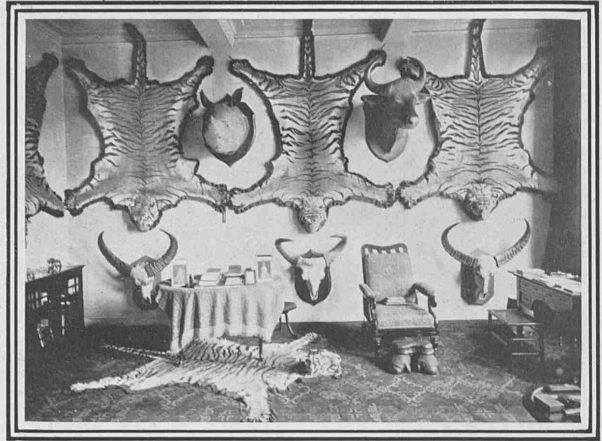


Some of Sir Guy Fleetwood Wilson's Trophies

Sir Guy has been a keen sportsman and a fine shot, as may be seen from some of his trophies photographed at Dees, his house near East Grinstead. Of the tigers, some were shot in Bengal, others in various other parts of India. The very fine leopard skin in the centre is flanked on the left by a head of the barasinger stag of Kashmir, and on the right by that of swamp deer.



Skins and Heads in the Smoking-room at Dees

The rhinoceros whose head is seen on the left was shot in Assam; on the other side of the central tiger skin is a bison head. Sir Guy was for some years in India, and while there was able to collect some fine specimens of big game which fell to his gun, the most valuable trophies being one of the rare maneless lions of India. Sir Guy Wilson was in his sixtieth year when he began shooting big game.

The OVERSWING, and OTHER GOLFING MATTERS of the WEEK. *By Anthony Spalding.*

Though it is but a few weeks since the construction of a new course began at Hendon for the London Flying Club, the work is making remarkable progress. Greens and bunkers are springing up with the rapidity of the prophet's gourd. All the heavy work on the nine holes in front of the club-house is practically finished, and if the weather is decently favourable play will commence in the early summer. At present it is necessary to regard the work with the eye of faith, and the general impression one receives is that the golf is going to be very good. Nearly all the features have been created, but the artificiality is almost indistinguishable from nature.

The outstanding work is an excellent reproduction of the famous, or infamous, Road hole at St. Andrews, which has been the scene of historic golfing disasters in the careers of the greatest players. The only primary difference is that the danger zone is on the left instead of on the right. The hummocks and gradients are true to type and position. The fearsome, uncompromising road at the back of the green is represented by a bunker, and the station-master's garden by a piece of ground jutting into the course. The garden is not unlike the mosquito, with its sting in its head, teasing and irritating enough when it settles on our drives, but not half so dangerous as the common scorpion, with its sting fixed in its tail, which appropriately abides near the green.

Plain Golfing v. High Thinking

It will not ever be quite as difficult to play as the classic hole at St. Andrews—the ground at Hendon will never be as fast, the green is slightly bigger, and victims will play out of sand instead of from an unyielding macadam road. But in a competition one would never feel safe until it is behind, and a couple of holes of this testing type are enough in a round. As Artemus Ward remarked of baked beans, "a cheerful fruit when used moderately." It must be remembered that the man who follows the plough all day shrinks from the prospect of studying higher mathematics at the club in the evening. Plain golfing which gives perpetual variety without high thinking is a sound rule.

I foresee an amusing situation at the formal opening of the course, assuming it to take the form of a tournament in which all the big men will be

invited to take part. On these occasions, when play is over, it is usual after the professionals have received their cheques for one of their number to say nice things about the course. Now the spokesman—and a good speaker, too—for the big men is J. H. Taylor, who fiercely dislikes the Road hole at St. Andrews, as all the world knows. Will he preface his remarks with a demand that Dr. Mackenzie, the architect, be tried as a golf criminal, and if found guilty be confined to play the Road hole at Hendon for seven days, and pay the costs of the prosecution out of his fees? The future position is certainly one of great interest.

The 'Varsity Trial Matches

The results of the 'Varsity trial matches point to one conclusion only—that golf is unusually strong at Oxford and unusually weak at Cambridge. Whether or not the Oxford side is worthy, as some good judges affirm, to rank with that captained by T. Mansfield Hunter in 1900, it is established beyond question that the players are capable of holding their own against the strongest combinations of experienced golfers with established reputations. The Oxford side was badly beaten at St. George's Hill, where, however, local knowledge counts for much in an 18-hole match, but they emerged successful after a severe test at Walton Heath. Their opponents were capable of defeating easily an average team of undergraduate golfers, and this triumph is quite the best thing Oxford has done. On the other hand, the Cambridge matches have been nothing but an unbroken series of disappointments. Some of the teams they have met have not been quite so strong as

the combinations formed to meet Oxford, yet they have failed, and their failure has not been relative. It has, in fact, been complete in one or two instances. There is, however, no doubt that, collectively and individually, they possess a respectable amount of golfing talent, which only needs the confidence likely to be born of a success to make it effective. In the meantime, Oxford is pursuing a victorious career, and the University match to be played at Sunningdale at the end of this month seems likely to have only one possible ending.

The Betsetting Sin of Golf

Anyone who has seen much of ladies' golf knows that overswinging is a general fault. It may be noticed even at a championship meeting when a competitor's game goes all awry under the nervous strain—men as well as women. Generally speaking, however, overswinging is the besetting sin in ladies' play. The series of instantaneous pictures of well-known women on the links which appears on the opposite page forms an interesting study in swings. Some are so good that they could not be better—others can scarcely have achieved their object.

Some years ago a professional at a London club advised a portly lady whom he was teaching to "use your hips and look more compact like." The virtues which he so crudely expressed are to be seen in the swing by Miss M. Leitch, who, however, appears to have temporarily forgotten the necessity of observing the downcast eye. The attitude of Miss Cecil Leitch is the embodiment of power under perfect control, and the finish of Miss Edith Leitch's swing indicates confidence and restraint.

The random energies, which are as noticeable a feature, arise partly out of a pronounced affection for the "joy shot"—everybody seems to go for length and everybody is quite indifferent as to what happens if they can only give the ball an honest whack. Vehemence, however, often results in carrying the player off her feet instead of carrying the ball away, which appears to have been what has happened in some of the pictures. It is easier to control the swing when the left heel is on the ground, and this quality of firmness of stance is common to the style of the sisters Leitch, and may arise in part from their early training at Sillitho, where the wind bloweth strongly from off the Solway Firth.



Beginning Young—A Study of Youth on the Course