When the little village of Bridgehampton, N.Y., caught the golf fever it had the fever bad. Everybody in the town wanted to play, not excepting the minister. Fences were ripped up, cups were sunk in what was once a cow pasture, the Ladies Sewing Circle contributed a supply of neatly hem-stitched flags and lo, Bridgehampton had a nine hole course whereon everybody, young and old, men and women, city folks and natives, went forth to play.

That was 14 years ago, and Phil Carter was a youngster of five. He hadn’t even learned to ride a bicycle and was too young for tennis or baseball. His chief accomplishment was swatting a croquet ball. Compared to that golf was a strenuous game. Phil was old enough to toddle around the course with his father, and as Dr. Colin S. Carter was one of the prime movers in getting the Bridgehampton Club started it goes without saying that he was already an enthusiastic player. The new course was situated just across the street from their house, and father and son were more likely to be found on the links than at home. Phil learned to caddy and then to hit the ball long before the average youngster sets foot on a golf course. In a very short time he had a set of clubs of his own and was putting up a brand of golf that had his father, himself, a player of no mean ability, looking to his laurels. Today, with the Junior Metropolitan and the Eastern Interscholastic titles to his credit, not to mention a string of victories in tournaments for grownups, Carter is generally conceded to be the most promising golfer of his age in the country.

(Photo and excerpt from The Evening Farmer, Bridgeport, CT, August 3, 1915. Above postcard image: Bridgehampton Club, c. 1915.)