

LADIES' GOLF.

AUCKLAND.

Thursday being Coronation day and a public holiday, the usual club day was given up to the men players. On Friday a match was played, Coronation Foursomes, and quite a number of players took part, although several well-known golfers did not play. The popular pick were the Misses Gwen and Rachel Gorrie, who with a handicap of 13 seemed to have the match in their pockets. Such is the glorious uncertainty of golf, that these players being right off their game gave up, and the winners proved to be Miss Nellie Upton and Miss Stevenson, with a gross score of 122-34-88. Misses M. McLean and Mary Geddes 122-32-90; and Misses Winnie Cotter and Vera Duthie 117-27-00 tied for second place. Misses Ethna Pierce and Cecil Hull were third, 111-20-81.

The first round of the Eclectic Handicap for senior players for prizes presented by Mrs R. A. Carr, starts on Monday, 26th.

The July medal will be played on Monday, July 3.

MANAWATU.

The June bogey matches were played on Tuesday. The results were as follows:—

Senior A.—Miss Sylvia Abraham 19, square; Mrs Mellson 13, 3 down; Miss Sybil Abraham 8, 4 down.

Senior B.—Mrs Adams, 20, 1 down; Mrs. Strong 20, 8 down; Mrs. Cohen 22, 7 down.

Juniors.—Mrs Bendall 1, 5 down; Mrs Whitmore 5, 6 down.

HAWERA.

A match against the Waverley Ladies Golf Club was played on 15th June, at the links, Waverley, resulting in a win for the Hawera team. Following were the results, Hawera players being mentioned first:—Mrs McLean 1, v. Mrs Divyie 0; Miss Hamilton 1, v. Mrs Harvey 0; Mrs Hawken 1, v. Mrs Booth 0; Miss Glenn 1, v. Miss Cave 0; Mrs Foyester 0, v. Mrs Johnston 1; Mrs Kimbell 1, v. Mrs Rutherford 0; Mrs Campbell 0, v. Miss Burke 1; Miss Hawken 1, v. Miss Newing 0; Mrs Glasson 0, v. Miss Leo 1; Mrs Page 0, v. Miss Esse 1.

CHRISTCHURCH.

A handicap bogey competition was played on Monday 19th, for a prize presented by Mrs Henry Wood, Miss Symons being the winner, with Mrs Alan Campbell second.

The monthly bogey competition was played on Wednesday 21st, Miss Nora Campbell winning the senior prize, and Miss Nora Holmes the junior prize.

A handicap match is being played for a prize presented by the president, Mrs A. E. G. Rhodes. In the first round Mrs Donald beat Mrs Symons; Miss Campbell beat Mrs Wigram; Miss Symons beat Miss D. Anderson; Miss Humphreys beat Mrs Pyne (by default); Mrs Day beat Mrs Vernon; Mrs A. Campbell beat Mrs Andreae.

NGAMOTU.

A reversed handicap was played on Saturday on the Ngamotu links, when 22 players competed for a prize presented by the captain, Mr. C. A. Benbow. The competition was won by Mr. Eric Bayley, with the net score of 78. The following are the six best scores:—E. S. Bayley, gross 80, handicap 11, net 78; E. Barry, 88-0-79; A. Bewley, 84-4-80; W. C. Weston, 81-0-81; C. H. Weston, 92-11-81; H. H. Ward, 85-2-83.

The Bye-Bye-Bye.—The most a man can do in golf in the way of winning byes is to win the match, the bye, the bye-by, and the bye-by-by. This may be done by winning the long match by 8 up and 7, the bye by 4 up and 3, the bye-by 2 up and 1, and the bye-by-by to finish with, by winning the 18th hole.

Methods of Golf.

ONE CAUSE OF SLICING AND ITS CURE.

(By "Silver Sand" in "Golfing.")

THE LEFT ELBOW.

How I first began to slice I have not the remotest idea, but since I had begun there was no more inveterate slicer than myself to be found anywhere. My short game was as straight as heart could desire, but let me attempt a shot which called for any force in the stroke, and I was in the cart, or more strictly speaking, in the rough, right away. Now, there is no fault more disheartening, for not only does it land one into all sorts of unholy difficulties, but a bad slice takes all the power out of the stroke. A ball that is pulled even pretty badly will still travel a long way, which is some recompense for the sort of lie that has usually to be negotiated at the next shot. But there is no shorter ball than a slice, especially if there be even the slightest breeze to assist it in its nefarious designs. Naturally, I tried all sorts of wrinkles that the experience of sympathetic but victorious friends could suggest. If all they said were true the faults of my style must have been legion, but that is, indeed, not unlikely, for I have found before this that a single bad fault disjoins the whole swing and makes itself apparent in all sorts of minor errors.

However, in spite of all the advice which I listened to—often with rage in my heart—I might have gone on slicing till doomsday but for a chance remark of one of my friends, who said that my left elbow seemed always to be very low down. This, I daresay, a common enough error in driving, and is usually a sign of bad timing. The player swings his club back and his body goes round in sympathy, but he brings his club forward again too soon, with the result that his body is left behind, as it were, and the stroke is naturally thrown out of gear. In such a position the player is almost bound to undercut the ball. My friend, however, assured me that as far as he could see my elbow remained at the same unusual angle throughout the stroke. By this time I was almost ready to catch at any straw, and set myself to try and keep that elbow up, which I did in the most obvious way by slipping my left hand further round the shaft in the direction in which the hands of a clock move, and gripping with my hand there. I did not feel any awkwardness in the change, but the effect upon my driving was almost instantaneous, and in a week my slicing was entirely cured.

THE ANGLE OF GRIP.

At the risk of passing out of the frying pan into the fire I continued the experiment by gripping with my left hand still further round over the club in the way in which many cricketers hold their bat, and was gratified to find that by doing so I could get away a ball with a considerable pull upon it. Since that time I have been able to slice or pull at will merely by shifting the position of that left hand so as to drop the left elbow down or keep it pointing skywards. I have since thought that too much is made of the question of stance as a factor in slicing and pulling, and that changes of grip and their results have not been sufficiently looked into by the theorists. For look at it in this way. A ball is sliced because the club is drawn across it in towards the player as it touches the ball. This is usually assumed to be due to the fact that the club-head has passed the outermost point of its swing and is coming in again, but it may also be due to an even simpler thing—the club face may be slanting backwards across the line of the stroke at the moment of impact after the same fashion as a putter blade when the player is trying to putt with side spin.

Now, supposing the player has a habit of holding his club with the left elbow dropped, it is more than likely that in the vigour of the swing it will tend to turn into a more normal position. It can only be so, however, by forcing the left hand round, with the inevitable result of turning the club-face outwards. In these circumstances a sliced ball is no occasion for surprise. The cure is

perfectly simple. It is to hold the club with the left hand in such a way that the left elbow is in what I may call a medium position all the time.

PULL AND SLICE.

The advantages of this method of pulling and slicing are obvious, though I admit that the method may not be found to work with every player. But where the player finds he can use it successfully it has virtues which the accepted recipe for pulling and slicing—that is by judicious alteration of the stance—does not possess. For one thing, stance is not always a matter of the player's own choice. Humpy ground or a lie among strange specimens of golf-course botany may force a player to take up a position very different to that which he would have chosen. And to have a means of slicing or pulling independent of stance gives the player, as it were, two strings to his bow.

For it frequently happens that the ball lies among rushes or long grass, or in a cart rut, in such a position that it can only be played with the hope of attaining any distance, in one particular direction. If this direction is off the true line, the obviously correct game is to bring the ball back into the desired line by imparting pull or slice, whichever is needed. But in the case of such lies there is always a strong chance that the stance which would accord with the desired pull or slice may not be anywhere comfortable or even. Clearly, if the player can adopt a slightly different stance and correct the change by varying the angle of his left elbow, he has a weapon in reserve which is certain to stand him in good stead.

A WORD OF WARNING.

Of course, such experiments have their dangers. There are disadvantages in a multiplicity of strokes as well as advantages, and for the average player it is perhaps more essential that he should know one stroke well than that he should play several strokes indifferently. On the whole I would hesitate to recommend that any player should deliberately set himself to acquire the art of pulling or slicing unless he is perfectly certain first of all of his ability to play straight. But I hope that as a note upon one aspect of the slice, its cure and its use, this note may not be altogether useless.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Colonials in England.

LONDON, May 19.

Among the numerous colonial and American competitors for the 19th Ladies' Golf Championship, now in course of decision at Portrush, County Antrim, are Miss Vida Collins, of Wellington, and Miss B. Grainger, of New Zealand.

To Miss Grainger fell the unwelcome distinction of being the first colonial competitor to succumb, her conqueror being Miss Bertha Thompson, of Beverley, who won the round by 3 up and 2 to play. Miss Collins survived the round, beating Miss Mona Miller, of the Royal Portrush Club, by 3 to 2, and on the morrow qualified for the third round by beating Miss S. Temple, of Westward Ho! at the 20th hole. In the next, however, she met more than her match, for Miss Bertha Thompson beat her by exactly the same margin as she had in her match with Miss Grainger, namely, 3 up and 2 to play.

Splendid Play by Sherlock.

Playing against White, Sherlock at Stoke Poges, made a wonderful round. Certainly his play came nearer absolute perfection than anyone can call to mind. His driving was as straight as an arrow and good as it could possibly be, more especially his pitch-and-run shots which he played with the greatest judgment; and his putting may be said to have been perfect during the last nine holes and much better than perfect if such a thing be possible in the first. Sherlock played like a remorseless machine and finally beat Mr de Montgomery's record of 80, a record which of all records in the world one might have imagined have seen the very stars out. His score was: Out, 4,3,3,3,4,3,4-31; in 3,3,4,4,4,4,4-26; total 65.

ACUTE SCIATICA EVERY YEAR.

Crippled in Bed in Helpless Torture.

Neighbours had to do Everything for him.

A Marvellous Cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

To cure Sciatica and its torturing shooting pains, treatment to restore the nerves to their proper state of tone is required. Medical men all agree that Sciatica is a nervous disorder. It may be caused by an injury or blow to the Sciatic nerve, but often occurs in a run down nervous condition. There are on record a great many cures of Sciatica by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are a blood making machine, and direct nerve toner, and the record of cures of Sciatica is so lengthy that their value in this complaint is certain.

After suffering severe attacks of Sciatica annually for many years Mr P. Syiva, Italian Street, Teanyson, Port Pirie, S.A., found that rubbing liniments and outward treatment gave him practically no relief. Mr Syiva was finally cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He made the following statement to a reporter:—

"I was always getting wet when in my boat out fishing, and Sciatica came on me gradually, and I began to suffer acutely, and for four years it was in my system. From September to January in every year it was never absent, and I would often get twinges of it in other months. I was taken so bad once on stepping ashore about 4 a.m. I actually had to crawl home on my hands and knees. I was practically in bed then for four months, and had to be looked after by my mates. Occasionally I would dress myself, and it would take me nearly an hour to put on my clothes, and hobble with a stick to the door to sit in the sun. These yearly attacks would go away in the January, and I would get back to work, but only to be laid up in bed the same way the next September. At times I could not get out of bed to go as far as the kitchen. I was seven weeks in the hospital here, but got no relief. I crawled home, and had to sit down quite a dozen times on the road. The left leg was affected from the hip to the ankle. I would feel every nerve and muscle on fire, and pains would dart up and down like lightning, or shocks from a battery. At night I might be reading in bed, and with the slightest movement the attack would come on, and there would be no more rest for me that night. Perhaps when I did fall off to sleep, if I happened to move, the pain would start, and wake me up for certain. Often when I would try to get out of bed in the morning an attack would come on, and I would fall flat. I never dared to put my foot to the ground with any weight on it. I always had to hobble with the aid of a stick. I tried all sorts of liniments and quantities of castor oil, but got no relief. In the hospital my hip was blistered and poulticed, but no benefit came. The leg got shorter and more shrunken than the other, and I never dared stretch it out straight. I would think something was gnawing at my flesh. For a long time I could not even bear the weight of the bed clothes on my foot. I went off in flesh and appetite. I was as wretched as any man could be. Occasionally I went out and just pointed the best grounds; but I never did any work. My mates and neighbours all know what I have been through. One day a neighbour came round and read me an account of a ship's mate being cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the case was so like mine that I went for a couple of boxes. I actually found some relief from them, so I gladly sent for some more. I noticed the pains decreasing, and all the stiffness and stabbing getting decidedly less. I could hardly credit it; it seemed too good to be true, but it is an absolute fact that five boxes drove out every pain and ache. I was afraid that next year it would return as usual; but not once has it put in an appearance."

The price is 3/ per box, six boxes 16/0, and if you have trouble in getting them send a postal note for the amount to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. of Australasia, Ltd., Wellington, and they will be sent post free by return mail.