



FROM THE SOUTH

BY "THE COLONEL."

Now comes the Birmingham Country Club and extends to the golfers of the South an invitation to meet with them and join in the tournament over their course on May 9th, 10th and 11th.

It has been five years since the Birmingham Country Club gave its last invitation tournament but those who were so fortunate as to attend it still talk of the time they had. At that date the course consisted of only nine holes but early last spring a second nine, which had been in the course of construction for some two years, was opened for play and they now have one of the sportiest and best courses in the South and one which it took an infinite amount of labor to construct, as it is built over and among a number of hills, which in a more level country would very properly be termed mountainous. A vast amount of work was necessary to induce the grass to grow upon the slopes of the red clay hills, but by everlastingly keeping at it they have secured in Birmingham a fair-green of which any club might well be proud, and which is as good as any in the country.

While a definite list of the events has not been announced at the present writing, still the word has been sent out that it will be the effort of the club to make this the banner tournament of the year, and that the prizes offered will be the handsomest ever offered by any club in the South for an invitation tournament. As this announcement has been made by mem-

bers of the club it means that the Birmingham golfers, who by the way as a whole are probably the most popular of any of the cities in the Southern Association, are going to open up the season with some tournament, and as they propose to make this one eclipse their former efforts, we want to see how they are going to do it, and we are willing to gamble that an extra large number of golfers will be seized with the same amount of curiosity, and we predict that the field will be the very largest which ever gathered at a similar event in this section.

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Golf, according to our friend Mr. Grantland Rice, is not a game but a disease of which few men wish to be cured.

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Over in Memphis, while the weather has been too severe to allow but very little golf during the winter up to date, still they have not been idle as to improvements in the course. The golf committee has been getting busy, and they have put in something like sixty new traps on the sides of the fairway and around the greens, and at the same time they have removed the center from a number of the cop bunkers which extended across the fairgreen, so that a player who is on the line all of the time will find very little trouble but woe unto him who hooks or slices, as trouble is likely to befall him. These changes in the Memphis course are in keeping with the improvements going on at the various Southern

courses, as their players have awakened to the fact that the main trouble with all of our courses were that they did not punish a bad shot.

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The green committee of the Savannah Golf Club have decided to do away with their grass greens and to substitute oiled sand greens in their places, while at the Charleston Golf Club they have about made up their mind to put in grass greens to take the place of the oiled sand greens, which they have at present. Truly golfers are never satisfied.

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The date of the Women's Southern Championship has been fixed for May 14th to 18th. At the meeting of the Association last spring the next tournament was awarded to Nashville, but the date was not fixed, but was left for the executive committee to name, and they have just announced the above dates as the time for holding the tournament.

Nashville is the home course of Mrs. Rogers Smith, the present holder of the championship title, and Mrs. E. W. Daley, vice-president of the Association, who is one of the very best players in the Association.

Mrs. George Harrington, president of the Association, is enthusiastic at the reports she is receiving from the various clubs which are members of the Association, and she predicts that there will be nearly twice as many entries in the tournament this spring as there were at the tournament at which the Association was organized a year ago.

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Mr. Milton Saul, who is a golfer of about one year standing, and who says he can get in more traps in one round than any player in the Atlanta Ath-

letic Club, recently broke forth with the following:

Lives of golfers oft remind us
How to lead a life sublime
And departing from the office
Leave our work 'till some other time.

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Revenge is sweet. At least that is what they said over at the Charleston Golf Club when they evened up with a team of ten from Savannah, who came over to Charleston on March 9th for a return match.

In the first match at Savannah about a month ago it was an easy victory for the home club, but when they went over to Charleston to duplicate the performance they found the Charlestonians too strong for them on their own course. The match was played not by points but by the number of holes won and the victory went to Charleston by a score of 23 to 12. Charleston also won five matches and lost four, while Mr. E. F. Mayberry and Mr. Stein Bryan were the only pair who were all square at the finish.

At a dinner given to the Savannah golfers on this trip it was arranged that an inter-city trophy be offered to be played for by a team of ten men each from these two clubs each year in a home and home match, and to become the property of the team winning it three times in succession.

They also desire to make a similar arrangement with the golfers of Richmond (Va.) and it is expected that the details of such a match will be worked out, when the Richmond team comes down to Charleston early in April.

The course they have at Charleston now is a nine hole *one*, but they have about perfected plans for the building of an eighteen hole course, which will be slightly over six thousand yards in length, and which they hope

to have in readiness for play some time during next year.

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The annual Carolina Golf Association Championship tournament will be played in Wilmington this year, but as yet the executive committee has not announced the exact dates in May on which it will be held.

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A number of Atlanta golfers were sitting around the nineteenth hole one afternoon a few days ago discussing golf in general and their own good shots in particular, when Stewart Maiden, the club's professional, came up, and as soon as there was a lull in the conversation put the following proposition to the crowd:

In one of the rounds just prior to the professional tournament held there in 1910, said Maiden, I had a most peculiar experience, and one which, if it had taken place in a tournament, I don't know exactly what I should have done according to the rules. Barker and Nicholls were playing in a foursome against Freddie McLeod and myself, and at the seventh tee both Barker and I sliced our shots just into the edge of the rough. When we got to our balls we found them within an inch of each other. My ball was just in front of Barker's and was beautifully teed, while his was in a slightly cuppy lie. I lifted my ball and Barker played his shot with an iron and took a divot about the size of your hand, which removed the grass upon which my ball had been

beautifully teed, when we found them. Now the thing I want to know, said Maiden, is, when I replaced my ball should I have put it in the hole, which Barker had made in making his shot, or should I have replaced it on the edge of the divot mark?

No one in the crowd knew the answer, and as we haven't a rule book at hand right now, we can't give it—but can you?

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That reminds me, said Mr. S. C. Williams, who had listened to Maiden's story, of a thing that happened to me yesterday afternoon, which I never heard of happening before. Mr. George Adair and I were playing against Mr. Grantland Rice and Mr. W. R. Tichenor, and were trimming them good and proper. I was going good and was hitting my tee shots better, than I knew how. When we reached the fifteenth tee the wind was slightly against us, and I decided to put a little extra effort into my drive. I hit a fine ball, but was off the line to the right, and a slice carried the ball well over onto the twelfth fair-green. On account of a big cherry tree I didn't see that my ball was about to strike Mr. Hamilton Block, who was playing the twelfth hole. As Mr. Block was on his downward swing for a full iron shot, my ball struck his club squarely on the face and he hooked my ball out of bounds. Now, should I have played the ball as being out of bounds, or was it a ball displaced by an agency outside of the match? What's the answer?

