

An Afternoon at the Links



Though scuff be of our games most rare, Yet, truth to speak, the wear and tear Of balls were felt to be severe...

When Gouley's balls cost half a crown, And Allan's not a farthing down, The feck o's was being carried soon...

Right fair were we to be content With used-up balls new look'd we paint, That ill concealed both scar and rent...

And though our best we'll them we tried, And nicely every club applied, They whirled and rattled and dooked and shied...

Ye're keen and certain at a putt— Nae wut your sides e'er opens up— And though for years your ribs they whup...

"Has that man got the apinal meningitis?" "What's the matter with that fellow's legs, anyhow?"

These questions were not asked in a spirit of impertinence, but are the usual caustic and comic inquiries of the visitor to the links.

The subject of the earnest inquiries was Mr. Percy Blythe. There was nothing in particular the matter with his legs, and he was not a sufferer from apinal meningitis; he was simply playing golf.

All men who play golf are laid liable to have remarks made about their legs by the onlookers, and such questions as the preceding are by no means rare.

Golf looks simple, but is it? The truth is the game is not so easy as it seems. The fascination which the game possesses for those who play it is only equalled by the indifference, bordering on contempt, of those who do not understand it.

Sees Nothing in It. The visitor sees nothing in them, except an unnecessary expenditure of energy and care upon a very easy and simple game.

Golf is gradually taking the place of cricket, tennis and, to a certain degree, even football. In a Northwestern town where tennis was once played to a greater extent than almost anywhere else on the Pacific coast, some one asked the keeper of the court: "Do they play much here?"

"They did, sir," was the reply, "but ever since this — Scotch croquet came into fashion no one comes into the court."

Examples of golf, and they are quite a few, say that remove the Scotch dialect and nothing remains of the game. This may not be strictly true, but still one can count on his fingers all the Irish golfers of his acquaintance.

But to return to the Scottish golf dialect. It is one of the indescribably funny things that are in evidence every pleasant afternoon on the links, to see a youth from whose lips American slang falls easily and gracefully trying to master golf and Scotch at the same time.

Women Golfers. Sweet saint, whose spirit haunts the course And broods o'er every hole, Who lends the driver vital force...

Thou givest me bonny life's last hour, A golfer's fame divine; I boast the gift, a driver's power, If I can put, 'tis thine.

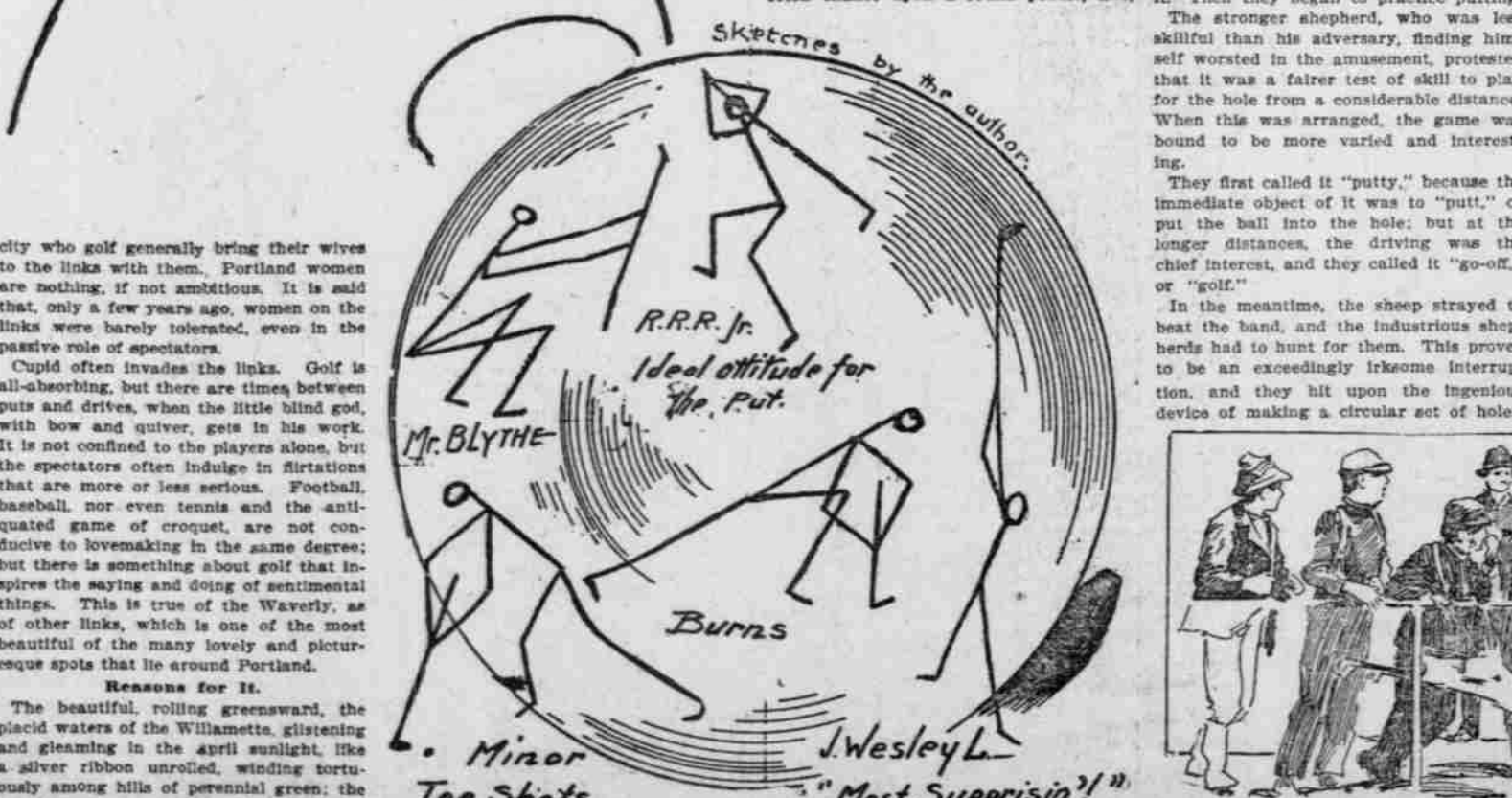
The foregoing lines were perhaps written about good, jolly St. Anthony. There is no doubt about this saint, nor the home of his brooding, but the patron saint of latter-day golf is the girl who golfs.

The woman golfer is a distinct genus, belonging to the order of Amazons, or athletic women. They have been found in every age and every clime, with curls down their backs and with abraded skirts.

Cupid often invades the links. Golf is all-absorbing, but there are times between puts and drives, when the little blind god, with bow and quiver, gets in his work.

Reasons for It. The beautiful, rolling greenward, the placid waters of the Willamette, glistening and gleaming in the April sunlight...

Just why a female devotee of the game is called a golf widow, no one seems to know. Perhaps it is because, in former days, the golfer's wife did not play. She does now. The few married men in this



which enabled them to herd sheep and play golf at the same time. These holes, being now so many and so far apart, it became necessary to mark their whereabouts, which was easily done with a tag of wool from a sheep's back...

Since those early days, the essentials of the game have altered but little. Visitors to the Waverly links have often noticed a flock of fine sheep grazing on the green. This is perhaps due to a love of primitive detail; more likely, however, the sheep are there to crop the sward.

King Charles I, of England, is said to have been playing away over the heather, on a holiday at Leth, when his happy mood was changed by the arrival of a letter, announcing a revolt in Ireland. They also tell a legend that Mary, Queen of Scots, was seen playing at golf in the fields about Seton, the day after the murder of Darnley, and she was much criticised—so goes the tale—for her thoughtlessness.

Remarkable Record of the English Golf Champion in 1898. Harold H. Hilton, open golf champion of Great Britain for the seasons of 1892 and 1897, had an interesting article in a recent issue of the Chicago Times-Herald, concerning Harry Vardon, the English golfer, who has been visiting the country and displaying his remarkable skill on the various links of the Atlantic Coast during the past few months.

When Harry Vardon commenced the season of 1898 with a succession of extraordinary successes, a series of wonderful feats which had probably never been quite approached by any other individual player in the past history of the game, the year was by general acceptance termed "Vardon's year."

There was a time when golf languished in Scotland. For two centuries it was not played, and then it was revived. David Garrick and Dr. Johnson played at the celebrated links of Old St. Anthony, and from their time on golf has continued to be the favorite pastime in Scotland.

The growth of golf in England belongs to the last quarter of a century. With the exception of Blackheath, founded in 1668, there is no record of links, or of golf playing, until 1864. Since then they have multiplied with astonishing rapidity, and there are now nearly a thousand in England and Scotland.

Of course, interest in golf, in Portland, Oregon, and, in fact, in the whole of the Pacific Northwest, centers in the Waverly Golf Club. Golf in Portland is only four or five years old. At that time, a dozen or so hardy Scots of the type of W. J. Burns, R. Livingstone, William Macmaster and others began to play golf at Woodstock, on roughly improvised links.

They first called it "putty," because the immediate object of it was to "putt," or put the ball into the hole; but at the longer distances, the driving was the chief interest, and they called it "go-off," or "golf."

In the meantime, the sheep strayed to beat the band, and the industrious shepherds had to hunt for them. This proved to be an exceedingly irksome interruption, and they hit upon the ingenious device of making a circular act of holes,

feasionals proved no match for the Jersey boy; while at mid-Surrey, where the enterprise of Metropolitan golfers was rewarded by probably the most representative field that has ever taken part in one of these tournaments, he simply ran away from the rest of the field.

"In the meantime Willie Park, the hope of the Scotsmen, had been availing himself for the great match to be decided in July, and the fact that he had not taken part in the open tournaments in which Vardon had proved so successful undoubtedly tended to give an increased interest to the coming momentous encounter.

"In the first half of the match at North Berwick, Vardon was not quite the same Vardon we had seen at mid-Surrey and Sandwich. But he was playing under peculiar circumstances, before a crowd the dimensions of which had never before been approached in the history of the game.

"A small coterie of his admirers still hoped that experience would pull him through at Ganton. But it was not to be. Vardon with his feet on his native heath was the same Vardon we had seen at Sandwich, with the eventual result that the Scotsman suffered an overwhelming defeat and that Vardon once again indorsed his right to be considered the undisputed champion."

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie

Engaging 'var Gaddie