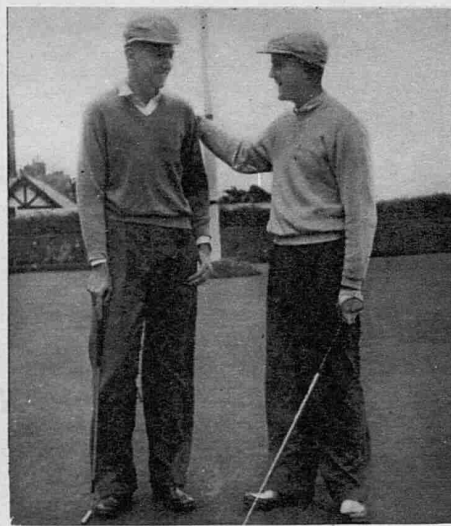


On the flat roof of the Royal Liverpool G.C. Standing are Mr. J. G. Kynoch, Mr. R. J. R. Gordon, Alan Bussell, Mr. L. H. Holley, Mr. Desmond Bussell. Sitting, Mrs. Sainsbury, Mrs. Bussell, Mrs. Kynoch, Mrs. Holley, Mrs. Ward Thomas and Miss Mounsey

**HIGH DRAMA** marked the final of the Boys' Golf Championship at Hoylake, when Alan Bussell, of Kelvinside Academy, the eventual winner, found in K. Warren, of Coombe Hill, a rival who, from a traditionally hopeless position, nearly overtook him



Miss Valerie Frith, sister of David Frith (High Pavement Grammar School), was wheeling his caddy carriage

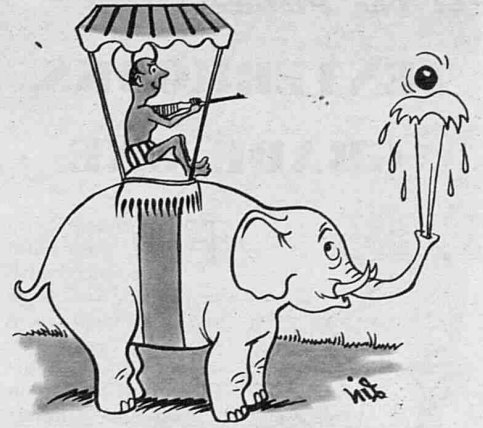


In the first round Tom Burns was being condoled with by fellow Stonyhurst student Michael Tweddell, who beat him



D. R. Stuart

During a light shower Harry McIlvree, from Knock, Belfast, showed Garry Gibberson, one of the semi-finalists, some of his competitors' badges, which he had attached to his ball bag



# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

THE doctor's waiting-room was very full. Every chair was taken and some patients were standing. There was desultory conversation, but after a while a silence fell and the patients sat waiting. ★ Finally a man stood up wearily and remarked: "Well, I think I'll go home and die a natural death."

"MY dear," said the first woman, "I haven't seen her for years. Did she marry that man with red hair and a lot of money?" "Yes, she did," replied the second, "and he's still got the red hair."

"THE Zulu War," said the old colonel at the club, "was much worse than this last one. Why, I remember the time when a Zulu threw his spear at me, and it pinned me to the ground. I was lying there for three days." "But didn't it hurt?" asked one of the group. "Not much," said the colonel—"only when I laughed."

CELEBRATING his hundredth birthday, an old man was being interviewed by a local reporter. Asked to what he attributed his longevity, he told the reporter that it was because he had remained a bachelor. "Young man," he said, "remember this. Marriage is for women only. A man should have nothing to do with it."

A SCOTS minister, watching the return of his gardener from delivering the invitations to the annual parsonage supper, was shocked to discover that the man was very much the worse for drink. "Good gracious, Sandy!" he exclaimed. "Ye're in a terrible state. What does it mean?" "Weel, ye see," said Sandy, "it's a' through thae invitation cards—I tak's them roon', and first ane asks me tak' a wee drappie, an' then anither asks me tae a wee drappie, an' sae I gets like this." "Why, this is terrible," wailed the minister. "Are there no temperance people in the parish?" "Oh, yes, lots o' them," replied Sandy, "but I sent their cards by post."