

TALES OF A TEE-BOX TOURIST

BY JOE DAVIS

TWENTY YEARS ago this month the Belmont Golf Club was incorporated. Its grounds, near Downer's Grove, were the site of the original Chicago Golf Club course, which was organized in 1893. When that organization moved to its present location at Wheaton, the Illinois Golf Club was formed, but had a short career.

The Belmont Club, however, has gone steadily along, breaking into print about three times a year—Memorial Day, July 4, and Labor Day. It is not a large organization, but registers 100 per cent in the matter of club spirit.

Vice-President Ross F. Bergh does not rank as a scratch player, but by common consent is recognized as orator in chief.

At the last harvest dinner he was toastmaster and prize distributor of the few cups which are played for an-

nually. As a measure of wartime economy, donors of cups were told to go light on expense. They did so.

The President's cup was built on economical lines, tapering towards the base. It had been won by Perry Boole, and Toastmaster Bergh warmed to his work as he eulogized the triumph of this young player. Climbing skywards in an oratorical flight, he suddenly brought down his fist to emphasize a point and it landed on top of the cup, which promptly caved in at the knees.

Unabashed at the force of his own argument, Mr. Bergh picked up the cup and continued: "It is not the intrinsic value of the prize that counts but rather the sentiment attached to the winning of it," and for the second time inside of a minute he scored a direct hit.

