



"Who do you think you are, anyway, Hallett?" T. J. barked. His face was fiery

Mad About Golf BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

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A Short Story

THOMAS J. BUTTERWICK of the Crestwood Country Club, looked like an aged bulldog who'd just received bad news. The annual outing of the salaried employees of the Butterwick Chemical Works was underway, and, as usual, the feature event was a golf match. T. J. felt the blind draw had been unreasonably unkind to him; and he was not a man who gave in gracefully.

He stared sourly at his partner, Dr. Chester Hallett, a slim young research chemist with a laboratory pallor, who'd recently joined the company. "Bet you his hobby is collecting fancy porcelain," T. J. growled in a bitter

The boss said the game was business but his daughter played it for love

aside to his beautiful daughter, Jacqueline.

"He's cute looking," Jackie said. Evidently her mind and Hallett's ran in similar channels; for the young man was staring at her as if he found her as interesting as anything he'd ever looked at in a test tube.

T. J. saw the look and spoke up; he didn't intend Jackie to become involved with any hired hand below the status of a vice-presi-

dent. "Played much golf, Hallett?" he grunted.

"Not recently."

"Bomb and blast!" T. J. said. On the sidelines he'd seen his sales manager, Sam Crowder, grinning like a hyena. Crowder, the lucky bum, had drawn as his partner a chinless, pimply mail clerk who'd breeze around the course in eighty-five. "Keep your head down," T. J. said to Hallett. "And don't

move around when I'm hitting," he added.

T. J. took a hitch in his belt, stepped forward, and went into the act that for twenty years had drawn an enthusiastic gallery on the club veranda. He glared malignantly at the ball, stood wrapped in grim thought, then slowly raised the clubhead. Once again he halted, and the spectators could sense the terrific concentration in that massive executive dome exposed to the sunlight.

FINALLY, just as the audience began to suspect that T. J. had become petrified, the clubhead descended with a jerk. The ball popped into the air and came down squarely on the fairway, about one hundred and fifty yards out.

T. J. grunted with satisfaction, then stepped back as Hallett nonchalantly addressed his ball. There was a faint whistling sound, and T. J., popeyed, watched the white sphere soar through the blue sky and bound across the fairway some two hundred and fifty yards out. Before he could untangle his tongue, the