

"Naturally I won the case and it gave me pleasure to tell the story, especially to a bird in Alabama. He seemed so interested I had to give him a chance to spill his piece and derved if it didn't go like this":

"I was playing one time on a short hole which had a concrete road beside it. The road was out-of-bounds, the worst being that, if a tee shot hit the road, the cussed ball would bounce right into a swamp, where it buried right away and was impossible to find."

"One day I made a slice off the tee there, the ball hitting the road so resoundingly that I just reached in my pocket, got another ball, some sand, and was teeing up, thinking the first ball lost in the swamp over the road. Just then my opponent yipped louder than a trolley car that was sailing along the road at least thirty miles an hour. Your ball, chortled my opponent as though it were true, rolled right into the hole. How could it? I asked. It hit the road. It's lost in the swamp. Ah, no, murmured the opponent, it hit the trolley car on first bounce, was thrown back on the course, hit the green and rolled right plumb into the hole for a one. I went up there and that's where I found it, in the hole for a one."

The applause was terrific this time but C. L. Becker held up his hand.

"That stuff is all right when you're talking about lucky holes-in-one, but there's skill back of the holes-in-one I've made—three of 'em," said Becker.

"The first one should have been a record, if it wasn't. It's all right to hit short of the green and roll into the cup. That's a cinch from the tee—I mean, that's why I seldom do it, because that stroke is so simple. But try to make a hole-in-one like I did the first time."

"Was standing on the tee of a short hole and I hit a high tee shot. The ball landed right plumb in the cup and stayed there. Of course the pole was one of these six-sided things, not a round iron pole, or maybe the ball wouldn't have stayed in the cup.

"But try that shot some day, a hole-in-one on the fly."

Alec Ross, golf pro here, had drifted onto the gathering and, after the yodels of delirium had died down, Ross was called on for a speech.

"Awful sorry I can't oblige with a thrilling tale of a hole-in-one, responded he, "but I know the story of a guy that made a hole in four strokes better than par for it, a 2. How'll that do?"

"Swell stuff, if it's true," applauded the gallery.

"My veracity is impeccable," replied Ross with a dignified air. The crowd didn't know what 'impeccable veracity' was, so they allowed Ross to tell his tale, which he did.

"There was a bird out home," continued Ross, "who brought a trying rules problem to me one day." Ross, said he, you know that 690-yard hole some place. When I said of course I did, he said, I was playing there against a guy and would like to know if I got a 2 one it. Why not, I thought. What's a 2 on a 690-yard hole in my young life.

"I hit a fair drive there, said my pupil, and then of course my second shot went right on the green. My opponent hit his eighth shot soon and it also went on the green? But the derved thing hit my ball, which was within two inches of the cup, and my ball went into the hole. Was that a 2, or could I replace it and get a buzzard 3?"

The talk was getting furious and R. C. Maxwell, Trenton, N. J., was fidgeting nervously. He believes in signs around Trenton. His business is advertising and his poster signs can be seen all around New York, N. J., and other joints.

"The saddest experience of my golf life," said he forthwith, "was to have a chance twice in the same three-day tourney to halve a hole in one and to miss both times. In two matches I had my opponent in each, had a hole in one golf shot. I tried hard for a one myself each time, but the worst was I missed each time."

That's the inside reason why the sun came out and the golfers were able to golf again, on the links.

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