

NOTHING LIKE IT
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Warm weather has brought out, not only the chronic golfing addicts, but also some new additions to the link-loving ranks. Ralph and Mary John Tiller joined the following, and have been busy at the game since early spring. Ralph, who now finds it convenient to slip off up to Green Island during lunchtime to knock out a few practice balls, confided a couple of months ago that he had really started playing just in order to get Mary John interested. He thought it would be good for her to get away from her work in the Public Health Department, and her child-raising and household chores occasionally, since she deserved a little recreation. As for himself, you know, it's not really the game or the score, he just enjoys the opportunity for relaxation and a little exercise, and the chance to get out in the fresh air; there's nothing like it.

Not long ago while Ralph and Mary John were out relaxing, Mary John brought along a pair of binoculars in the golf cart. She stopped once on the third hole and interrupted the shot-making to train the glasses on an unidentifiable bird. "Look," said relaxed Ralph, "there's a time for everything. You've got to make up your mind whether you want to play golf or watch birds. Put 'em away. Let's go."

They finished out the round playing separately.