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## WAR NEWS FROM THE FRONT!

Purely Personals Gathered By Our  
Special Correspondent



WE ARE printing the following from our Special War Correspondent who very wisely remains at the front, occupying a bomb proof trench. ¶ He is amply supplied with mufflers and wrist-lets, but sends word that he would like a sixshooter.—EDITOR.

Stonewall Jackson has arrived. He's J. B.—B for Bunker—Bowen's very special caddy. ¶ G. F.—F for Benjamin Franklin—Brown, uses a retriever; picks up and brings the ball back. ¶ J. R.—R for Caruso—Goodall contents himself with Master Henry Going Some. ¶ C. B. Hudson—H for Sir Heinrich—is bestowing his attention upon a kindergarten pupil, who is even now able to indicate the location of the ball with a "Ba-ba"

Dr. C. P. Wilson's fondness for "casual water" is undoubtedly responsible for his nom de plume—H. (2) O.

No indeed, a ball on the sand doesn't bother Chisholm Beach.

It is quite natural that quail hunter Parker W. Whittemore should call "mark—watch 'em light," instead of "fore!"

You're incorrect; Richard Garlick does not drive 500 yards. His best tee shot is 350—but he's still practicing.

Yes, B. Warren Corkran hails from Baltimore. ¶ Nifty—well some!

E. A. Johnston is not the author of the classic jingle: "There once was a golfer, so exceedingly thin, that when he essayed to drink lemonade, he slipped through the straw and fell in!"

Robert H. Hunt is no longer a vegetarian.—Too much Garlick!

James Barber—J for Jim—thinks a ferry across the tenth hole pond with dredger, would prove profitable.

Stuyvesant LeRoy asserts that there is



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of almost human intelligence. ¶ William L.—L for Leander, glory of the army—Hurd, pins his faith on a veteran who enjoyed an intimate personal acquaintance with George Washington and General Lafayette.

Once 'twas "Pop," later "Colonel" and now "General" Ormsbee. ¶ A small boy bestows the brevet. ¶ Are you a general?" he asked. Thus was the title won!

Col. R. A. Swigert will undoubtedly get into the game as soon as the rough riders leave for the front.

Scout O. B. Wickham reports a satisfactory condition of affairs in the Commissary Department in spite of the existing embargo.

"What's the use?" declares C. H. Hanna—"Inspiration today; perspiration tomorrow!"

M. B. Johnson, Esquire, is undoubtedly right. He insists that you can't argue with a golf ball. Take a club.

J. Appleton Allen says he just loves the "baby dimple."

no impropriety in using a Sunday golf bag on the Sabbath.

Robert Hunter is not related to Davy Crockett, but the "coons" all know him.

James DeWitt Clinton Rumsey is not Mr. Rumsey's golfing, but his society name.

C. L. Becker is not the man who invented golf, but that stirrup driver of his is, perhaps, the first club ever made.

What's in a name? Cheatham loses two nineteen-hole matches, and Shannon was not good to Parson.

R. Adams Balfe is developing his golf vocabulary even more rapidly than his game.

Now it's G. W. Johnson of Arcola; Hackensack was too much like Petrograd.

Toppin might have beaten Hunt if he hadn't been slicing also, O'Brien's defeat by Balfe was surely "pat," and Howard was done Brown.

Walter L. Milliken, author of "Tin Whistle Memories," interned at Indianapolis, is expected back early in January.

(Concluded on page three)