

GOLF

"Golf is a form of work made expensive enough for a rich man to enjoy it. It is physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a \$1,000,000 clubhouse.

Golf is what letter-carrying, ditch digging and carpet-beating would be if those three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pants and colored socks by gouty looking gentlemen who required a different implement for every mood!

Golf is the simplest looking game in the world when you decide to take it up and the toughest looking after you have been at it 10 to 12 years.

It is probably the only known game a man can play as long as a quarter of a century and then discover that it was too deep for him in the first place.

The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford. These balls cost from 75 cents to \$2.50 and it is possible to support a family of 10 people (all adults) for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some golfers in a single afternoon.

A golf course has 18 holes, 17 of which are unnecessary and put in to make the game harder. A "hole" is a tin cup in the center of a "green". A "green" is a small parcel of grass costing about \$1.98 a blade and usually located between a brook, a couple of apple trees and a lot of "unfinished excavations".

The idea is to get the golf ball from a given point into each of the 18 cups in the fewest strokes and the greatest number of words.

The ball must not be thrown, pushed or carried. It must be propelled by about \$200 worth of curious looking implements especially designed to provoke the owner.

Each implement has a specific purpose and ultimately some golfers get to know what that purpose is. They are the exceptions.

After each hole has been completed the golfer counts his strokes. Then he subtracts six and says, "made that in five. That's one above par. Shall we play for 50 cents on the next hole?"

After the final, or eighteenth hole, the golfer adds up his score and stops when he has reached 87. He then has a swim, a pint of gin, sings "Sweet Adeline" with six or eight other liars and calls it the end of a perfect day."



Times have changed. Does any one know where this picture was taken, and whose idea it was?

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