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# Collier's

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# Classics in Slang

## By H. C. WITWER

One-Punch McTague  
and Victor Hugo  
wish each other  
Merry Christmas

### LES MISERABLES

**A** VIVACIOUS Christmas and a Jocund New Years is my best wishes to one and all, customers. Likewise, I hope Messrs. Santy Claus, Kriss Kringle and St. Nicholas showed more common sense with *your* gifts than they done with mine. What I found in my stockin' was a nice broken nose, a Yuletide present from Rabbit-Punch Weird, heavyweight champion of Tibet.

Speakin' of kumquats, I've reached the partin' of the ways and expect to stay there as far as Lucifer (Red) Higgins, my formerly manager, is concerned. That ungainly ingrate sold me down the river and washed his hands of me, as the net results of my blood-curdlin' battle with Rabbit-Punch Weird. This cataclysm was discontinued by a finicky referee, on the account he took exceptions to my free-flowin' gore clutterin' up his brand-new white silk shirt. The referee went to work and declared my brutal assailant the winner, and what I declared the referee got me a thirty-day suspension at the hands of the Boxin' Commission. Life is like that.

I've wrote to Coolidge about this outrage, but as I go to press, as the tailor says, Calvin and the White House Spokesman is still frantically workin' on their reply.

At this point, a word as to who I am wouldst not be a miss, it wouldst be a mister, as I'm One-Punch McTague, a fightin' bookworm like Gene Tunney, another Marine which landed and soon hadst the situation in hand. On this subject, I don't mind sayin' that I don't think Gene will hold the title for no epoch, when he was unable to put a man to sleep in Philadelphia, of all places!

Well, gentle and versa vice readers, I'm still runnin' Ye Olde Booke Shoppe in the vast reaches of Amsterdam's Avenue, Gotham, which was foisted on me by my uncle, Angus McTague, to celebrate his departure for his grave. Uncle Angus made a fortune sellin' grease to Channel swimmers, till the feat got so common it become effeminate. My head

and only saleslady, beautiful Ethel Kingsley, continues to force a education down my throat by makin' me read the classicals, when I ain't knockin' some palooka cold or just the opposite. Before I took up readin' I'll have you know I was so dumb I thought italics was guys which lived in Italy and that Richard iii wrote that popular ballad, "Horses, Horses, Horses."

**B**UT I'll state matters is different *now* and before long I'll be in the position to go up to Harvard's College and give 'em babies a treat which they ain't had since they stopped playin' football there. Put a bet on me in the runnin' Broad-A event!

Billions of you will no doubtlessly remember that I'm the proud owner of a noted mechanical toy which multiplies with the greatest of frequency in Detroit and has a almost uncanny resemblance to a automobile. (I said *uncanny*, not *tin-canny*.) I call it the Pyorrhea Coop, as four out of five has one. I ain't allowed to broadcast the real name of this vehicle, as that wouldst smack of free advertisin' and this bus needs publicity the

same way Hades does. How the so ever, it was the only car I couldst afford, and for the while I found it answered nicely all the demands I made on it; namely, to keep rollin'. That's all a ten-thousand-dollar auto canst do and *more* than some of 'em canst do, hey, Hank?

Well, on the Sabbath before I was to exchange buffets with Rabbit-Punch Weird, I cranked up my juggernaut and plowed through the snow around to where Ethel Kingsley abides; objects, motorin'. I rung the bell of this tasty damsel's apartment and she opened the door herself instead of sendin' the maid, on the account she ain't got no maid.

"What brings you around so early?" Ethel remarks, with a dazzlin' smile.

"My second-hand puddle-hopper," I

broke down and confessed. "Let's go for a accident in it, hey?"

That nifty killed her and hysterical with glee she put on her hat and coat, fortunately bein' already clothed underneath, and off we went.

The first fifty yards of our ride



With a maniacal howl he tore off the manhole cover and plunged beneath with Marius on his shoulder



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passed without incidents, lads and lassies, and then, for no reason at all, one of my puncture-proof tires give us a blow-out. Bein' broad-minded, I didn't exclaim at that so much, though I like to froze to death changin' it, but when the rear end fell out at the next corner I begin to get irritated. I laid forty-five bucks on the line for this can at a antique sale and here it busts right in my face. It looked like I'd been gypped, what I mean!

To make a already bad situation incorrigible, all I know about automobiles is that they'll positively run over you if you ain't plenty agile and like as not a wrist pin is a article of jewelry. What to do? What to do? The snow was now comin' down like snow and the wintry winds was summer breezes alongside of the looks I was gettin' from Ethel, which was hummin' sarcastically, "Thanks for the Buggy Ride!"

THEN one of them new French auto horns which sounds like a braggadocio frog goes off in my ear and nonplused me so that I fell over the spare tire and barked my shapely shins. Full of snow and ire I rose up and stood face to face with my lifelong handicap, Jack Hootmon, only progeny of the ancient Elihu Hootmon, Trillionaire Thumb-Tack King. This banana is as cuckoo over Ethel as I am, with the added advantages of bein' a devotee of Columbia's College and simply dirty with dimes.

"Ah—beauty and the beast, eh?" he grins, from behind the wheel of his shiny, nickel-plated, imported speedster. "How did you come to have a breakdown?"

"I didn't come to have a breakdown, you insipid-lookin' ape; I come to take a ride," I says politely. "Will you give me a tow to my garage?"

"Sorry," he says, uptownin' me and eyin' Ethel longin'ly, "I haven't got a rope."

"That don't chagrin me, young-feller-me-lad," I retorts gayly. "We can use your skid chains!"

Suitin' the actions to the words, I yanked off his chains and with the deaf ear to his squawks I hooked my catastrophe on the end of his car.

"Home, James!" I barked at him, and Ethel's laugh caused him to haul off and let his clutch out with the jerk. The jerk ruined me! Hootmon's bus leaped forward and—clunk—by a strange coincidence the front end of my coop parted company with the rest of it and we sunk to the ground with the dullest of dull thuds.

"Haw, haw, haw!" brays this jassack Hootmon. "Why don't you get a horse?"

"This ain't no time for a civil-service examination," I growls, the bit red-headed. "C'mon, Ethel, we'll leave this monkey drive us home!"

Well, that took the play away from him as he couldst not say nay to Ethel, but by the beard of the prophet this jobbie outsmarted me at that!

"I'll bet you five dollars you couldn't drive a real car!" he says.

My gamblin instincts, which'll be the death o' me, foamed to the top.

"I can drive anything from a nail to a bargain!" I ejaculates. "Put up your finnf!"

We give Ethel the ten dollars to hold, and though this pretty lady gazed at me with some anxiety as I clambered behind the helm, good people, she was eyther too fond of me or too scared to file a protest. Hootmon and Ethel parked in the back seat, and I drove 'em hithers and yon with the greatest of ease, pullin' this nobby conveyance out of skids, weavin' in and around traffic like the snake, makin' snappy turns and doin' a piece of fifty miles the hour when I seen the time was ripe for it. The snow storm made motorcycle cops as scarce as

the word "No!" in a movie studio, and I was gettin' a thrill out of my own ambidexterity, when I got a rush of intelligence to the brain and couldst of kicked myself with petulance. Hootmon's scheme in bettin' me I couldst not pilot his bus hadst fin'ly dawned on me.

For a paltry five-dollar note that big headcheese hadst foxed me into actin' as his chauffeur, whilst he sit in the back and hadst a lovely tête and tête with Ethel. Curses, curses, curses!

How the so ever, if he done any buildin' up with my heavy girl friend on the ways back he was good, what I mean, for I shot to her home at a average speed of nothin' flat and the whole two of 'em was too busy holdin' on to exchange airy small talk!

Well, once at Ethel's retreat, Hootmon is as easy to lose as asthma, though I tried hard to tune him out, and she hadst to ask him up. She concocted some nice hot tea, which we knocked off with cookies to match, whilst talkin' about this and that. In the midst of Hootmon's idiotical braggin' about his cars and his yachts and his miraculous ability at golf, philately, fly swattin' or what am I offered, the doorbell rung and Ethel is only too charmed to excuse herself. I wish that bell hadst been in a ring, so's I couldst of rose up and flattened this Hootmon gilaygo without causin' no untoward comment. The big gosssoon!

The interloper in this case turns out to be nothin' less than Lucifer (Red) Higgins, viz, my manager and left-hand man. He smirks coyly at Ethel and nods agreeably to Hootmon, but he presents me with the evil frown.

"Drop that tea and shove off to the gym!" he grunts. "If we blow this fight with Rabbit-Punch Weird I'm goin' to sell you!"

"Sell him?" exclaims Ethel indignantly. "Why, you'd think he was a vegetable or something!"

"He is a vegetable," says Red. "He's a tomato! He hits like dynamite, if it could, and he's as game as a blacksmith's anvil, but his jaw is composed entirely of glass. His defense is as weak as boardin'-house coffee and it would take a lifetime to learn him the fine points of boxin', which he'd immediately forget. Honest to Coolidge, if Rabbit-Punch Weird kisses him off, I'll take a hundred bucks for his contract!"

"His jaw doesn't look so weak," spoke up Ethel in my favor.

"Well, alongside of his brains, maybe it ain't," grins Red, whilst Hootmon guffaws: "Could I have some lemon in my tea?"

"Sure!" I bursts out, boilin' with rage. "Here's plenty of lemon!"

With that I buried Hootmon's beak to the hilt in Red's cup and stalked out in the highest of dudgeons! So much for that.

THE followin' day whilst fluently cuffin' my sparrin' partners to get in condition for the fray with Rabbit-Punch Weird, I hadst two visitors. The first was the delicious Ethel Kingsley, with a bound volume under her arm.

"The sporting writers say you can't lose this bout!" she tells me.

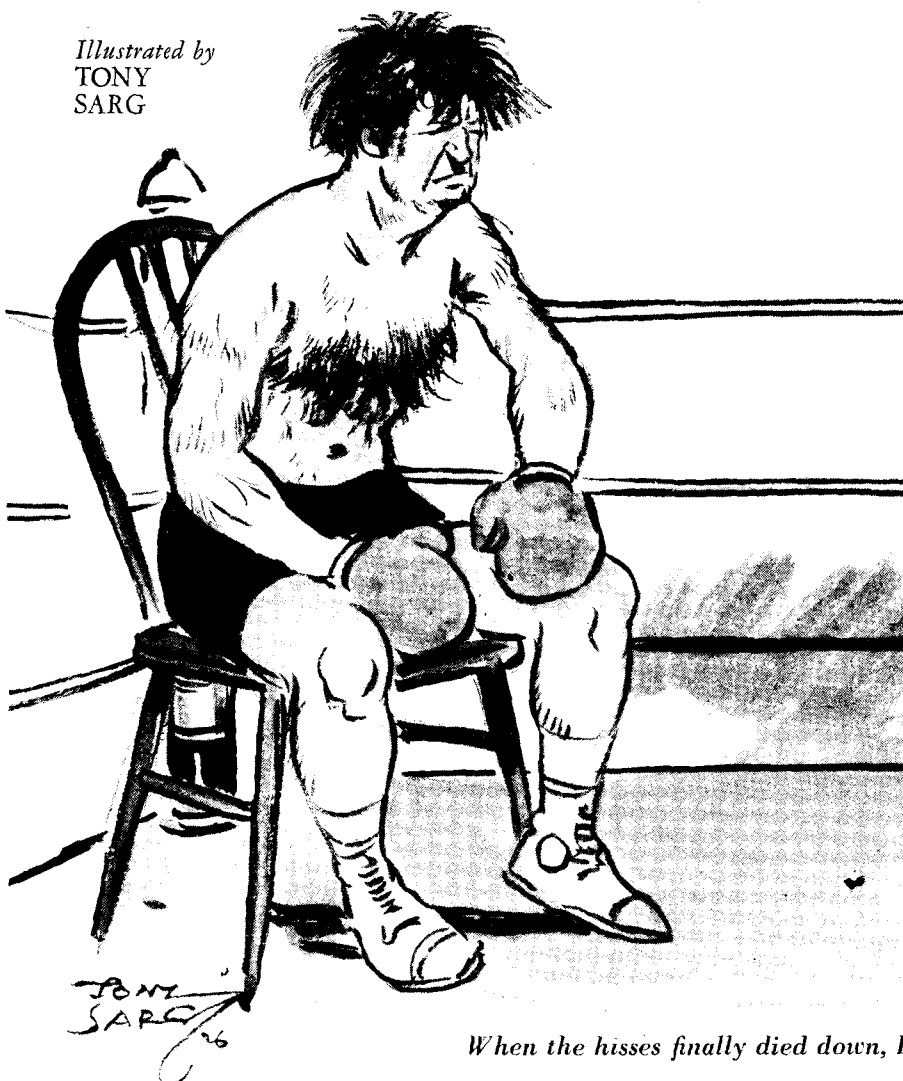
"It won't be the first time I made monkeys out of them experts," I says. "The newspapers claimed likewise that Dempsey couldn't lose, but Jack showed 'em up!"

"Oh, don't be so pessimistic!" scolds Ethel. "Remember, confidence conquers all!"

"But mark you and mark you well, my antagonist's name ain't All, it's Rabbit-Punch Weird," I reminds her. "What's that book you got there?"

"It's 'Les Misérables,' by Victor Hugo," she says, handin' it over, "and it's your next lesson in reading, after you box."

Illustrated by  
TONY  
SARG



When the hisses finally died down, I

"I'll prob'ly be plenty miserable after I box, without readin' a tome on it!" I murmured.

"Now you must cheer up," Ethel requests. "I just know you're going to win! You're surely not going to lose with me at the ring side, are you?"

"Well, you couldst move back a few rows," I suggests.

Just then who strolls in but Jack Hootmon, my "no" man.

"Where's your manager?" he asks me, like I'm somebody's butler.

"How do I know?" I says, puttin' on the chill. "I'm his meal ticket, not his social secretary! What d'ye want with him, Useless?"

"I'm going to buy you from him!" grins this dizzy Humpty Dumpty.

"I'll make a distance runner out of you in a minute!" I roars, instantly runnin' a temperature. "Can you imagine me winnin' a fight with you in my corner?"

"I can't imagine you winning a fight with a machine gun in your corner!" he sneers courteously.

With a exclamation of distaste, I reached on the rack and hurled a ten-pound dumb-bell at this hundred-and-seventy-pound one—ie, Jack Hootmon—but it missed him and crashed through a window. That fit of ennui cost me four dollars for a new pain of glass—just another bad break, what I mean!

Well, the night of my brawl with Rabbit-Punch Weird rolled around as nights will and as I nimbly leaped into the ring at the Roughneck A. C. the noisy crowd give me a ovation. When the

hisses fin'ly died down, I looked across the ring at my playmate, and cold shivers played tag on my quiverin' spine, for he was a nightmare if they ever was one! You know, the kind which Billy Gibson will keep his handsome charge away from, as accidents will happen in the ring the same as anywhere else. I thought at first my bullet-headed vis-a-vis was wearin' a fur coat, till I seen that was only the hair on his giant chest and arms. He was the hugest thing I ever seen in my checkered career, and I hope to tell you the look of greetin' he flung at me wouldst of scared a gorilla into hysterics!

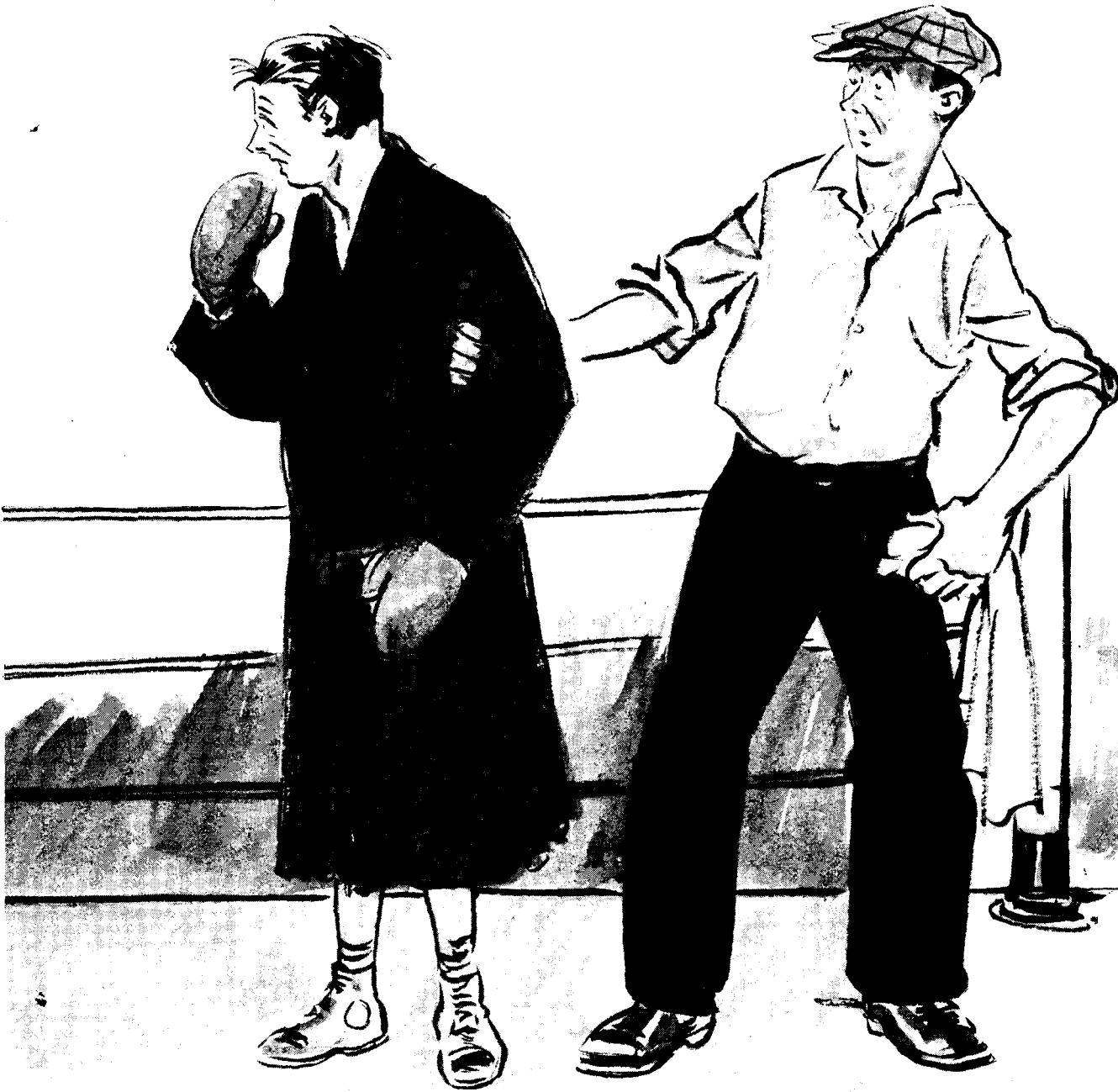
To make matters worse, my goofy handlers got so terrified starin' at this monster that one of 'em shoves the sponge into my mouth instead of the water bottle, and when I testily yanked it out the other clown give me a drink of ammonia. It's little things like these, my countrymen, which has upset my piece of mind and cost me many's the glorious victory!

CLANG! The bell rings out on the night air and Rabbit-Punch Weird shoves the referee to one side and scurries across the ring at me, with the vile objects of givin' me the last lesson first.

I met his rush with a dirty look and we clinched. Whilst at close quarters, this scissor-bill stuck his mouth to my ear and give vent to a hair-raisin' whistle which like to deafened me.

"Is that fair?" I asks him gently, in the meanwhile buttin' him under the chin with my head and knockin' out





looked across the ring at my playmate. He was a nightmare if ever they was one

a whole flock of his pearly teeth. Hey, hey!

This impromptu exhibition of dentistry seemed to enrage Monsieur Weird and he let go a wicked right swing for my jaw, but I was too smart to be caught nappin' and blocked the punch with my eye, which immediately closed for the night. This skillful parry wowed the mob, which went into a uproar without leavin' the club house. My next imitation was a sizzlin' left and right to Rabbit-Punch Weird's ugly features and both wallops landed—on the ropes behind him.

**WE DANCED** gayly around each other, me doin' the black bottom and my adversus the charleston, but the referee was no patron of the light fantastic and he demanded some assault and battery forthwith, or else—I obliged by smackin' Mr. Weird to the canvas with a pungent left hook to his digestive organs, but he bounced up like his old man was a tennis ball and no sooner is he erect when he sunk his glove wrist-deep in my face.

Ain't we got fun!

My manly nose give way under the strain of that contretemps and begin to bleed furiously. One of my lustrous orbs was closed tight and the only other eye I hadst with me was gettin' ready to follow suit. Though I couldn't see my cruel attacker, I swung with vigor and vim, but I couldn't even hit the referee I was so blind. Every time Rabbit-Punch Weird socked me lustily in the lug the blood from my shopworn

nose wouldst spatter the referee's white shirt.

Pretty soon the dapper official got choleric.

I hadst just went into a frantic clinch with the ring post, thinkin' it was Mr. Weird, when the referee taps me on the shoulder.

"You're through for the night, chump!" he says. "Cheez, you look like a valentine, and this other punk will only kill you if I leave this burlesque go on. I don't mind you bein' killed in the least, but you bleed a mean nose, and I had all the showers of gore I can take!"

Before I couldst make a witty retort, this bozo has held up Rabbit-Punch Weird's glove, proclaimin' him the winner to the world.

I just hadst one of my bad nights, but I wouldst of clicked at that hadst my pan only held out.

"I'm off you forever and aye!" howls Red Higgins at me, when I arrived at my corner. "I just sold your contract!"

"To who?" I inquired, with no little interest, "Jack Hootmon?"

"No!" snarls Red. "You're now boxin' under the management of your sweetie, Ethel Kingsley—add *that* up!"

"Well, for Heaven's sake!" I exclaims, crownin' Red with the water bucket for auld lang syne. "What will people say?"

The beautiful clerkess of my book store and the maiden I'm in love with to boot is now my pilot! Will wonders never cease? as the guy remarks whilst viewin' the four-headed tomcat.

Heigh-ho! Well, here's "Les Misérables," a bigger and better fairy tale thrown by Victor Hugo.

Read it and weep!

## LES MISÉRABLES

By Victor Hugo & One-Punch McTague

**ONCE** upon a time a burly stranger breezed into a little slab in that dear Frawnce, tired, dusty and ragged from a long game of pedestrianship. The facts that he was afoot caused him to be viewed with suspicious looks, as in them days everybody traveled on stilts, except the upper classes, which hadst their own gnus to carry 'em.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, our hero kept on walkin' till he reached the drum where the bishop lived and knocked smartly on the door. In a trice he was inside.

"How are they breakin', Bish?" the newcomer says. "I'm Jean Valjean and I been a galley slave for nineteen years come Arbor Day. That shouldst of rated me a job in that movie Ben Hur, but I get the air wherever I go on the account I'm a escaped convict. I'm as homeless as a milk bottle! Tough, what?"

"I'll say it is!" agrees the bishop, which was nothin' if not big-hearted. "Sit down and knock off some chow, Big Boy; you look in dire straits!"

Whilst showin' the inner man some consideration, Jean told the bishop the reason he'd done the nineteen-year stretch was for stealin' one loaf of

bread. The bishop said nothing—just coughed.

Jean couldn't get no shut-eye that night from thinkin' of the high prelate's kindness to him, so to show his gratitude he grabbed all the silverware in the joint and took it on the run. He was no Nurmi, how the so ever, and was soon brung back by the cops. But to the amazement of all, includin' me and Victor Hugo, the jovial bishop told the John Laws everything was jake, because he'd gave the heirlooms to Jean for him to get a new start in life. As long as the whole silly affair was only in a novel, what did the bishop care?

Jean turned up again in the village of Oo La La and by improvin' on the shape of mustache cups, the chief manufacture of the town, this go-getter soon become a wealthy millionaire. He called himself Father Madeleine and on that account the yokels laughin'ly made him mayor. Everything was hotsy totsy and Jean was sittin' handsome.

**BUT** they was one bird which thought the mayor was phoney and that was the chief of police, Javert, whose old man was so stingy he wouldn't give him a first name. Javert hadst been born in jail and spent his life tryin' to make everybody permanent visitors to his birthplace. Hearin' that Father Madeleine hadst adopted a cunnin' little tot entitled Cosette, Javert went to him and says the followin':

"Well, they fin'ly nailed Jean Valjean. He's goin' to jail at Paris next week!"

"So's your aunt Anastasia!" remarks Father Madeleine, unperturbed. "I happen to be Jean Valjean myself!"

"That's what I thought!" grins Javert. "You fell for my plant like the Jasper you are! Will you go to Paris peaceable and take the rap, or shall I call my minions?"

"I love that," says Jean. "I bet you don't even know what a minion is, you big sapolio!"

But, nevers the less, he checked out for Paris that same night and told all to the police, which was so charmed to see him that they sent him to the galleys for life, with the idea of turnin' him into a master oarsman as a reward for him givin' himself up.

D'ye think all this bothered Jean Valjean? Hades, no! That very same Xmas he come to light again in Sacre Bleu, the French hamlet where he'd put little Cosette to board. He paid her bill and left without stealin' anything, as he was gettin' absent-minded, and they moved into a handsome garret in gay Parea.

Jean never bounded around in the daytime as he was duckin' the galley cops, not cravin' to go back to that tiresome rowin' racket no more. But at eve he done all his prowlin' with the other dips which pass in the night, and one gloamin' whilst droppin' a gulden in a beggar's hat he got the thrill which comes once in a lifetime. The beggar was the gumshoe, Javert. More grief!

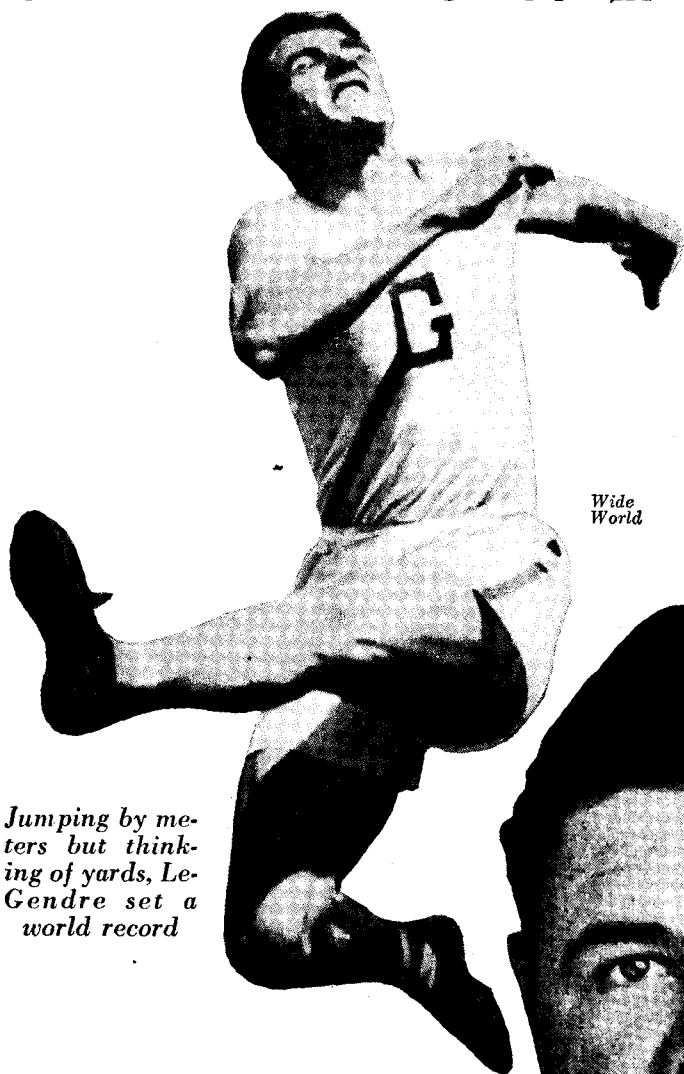
Scamperin' home, Jean grabbed Cosette and they done a fade-out, with Javert and a battalion of dicks hot on their French heels. They come to a high wall and Jean Valjean hadst to laugh. He'd climbed so many hoosegow walls that this one was a pipe for him. Over he leaps with Cosette in his arms and lands in a convent.

"Nuns the word!" says Jean to the good sisters and stayed there six years as landscape gardener. Javert done nothin' but gnash his teeth all durin' that period.

Jean then went through the motions of changin' his name to Fauchelevent and havin' a yen for the bright lights he again went back to Paris, where Cosette grew up to be a traffic stopper of the first water with more curves than a corkscrew. One of her first acts was to sink to the (Continued on page 45)



# "Hit 'em a Mile" By GRANTLAND RICE



Jumping by meters but thinking of yards, LeGendre set a world record

Wide World



U. & U.

Perfect timing does far more for Babe Ruth than his jumbo bat

*When the brain doesn't click just right and the muscular system, lacking balance, gets tied up in a knot, even Hercules would be a flop in sport*

IN THE last Olympic games (according to a story that went the rounds) someone was delegated to drop a marker for LeGendre of Georgetown at a distance of 7 yards from the take-off in the broad-jump test.

It was figured that LeGendre, who had been clearing 23 feet, could make his usual distance beyond the 21-foot mark. But the marker, by mistake, was dropped 7 meters from the take-off instead of 7 yards—an extension of nearly 2 feet.

LeGendre, knowing he could easily jump beyond 21 feet and thinking the marker was placed at this distance, cleared the 7-meter marker without calling on any extra mental effort and thereby set a world's record at 25 feet 6 inches.

If LeGendre had known that he was to clear a marker 23 feet away the chances are that the extra mental effort, or the mental suggestion of extra effort, would have left a kink in the smoothness of his jump and brought him down a foot or two short of the record.

Lack of conscious effort, or lack of mental suggestion that calls for extra effort, is one of the main foundations from which power is propelled. It isn't the entire story, but it is at least a big part of the story that is seldom given any thought.

During the recent football season I saw Tom Hamilton, the star Navy back, attempt a field goal from around the 40-yard line. The extra effort he attempted to put into the drop kick from this distance sent the ball wide and short, for there was no rhythm or smoothness to his leg and foot action.

Against Michigan he had a shot at the goal from the 28-yard line, within easy range. On this occasion, knowing that a normal thump would send the ball over, the rhythm and the smooth-

ness of good kicking form came to his help and the ball, sailing high above the bar, fell more than 25 yards beyond.

The same drop kick would have made the goal from the 45-yard mark with something to spare. The mental hazard of the longer range had been removed in the second case.

The application of power is one of the most interesting studies in sport, since it carries a mixture of the mental and the physical side that only a few ever acquire to any consistent degree.

## Why Ruth is Lord of Swat

THE general idea is that power is all physical. But there must be a blend of the two ingredients to get the result that cheers the competitive soul. When there is a thought of knocking the ball a mile or kicking the ball out of the lot or applying more than usual power, the muscular system promptly gets tied up in a knot with more power pumped in than the human system can control.

Consistent power must first start from mental smoothness that eliminates any thought of conscious effort or extra pressure. You can take the case of a pole vaulter.

I saw one of the best of the vaulting group face the crossbar at 13 feet. He not only cleared at this distance but he had a margin of at least 8 or

10 inches. That same vault would have cleared at 13 feet 8 inches or 13 feet 10 inches. The bar was then placed at 13 feet 6 inches and the next two efforts were complete failures.

In each case the vaulter, attempting the extra distance with the mental side suggesting an increased height, lost his form in the wild lurch that followed.

Power in the matter of punching, batting, driving a golf ball, hitting a tennis ball, or kicking a football, is merely the ability to apply maximum speed through the moment of impact. Power is mass and momentum hooked together, but in the main the mass equation is practically the same in most games.

Babe Ruth, of course, has a physical advantage in being big enough and strong enough to swing a heavier bat than the average ball player can manipulate. The war club of the average player weighs around 38 or 40 ounces. The bludgeon that Ruth uses weighs 52 ounces.

As the Babe can make a 52-ounce bat sing through the air with as much speed as other players can impart to a 38-ounce club, he has the combination of both mass and momentum working for him. But the main secret of Ruth's power is his perfect timing. In the last world series in one St. Louis game he hit three home runs in three times at bat when they were pitching to him, and in each instance the smoothness of his swing and the coordination of hands, hips and body were as close to perfection as a mere human can attain.

He hit one home run that sailed on a line more than 400 feet into the center-field bleachers, and while he put a tremendous punch to this blow his physical team play remained perfect and there was no sign of a kink in the smoothness of his swing.

The two consistently longest hitters in golf are Abe Mitchell and Bobby Jones. They get a longer average range from the tee without trying to kill the ball, for their first concern is to keep the ball down the fairway.

## The Right Kind of Bracer

WHERE do they get their power? Jones weighs only 150 pounds; Mitchell around 165. They are both unusually strong in hands and wrists.

Mitchell has powerful forearms. But this is only a start. The basis of their power is perfect timing and perfect balance in the wake of body turning or pivoting that yields the greatest leverage.

The left sides of both, knee and shoulder, turn well to the right, where the weight is correctly distributed in the way of balance. As their down swings start the weight is then transferred to the left leg, where they have something in the way of a brace to hit against as they slash through the ball. If this weight is transferred forward too slowly or too quickly, a large part of both power and control is destroyed.

Jones and Mitchell are not physically stronger than many other golfers, but their swings are better grooved and they can transfer weight more consistently in the act of applying the punch.

There is no sudden hitting, no sudden muscular tightening before the club head reaches the ball. It is gathering speed on the way through where the final "whiplike" effect comes from hitting to a large extent against the left leg and in the case of Abe Mitchell against the left hand and wrist.

If you watch Abe Mitchell and Bobby Jones you will see again that the true basis of power is rhythm and smoothness, an unhurried sweep where everything is in the right place at the right time. They have adjusted all the mechanical details until they are instinctive. They haven't any temptation along the line of conscious effort, since it has become subconscious through play and practice.

## Two Kinds of Balance

NO ONE showed to better effect the value of muscular team play than Jack Dempsey in his younger days. He was able to drop a 200-pounder with a blow that traveled only eight or ten inches because the muscles under his shoulder, forearm, and wrist all worked together like some big motor with a world of driving force. Dempsey also had the knack of transferring his weight at the right moment to the right or left leg, and then hitting against either leg as a brace.

There is a knack in letting the weight come forward at the right time in support. If it is sent forward too quickly, it gets in the way and kills power. If it is delayed, it takes away most of the supporting force. It is hard to pick up any force when one is leaning a trifle backward at the moment of impact.

Jack Delaney is built somewhat along frail lines without any great physical bulk to bank on. Yet Delaney can hit harder than almost any heavyweight in the game because he punches from perfect balance with all the needed team play from back, shoulder and wrist.

Speed and power can rarely be acquired by too much hurry. In the last Harvard-Princeton game young Lawler, Princeton's star end, picked up a loose ball on Harvard's 27-yard line. He had an open field with a world of time, but after the pick-up he attempted to put on too much speed, and he fell.

Greater experience would have given him greater mental poise at the big moment, and this mental poise would have allowed his feet and legs to work automatically, without being driven beyond their normal limit.

The main point in producing power is to acquire balance, correct technique, mental poise that is backed up by determination and concentration. The result is a wallop.