

BUNKERED

AN IDYL

By JOHN CAMPBELL HAYWOOD

"Fore!" he shouted,—then again "Fore," as he struck the ball in the direction of the bunker that guarded the third green. It was a poor drive. He realized that. His mind was not in his play but had strayed to a pink hat that for a moment before his stroke had peeped over the top of the bunker. That was why he had called "Fore" so loudly. The pink hat had disappeared and as he walked towards the ill-driven ball he wondered where. He also wondered to whom it belonged. There was no girl in the Lodge that wore a hat of such vivid pink. Then he found his ball in a bad lie about forty yards from the bunker and he eyed it fiercely and determined to land it on the green. It was an easy mashie shot he told himself and if the pink hat was anywhere near the green it would see him make the hole in three. He liked an audience and always played better with a gallery, even if it was only old Pete, the ground man. Addressing the ball carefully, he played. "Bunkered," he growled to himself, and was rather glad the pink hat had gone away.

It was an aggressively high bunker and he found his ball in a little nest at the foot of it. The pink hat was nowhere in sight! Taking his niblick, he aimed carefully and with a full swing managed to remove the ball from its nest to a rather worse position.

"That makes three, darn it!" he said to himself before he struck again. The fourth stroke hit the ball squarely and drove it about two inches into the side of the bunker. This was

more than he could stand. Planting his feet firmly, he hit again and again, making matters worse, and with the loss of his self-control, lost his self-respect, for he swore viciously. The bunker resounded with his blows. The soft earth thudded under them and there is no doubt he would have dug quite a large hole in the unoffending bunker had not a sound arrested one of his upward swings. The sound of sobbing on the far side! Peeping over he saw the top of a pink hat shaking gently. A renewed outburst of sobs made him drop his niblick and quickly climb over.

It was an angry face under the pink hat. It was an angry voice that began an upbraiding. Why had he made such a poor drive? Why had he fozzled his second? Why had he not "played out" properly, and, worse than all, why had he kept on thumping the poor ball and frightening her almost to death! He was—all sorts of things he hoped never to be and then he made peace. He really looked quite handsome when he was penitent, and humble, and she forgave him after he had acknowledged he wasn't much of a golfer! He thought it was rubbing it in a little when she said he needn't have told her that because she could see it for herself, but he let it pass and soon the pink hat was leaning back against the bunker and he was talking to it from a commanding position by the side of the wearer. That was the beginning!

Then there came another day and a pink hat—she loved pink—with yards of lace, and some orange blos-

soms, and all sorts of trimmings. There was a stately march up the aisle and down again. She was frightened until he whispered something to her. Then her eyes glistened and she pinched his arm. He knew and she knew that he shouldn't have said it in church, but she plucked at the memory that the word brought, holding it close to her heart. "Fore!" he had said,— "Fore!"

And on the long drive to the railroad station they had to pass the golf links. In the waning light they saw the grey draperies of the summer night floating over the fair greens and far down the valley they knew was the guardian of the third hole.

"Do you remember," he said, "the day I was bunkered?"

She had to lift her veil to answer him.

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