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## THE MAJOR'S LETTER TO HIS CADDY

BY DELL MILTIMORE

Dear Bill:

I'll bet you never dreamed that your golf pal "Doc" Would ever live in a chateau? Now did you, Bill? Some shock! But here he is all sure enough with high stone walls around With watch towers there 'n' ev'rythin' like in the books you've found. It's like the fairy story kind—I'll bet if you were here You'd find the Sleeping Princess who must be hidden near, For there are funny rooms and secret closets all about— I'll find her for you yet, Bill, she's here beyond a doubt.

Before the armistice was all drawn up for Huns to sign I'd taken an apartment very near the old front line. Now just because it happened to look out into the barn You needn't think it wasn't swell. Believe me it's no yarn! These French folks have a way of getting chummy with their stock So first they build a shed and then a room or two they'll block Off for a residence. The cows and horses have the rest— And in the loft I'd fixed my room, the snuggest sort of nest.

Down in the German trenches I had found a stove and chairs And one, a plush backed beauty, and I lugged them up the stairs. They say it was an altar chair but then you know me, Bill, It's just the kind of chair I like when I have time to kill. You sink down in all drowsy-like and doze and dream away— And there I was all snuggled up for winter time. I'll say When we were ordered to the rear I pulled a sorry face, I sure was peeved—but then that was before I saw this place.

My CASTLE— Did you get that, Bill?— My castle's on the side  
 Of some young mountain. How I'd like to take you for a ride!  
 Our car would have to make the hill on second—it's some grade.  
 Much higher than the hills back home where you and I have played.  
 We have to take a winding road—but such a view from here!  
 Just heaps and heaps of little towns are seen when days are clear.  
 The grounds inside the walls are great—big trees and lots of shrubs  
 Just like the shrubbery and walks at swellest kind of clubs.

If you could only bring your girl and sit upon the grass!  
 We have a private chapel—I claim it is some class.  
 The castle is five stories high, big watch towers and all that  
 With funny portholes so's to see what you are shooting at.  
 Inside there is a splendid hall, two parlors, music room,  
 A dining room that is immense and everywhere there loom  
 Great paintings, mirrors, tapestries—the ballroom's simply swell.  
 I'll bet those duffers on the walls would have some tales to tell!

Now Bill, I'll tell about my room—a fireplace at one end,  
 A writing desk all filled with mail (that guy sure had to spend  
 An awful while before he learned his name and his address.  
 If in a hurry to get home some night he'd have some mess  
 If he should have to ask the way and say all that O Boy!  
 You bet I'd have it nicknamed and those Frenchy names destroy.)  
 Now picture, Bill, a bed that is a lala-paluzer peach!  
 Who dreamed a bed all canopied would be within my reach?

It is so big they must have built the room around the bed.  
 At first I couldn't savvy, couldn't get it through my head  
 Why all the fuss and feathers with the canopy at night.  
 But believe me ever, Billy, those modest French are right.  
 I got the big idea when I started to undress!  
 I happened to glance up and saw a dozen more or less!  
 Those blooming, mocking mirrors there seemed like a crowd around—  
 The reason for the canopy was very quickly found.

There, Bill, I've told about the part I've been around today  
 There is a wing I've not explored—I hadn't time—I'll say  
 I wish that you were here to do it with me. Tell me, Bill,  
 Are Golfers getting busy at the Golf Club on the hill?  
 Suppose that this will reach you with the robins in the spring.  
 I hear your merry laughter—see the bluebirds on the wing—  
 The happy days are coming. It will be a peasant shock  
 When once again you caddy for

Your old Pal "Doc."