

GOLF GAME GOING AT COUNTRY CLUB

Players Getting a Lot of Fun Out of
the Game—All Novices
Except Two.

A jolly bunch of local sports have organized a golf team and are meeting every afternoon at the Country club and from reports are having one hi-rolling time, whatever that is.

The golf course at the Country club is in fine shape. The grass has been mowed and the grounds put in excellent condition. It is said this is one of the finest natural golf courses in the state, with natural hazards and barriers.

List of Players.

Here is the list of the bunch, eleven in number, count 'em, but before you go to this trouble remember that only two ever played golf before, Owen and Berrigan. The other nine or novices. They are as follows: Graham Johnson, Doll

Foster, Mose Endicott, Clyde Pickard, Max Fischer, L. A. Turley, A. B. Adams, Mr. Browning, R. W. Hutto, Ben Owen and Ed Berrigan.

Some Long Strokes.

Max Fischer thought the other day he had the world skinned on long strokes. He argued that he sent the ball 250 yards, and would not be convinced until the distance was measured which proved to be exactly 75 yards.

Next to Fischer comes Graham Johnson who has only one equal in this world when it comes to bragging on himself and that is the well known golf player, Andy Gump.

Doll Foster and Mose Endicott do a lot of talking, but somehow don't get away with it.

Clyde Pickard works at the game like fighting fire, while L. A. Turley grinds away without ever saying a word.

Then there is R. W. Hutto who lives up to his standing in the team for all that the word novice implies. He evidently gets a lot of fun out of the game, for it is said he smiles from the time he enters the game until darkness drives him from the field.

* As to Adams and Browning no one has got next to the secret of their playing, evidently they attend to their own business. However, it is said they stick to each other like a sick kitten to a hot brick.

But sympathy is extended to Owen and Berrigan, who have the weighty responsibility of teaching the boys how to make a stroke.

Golfing Guys Look Wild.

To those who do not know how golf affects a man, may be able to get a better understanding of the symptoms by reading the following little poem:

"Who's the stranger, mother dear?
Look, he knows us! Ain't he queer!"
"Hush, my son, don't talk so wild,
He's your father, dearest child."
"He's my father? No such thing!
Father passed away last spring."
"Father didn't die, you cub;
Father joined a golfing club.
But they've closed the club, so he
Has no place to go, you see;
That is why he's coming home,
Kiss him, he won't bite you, child,
All those golfing guys look wild."

—Reading "Pretzel."

Queer fashions make queer folks.