

AROUND THE 19th HOLE



WE KNOW NOW, for the first time, how it feels to be so nervous as to be actually incapable of controlling the muscles in putting. It is a new experience. There are, now, two particular kinds of these flutterings which have come under our personal ken. . . controlled and uncontrolled. Many and many a time have we embarked on a match all aquiver, our heart thumping from the excitement of the thing and altogether disassociated from any dread possibility of defeat; in fact the possibility of defeat never even suggested itself. And yet these palpitations did not serve as a handicap. On the contrary we are persuaded that in order to bring out the best in one it is essential that one's nervous system must be in a state of tension, keyed up, as it were—the thrills being a concomitant, while outwardly and to the eyes of the spectator there is no visible manifestation of any perturbation. How often have we heard it said "So-and-so has no nerves." Quite erroneous. The nerves were there, and working overtime perhaps, but controlled.

The other form of nervousness with which we quite recently became familiar was the outgrowth of an illness and no matter how hard the mind struggled for the mastery it was physically impossible to exercise the slightest control over this shaky feeling. Try as one might it was quite out of the question to hold the putter steadily. . . the hands persisted in

quivering like an aspen leaf. This state of things was not in any degree due to *fear*, not born of any thought that the missing of the putt meant the loss of the hole, for it was the same under any conditions and in all circumstances.

We are glad to have gone through this experience for it enables us to enter into the feelings of and sympathize with those unfortunates who are so constituted as to be unable for one reason or another, quite apart from any lack of courage, to control the muscles. Many a golfer, we are persuaded, has been unjustly accused of being "yellow" through no fault of his own.

There may be—we do not know—instances where nervousness springs from a certain sort of cowardice. One thing, however, we are now quite sure of and that is we should all be more charitable toward all missers of short putts, without seeking to examine too closely into the underlying cause, no matter from what it may spring.

"It was all your fault" testily exclaimed A to his opponent on missing a short putt. "My fault! What do you mean? I wasn't in your line and never moved or made a sound. I'm quite innocent. How was it my fault?" "Well, never mind" more mildly replied A. "But I do mind. You accused me of causing you to miss your putt, and, as I told you, I am quite innocent. Now, I must insist on an explanation." "Well," retorted A, driven into a corner, "didn't you *wish* that I'd miss it?"

"GOING to the sixteenth hole the other day," remarked A, "I said to my opponent d'ye know I haven't been in

a single bunker all the way round.— But I forgot to knock on wood and slap my next shot went into the bunker in front of the green."

"That's something like 'W'," spoke up one of the porch brigade. "We were playing 'round together when he gleefully mentioned as we were going to the seventeenth, *apropos* of my putting a couple of balls out of bounds into forbidden ground, that he hadn't lost a single ball the whole time he'd been here. And I'm hanged if he didn't put his next into one of those palmettos near the green."

THERE IS MUCH to be said in favor of the suggestion advanced by Mr. J. B. Coles Tappan, President of the M. G. A., to do away with the qualifying round in tournaments and class the entrants according to handicap ratings, thus enabling the four match-play rounds to be run off in two days. It is doubtful, however, if it will ever be generally popular as it necessarily means a limited field, confined to sixteen invited players in each division; and it means, also, the elimination of the qualifying medal round which has become a recognized feature. Mr. Tappan points out that if a medal is needed the first round of match could be utilized for this purpose, all contestants playing out the bye-holes and turning in their cards on a medal basis. The one vital objection to this is that the Rules of Golf Committee (R. and A.) have ruled that match and medal rounds cannot be played at the same time, and rightly so, we think, for several obvious reasons. The two forms of the game are quite distinct, governed by separate rules, and should never be mixed.

GOLF AS SHE IS WROTE.

Marshall's tee shot was disappeared over

the bunkers true to the pin and giving promise of enough back spin to hold short of the incline beyond. But search was in vain—until a wise caddy investigated the cup, and found it where it belonged. This is the third hole made in one this season, the other two being credited to Athel Denham, the other to that remarkable and modest marksman, your humble servant.— Jack Bowker in *The Pinehurst Outlook*.

THE INVITATION TOURNAMENT.

BY J. C. DIONNE.

Oh, Paddy, dear, an' did you hear
The news that's goin' round?
They're smoothing tees an' trimmin' greens
An' rollin' hard the ground.
They say there'll be a gath'rin' grand
Of sports from all around,
All tryin' to hit a rubber ball
An' hole it in the ground.
An' there'll be lots of clubs an' dubs,
An' cleeks an' mashie things,
An' knickerbocks an' striped socks,
An' cabbages an' kings.

THE TENTH HOLE at St. Augustine furnishes a curious optical illusion. The hole is 322 yards long. Standing on the tee, it looks considerably longer and this is carried out to an extent even on the approach shot. It is a regular thing when strangers step up to this tee to ask them how long they think the hole is. Mr. Henry J. Topping, of Greenwich, opined that it was 520 yards. Gilbert Nicholls thought it was 540. . and so in a greater or lesser degree with everyone else who plays it for the first time. It is no uncommon thing for the approach shot to go clear over the green. This is what happened to J. M. Barnes, experienced player though he be, on his first round in the East Coast Open championship. The illusion is created by the back part of the green being raised and intersecting the sky-line against a background of stunted trees, the bases of which are concealed.

AT THE annual meeting of the Middle-Atlantic Golf Association in

Washington, D. C., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Walter R. Tuckerman, Chevy Chase; Vice President, R. Lee Slingluff, Maryland C. C.; Second Vice-President, F. J. D. Mackay, Country Club of Virginia; Treasurer, Yates Penniman, Baltimore C. C.; Secretary, Alpheus Winter, Columbia C. C.

The Middle-Atlantic championship was awarded the Chevy Chase Club and will probably be played in the early part of June.

The 1918 championship will be played at the Maryland Country Club, of Baltimore.

AT THE annual meeting of the Connecticut Golf Association, the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, W. H. Race, Highland C. C.; Vice-President, H. H. deLoss, Brooklawn C. C.; Secretary and Treasurer, J. D. Soutter, Greenwich C. C.; State Captain, R. S. White, 2d, New Haven C. C., together with the following Executive Committee: E. B. Morris, Hartford G. C., Thomas Hewes, Farmington C. C., M. B. Foster, Sound Beach G. C., H. S. White, Waterbury C. C. and A. W. Stark, Wee Burn G. C.

The nineteenth annual championship of the Association will be played at the New Haven Country Club course on June 27th—30th.

THE FIRST HOLE at the Columbia Country Club of Washington is a good drive and iron. Walking in from the fifteenth toward the first green, Dr. Walter S. Harban and the present writer paused for a player to make his approach, about 130 yards,

to the first hole. The ball was struck, none too cleanly . . . and was holed! Later on we overtook the same match as they were on the second green—a fine drive followed by a delicate pitch—when there were more fireworks, our hero of the first hole running down a long putt from the edge of the green. "Another 3?", queried the Doctor; "No", came the rather startling reply, "another 6"!

"Atlanta has certainly come into prominence in the golfing world. Bobby Jones and Perry, the two boys who created a sensation in the American Amateur Championship hailed from Atlanta, and now Miss Alexa Stirling of the same club, has won the American Ladies' championship. Atlanta, which is in Galveston, must be a good course to turn out players of this type."—*The Golf Monthly* (London).

"Grass teeing grounds are to be constructed all round the course (the Burlingame Country Club)."—*Pacific Golf*.

A HARMONIOUS HOUSEHOLD

A golf enthusiast was describing to his friend the varied joys the game afforded him. Finally he wound up by saying:

"Do you know, I'd rather play golf than eat!"

"But whatever does your wife say to that?" inquired the friend.

"Oh, well, you know," was the answer, "she's rather relieved, because she'd much rather play bridge than cook!"—*Tit-Bits*.

