

WHAT GOLF MEANS TO ME

BY

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What the game of golf means to me—
It means the companionship of friends, some old, some new.

It means the feeling of exultant enthusiasm which goes with a par or a birdie after a well played hole.

It means the horrible despair which accompanies a topped drive, dubbed brassie, shanked approach or flubbed putt, any of which is more than enough to teach the most valuable asset a man can have—self control.

Golf means an opportunity to move about at whatever pace I desire in God's great outdoors. Man was not born to be cooped up. Many of his ailments are aggravated by confinement. You seldom find an unhappy human among those who make a living in the wide open spaces.

It means the warm camaraderie of competition with people all over this wonderful world. I have hacked my way around courses in such faroff places as Australia, Italy, France, the Panama Canal Zone, Hawaii, Banff, Jasper, not to mention Caliente and dozens of links layouts in our own United States.

It means the merry laughter of girl caddies at Chantilly . . . Their shrill cries of delight when their player uncocks a good shot . . . and their low moans of deep dejection after even a minor disaster.

It means the happy holler of a little Italian boy when a wayward shot hits a tree and bounds luckily on the green for a birdie . . . "Muy fortunado, muy fortunado."

Golf is a philosophy and a way of life.



Braven Dyer

If you're a bum or an ingrate, a boaster or a braggart, a cheat or a conniver and have been able to hide it from those who know you . . . it'll all come out on the fairway. I never knew a man whom I liked on the golf course who was not 100% or more all the way through.

It means a steaming shower and the fellowship of the nineteenth hole where the biggest "liars" have just as much fun as those few who confine themselves to the truth. There is something about the revealing intimacy of the locker room that reduces most men to what they are most of the time anyway—little boys.

It means the feeling of healthy exhaustion that comes after three hours of leisurely exercise, followed eventually by uninterrupted sleep, the like of which seldom comes to us harassed humans in these days of high-tension hustle and bustle.

A Senior's Girl

I loved a lass:
Her eyes were blue,
Her cheeks were red,
Her teeth were white
And she had hair of a golden hue.
But now alas,
Her eyes are red,
Her cheeks are blue,
Her hair is white,
And she has teeth of a golden hue.
For Father Time, the mean old thing,
Has changed the local coloring.