Nora Hankin	Rosemere	4
Miss M. Lockhart	Royal Montreal	4
Mrs. H. W. Soper	Kanawaki	4
Mrs. A. J. D. Wright	Kanawaki	4
Miss E. Kinsella	Senneville	5
Miss E. Mills	Royal Ottawa	5
Mrs. Blair Gordon	Royal Montreal	6
Miss D. Nicoll	Beaconsfield	6
Mrs. H. R. Pickens	Marlborough	6
Miss L. Rolland	Laval-sur-le-Lac	6
Miss B. Tooke	Beaconsfield	6

This is three (3) more than last year and speaks well for Quebec's future in the golfing world.

Mrs. Ney Gordon had charge of the weekly competitions for under 10 handicap players previous to the selection of members for the International Team Match and the players felt this did much to help their golf.

For the past four years the ladies of the Sherbrooke Golf Club have placed their Club house at the disposal of the Handicap Committee for the meeting of the Eastern Townships Captains and our thanks are due them for their kindness and hospitality again this year. Mrs. Gordon Miller, the District Handicap Manager reports that there are ten (10) active Clubs affiliated with the Quebec Branch of the C.L.G.U. in this district. Although the Eastern Townships as yet have no players with handicaps of 6 or under Mrs. Miller states that some of the younger players show promise for the future, as they are steadily lowering their handicaps each season. I would like to express my appreciation of the splendid work done by Mrs. Miller as District Manager.

Miss McGreevy has taken charge as District Manager for the Ottawa District Clubs and I am most grateful to her and Miss Francis Sharpe for their very efficient services. Mrs. Harold Timmis of Grand Mere and Miss Theo Hamilton of Quebec have been very faithful in their work with clubs in those districts and to them as to the Montreal members of the Handicap Committee, I want to express my deep gratitude for the splendid manner in which they have carried on, and for their willingness to relieve me of many responsibilities.

And lastly, to Mrs. Lighthall, and the Executive of the C.L.G.U. and to the Captains of the Province, I extend my sincere appreciation of their interest and co-operation.

Respectfully submitted,

IVA STROUD BICKLEY

Provincial Handicap Manager



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Learning From A Canadian

(Continued from page 15)

For this reason a sketch of Nash, swinging, was made and from this sketch some of the very important features of his well-appointed style may be noted and used as a check.

It must be remembered that in such a feature it is not our aim to over-emphasize such points as are brought out here, for if the player *thinks of these when he is hitting, the chances are that the shot will come to grief.* The fundamental concept that must always come first, if the player is to be good at golf, is *that of hitting the ball squarely and through the middle.* Our idea in segregating such individual points as are done here, merely serve as hints which should be incorporated into the golfer's swing in practice in order to check-up on position. Correct position is helpful because only from it can the ball be struck squarely and through the middle with the minimum possibility for error.

Thus it is that we use the exceptionally sound swing of Jack Nash, a Canadian amateur, to illustrate three points of the position at the finish. These are points that (unless you have built up a satisfactory method of your own) should be found in your swing after you have hit a good shot. If you are not hitting the ball well, slow up the swing and go through it building these points in naturally (not as forced movements)—gradually speed the swing up as these features become more natural, but when you actually drive a ball forget about them. Merely concentrate on hitting the ball allowing the practice to bring these features into the stroke without effort. The result will be a better shot!

Thumbnail "Sketches"

(Continued from page 14)

the clubs there. This is the first time a President of The Royal Canadian Golf Association has ever visited the Maritimes golf courses. Mr. and Mrs. Gould were given a most enthusiastic reception by golfers "down by the sounding sea" and incidentally personally report a most delightful and informative trip.



The death occurred on November 4th of Mrs. E. A. Moore Crowe one of the oldest residents of Ontario and a pioneer resident of the town of Dundas. Mrs. Crowe who was 98 years of age was in possession of all her faculties. She was a skilled musician and to the last was able to play the piano—which surely must constitute a musical record. She was the mother of Mrs. Alfred S. Jones of Brantford and mother-in-law of Magistrate Jones, K.C. both of whom have been very prominent members and officers, alike of the Brantford Golf & Country Club and the Ava Golf Club. Mrs. Crowe herself took quite a keen interest in golf's activities.



Golfing friends through Canada will be glad to hear that Mr. A. A. Adams of Hamilton, the popular President of the Ontario Golf Association and a former champion of The Seniors' Golf Association, is recovering from

The 1001st Use of Voodoo

(Continued from page 17)

will ask you to recall the incident of the Voodoo boy in Pretoria seven years. You will remember that you spurned the very existence of Voodoo and laughed in my face.

I could never forget, however, that it was you who took the shackles from my hands—shackles which meant death for a crime which I knew no better than to commit.

You did not believe it possible to kill a man with mere thoughts, and so you let me go. Perhaps now you regret my release, for I was guilty. Nevertheless, you can no longer laugh at Voodoo—or as you Englishmen might call it "advanced psychiatry."

There are a thousand and one uses of Voodoo—perhaps the thousand and first was the transformation of a polo player into a golfer, but sometimes these little changes spell a great deal of difference even in the most ordered lives. I'm sure you agree with me, Captain.

Incidentally my cell in Pretoria overlooked the compound of the polo field.

Signed.

TRANEL, *The Dog.*

P.S. Definite assurance of my identity may be had by spelling my name backwards."

I make no excuse for failing to recognize Tranel, the Dog, as Lenart Doggerie, for the man had lost every trace of the heavy black hair that he had when I pardoned him in Pretoria, South Africa, seven years ealier.

How Far Should the Club go Back

(Continued from page 20)

before impact with the ball. The average player, however, loses control by going back too fast. This fault will cause overswinging whether one tries to stop the club parallel to the ground or after the back swing has progressed only a foot or so.

This is because one does not over swing until he loses control on the club head. This still applies even if the club is swung clear around the player's neck, going back—in this case the player has not really overswung unless he has lost club control.

The R. C. G. A. Nominates

(Continued from page 6)

prizes proved himself a clever convincing speaker. He has served the game in various capacities for many years and it is a fitting culmination to his record to be called upon to take over the reins of Golf in Canada when the ever-popular E. C. "Eddie" Gould completes his term at the head of the association in February—a term of office which we hasten to say along with golfers across the continent has passed all too quickly. . .

the quite serious illness which has kept him from participating in golfing activities since last June. He has been greatly missed alike on course and in club house the past few months. Mr. Adams has been for over a decade the capable captain of the Hamilton Golf & Country Club and has been many times the club champion.

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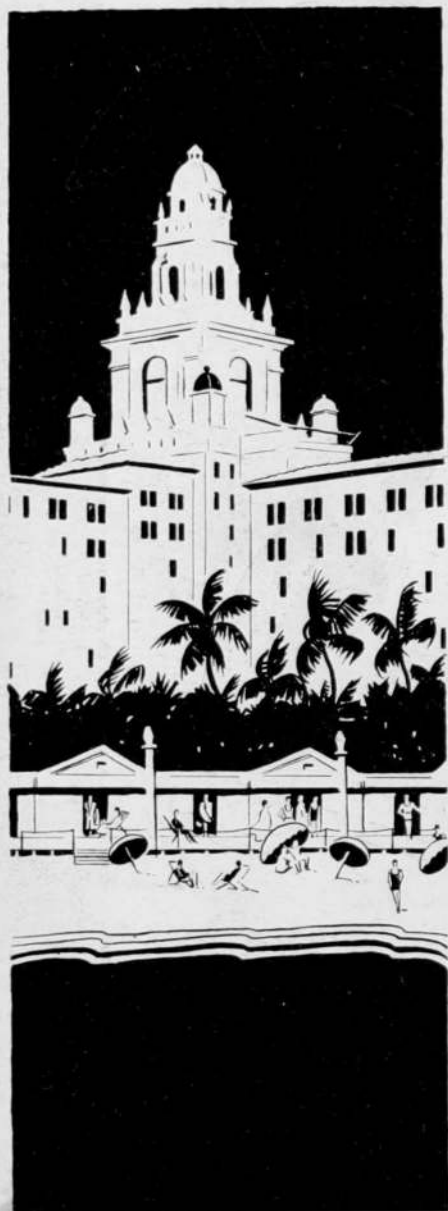
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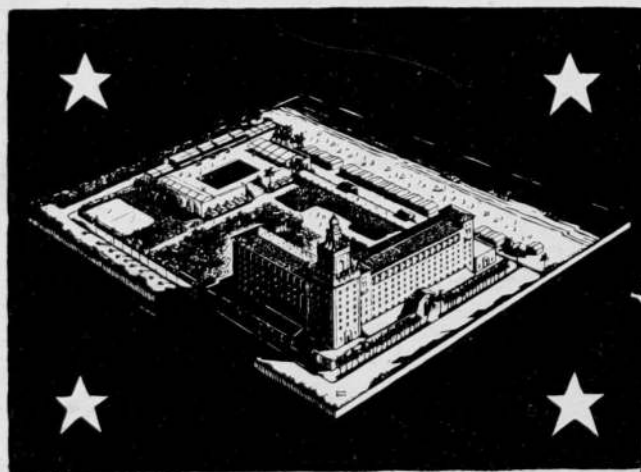
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