Elmer Smith watches Perry Craver hit from sand to sand on the world's largest sand trap—a stretch of beach in Maine that golfers use to keep their game in tune during winter months. Four-irons are normally the one club used.

Who has biggest trap? Maine, a 3,500-yarder

Cynics might say that at the moment the world's largest sand trap is in Saudi Arabia, but for golf purposes such claim to fame is located about four miles from President George Bush's summer home at Kennebunkport, Maine. It's a stretch of sand that runs from the parking lot at Ogunquit Beach northeast along the beach (in the sand) to Moody Beach and back. "Course" yardage is 3,500 yards out and 3,500 yards in, with a very large sand trap and a large water hazard all along the right side of the course outbound and all along the left side of the course inbound.

Said George Young, just back from a brisk course tour and deep into his second cup of coffee, "Everyone knows that in Maine during the winter, at some point the regular golf course is going to pick up a snow cover which, to say the least, impairs the precision with which golfers produce their competitive game."

The retired General Electric Company executive and other members of Webhannet Golf Club, Kennebunk Beach, then must explore other options to stay close to the game they favor year-round.

The hard-packed beach, which Webhannet members call their "deep snow" course, has been the answer. Shorts, shirts and sun tan lotion must give way to a couple of heavy sweaters, sometimes even a parka, chapstick and heavier gloves and hat.

That's adequate preparation to venture into the cold and hit the beach and the ball.

There are no holes, flags, greens or grass, notes Young. "Scores are not counted by strokes but by how well the shots were hit and whether any of the players get frostbite."

"For this course is whether the players have had a good time. It has little or nothing to do with how often they hit the ball."

The best part of winter golf, Young declares, is that snow is a negligible factor. "After the fiercest storm comes the tide, and we're ready to roll again."

Bob Lewis, 81, is Young's frequent playing companion. The Kennebunk resident, part of the York County golf scene for more than six decades, in his early teens caddied at a private New York state preserve owned by New York Tribune publisher Ogden T. Reid. He was looping for world heavyweight champion Gene Tunney the day after Charles Lindbergh landed in France on his stunning solo stint.

While the rest of the world hailed Lucky Lindy's feat, Lewis was shocked by Tunney's observation, "What's so remarkable about staying awake for 39 hours?"

Lewis was further disenchanted when Tunney upbraided him for not finding his lone golf ball, belted deep into the woods.

Reid forked over a dozen new balls to Tunney. Lewis "heeled" four hit off the fairway so that they became lost balls, returning later to reclaim these souvenirs of a sour experience.

Time hasn't softened Lewis' outlook on Tunney, long a summer resident of Christmas Cove, Maine. He maintains toward the former Marine and Shakespearean scholar the fighting attitude of Jack Dempsey.