

# Anything Can Happen in Golf

*Chronicling Some of the Weird and Peculiar Incidents on Courses Throughout the Land*

THE entry of a few odd and varied experiences of our readers under the above title in a late issue of this magazine has brought forth an additional stock of incidents and episodes which have been considered worthy of being passed along. Here they are for your inspection and consideration.

TAKE a good, long stare at the pictures on this page. Do you observe any similarity between the two?

Sure, you do. The lady has a fine imitation of Harry Vardon's golf style. If she only had that left heel an inch and one-eighth from the ground, it would be H. Vardon's driving swing to the ultimate detail. That is, the top of Harry's driving swing. There may be a minor point or two of difference in the attack.

Mrs. W. Y. Atkinson of Newnan, Georgia, desired to learn to play golf. There was a golf course at Newnan, of a kind—there is a good one there now—but no teacher. She got hold of a book by Harry Vardon. She learned golf from the book. She studied the illustrations, and she adapted herself to them with amazing accuracy. She made her husband watch her, book in hand, and correct each detail of stance and grip and head and elbow.

It took lots of patience and thousands of swings. Now Mrs. Atkinson can't swing any other way. It is rather superfluous to add that she hits a wonderfully straight ball of good length. It also is said that to date she is the only member of the Newnan Country Club who has won a cup away from home.

Very truly,

O. B. KEELER.

DEAR SIR:

Every man who plays poker or golf knows that anything can happen when luck is on the wing.

A very ordinary player makes a single practice stroke from the ninth tee and holes his drive. He plays the same ball against a better player in a match that follows. He loses the ball at the second tee. The ball is

subsequently found by a caddie and brought to him at the eighteenth tee. He again plays the ball and with it wins the hole and a club championship.

Listen, and you shall hear when, where and how all of those things happened in golf.

Last August the Mountain Golf Club of Haines Falls, New York, held its annual handicap tournament. A and H reached the final for the club championship. H, the best player in the club, who can ordinarily give A

ably even. Just before the players reached the eighteenth tee, a caddie approached A with the ball which had been lost at the second hole, with A's initial marked on it. A played the ball from the eighteenth tee, ran down a putt for a par 3 to win the hole and match. If asked how he won that match, A replies that that lucky "30" did it.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM A. AMORY.



Mrs. W. Y. Atkinson of Newnan, Georgia, on the left, has tried to copy the golfing style of Harry Vardon from his books on the game. Vardon's picture on the right helps to show how well she has succeeded

six strokes, was at scratch, while A was given the seemingly inadequate handicap of two strokes.

Just before starting the match, A proceeded to the ninth tee, and teeing up a new "30," drove for the hole, two hundred and six yards away by the card, and holed out. A large gallery at the clubhouse witnessed the event and applauded it.

A then declared he would play the lucky ball in his match and hoped to win with it. The match began, but at the second tee A sliced his drive and the ball was lost in the woods. A was, of course, forced to play another ball, and incidentally to revise his estimate of the luck attached to that particular "30."

The match proceeded with play remark-

DEAR SIR:

Here is one to match the crow story in the magazine of December third.

At the open tournament at Brae-burn this year, playing the eighteenth, my second shot landed two feet from the pin. That in itself is astounding enough for me to warrant bursting into print, but the part that is an excuse for the "Anything Can Happen In Golf" page, lies in the fact that as I stepped onto the green toward my ball to putt out, a little Pekinese dog rushed over from the clubhouse, grabbed my ball and made off with it, and it was only after the painstaking and united effort of my partner and self that he was finally induced to drop it and give me a chance to replace it approximately where it was and finish the hole.

Walking to the clubhouse, we wondered if there was any rule in the U. S. G. A. that covered

playful pups bouncing onto greens and providing a unique and perfectly good excuse for a fellow to say "No card."

Yours truly,

E. L. ROOD.

DEAR SIR:

Recently at the Hermitage Country Club of Richmond, Virginia, a player drove his ball near a tee to which a cow was tethered. He found the ball near the cow, but walked away a short distance to help his partner find the latter's ball. When he returned to play his next shot he discovered that the cow had swallowed his ball. Would you say he lost the hole? We allowed him to drop another ball without penalty, of course.

Very truly yours,

S. B. LOVE.