



Golf: The North Asserts Itself.

By R. Endersby Howard.



Dark Secrets. The question as to how national and international golf teams should be selected is becoming thoroughly interesting. Thus far the business has been conducted by a small coterie about whom the average man on the links has known nothing and cared nothing. In some mysterious way, sides to represent England and Scotland have been chosen every year on the very eve of the match; and of the thousands of golfers assembled in the district on these occasions—which are amateur championship occasions—I doubt whether fifty have had the slightest knowledge as to the authors of the work or their methods of procedure. Doing good by stealth may be an excellent principle, but there are individuals who think that even better might be achieved with a little less secrecy, and a definite move to broaden the system of team-picking is now on foot.

Cheshire's Enterprise.

It has its origin in the North of England, and particularly, I think, in the Cheshire Golf Union, which is completely representative of the county, with even the blue-blooded Royal Liverpool Club among its members. Very likely the development is the direct result of the institution of the contest between the United States and Great Britain, which, in its international aspect, is now established as the outstanding event of amateur golf. Up to the present the nations have met three times, and it is an interesting fact that not one North of England player has ever been asked to represent Britain. The district which thus feels itself neglected is constrained to point out that America has won all three matches, and that the time is surely ripe for a trial of new blood.

Records Hard to Reconcile. Let us now take the case of England v. Scotland. This contest was revived last year, when only one Northerner, Mr. T. F. Ellison, was chosen to play for England. Again this season the North had a solitary man in the side, Mr. J. E. Hassall. Scotland won each time. Indeed, Scotland has secured ten of the twelve matches so far decided between the countries, which most certainly seems to be a wrong state of affairs, because amateur championship records for the period concerned prove conclusively that

England has had the greater number of brilliant golfers. Of the last twenty struggles for the amateur championship Englishmen have won fourteen and Scotsmen have secured only five, the other victor having been an American, Mr. W. J. Travis. And yet in team rivalry Scotland keeps on conquering. The people of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire remark that every English team so far has consisted mostly of London players, and that, although London may be the greatest centre of the game in the country, there are some very good men in other parts. What they feel is that a prominent Southern golfer has an advantage because most of the selectors are his friends. Those selectors are not prejudiced in his favour, but they prefer the player they know to the one of whom the only evidence they possess is hearsay.

North v. South. The demand for a widening of the scope of selection took concrete form in the recent North v. South match on the Manchester Club's course.

not long ago defeated the redoubtable Mr. J. L. C. Jenkins, was another absentee.

The "Clasp-Knife" Shot. Even so, the North—with a collection of talent little known or suspected in the South—made a hard fight of it. In the singles, the South won five games to four, with three halved. The expected result was something like ten to two. Who were the discoveries of the North? Mr. R. W. Crummack may not be included in that category, because for some years he has had a reputation on the links; but it was none the less a surprise to find him outplaying Mr. Holderness, who, I suppose, would be a certain choice for any English or British team—a distinction for which hitherto Mr. Crummack has not even been considered. This athletic-looking Lancastrian hits the ball like a master; he hits it with a snap and incisiveness which resembles nothing so much as the closing of a powerful clasp-knife. He glories in club cricket; if he cared to devote himself entirely to golf, he would be as good as anybody at it.

Contrast in Styles.

Then there was Mr. Geoffrey Tweedale, last year's Cheshire champion, who halved with Mr. C. V. L. Hooman. Mr. Tweedale has a quiet, unobtrusive style which is the token of steadiness—the steadiness which in a year brings more victories than defeats in matches with players of spasmodic brilliance. In contrast so far as concerns methods, but

with similarity in results, is the present Cheshire champion, Mr. Israel Sidebotham, who halved with Mr. W. A. Powell, a member of this year's English team. Mr. Sidebotham's style is florid and exuberant. His waggle of the club-head is magnificently ornamental. Once, when he was preparing for a shot, I counted these flourishes; there were four long and dignified waggles, followed by nine delivered like flashes of lightning. At any rate, when he does hit the ball, he hits it remarkably well.

A Flyer. The South made its discoveries too. For sheer orthodoxy of methods and accuracy of shots, I saw nobody better than Squadron-Commander C. H. Hayward, the Air Force champion, who won the first six holes from Mr. Kenneth Stoker, an old Oxonian, in twenty-two strokes, and the match by six and four. Squadron-Commander Hayward looks the kind of golfer whose unvarying correctness might beat anybody. He ought to be in the next English team.



A RECORD-BREAKING FIRST AND SECOND, AND A THIRD: MISS PHYLLIS READ (FIRST), MISS J. R. FOWLER (THIRD), AND MRS. PATEY (SECOND).

Miss Phyllis Read (Worplesdon) won the "Golf Illustrated" Ladies' Cup at West Hill with a fine aggregate of 151 (75 and 76) for thirty-six holes, after having set a ladies' record with her 75. This record was not, however, allowed to stand, for in the afternoon Mrs. Patey (Walton Heath) went round in a really remarkable 74, which actually included a six at the seventeenth. Her aggregate was 157 (83 and 74); and Miss J. R. Fowler (North Hants) came third with 161 (79 and 82). The L.G.U. par for the course is 77, so that it will be seen that Miss Read's and Mrs. Patey's scores were really very fine ones.—[Photographs by S. and G.]

It was the idea of officials of the Cheshire Union, and they arranged with Mr. E. W. Holderness, last year's amateur champion, to organise the South side. He was unable to secure the services of either Mr. Roger Wethered or Mr. Cyril Tolley, but otherwise he had just about as good a team of twelve as could have been picked from the district. The North also suffered its omissions. Mr. Charles Hodgson, that doughty little golfer—the best Yorkshire has produced for a long while—who beat Mr. Francis Ouimet in the British Amateur Championship of 1921, could not play owing to an attack of neuritis in the right arm. Mr. Samuel Robinson, conqueror of Mr. Tolley, Mr. Sidney Fry, and other celebrities in last year's championship at Prestwick—who, people have declared, would have been an international if he had chanced to belong to the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society instead of being an inspector of penny-in-the-slot gas-meters for the Southport Corporation—had to attend to business instead of play. Mr. Bernard Wragg, who