

My First Lesson

By HENRY SMITH

OF COURSE if I could play every day I would be in the lower 80's, at least I like to think so, but as it is I am often in the lower 100's and have only broken 90 once.

I did get as far as the 16th hole in 74 one very happy day, but then my partner recognized two very beautiful women playing behind us and asked them to join us—and if you don't believe it you can dredge the river and fish out the golf balls that I drove in there one after the other, so the 17th hole ruined the scores. Woman's place is in the home.

One day the morning round began early, so that I was finished at twelve noon, standing on the first tee, with nothing to do, and seeing the Assistant-Pro, who is really a very good teacher, walking by I had the brilliant idea of asking for a half-hour lesson.

He said he wasn't busy and what did I want? I explained I wanted to know why I wasn't aiming properly; the ball seemed to go perfectly straight, but not always in the direction in which I had intended it should go—you know how it is. The first hole is a slight elbow and at the point of the turn, about 215 yards from the tee, is where the direction flag is. I said I would aim directly at that flag. He allowed that I was standing in the right position, so I swung with all the grace in the world and lightly hit the ball, lightly, mind you, whereupon it went straight for the flag and settled down not six feet away from it.

"Well—I'd be satisfied with that if I was you," said the Pro. So I blushing explained I had not driven as far or as accurately all Summer and that last drive was a mistake. My irons had been going pretty well and in this case a mid-iron landed me on a green, and he was off to the left in a trap and we didn't bother to putt out because we weren't trying to play a game.

Although my irons around the green were most happy, the second hole always presents trouble for me, because it is on the top of a hill 150 yards away and the jigger goes too far, a mashie-niblick too short and a mashie the right distance, but always left on to the 3d fairway or right into the Peabody's garden.

Before I drove he said I seemed to be-standing correctly, but did I remember to "break" my wrist properly? I evidently did for the ball landed quite near the hole and if I had putted out I know I would have had a 2. I concede myself a 2. He then showed me the right way to play the shot, but his ball landed in a trap on the left and I don't know yet what is wrong with my mashie.

The 3d hole is very nice and straight, 225 yards, and once in a while I have managed to get on the green with a brassie off the tee. This, however, was the great opportunity to use my spoon, which having a steel shaft cost me a small fortune and having a wayward nature, continued to cost me a small fortune.

He looked over my stance and told me that I was standing too far away from the ball—this was before I drove, of course—so he moved me forward so that I was standing fairly upright and then told me to swing easily and naturally, and I did, with the most surprising result:

the ball started off gracefully to the left and curved gently around and landed within about 8 feet of the edge of the green. About 215 yards, perfectly straight, with a spoon. The very spoon with which I never had averaged more than 150 yards, and never expected to, and, apart from distance, in what strange places I used to find my ball! The Pro said, "That's all right, but its really too far, you ought to use your brassie." He then sliced into a trap over on the right, and when we met again at the green and tried to tell him, truthfully, how I hadn't the slightest intention of reaching the green and how I was merely trying to learn how to use the spoon. Of course I have never hit any decent ball with that spoon since.



SONG OF THE GOLF BALL
"Oh! That I had wings to
Fly away and be at rest!"

Caddie—That's yer wrist-watch, sir.—*London Opinion.*

It was time to stop then, so the last few minutes we used up on the 15th tee. On account of the swale and a lot of water most golfers dislike this tee intensely. So do I, but in the excitement of the moment I used it for a practice tee and drove over several times, instead of in. Three of the balls landed far enough away from the tee and within 25 feet of each other. The Pro then allowed that I was doing quite well, took his money and went away. Just because I had played better than I ever did before I didn't learn a thing and I have played very badly ever since.

CERTAINLY NOT!

She:—Is it true that single players have no standing on the course?

Her:—Certainly not! They have just as much right there as married ones.—*Golfing.*

BUT THE BALL WAS STILL THERE

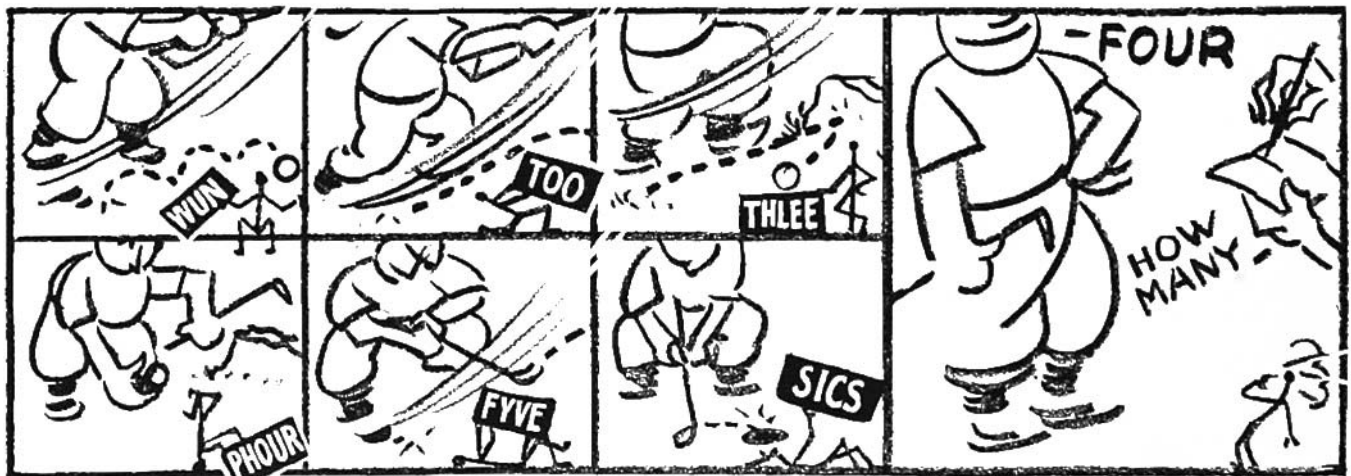
Short-sighted novice (After several futile attempts to hit the ball)—There! It's gone at last!

Golf's A Funny Disease

By JOHN MORGAN

Yes, sir, I guess it's the funniest dog-gone disease that ever hit mankind, sort of like walking typhoid only it lasts longer and the fever runs higher. The peculiar thing about the disease is it seems to do some folks a lot of good while with others it's practically fatal. The doctors don't seem to make any effort whatever to limit its spread or search for a cure. They seem to know it's hopeless because most of them have it or are feeling it coming on. Sort of a delicious adventure into a state of semi-consciousness on which we all seem to be willing to take a chance as to the final outcome. In fact, we deliberately expose ourselves to it.

It attacks about 3 p. m. and the victim gets in a state of mind where he is not sure whether or not he has lost his ability to walk—so he rides several miles to his favorite course to satisfy his curiosity and rides back much relieved (sometimes in more ways than one)—till the next day.



LIVES THERE A MAN WITH SUCH A FAULTY MEMORY?

By Lloyd Myers, Pelham Country Club.