

THE GAME

Impressions of a Match Between Cartar and Skehens, Whittemore and Phelps

Two o'clock, on a warm and radiant afternoon last week. It did not take a clairvoyant to ascertain that some players of ability were about to descend upon the course. Four deep the golfing fans were assembled around the first tee, an assemblage suggestive of Summer and a whale stranded off the coast. Striped sweaters and white shoes, brown smiling faces and golfing caps, white skirts and knickerbockers all pointed one way, to observe a marvel.

Directly came a slight and boyish figure and constructed him a small mountain on the plain. On this he put his ball, cast one appraising eye into the horizon, swung a mighty bludgeon back and forth a time or two and knocked it out of sight. A murmur of delight from the gallery was interrupted by a stage whisper, "Who is that?" "Ignoramus, that is Phil Carter, and his heart is about to break with chagrin. For that second ball went quite as far, under compulsion provided by one Buck Whittemore; it is Skehens who is responsible for the flight you are now observing, and the man about to swat the ball is called Mason Phelps. Whittemore and Phelps play Carter and Skehens. Hence the concourse."

Like a mighty lawn party moving towards the punch bowl the crowd marched out after the players, in the formation of a great crescent. The A. P. man made for the wire, Phillis got out her crayons and sketching pads, and your orator made a mental note to add this to the spectacles of his existence, along with the Derby and the Durbar the Yale game and Tap Day.

We ambled along across country among the labyrinth of bunkers and greens, under the charge of a competent guide who engaged to direct us without mishap to the 9th hole. We found the army already assembled. They are hard to please are these afternoon critics. We were told in a breath that Carter had just made it in three, and that they were all playing very badly; that Carter and Skehens had gone out, so to speak, in 36, and were two up. We lined up half a mile or so from the tenth tee, on the top of a hill, to watch the bombardment. Four balls in rapid succession soared up over the crest of the hill and shot down the lawn as if they had come from a six-inch gun operated on the metric system. Personally being little interested in mathematics and the inevitable I only remained long enough to see the first two balls roll into the distant hole in four strokes. I then scored all the rest as four and went home. Why watch it?

However, it appears I was mistaken. To their everlasting disgrace Carter and Skehens went on record with four fives coming back, and lost their advantage. They were three up at the fourteenth, but lost the next three in succession against two threes and a four. The last hole was halved and the game ended all even, at 76 apiece. The putting, I was informed, was atrocious, and judging by the score I can readily imagine it must have been abominable.

SMITH BREAKS INTO VERSE

Pinehurst Golfer Replies to Edgar Guest

THE SORROWS OF THE RICH

Up here are peace and calm content,
A day's toil with its sweet reward;
I struggle on to raise the rent
And luxuries I can't afford,
Down there the roses are a-bloom
'Mid pansies and forget-me-nots,
Yet there dwell bitter rage and gloom,
The rich are dubbing mashie shots.

Up here I proudly plod my way
O'er paths still fringed with ice and snow,
I keep my post throughout the day
Because I've nowhere else to go.
Down there the skies above are blue,
'Tis summer and the days are warm,
Yet men are troubled through and through,
The rich have lost their golfing form.

Up here no sorrowing nights are mine,
No bitterness of heart I feel,
My day's card is not always fine,
But I enjoy my evening meal.
Down there the gentle breezes blow
Yet mental suffering floods the land,
From many a bunker there I know
The rich are shoveling the sand.

Up here the nineteenth hole is dark,
No laughter rings within its walls,
Still snowbound is the neighboring park,
Grim silence with the evening falls.
Down there the gloom a knife could cut
And trouble lines each rich man's brow;
They're grieving o're each fozzled putt.
I wish I had such sorrows now.
Edgar A. Guest in the Detroit Free Press.

To which D. W. Smith, safely quartered at the Holly Inn has sent reply:—

ONE OF THE RICH LETS OUT A WAIL
Dear _____*Eddie Guest,
Mark Tapley isn't in it with you;
By ice and snow and rent oppressed,
Yet still a-singing you "come through."

For four long verses you are game
And sport a clean up-lifted chin;
The "feet" were just a little lame
And in the last line you give in!

We rich just love to "shovel sand,"
And dubbing mashie shots is fun;
You know you'd like to join the band,
We're short a man and you're the one!

The mocking bird doth improvise,
The sunshine drives away the rain;
The only cloud that's in our skies
Is that we'll soon be poor again.

*Flattery, not profanity, deleted.

Secretary Lansing

and Mrs. Lansing are taking a well earned rest at the Carolina. Having come to an understanding with Carranza, and left all military matters in the hands of General Funston, he came on Tuesday last to Pinehurst for a week of quiet and golf, both of which they find in abundance, together with a cordial welcome.

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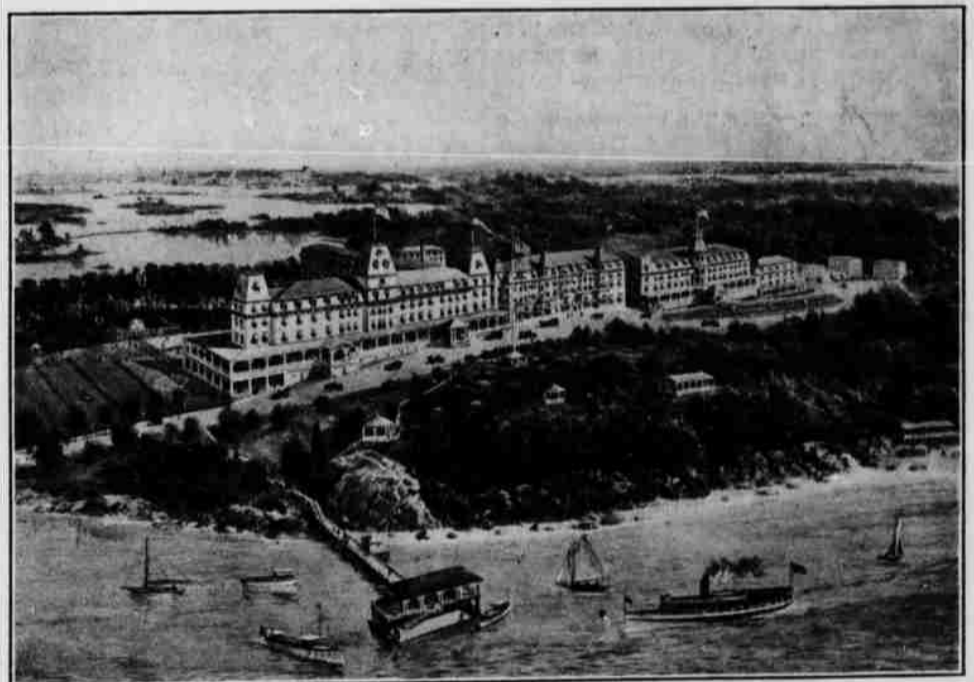
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