

# Snapshots of Players on the Golf Link at the Omaha Country Club



A ball reposes on a tee;  
A golfer drives with nerve,  
Then looks to see the sphere describe  
A parabolic curve.  
He looks in vain; against the sky  
No missile does he see,  
And this is why: The ball is still  
Reposing on the tee.  
—EDWARD A. CUDAHY.

It was Bobbie Burns who wrote:

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,  
Gang aft agley.

But this doesn't apply to the Country club, which has built a beautiful club house, laid out a magnificent eighty-acre golfing course and acquired a membership of over 200, with as many more on the waiting list, in a length of time

that to the slow-going, methodical Scotchman must seem phenomenally short. The plans of the projectors have been carried out, and that without a hitch in the proceedings. Their best hopes have been realized. The principal object to be attained by the club now is a high degree of skill on the part of its players, and even this is being acquired with most gratifying alacrity. It is not impossible that the Omaha Country club may wrest



H. LAWRIE.



MISS BELLE DEWEY.

the championship from the effete east and give the Scots pointers on their own game.

Picked men from the club have already engaged in contest with golfers of local fame in cities of the middle west and have invariably emerged with honors, and scarcely a week passes that a score on the home links is not lowered.

Who loafs about upon the links—  
My caddie,  
Of other things than golfing thinks—  
My caddie.  
Who breaks my clubs in careless play,  
Then hides the fractured sticks away,  
And loses fourteen balls a day—  
My caddie.  
—H. LAWRIE.



CHARLES T. KOUNTZE.

One cannot be too careful in playing golf to use the right club. It is true that the chief difference between the clubs is their names, but this difficulty may be obviated by having the name branded into the shank of the implement, thus obviating the necessity of carrying a magnifying glass. It is incorrect to suppose that there is absolutely no difference—the medium masher and the convex-back masher. To the laity, now, these sticks are identical, but to the professional, even with an unaided eye, there is a world of difference. Sometimes even an amateur can detect it. It consists in the fact that the convex-back masher has a convex back, while the medium masher has a straight or flat back. It is true that the face and not the back of the club comes in contact with the ball, but the back has to be there because it's an impossibility to make a club-head with only one side, as it is to make a sheet of writing paper with only one side.



ARTHUR P. GUIOU.

and rolling; the number of natural hazards is not great, but this is an advantage rather than a disadvantage, as it is a well known fact that too many hazards tend to dishearten a new player. As the members acquire more skill, the number of hazards can be increased artificially.

It would be impossible to find a more beautiful eighty-acre tract within an hour's ride of Omaha. There is not a tree or shrub upon it, and it has a tough, firm sod of fine old blue grass, which, being close-mowed, makes an ideal putting green, with very little labor. Zigzagging through it is a great gulch, with gently sloping sides, which lends a "hazardous tone" to the course, makes a picturesque landscape and adds interest to the game.

The links are divided into two courses. One, a six-hole course, is for the women members and beginners. This is a particularly level bit of ground, comparatively free of hazards and bunkers. The other is a nine-hole course for the men and experts. Several professionals who have seen these links say that, considering their age, they are in excellent condition.



GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK.

So there are certain exigencies of the game wherein it is proper to use the medium masher and not the convex-back masher, and vice versa. For a long approach out of a bad lie the former must be used; for a shorter approach out of a less vicious lie, the latter. In the following touchy bit of verse Mr. Lowe points out the dire consequences of improper discrimination in the use of clubs:

He premised well, did Tommie Green,  
He scored the proper suit;  
His clubs were perfectly correct,  
His caddy bag a bote,  
But he has fallen now from grace,  
His haughty manners meek—  
He used his toffing masher when  
He should have used his cleek.  
—WILSON H. LOWE.

The material topography of the Country club golf links is eminently suited to the purpose. The surface is smooth

and rolling; the number of natural hazards is not great, but this is an advantage rather than a disadvantage, as it is a well known fact that too many hazards tend to dishearten a new player. As the members acquire more skill, the number of hazards can be increased artificially.

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She throws the turf into the air—  
She is no doubt a charmer,  
But 'cause she plows the ground so well,  
They dubbed this lass "The Farmer."  
—WILLIAM J. FOYE.

A golfing course is not a potato patch—remember that, tyro. It is not intended to be cultivated. Try to rid yourself of the hallucination that the implement you wield is a hoe, and that it improves the appearance and utility of the green to scoop it out here and there. Agriculture is all right in its way, but golf is another thing.

In Scotland he'd golfed it a few,  
While breezes and zephyrets blew,  
But here in the west  
He's not at his best,  
For tempests to him are quite new.  
—SAM BURNS.

More will be said about the language of the game further on, but for the present the following glossary of golfing words and phrases will be found useful:

Agriculture—The apparent object of all beginners.

Bag—A receptacle



A GROUP OF CADDIES.



H. T. LEMIST.



MRS. WILSON H. LOWE.



A PRETTY CORNER IN COUNTRY CLUB HOUSE—COLLECTION OF STEINS BY MRS. HARRY LYMAN, NEE DICKINSON.



A "GALLERY" WATCHING A MATCH GAME OF GOLF.

for clubs, used in lieu of a shawl strap, because more expensive and less convenient.

Ball—A gutta percha sphere which is the best in the market and which splits at the equator, near the third hole.

Bugler Driver—A driver with the handle broken off.

Caddie—A freckle-faced boy who follows you around the course, giggles at your fozzles and charges you 15 cents for it.

Cleek (necessary\*)—A critical moment club for short drives through the green.

Club—An implement used for striking the ball, chiefly remarkable for its sameness of form. (See variety of nomenclature and mid-iron).

Driver (necessary\*)—A bat for playing golf.

Flunking—(See schlafling).

Foozle—A funny stunt on the green, never made when one is alone.

Goose-neck putting cleek—A crooked implement for knocking a curved ball.

Golf—A pretext for bringing persons into the fresh air.

Hole—A tin-lined aperture so charged with electricity as to repel the ball.

Masher—Same as cleek save that it has a red handle. (See cleek).

Mid-iron—Same as cleek; may be used interchangeably with any of the following: Brassy, mid-spoon, driving iron, contra-ject masher, lofting iron, concave lofting cleek, niblick, driving masher, gun metal putter, medium masher, convex-back masher, etc.

Niblick—A hump-backed tool, with a very Scotch name, made to sell to beginners.

Schlafling—A good Scotch word which may be used indiscriminately and means nothing. (See flunking).

Tee—A kopje.

Three hundred-yard-drive—The reverse of foozle. (See foozle).

\* All clubs not otherwise designated are unnecessary.

The boy stood on the putting ground,  
His shoes were full of feet—  
He worked for 15 cents a round,  
To buy his bread and meat.  
—THE CADDIE.

The club house is situated about four miles northwest of the business center of the city, and a street car line runs by the door.

The general effect of the architecture, both exterior and interior, is mediæval. There seems to be a disposition to get back to the lodges of the old Scotch



W. D. BANKER.



FRANK T. HAMILTON.



A VISITOR FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS.

barons of the seventeenth century. In the broad, low roof and spacious veranda there is a hint at the quaint Queen Anne style, though the builder says it is not a pure example of this type.

Inside is a decided tendency to the Flemish and Gothic, the most impressive feature of the large "social room" being, perhaps, a broad-mouthed fireplace, forming an angle-nook. All the trimmings and decorations are in keeping with this spirit. Over the doors, and standing out from the walls here and there are "trophies of the chase"—heads



TOM DAVIS.

He fractures every rule,  
Yet none there be to scoff,  
For he has crammed his beetling brow  
With Language of the Links, and now  
He speaks the purest Golf.  
—ARTHUR P. GUIOU.

Golf has a language the same as mathematics and medicine. A physician couldn't describe a disorder intelligently to one of his profession without using certain so-called technical terms, and if he undertook to do so he would be put down as an imposter and pretender. The language, therefore, is the first criterion by which a doctor is judged by his fellow prescription writers. It is the password to the medical councils, the open sesame to golf circles.

If you would train with golfers, talk golf, and talk it as golfers talk it. It makes no difference what the subject is. Talk golf.

E. A. Cudahy is quite a favorite among the caddies. The other day in a spirited match the great packer was being bested slightly, when his loyal little armor bearer coached him something as follows:

George C.—Is "golf" pronounced koff or golph? Yes.

R. W.—No, you can't knock a highland fling with a niblick, and "Scotch highball" is not necessarily a golfing term.

"I made the round in sixty strokes,"  
The duffer said, "FI B!"  
His friend replied, "That sounds to me  
Much like a 'suppy lie.'"  
—FRED HAMILTON.

Miss Gertrude Kountze holds the woman championship. She has a record for some long drives in the six-hole course.

The spectators are referred to as "the gallery."

One cannot lush and play good golf,  
A dozen drinks of booz'll  
Be sure to make one miss the ball,  
And that is called a "foozle."  
—T. R. KIMBALL.



MISS MARVASHANE.

of deer, moose and coyotes. On the outer doors are heavy brass knockers of the most antique pattern.

He plays a wretched game—  
Of fozzles none make sure,  
But by a large majority  
He's a recognized authority  
On golfing and its lore.



FRANK J. HASKELL.

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