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Established
1862
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GOLF

By A. W. C.

Chill desolation covers all the links;
The putting greens are buried deep in snow;
The club-house, cold and shuttered,
Gives but echoes to the muttered
Imprecations of the golfer and his woe.

The course is but a dreary waste of white;
The bunkers are but mounds beneath the rime;
The pits are filled with slushy,
Nasty, dripping, oozy, mushy,
Pneumonia-germ-infested, icy slime.

The wind is howling dirges from the north;
The snow lies heaped in ridges on the tees;
One lone, carmine-tinted gutty,
Battered by a golfer nutty,
Is glinting, long-forgotten, near the trees.

Still falls the snow, the world is at its gloom-
lest;
Sweater-covered golfers have ceased plodding
through the drift,
Beyond resurrection, the course is at its room-
lest;
There's no joy on earth or Heaven, in the clouds
there is no rift.

That is, there wasn't up to Wednesday. Who
told Hon. Charlie Fairbanks to take up golf, any-
way?

The championship finals were postponed last
week until tomorrow. Frank McGurkin was at
the club house at four o'clock the morning the
game was scheduled to take place; at least,
Hugo said, when the other contestant appeared
at 9 o'clock, that Mac was out gum-shoeing. He
was. He came in pretty soon, looking like Sas-
katchewan Pete, a symphony of patriotic colors,
red nose, white pants, blue lips. As his friend,
the enemy, looked the same, thank you, by this
time, the suggestion to postpone the game until
the weather was not quite so impetuous was re-
ceived with cheers.

But seriously speaking, it was the right thing
to do. A club championship is more or less
of a family show affair, and it was no more than
just to those who desire to see the match to de-
fer it until J. Pluvius, Hon. Mr. Boreas and the
other sports got through, and the game could be
played under conditions that would permit of
half way decent golf. Nor was it fair to ask one
man who of necessity wears glasses, to play in a
storm that rendered accurate vision impossible.
No man wants either to win or lose a match un-
der such unfair conditions, and for this reason I
do not think those who have criticised the post-
ponement after the date had once been set are
justified.

The semi-finals for the Directors' handicap
cup last Saturday were rather surprising. Wicks
tried to play wearing a heavy sweater and
gloves, and made an awful mess of it, Fred Hale
winning nine holes straight. Jack Taylor lost his
match by bad iron play and on the greens, where
usually he is very accurate. The finals, at 18
holes, will be played today, unless another snow-
storm sneaks one over, and as Hale has a handi-
cap of 8 strokes, he should win providing he plays
the game he is capable of putting up.

And in all that rain and snow and hurricane
last Sunday nearly a dozen scrambled around the
course, including one brave little woman.

Golfers to right of us,
Golfers to left of us,
Golfers in front of us

No, it wasn't golf, but it was fun.
Fozzled and blundered—

Please bring Mr. Beveridge back and boost
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sion since the sultry days set in.
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