

A Stinging Story of Shock Golf

My Uncle Stanislaus is a golfer. But (to do him justice) he is equally objectionable in other respects. That my cottage should be two miles from the station, he regards as a personal injury, and that it should be seven miles from a golf course, he considers a piece of malice on my part.

His bitterest grievance, however, is against my lawn. He hates my lawn. Why? Because it is not a putting green.

But the last time he came I was ready for him. Aye, ready, sir! He arrived from the station in a shocking temper, merely because I sent Hoggin's milk float to meet him.

Even if Hoggin does sometimes take pigs to market in the milk float, I don't see that it matters. They are perfectly nice pigs.

As soon as he came up the garden path, he began to snarl at my lawn. However, as I've told you, I was prepared.

"Oh, Uncle," I said, "I'll be able to give you some golf in the garden, after all."

"Clock-golf?" he demanded.

"No, shock-golf. It's practically the same, only we use a hobbin instead of a ball which rolls too much. Here's the first hole, under the apple tree."

"Rot!" snapped Uncle Stanislaus. "I've always said you were a fool!"

"Do have a shot," I pleaded. "There's the hobbin, tied up, and here's my walking-stick."

Uncle Stanislaus is a golfer, and no golfer can resist anything that looks like golf. Your true golfer would do a round with a carpet-beater and a cannon ball.

My Uncle took the stick, waggled it solemnly and drove. The hobbin rolled gently down the slope into the hole.

"Magnificent!" I applauded. "The first time the hole has ever been done in one. We must have a round, but hadn't you better change first? There would be a revolution in the country if you were seen playing in spats."

"All right," he growled, and went off.

Half an hour later he returned in a plus-four suit of repellent purple tweed.

He did the first hole in one again, as I had intended. Indeed, the slope was such that your hobbin was bound to roll in, unless you hit it backwards through the hall window. Uncle Stanislaus beamed.

"The second is trickier," I told him. "You go through the pear-tree, and between the fowl-run and the cucumber frame."

My opponent's success at the second was sweeping. His total bag included an inquisitive hen, two panes of glass, and my largest marrow.

The Third is mainly nettles; fine, upstanding nettles in a state of intensive cultivation. He did it in



forty-three. Strokes, I mean. His score in stings ran into thousands. (Oh, boy)

The Fourth is the barbed-wire hole—a difficult hole. Here Uncle

Stanislaus tore his plus-fours. (Hark the herald angels sing!)

The Fifth is gooseberry bushes. Spikes like razor-blades! (I feel so happy I want to die!)



A SUMMER CAMP IN THE BUSH

W. Russell Reynolds, Auckland

The Sixth is a simple hole. It merely involves wading through a duckpond. A beautiful green duckpond. Here Uncle Stanislaus lost a shoe. (Glory, glory, glory!)

The Seventh is the pergola hole, which is quite a friendly affair. With his fourth, Uncle Stanislaus landed dead among the crimson ramblers. Now there is nothing on earth quite so friendly as crimson rambler. As he straddled to take his fifth, a sturdy, thorny shoot twined itself affectionately about his left ear. Clinging branches shot cut and embraced him from all directions.

When I finally extricated him, he was a blaspheming scarecrow. (Oh, joy, twice!)

He was scarcely in a fit state to negotiate the Eighth (or muddy) Hole. His first shot brought him to that low-lying patch of kitchen garden which lies directly beneath the window of the end room on the ground floor. In winter it is a lake. In summer it is a puddle.

Uncle Stanislaus smote the partially submerged hobbin with all the strength of a frenzied man.

It rose gaily, carrying with it several pounds (or quarts) of black liquid ooze, the whole of which sailed merrily (and inevitably) through the open window on to the bed on which Uncle Stanislaus's Sunday clothes were neatly laid out.

"Oh, hard luck, sir!" I sympathised. "There's only the Ninth now, the simplest of all. There it is, straight across the grass."

Uncle Stanislaus, white with suppressed passion, drove. A terrific drive. It shot straight into the hole. He ran forward to recover his hobbin.

Instantly he was surrounded by forty million insects. Insects with a purpose. (I forgot to mention that the Ninth is the hornets' nest hole. A really sporting hole).

The last I saw of Uncle Stanislaus was an anguished figure, breaking Olympic records on the way to the station.

I sent the milk float after him with his luggage.

I am no golfer, but as a golfing architect, I claim a high place. If any of my readers have any uncles, I shall be delighted. . .



Foiled Again

Dark brown were her eyes,
Gold shone in her hair.
Her neck resembled ivory,
And her cheeks were peaches rare.

Her teeth were tiny pearls,
Her lips a cherry red;
Could she have lived in ages past
She'd reigned in Venus' stead.

I sighed, and as I turned away,
Went sadly towards the door:
For she was just a waxen form
In a big drapery store.

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