

FORE!



The
CALL of
the LINKS

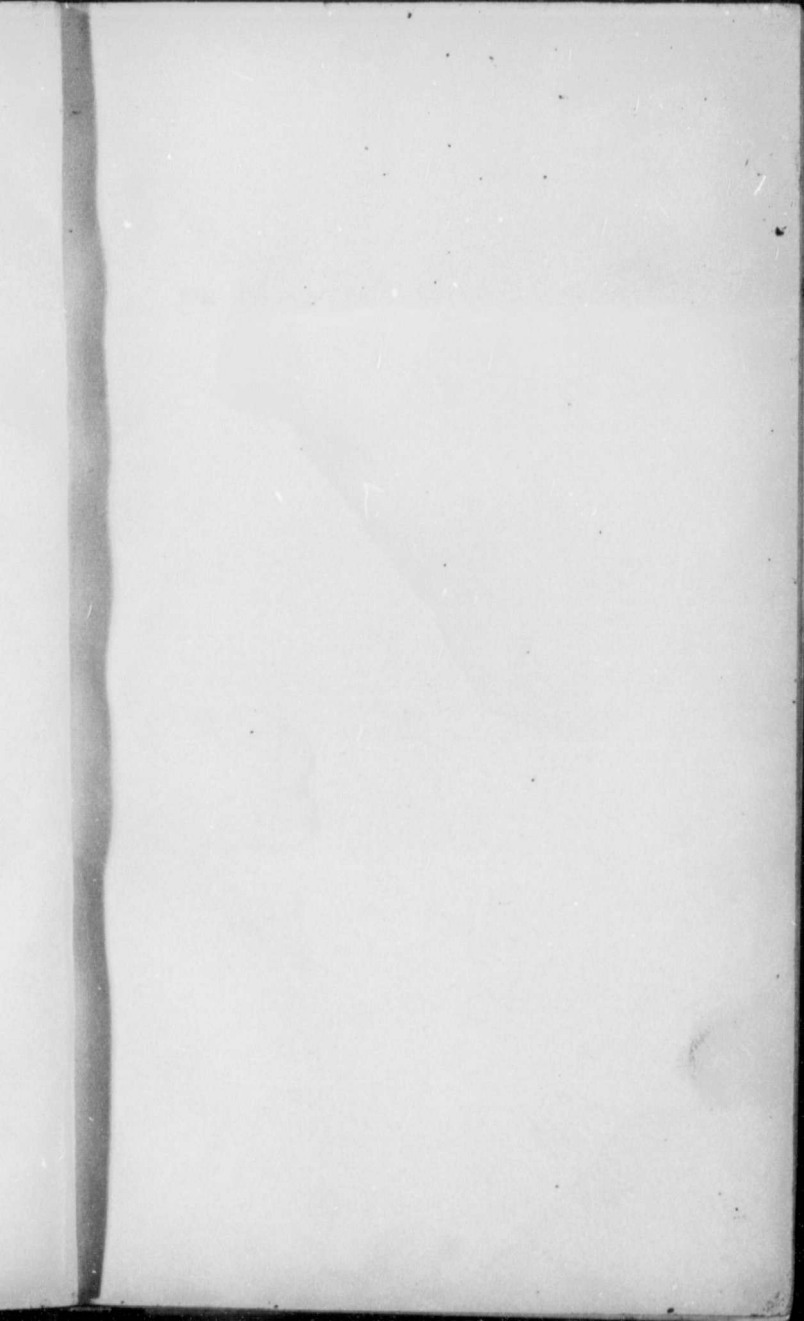
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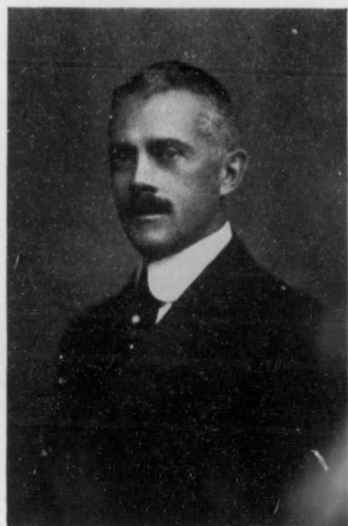
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FORE!
THE CALL OF THE LINKS







W. H. Ashmeyer.

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FORE

THE CALL OF THE LINKS

BY
W. HASTINGS
WEBLING



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PREFACE

Ignorance like a thick cloud encompassed the Missouri paragrapher who defined golf as shinny with all the fun taken out. It is plain that he was not a golfer. The game is like life because it develops so many lost opportunities, and certainly life is the source of all humour. Again it is like life because it brings moments of ecstatic happiness. It produces inspiration, and inspiration begets poetry. So that as golf can induce both humour and poetry the advent of the author is strictly logical.

Golfers yet unborn will meet difficulties. They will top their drives, they will be bunkered, they will lose balls. Should they not have the satisfaction of reading in graceful verse that they were duffers "in the elder days of art"?

How else can such an opportunity be afforded to posterity save by the publication of this little volume? Every warm and humane feeling of our natures demands it. Posterity must be accommodated. Critics of the Swinburnian school may cavil, but 'tis no matter. The book is not for them, but for the man who can do eighteen holes in 130, or thereabouts, while not neglecting the possibilities of impressionist colouring in the English language.

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DEDICATION

" TO GOLFERS ALL "

When Anglo-Saxon golfers meet on top of God's
creation,

It matters not what flag we fly, or what may be
our nation;

One mutual "link" unites us all, and grips
above all others —

A bond most true, that binds anew, and brands
each golfer — brothers!

As through the world, unconsciously, our wand'-
ring steps are wended,

We meet good golfers everywhere, good spirits,
finely blended,

One race in fact, in speech, in creed, in spite
of outside scoffers,

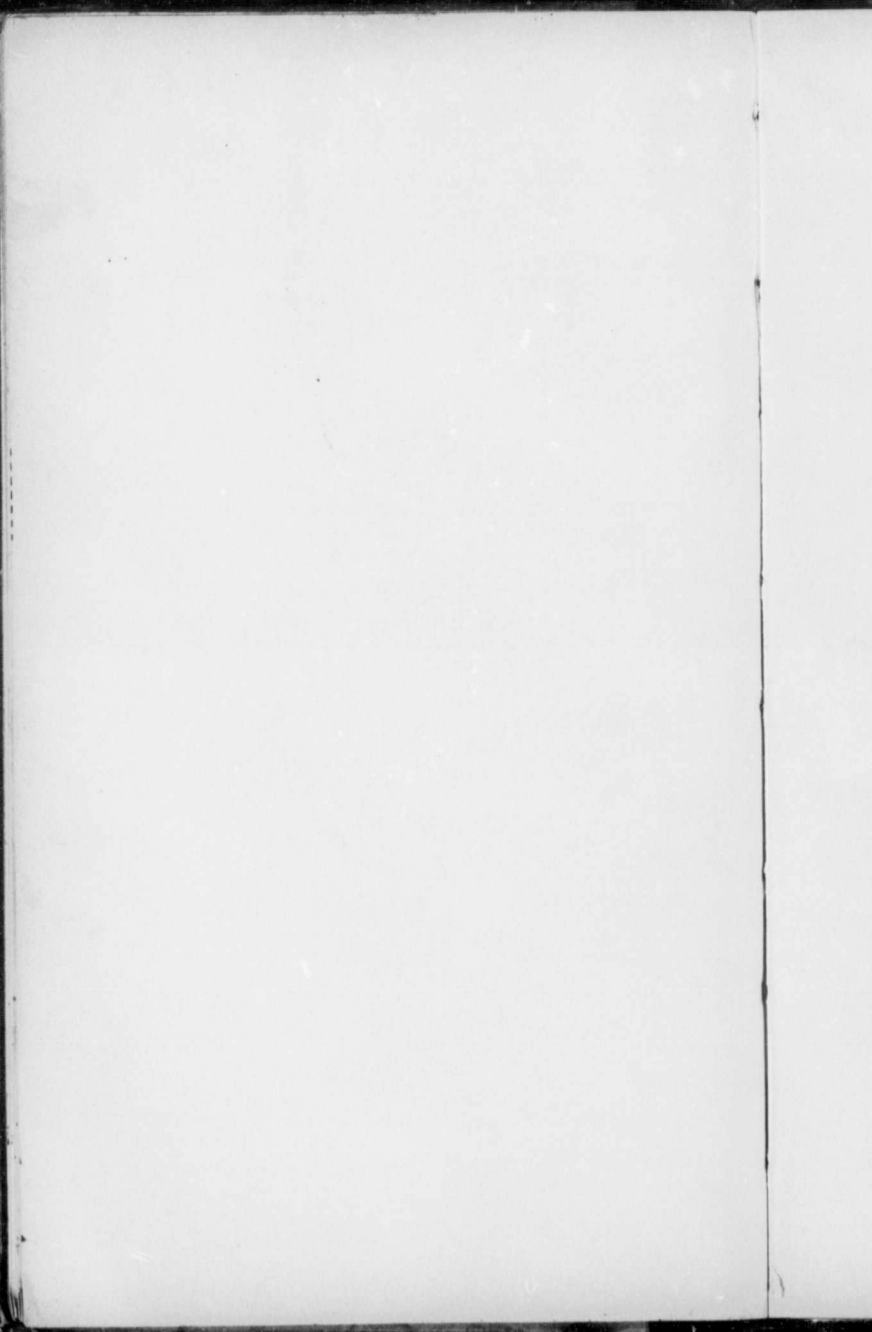
And what is more both "far and sure," we
stand as brother golfers!

So, gentlemen, a toast I pledge, to our grand
recreation,

To golfers all, who play the game, no matter
what his station;

May we "hole out," when we "lay dead," and
win what Heaven offers,

United still, come will or nil, a "well up,"
band of golfers!



"FORE! AND AWAY"

Fore! and away — let that be our song,
Spring has arrived, and the feeling is strong;
Bring out your clubs, let's be tramping along,
For the call of the links is alluring.

Fore! and away, — the prospects are fair;
We all start in hope, which may end in despair;
But playing the game, what the deuce do we care,
The pleasures of golf are enduring.

Fore! and away — we can't all excel,
Duffers are many, and science will tell;
But we get as much fun as those who play well,
The joy of the game's in the trying.

Fore! and away — tho' fortune may frown,
Victory's laurel may not be our crown,
Sometimes we're up — tho' more often we're
down,
But hope in our heart is undying.

Fore! and away — let's after the ball,
Mark it, my lads, near the place it may fall,
Or hang the blamed thing! you'll ne'er find it
at all,
The gay little sphere is the limit.

Fore! and away — O! sweet the refrain,
Clearing your mind of all sorrow and pain,
Except what you find, while you're playing the
game;
O! Golf is a treat — so begin it!



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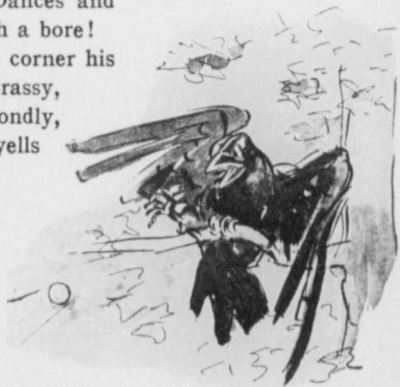
THE GOLFER'S AWAKENING

The season of winter and waiting is over,
The note of the robin is heard on the air,
And fresh from his resting the Golfer awakens
To welcome glad springtime, so winsome and fair.
He casts from his presence his skates and his
snowshoes,

Those invites to Dances and
Bridge — such a bore!

Then takes from a corner his
faithful old Brassy,
And whirling it fondly,
he fiercely yells
“Fore!”

He thinks with regret of the time
that's been wasted,
At social engage-
ments and such
fal-de-rals,





When he might have been out on the golf links
a-putting,
Or knocking the life out of dollar golf balls.
He sighs for the days and the long summer evenings
When he roams o'er the Links, Ah! he wants
nothing more,
But a chance to knock spots off his last season's
record,
And shout in his triumph that battle cry "Fore!"



So here's to the Golfer,
his bag and his
Brassy,
His Driver, his Lofter,
his Putter, his Cleek,
Soon may he capture, his
heart's fond ambi-
tion,
The crown that evades,
yet compels him to
seek.



And so when he leaves us for realms undiscovered,
We pray he may land on that beautiful shore,
Where the "greens" are all perfect, and golf balls are gratis,
And obstacles melt, when he simply says "Fore!"

A HOPE

When in life's Autumnal evening,
We sit round the fire and we dream
About the old days on the Links, boys,
And the glorious times that have
 been,
'Tis then that I hope some old
 comrade,
Will join with me once in a
 while,
And yarn over old recollections,
With a sigh for the past — and a
 smile.





SPRING ON THE LINKS

"Hope springs eternal in the Golfer's breast"

Well, so long Mister Winter, you've done your
level best

To hog the course for months, and keep us
waiting.

Now you're off to other spheres — we're not
a-shedding tears

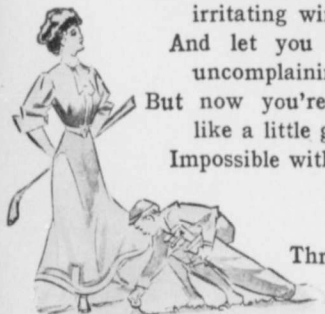
Because our fair domain, you are forsaking.

We stood your snubs unkind, and your
irritating wind,

And let you play right through us,
uncomplaining,

But now you're really off — we should
like a little golf —

Impossible with you, old pal, remaining.



Thrice welcome then, sweet
springtime, we adore
your joyous "Fore!"



Compared with surly winter's — it's delicious,
Like your sex, you may be free, to indulge in
coquetry

And be at times a trifle too capricious.
Yet we revel in your smiles, and your fascinating
wiles,

Rejoicing in the song you're gaily singing.
For the time, we know, has come, to anticipate
some fun

With gifts galore, your ladyship is bringing.

Ah! the golfer's load is lifted, with your coming,
gentle spring

Forgetful of the past, his heart is waking
To the future, and his aim, is to play the ancient
game

And do the course, in score,
that's record breaking.

O! it's great to be alive — so "tee
up," dear boys, and drive
To start once more the gay golf
ball a-flying;



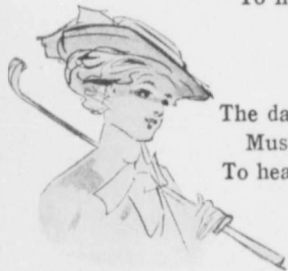


For well we understand — the chance for all is
grand,
The glory of the game is in the trying!

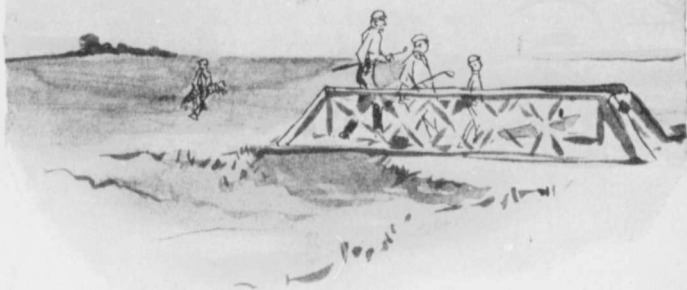
“ KISMET ”

'Tis strange to think the day must come,
When I at home remain,
To watch the younger men start out
To play the good old game.
To hear their voices full of life,
The links come floating o'er,
And smile, with just a tinge of pain,
To hear their lusty Fore.

2



The day that I, in easy chair
Must be content and wait,
To hear the doings of the day,
That other lips relate.
To note the tales of “ record
score,”



The "ifs" and "might have been,"
Those "wonderful recoveries
That almost fetch'd the green!"

3

'Tis then my wandering glance will turn
To those old clubs of mine
To mark the scars of battle lust
The rust of fleeting time.
For by my side, they still will stand,
In well deserved rest —
Old comrades of a thousand fights,
That stood the strongest test.

4

And proudly on its pedestal
A cup will reign alone,
A tarnish'd trophy of the past,
But yet my very own.
For it will ever bring to mind
That I, in keen fought game,
Won out our club's first handicap
And tasted golf's sweet fame.





5

And friends with whom I used to play,
Will come in dreams to me,
And cheer the gloom of fading light
With their fond memory.
The Judge, our Captain, and the boys
Who in the days long past
Did form a place within my heart
That shall forever last.

6

But why anticipate the end?
Far wiser would it be,
To play the game while life remains,
And strength is left to me.
But when at length the time ar-
rives
That I, thro' strength's decay
Must lose my place — I'll step
aside
And then, let come what may!





SONG

GLORIOUS GOLF

Come leave your counter and your desk
All you who slave for treasure,
For out upon the merry links
Rich joys await your pleasure.
'Tis there you'll breathe the pure fresh air
With pine and clover scented,
And best of all, there's golf, my boys,
The grandest game invented.

CHORUS

Two rounds upon the merry links
Will chase all troubles off, boys,
Far better than all drugs and drinks
Is the glorious game of golf, boys,
Is the glorious game of golf.

Beneath a fav'ring sky, we tread
The soft green turf, so lightly;
With hearts aglow with exercise





And eyes that sparkle brightly
We tramp the fields and climb the hills,
And hear the gay balls singing
As onward into space they fly,
Like birds swift homeward winging. Chorus.

The stranger looks with scornful eye
Upon the lusty golfer,
And sees no skill, no charm, or fun
That this great sport can offer.



But once he starts to
play the game
He'll quickly cease to
scoff, boys,
And soon be shouting
with the rest,
There's nothing quite
like golf, boys!
Chorus.

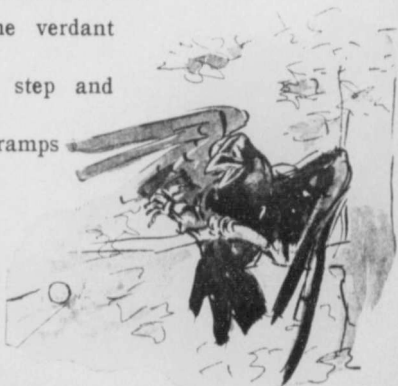
So here's good luck to
golfers all,



No matter what their station,
British, French, American,
Or any other nation.
To him I drink, who fights until
The keen fought game is off, boys,
Then turns to grasp your hand and joins
In praise of good old golf, boys! Chorus.

"RESUSCITATION"

Podgers treads the verdant
links
With blithesome step and
gay,
Humming as he tramps
along
Some rhythmic
roundelay.
His heart pulsates
with proud de-
light,
He scents the
breath of fame,





For sure as fate, he's struck a gait,
And Podg is on his game.

Podgers views with pitying eye
His poor opponent, who
Sees nought of glamour in the game
Or beauty in the view.
Who silently, in morbid mood
Doth fizzle, fuss, and fume,
And seems to miss, ecstatic bliss,
In clouds of mental gloom.



Podgers plays with airy
grace
And drives both straight
and free,
His brassies often fetch
the green,
He putts unerringly.
In fact he's playing
such a game
That youthful dreams
revive,



And to his joy, the dear old boy
Gets round in "ninety-five"!

Podgers wins out easily —
"Four up and three to play!"
Sorrows of the painful past
Are buried deep to-day.
He struts the club triumphantly
And treats the crowd, you bet!
And cries "beware! you boys, for there
Is life in the old dog yet!"

ENVY

I've just had a letter from Jim,
He's having one glorious time
In a place where the skies never dim
And the climate is simply sublime.
And Jim plays at golf ev'ry day
With never a trouble or care,
Or passes the time with a vision
divine,
Whose Pa is a great millionaire.





Jove! how I envy the lad
Now basking 'neath languorous skies
With joys that can only be had
If your "wad's" a respectable size,
But Jim has the goods and he's game
To touch all the spots that are high,
His letters just teem, with pleasures supreme
And rivers of "fizz," "extra dry."

But I, darn the luck! must remain
Just plugging away for dear life
In a climate of sorrow, of snow, wind and
rain,

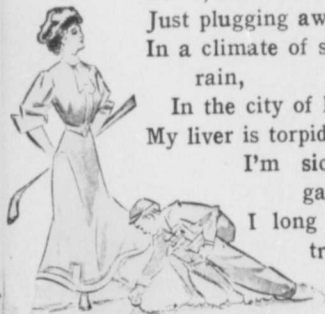
In the city of hustle and strife.

My liver is torpid, oh, say,

I'm sick of the whole bally
game,

I long for the calm of the fig
tree and palm

And the chant of the
ocean's refrain.





Yet Jim bids me pack up my things
And hike for this realm of delight,
Where fun with the morning begins
And ends with the small hours of night.
He knows, hang it all! that I can't,
So it's simply a criminal sin
To stir up a man, as only Jim can,
And finish by rubbing it in!

"A NOVICE"

"So this is your game of golf!"
He cries with words profane.
"No wonder the wise guys scoff
At your Royal and Ancient game.
I've lost three balls in the woods
And two on the open course,
I've broken a club — its tough!
After working all day like a horse.

"And this is the game, begad!
You said, was unlimited fun.
It's put me all to the bad
You darned old son of a gun.





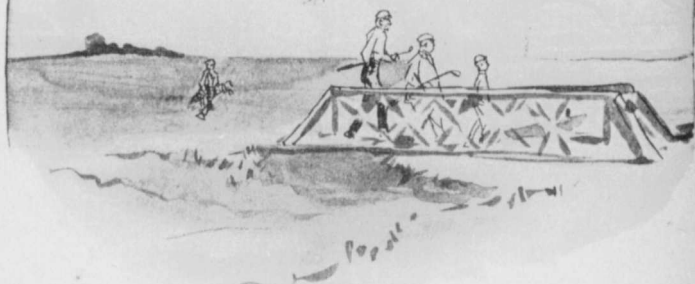
I've tried every way that I know
To eye that ball — but gee!
What I need is a ball to keep
A fatherly eye on me.

“ It's all very well for you
To coach me how to stand,
To always follow through —
Not press to beat the band.
My hands are blistered, and I
Am jolly near down and out,
And O! my throat's so dry
I could drink from a water spout.



“ All right, I'll try once more
To swat that blamed little ball
And then if I fail to score,
I'm off, for good and all.
My word! but I soaked her then —
A bird! did you see her go?

Two hundred yards and ten
Or more, well, — I want to
know!



“ Say, did you see me ‘ putt ’ ?
What do you think of that ?
Luck ! why, you silly old ‘ mutt, ’
You’re talking through your hat !
I know you’re a golfer, but then,
Don’t you be getting too gay
Or you’ll be an ‘ also ran ’
When you strike little Willie some day. ”

So back to the club we go,
He talks all the time of the game,
Of just what he did, and he’s keen
To be out on the links again.
He laps up a good many drinks
And shouts, as we part at the door,
“ I’ll use you to sweep up the
links
To-morrow, old fellow, at
Four. ”

TO THE LASSIES !

Here’s to the lassies, God bless
’em !
We all want to love and caress
’em,





But money's so tight,
 It's impossible quite,
 To feed the dear creatures, and dress 'em.

TWOSOMES AND LONESOMES

They started out together very well,
 Whatever seemed to happen none can tell,
 But I saw him use his "putter"
 For a "brassy," that was utter
 Nonsense, any amateur knows well.

He seemed to be confused — I don't know
 What made him play with such a lack of "go,"
 For he only met her lately,
 And she acted so sedately,

Funny, for we always thought him
 slow.



I missed them for a little, then O
 dear!
 I noticed they were resting, and I
 fear,



That the laddie, growing bolder,
Drew her head close to his shoulder,
Kissed the lips so rapturously near.

I turned away quite sadly, for I had
A similar adventure when a lad,
And now I'm slowly learning
From that vision oft returning,
Lonesome games in life and golf are bad.

A GOLF ILLUSION

She looked a perfect picture as
she stood at "Number One."
A trifle too elaborate, and yet —
One couldn't help admire her
fashion-plate attire,
And all the boys were "rubber-
ing," you bet!
Her dress was clinging white, and
surely a delight,
And hose designed to put one
"off" his game;





Her shoes looked simply sweet, upon her tiny feet,
 Tho' they wouldn't stand a "show down" in the rain.

She certainly looked stunning, for a Merry Widow hat
 Encrowned her curly locks becomingly,
 While on her cheeks so fair, dwelt the blush of peaches rare,

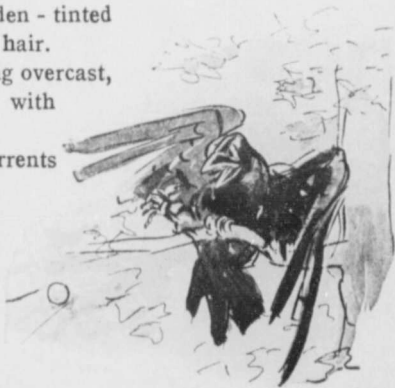


And lips that sort of signal'd "come to me";
 We watched her, all aglow, most curious to know
 Who she was, and what might be the maiden's name;
 But close beneath his wing Brown kept this dainty thing,



And they started out to play the "ancient game."

We envied Brown, and cuss'd him, for a most disgusting hog,
And waited round the clubhouse in despair,
Reflecting on her smile, complexion, and her style,
And the golden-tinted beauty of her hair.
Then, the skies long overcast,
broke forth with rain at last,
And down in torrents pour'd relentlessly;
And when the maid came back, the truth to tell, alack!
She was a most bedraggled sight to see.





We certainly felt sorry, for we noted with amaze
The glossy tint had left her straightened hair,
And that complexion fine, well, it didn't show a sign

Of peaches, for it wasn't "on the square,"
She didn't look the same, since the falling of the rain,

Which swept away another pleasant dream;
Proving out and out, that there's jolly little doubt
Things are very seldom what they seem.



THE GOLF BALL

THE IDEAL

What joy to watch that
gay little ball

Wending its wingless
flight

Far into space, with a
swerving grace,
And a bird-like pinion'd
might.

Then will it rest, upon
the crest,



Of a soft smooth grassy lie;
Till your brassy true, will follow it thro'
To the green, and its "nest" near by.

THE REAL!

I haven't much use for that blamed little ball,
Sneaking away in disgrace;
Topp'd from the tee — you will plainly see
It make for some treacherous place,
There like a snide, it will secretly hide,
Tho' you search, in the same old way —
Till a caddie new, will find it for you,
At a price, on some future day.

GOLF SYMPATHY

Invidious comparisons are odious, I
know,
But I can beat old Bertie, just the
same;
He's really quite a duffer, and I do
not want to blow,
I'm rather hard to beat when on
my game.





Of course I'm not a Travers, a Travis, or a Beyers,
But I toddle round in "ninety," more or less,
Yet Bert persists in saying — when he's feeling
well and playing,
He can make me "fly the signal of dis-
tress."

A blatant bit of boasting, that, for often when we
play,

I beat old Bert, quite frequently you know,
'Tis then that you should hear him, com-
plaining all the way,

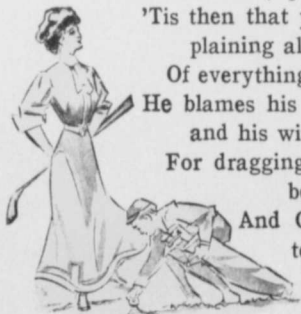
Of everything existing here below,

He blames his wretched liver, indigestion
and his wife,

For dragging him "to call" the night
before;

And O, his awful cussing — his
temper, and his fussing,

Makes Bert a most un-
mitigated bore.





Last Saturday I play'd him, for a dinner at the club,
He happened to be playing quite a game,

My luck was simply rotten, — foozle, top and dub —

And mentioning it, would hardly warrant blame.

But Bert was very chesty, and once or twice remarked,

He thought it better form, "twixt you and me,"
To just abstain from kicking — when I got an honest licking,

And that's what I call lack of sympathy!

A TWOSOME

When first we started out I didn't like her style,

She seemed inclined to "rattle," with her disconcerting smile,
For I was keen on golfing, not frivolling away

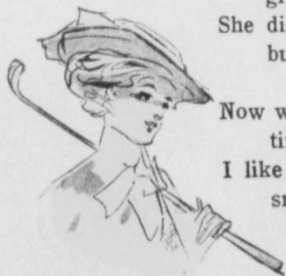
The hours that have been given us the noble game to play.





Before we got half round her words were rather
rare;
I found her style improving, and her "brassies"
very fair,
She wasn't strong in driving, her swing a little
"set,"
But when she landed near the green she played
the game, you bet!

By Jove, this dainty maiden, who looked so
sweet and trim,
Just held me down completely — you could hear
the "caddies" grin,
One couldn't help admiring, her pluck was
great to see,
She didn't win the game of golf,
but simply finished me.



Now we play together nearly all the
time,
I like to hear her pretty talk, her
smile is just divine,
By Jove, there's no denying,
it's great fun for a man,



To play a tender "twosome" with a sweet
American!

THE JUDGE AT GOLF

Have you ever seen the Judge address the ball?
He fixes it with stern judicial gaze,
A look that would the guilty soon appall,
And from the court win well deserved praise.
He eyes that little culprit on the "dot,"
And lifts the arm of justice, stern and true,
Saying, as he gives an awful swat —
"Two hundred yards or more, my man, for
you!"

But it's awful when the Judge is
"off" his game,
The skies are dull'd as by
some dark-set cloud,
Each misspent "Putt," and
"Brassy" topp'd or tame,
Doth cause a silence that is
almost loud.
And all the 'dressing on this vital
case,





Alas! expended in an effort vain,
 Leaves nought but his convincing legal grace,
 To fasten on some varied cause the blame.

Should you ever see the Judge when really "on,"
 A joy ineffable is then for you in store,
 To watch him "follow thro'" unerring, strong,
 And "Brassy" like a Vardon — shouting fore!
 Then when the game is over, and you hear
 The points discussed, with dignity benign,
 'Tis great indeed to note his verdict clear, —
 "I did it in a perfect 'eighty-nine'!"

GOLF TALK

Brown heard four men conversing
 Not many weeks ago,
 Men of high position, all
 Professional, and so
 He thought it fit and proper
 To listen, and may be
 Exalted words of wisdom
 Might fall eventually.





He heard one say, distinctly,
“ I took my ‘ brassy ’ then,
And handed out a ‘ screamer ’
Two hundred yards and ten;
It landed in the ‘ bunker,’
The one behind the ‘ gore ’;
It put me off my game, but I
Came home in ‘ eighty-four.’ ”

’Twas Greek to Brown, but patient,
He heard a doctor sigh:
“ I don’t know what’s the reason,
But fear I’ve lost my eye;
It’s really most annoying,
I cannot hit a thing.
To one who’s played as long as I,
It’s simply damaging.”

Poor Brown got quite excited
When next the bishop spoke,
And on that face benevolent
He fondly placed his hope,





So eagerly he listened,
 His very best, to try
 And find his lordship's reason
 For that disgusting "lie."

For just two hours precisely
 He heard them all declaim
 On "hanging lies" and "hazards,"
 And thought them all insane;
 Then reaching for his hat and coat

Said Brown, as out he flung:
 "It must be golf they're
 talking —
 Well, that's where Willie's
 stung!"

GOLF

Do you know Macpherson?
 A golfer bold is he.
 If you should ever meet
 him,
 Don't say that you know
 me.

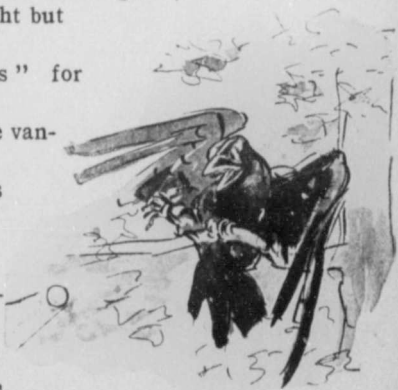




We used to lunch together
At times we dined as well,
But all is o'er between us now,
The reason I will tell.

Macpherson hailed from Scotland,
(You'd guess so from his name)
A sort of budding Vardon,
The way he talked the game,
He yarned of nought but
Golfing,
Of "Foursomes" for
the drinks,
The mighty ones he van-
quished,
- On old St. Andrew's
links.

Night by night Mac-
pherson,
Would smoke and
drink and dream,





Reviewing feats prodigious,
 Describing shots supreme.
 And always 'ere we parted,
 He said, when spring arrives,
 "I'll show you just what 'puttin' is,
 And how Macpherson drives."

So I played Macpherson,
 One afternoon last May,
 I really was most nervous,
 In a horrid kind of way.



But Mac was up and
 doing,
 He swung his driver
 free,
 But awful was the silence,
 His ball ne'er left the
 "tee."

Strange to say, Macpher-
 son,
 Played on from bad to
 wuss,



And when he topped or fozzled,
You should have heard him cuss.
I know I'm not a champion —
I wish I was alack!
But still for all, I swept the green,
Of what was left of Mac.

Should you meet Macpherson,
You'll surely find some fun,
To start the ball a rolling,
On Golf, and how it's done.
And when you've got him going —
Just "butt in" one to see
If Sandy still remembers
The day that he played me.

THE CAUSE

He came a crash, did Johnson,
A bad financial mess,
That broke his happy home up,
And caused him sad distress.
It was not unexpected,
He knew it had to come,

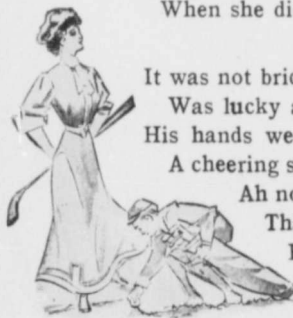




And now the worst was over,
He rather liked the fun.

It was not wine nor women,
'Twas not a motor car,
That caused the great upheaval,
And gave him such a jar.

It was not Mrs. Johnson,
Who dresses neat, but plain,
And only ran to "tea and cake"
When she did entertain.



It was not bridge — for Johnson
Was lucky as could be,
His hands were always picturesque,
A cheering sight to see.

Ah no, it was far worse than these,
That caused this man to fall,
He squandered all his earnings, in
The dollar-ine golf ball.



SPRING

What O! the sun is shining,
Jack Frost has hit the pike;
The fresh, young grass is growing,
And the course looks out of sight.
The ice has left the river,
Soft breezes gently swell;
And all good golfers waken
To the sign they know so well.

Bring out your clubs, and polish
The rust and dust away;
Bring out your boots and sweater,
And the balls you love to play;
For out upon the links, boys,
The greens are Waiting fair,
To give you sport and pleasure,
That you alone can share.

Cast off the sloth of winter —
Your liver needs it bad;
Your circulation's sluggish,
And your nerves are to the
sad.

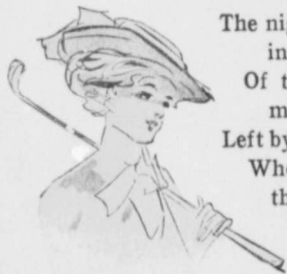




But once you start a-playing,
 And tramp the links, you bet
 The strains and pains of winter,
 You'll mighty soon forget.

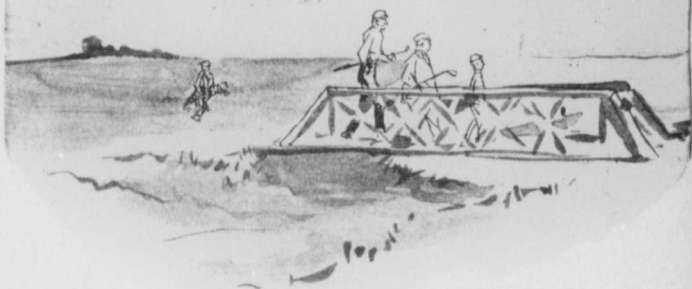
Cheer O! the balls are flying!
 The good old game's begun!
 The past is soon forgotten
 In the hopes of joys to come.
 So play the game; and, playing,
 We'll strive as ne'er before,
 To knock spots off the record,
 And smash last season's score.

"DREAMS OF A DUFFER"



The night is far spent, and I'm think-
 ing
 Of the fortune that's coming to
 me,
 Left by a distant relation,
 Who lived in strange lands o'er
 the sea.
 And I'm told that the money's
 invested

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In a most satisfactory way;
So there's nothing to do but get busy,
And have a good time while I may.

No more in the morning they'll wake me
By banging like mad on the door;
Proclaiming, in language offensive,
"It's time that I cut out that snore."
No more to the office I'll hustle;
No more will I slave as of yore,
And grind at that bally old ledger,
Or write till my fingers are sore.

But ho! for a life of enjoyment,
An automobile, all for
mine;
A green-coated "beaut," and
a flyer,
The sort that can go to
beat time.
'Tis then to the golf links I'll
hasten,
To play all the day if I
will;





With lots of new balls always handy,
And caddies of training and skill.

By Jove! how I revel delighted,
In fancies of pleasures to be;
When I play o'er the famous old courses,
That often I've longed so to see,
'Tis then, with the best of good coaches,
I'll learn all I can of the game,
And come back a "golfer" — a cracker!
With a corner on trophies and fame.

At night, with a few boon companions,
At poker or bridge we will play;
Or sit in the cosy old smoke-room,
Discussing events of the day.

And yarn, with a joy never failing,
Of the splendid old game, ever
new —

By Jove! but it's hard to believe
it,

And almost too good to be
true!





Then some day, perhaps, I may marry
A dear little maid, up to date;
Who'll share in my joys and my sorrows —
In fact, be a jolly good mate.
Together we'll play life's sweet "twosome,"
And children — Great Scot! What a shock!
I'm hanged if I haven't been dreaming —
By thunder, it's past eight o'clock!

RETROSPECTION

When I started out last spring,
My golf was voted quite the thing,
My drives were faultless in
their flight,
Style and swing were just all
right,
Distance simply out of sight —
When I started out last
spring.

Certainly I played the game,
Adding laurels to my fame,





Took a scalp most every day,
Won a tournament away
With six up and five to play —
When I started out last spring.

Now 'tis fall — how time doth fly,
I'm off my game — I know not why,
Ball be —— ! I couldn't hit,
Balloons for me are far more fit —
But yet, sweet thought, I once was "it,"
When I started out last spring.



SOLIQUY OF A LOST GOLF BALL

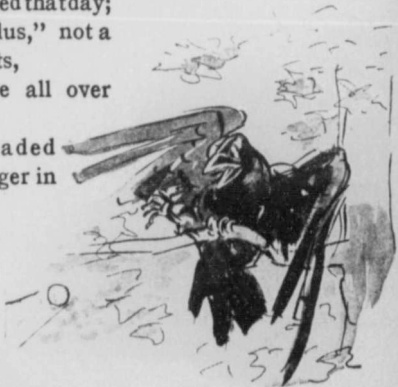
Thank Fate, I've escaped
from the hands of a
dub,
From a player impossi-
ble, quite;
A bald-headed party, whose
knowledge of golf,
To put it politely, was —
slight.



He found me by chance on a bright summer's day,
And blessed his good fortune, for I
Was a sweet-looking ball, not damaged at all,
And perfect to "putt" or to "fly."

I thought it was clever to hide in the "long"
From the man who first owned me; but say,
It's many a time I've regretted my act,
And deeply repented that day;
For he was a "plus," not a
swatter of swats,
Who hacked me all over
the face,
Like that fat-headed
clown, so swagger in
town,
But out on the
Links—a dis-
grace!

Ah, well, I deserved
it for going astray





At a time when it meant such a lot,
To stay on the course like a well-bred golf ball
Of that eminent line of "Black dot."
I lost him the match, that young master of mine,
And I know how he wanted to win;
But lor'! you can bet that I've lived to regret
That I ever went back upon him.

Since then I have suffered the torments of Hell
At the hands of that Duffer, for he
Could swear like a trooper when things went awry,

And his wrath wreaked
its vengeance on me.
All shattered and battered
and cruelly abused,
I fled to this hole in the
ground;
For golf may be fine, but
the "simple" for
mine!
So I pray nevermore to
be found.





TO THE NIBLICK

What a trusty old friend is a Niblick,
What an excellent comrade is he,
Tho' we seldom refer to his friendship
Or speak of his service so free.
We don't often tell of the times, sir,
He saved us defeat and despair;
By helping us out of a Bunker
And troubles, too often our share.

We don't take him out in the open,
And flourish him swift thro' the air;
Or talk of his wonderful service,
Or boast of his qualities rare.
But right in the background we
keep him,
Forgotten, neglected and sad;
But quickly he comes to the
front, sir,
When our brassy lands us to
the bad.

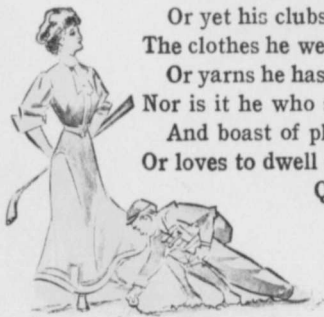




Yet still when the season is over,
 And golf for the present is done;
 We say au revoir to our clubs, sir,
 And grant them the rest that they've won.
 We glance at our well balanced driver,
 Our brassy so brilliant and true;
 But Gad! when we come to old Niblick,
 Well! we take off our hat, boy — to you.

THE PERFECT GOLFER

"'Tis not the cowl that makes the monk,"
 Or yet his clubs, the grafer;
 The clothes he wears, the bag he bears,
 Or yarns he has to offer.
 Nor is it he who seeks to pose,
 And boast of play surprising;
 Or loves to dwell on scores that — well,
 Quite often need revising.



'Tis not the crank that
cannot play



A ball that's not the fashion;
Who, when he dubs, will blame his clubs,
Or fly into a passion.
Nor he who at the slightest chance,
A "fore" will bellow madly;
Yet on the green will stand and dream,
And keep you waiting sadly.

Nor yet the man who carelessly
On others' rights encroaches;
'Tis not a joke for slower folk
To feel his wild approaches.
Or he, without a fair excuse,
Will take up your position;
And thro' you play, in heedless way,
And scorns to ask permission.

But mark the man who plays
the game
For all the sport that's in it;
Who, striving still, with ear-
nest will,
To play up to his limit.





Who holds his temper well in check,
Of others ne'er a scoffer;
Whose courtesy — so fair to see —
Proclaims the perfect golfer.

“ AN EPISODE ”

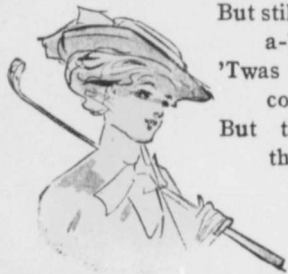
I landed in the bunker, the one at number
“ eight,”

Just as I was going some, and striking quite a
gait;

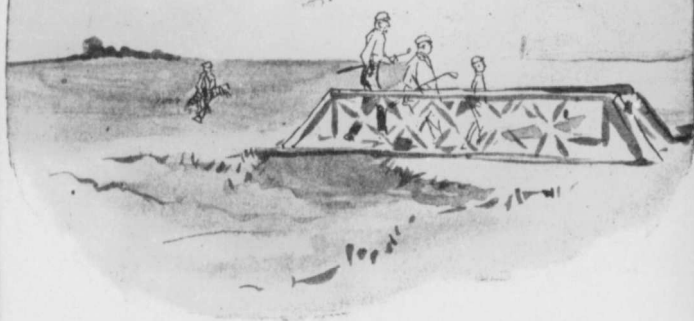
At first I tried, with patience, in vain to get it out,
But all my skill was wasted, it stuck beyond a
doubt.

I madly dashed my cap aside, and hit out like a fool,
But still that blessed ball came back,
a-bucking like a mule;

'Twas then my patience ended; I
couldn't dam the tide,
But think I covered everything
there was to d—— beside.



Just then I saw our Parson,
the Rev. James McFlay,



Who'd lately been appointed, and arrived the day;
He look'd at me in sorrow, the silence was intense —
And, personally speaking, I felt like "thirty cents."
At last he said: "My brother, I do not know your name,
But your language seems more potent than your knowledge of the game.
I'm really quite astonished — it seems to me absurd,
You do not use your 'niblick,' and get out, like a bird."

I noted with amazement, a twinkle in his eye,
So, handing him my niblick, said:
"Perhaps sir, you will try."
He grasped my club with pleasure,
it almost seemed a dream —
He lofted out a beauty, to the corner of the green.
Instinctively, I passed him my
"putter," just to see





If he could follow up the stunt, and finish out in
 "three";
 Instead of which he "putted," timed accurate
 and true,
 Holing out a wily "one," in just a perfect "two."

I paused, in admiration, and pinched myself to
 see
 If I was only dreaming, or in a trance could
 be;
 But there he stood, and softly said: "Brother,
 you were wrong;
 Altho' I know, none better, your difficulties
 strong.
 But, still, I would advise you, when you land 'in
 such a trap,



To use your faithful 'niblick,'
 and stand a little back;
 Then slowly take a half swing,
 with your eye well on the
 ball —
 Forgive my interference; good
 day, sir" — that was all!



A LITTLE GOLF JOKE

And they told him the man he was playing
Was an eminent parson, and so
He must not give way to bad language,
Or let his hot passions o'erflow.
No matter what fortune provided —
How he topp'd, sliced, or found the long
grass;
There'd be no excuse for profanity's use —
He must just let the incident pass.

So he started right in with the cleric,
Who certainly looked quite the
part;
And played the first nine very
fairly,
With joy to his crusty old
heart.
Then luck, without warning, de-
serted,
And things went from bad to
much worse;





Still bravely he fought, as he knew that he
ought,
To keep from his favourite curse.

His opponent, he noted quite clearly,
Was having some trials of his own;
In fact, both were playing like sailors
Half seas over, and hard tempest-blown.
At last our old friend at the "punch-bowl,"
Exploded with vehement force,
And just let her rip, straight from the lip,
That echoed half over the
course.



Then he stopped, out of
breath, while the "par-
son,"
Who paused in amaze-
ment complete,
Then, roaring with jubilant
laughter,
Exclaimed: "Ye gods,
that is sweet!

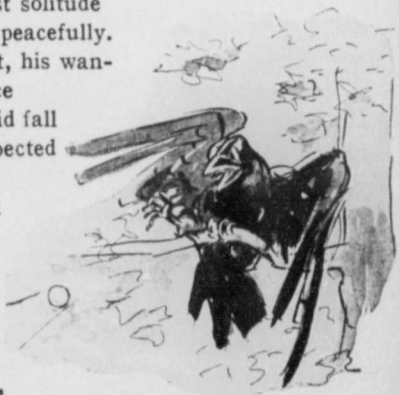


They told me that you were a rector,
Of a living down Ottawa way;
O, wait till I see the guy that strung me —
There'll be just the devil to pay!"

" LOST BALL "

He sat beside the silv'ry stream
Beneath a shady tree,
Alone in sweetest solitude
And reading peacefully.
And while he sat, his wan-
dering glance
Unwittingly did fall
Upon an unexpected
sight,
A little dotted
ball.

He pick'd it up
with interest
And scann'd it
o'er and o'er,





“ A curious thing,” he muttered low,
“ To find out here, I’m sure.”
So in his pocket carelessly
He dropped it out of sight,
And turning to his treasured book
He soon forgot it — quite.

The silence of that soft retreat
Far from the madd’ning crowd
Was all at once disturbed by
A voice both stern and loud:

“ By Gad,” it said, in
tones of wrath,
“ It came this way all
right,
And I will find the blas-
ted thing,
If I stay here all night.”



He hunted round, and as
he glared,
The man beneath the
tree



Began to think it was for gems
Or gold, he searched, may be —
So nervously he cough'd, ahem!
To let the other know
That he was there against his will
And would be glad to go.

The searcher turned with startled air
Surprised a man to see,
Who rose before him like a ghost
Saluting nervously.
“ Beg pardon,” said the timid one,
“ I notice, sir, with pain,
You seem to be in trouble
And search, alas, in vain! ”

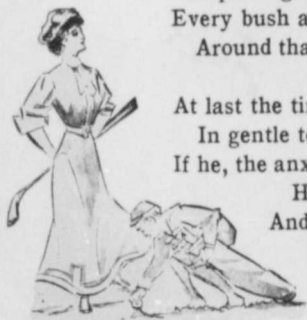
“ The blankest luck I ever
had! ”
The searcher snorted, mad,
“ I play'd the first eight per-
fectly
And now I'm lost, by gad!





My drive I missed, and then I sliced
 And right round here I fell,
 O! blank the blank blank blanket thing,
 My good score's gone to H—ll!"

The timid gent was quite appall'd
 And rack'd his worried brain
 To guess what prize this fearful man
 Expected there to gain,
 For, on his knees, he puff'd and cuss'd,
 Inspecting angrily,
 Every bush and blade of grass
 Around that fatal tree.



At last the timid gent inquired
 In gentle tones withal,
 If he, the anxious one, perchance
 Had lost a little ball?
 And as he spoke he handed
 out
 The ball — then sure as
 fate —



He got a true description of
A brain-storm — up-to-date.

“ THE GOLFIAC ”

I met old Duffum on the links,
His face all wreathed in smiles;
Which really seems remarkable,
Considering his trials.
His wife eloped the other day,
And gaily started off;
Saying she would like to be
Preferred to silly golf.

And then old Duffum's lost a pile
In stocks that cost him dear;
He must have dropped a “ hundred thou.”
But didn't drop a tear.
He seems so philosophical,
That nothing causes pain,
Except when he gets “ bunk-
ered,” or
Old Duff gets off his
game.

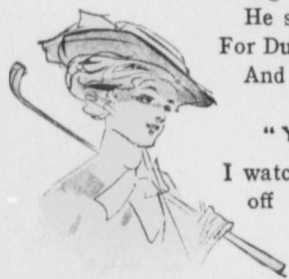




It's only just the other day
 His confidential man
 Skipped off, with quite a tidy sum,
 To spend with Uncle Sam;
 But, strange to say, old Duffum beamed
 That night delightedly,
 Because he'd made the punch "bowl" in
 A most surprising "three"!

And now the bank in which he stored
 The balance of his cash
 Has tried a stunt in high finance,
 And come an awful crash.

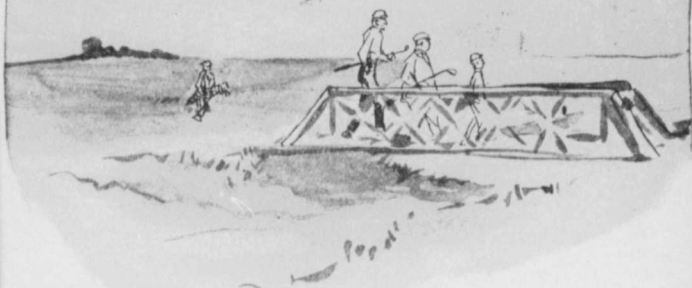
The shocking news disturbs him not —
 He scorns the hand of fate;
 For Duffum's just won out his match,
 And made a "ninety-eight"!



"YOU NEVER CAN TELL"

I watch'd them when they started
 off

To try and play a round of
 golf;



She was a beginner, so
I wondered how the game would go —
You never can tell!

In driving off from "number two"
I thought things look'd a trifle blue;
For she really had no swing,
And couldn't hit a blessed thing —
But, you never can tell!

At "number four" they'd lost their place,
A cloud bedimm'd his manly face;
No doubt he found it rather tame
To be polite; but, just the same —
You never can tell!

I saw them next beneath a
tree,
The maid was laughing mer-
rily;
Holding him, I should declare,
A rather willing captive there
— but —
You never can tell!





At any rate, it's safe to say,
 They'd found a game that she could play;
 While he seemed going rather strong,
 Altho', of course, I may be wrong —
 You never can tell!

When next I had to pass that way,
 'Twas getting late; and I should say,
 To judge from that devoted kiss,
 They're booked for one long dream of bliss —
 But, you never can tell!

“LINKS AND DRINKS”

Captain Green and his chosen team
 One day went off to play
 A rural club, looking for “troub”

A good many miles away.

They boarded the train with a
 haughty air,

For such was their great re-
 nown

It was infra dig. for them so big —
 To play such a queer little town.





Captain Green and his lusty team
Were met by the local bunch
With lots of fuss, the omnibus
Bore them away to lunch;
They soon sat down to a glorious spread
And things of the finest brand,
Which was quite enough to show the stuff
That lived in that rustic land.

Captain Green and his hungry team
Were right on the job, you bet;
Approach'd the drinks, in a
way methinks
One won't very well for-
get;
And when they'd finished and
started out
To drive from the first old
"tee,"
Their curious stance, did not
enhance
Their chances of victory.

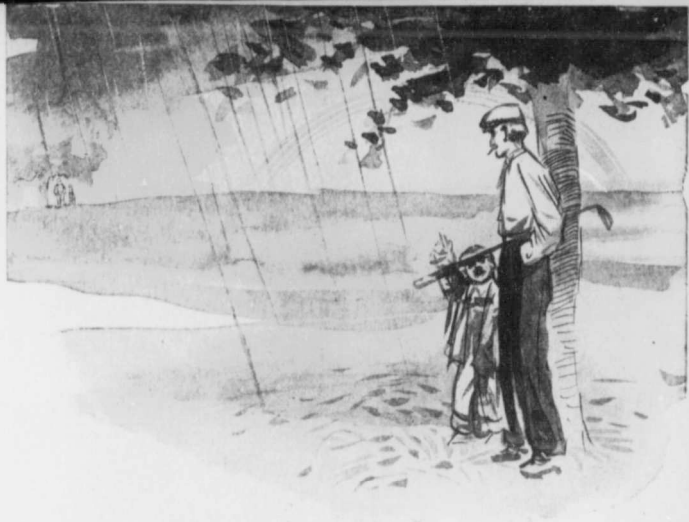




Captain Green and his festive team
 Did not show up real strong;
 They didn't play in their usual way,
 And, Lor', how they carried on.
 The Cap himself did all that he could
 Their failing hearts to cheer,
 But most of the gang stood round and sang
 " We're here, because We're here! "



Captain Green and his merry team,
 The end of the first nine holes,
 With throats that burn, did
 all adjourn
 To freshen their thirsty
 souls.
 They all sat round 'neath
 the cooling shade
 And toasted that country
 town
 And didn't give a hang, tho'
 each of the gang
 Were alivery badly down,

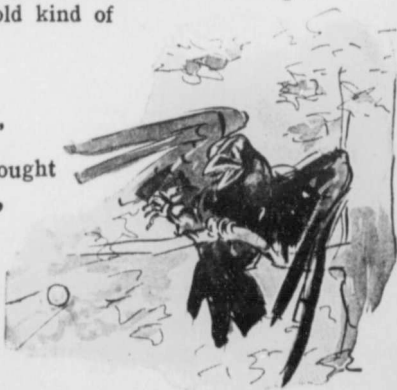


Captain Green and his thirsty team
At last prepared to go,
They gave up the game and drove to the
train

In a glorious state, what ho!
The golfers bold of that rural town
Were not very strong on the links,
But dangerous quite, when it came to a fight
With any old kind of
drinks.

"A DUFFER"

Young Thompkins ought
the game to play,
He tried his best in
every way;
Bought a bag which
cost him "ten,"
Has club of every
make and ken;





Read Braid on "Golf," and Vardon, too —
 Tried all the balls he ever knew;
 But still, alas! of all our club,
 He typifies the perfect dub.

Our worthy Pro. has tried in vain
 To teach him how to play the game;
 Helped him all that he could do,
 To eye the ball and follow thro';
 His clothes are always latest style —
 To watch him pose is quite worth while;

He really should have
 been a star,
 But he's a dub—and there
 you are!



Why Thompkins fails we
 cannot see —
 He practises most pa-
 tiently;
 Went to Pinehurst for a
 week,
 Some new remedy to seek;

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Watch'd Tillinghast and others play —
Even that was lost they say,
He looks the part, and that's the rub —
He still remains a perfect dub.

THE GAME OF GOLF

We both started out for the Babbicombe links,
I, and my old pal, Jim;
To play for the dinners — likewise the drinks,
With a ball a hole thrown in.
The wind was perfect, the light was good,
And we felt like making a score;
So we stepped to the "tee," with a hope, you see —
Of beating our "eighty-
four."

The ball that I drove was
both steady and long,
Jimmie's was only fair;
His second, a brassy, not
very strong,
Put him 'way up in the air.





He got there at last, and holed in " five,"
 Tho' the " bogey " for this is " three,"
 I holed on my third, and James was heard
 A-cussin' his luck, quite free.

The second and the third I won at my ease,
 Jim, at the fourth, lost his ball;
 From what I could gather, it went to the woods
 And never was seen to fall.

At the end of the " ninth " I was four holes up,
 And Jimmie was looking quite sad;
 I was sorry for him, and it seemed a sin,
 To feel in my heart so glad.



" Buck up," I said, as the " tenth " I won,
 Showing my sympathy,
 By bidding him think of the fun we'd had
 And the beautiful scenery.

I chaffed him gently, for I felt so
 good,

Till the next three holes
 he scored;



Then I confess my carelessness
Made me a trifle bored.

It makes quite a change when things go wrong,
Jimmie was feeling gay;
He got on his game, and was going strong,
While I was fading away.
His kind words of cheer and his sympathy,
When he won the "dip" in "two" —
Annoyed, for I fell in a spot — O, well!
The air was a trifle blue.

I hated the smile on old Jim's fat face;
Lor'! how it made me writhe,
When he won the match, to my own disgrace,
At the seventeenth hole, in "five."
And as we walked back to the old
club house,
A chipper old Jim was he;
And he said, with a grin: "When
your match you win,
How it changes the scenery!"





TOO BAD

I gazed with a wonderful rapture,
At the deep tinted blue of her eyes,
The mystical grace of her features,
That filled my soul with surprise.
Her head was uncovered to Heaven,
Her hair, 'neath the sun, shone like gold,
And she stood like a classical goddess,
A glorious sight to behold.

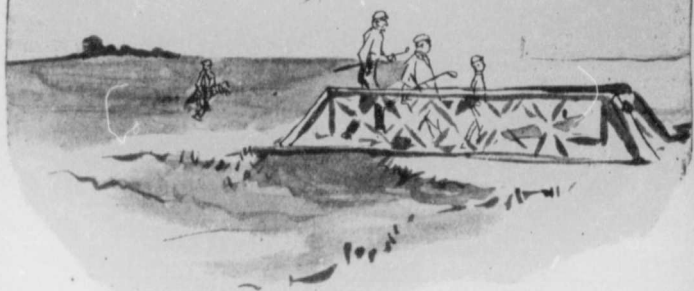
She smiled as my friend introduced me,
And the light of her smile did possess
The god-given wealth of sweet sunshine
That beamed with a pure tenderness.

She spoke just a few words of welcome,
Revealing the modulent tone

Of a voice that was surely created
To speak from a queen's gilded throne.



I watched with a pleasure
ecstatic,



As she drove from the first "teeing ground,"
The rhythmical swing of her "driver"
Was perfectly timed, and I found
She played with a skill most surprising,
The joy of the game lit her face,
While her sweet "follow thro'" and abandon
Was surely symbolic of grace.

I found with a great satisfaction,
That her nature was noble and true,
Her mind was unconsciously perfect,
And loyal to her friends thro' and thro'!
In fact but one fault I discovered,
It hurts, as such faults only can,
Alas, she's engaged to another —
And I am to be his best man!

"THE NINETEENTH HOLE"

Here's to the easiest hole on the
links,
Inspiring, refreshing and free,
Where a man can explain why he
loses his game,





Or boast of some proud victory.
 Where a Duffer forgets all his troubles and cares,
 And gladdens his sorrowful soul
 With spirits that cheer and the best of good beer
 On tap at the "Nineteenth hole."

'Tis there that the "Cracker," exalted by fame,
 Condescends to be chummie and gay,
 And the dubber of dubs — on the links sure of
 snubs

All meet 'neath true fellowship's sway.
 For everything goes, on this classical green
 Where the clinking old "high balls" roll.
 And it's safe to acclaim, that each man's on his
 game
 When he reaches the "Nineteenth hole."

"THEORIES"

I've been reading thro' the winter,
 all the books that I could
 reach,

(Look out, my lads, he's
 driving!)





Imbibing all the knowledge, that the faculty
could teach.

(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)

I'm going to cultivate a stance that Braid de-
clares is right,

I've changed my grip, for Travers says I grasp
my club too tight,

In fact my form in future will be scientific—quite.

(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)

I have worked the bally game out, and its points
I've got 'em pat.

(Look out, my lads, he's
driving!)

The thing's a cinch, with study, I
soon discovered that.

(Look out, my lads, he's
driving!)

I've bought a box of "latest"
balls—perfect, so they say,
A set complete of famous clubs, the
old I've cast away.





The only thing for me to do, is just go out and play.

(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)

I have purchased from my tailors, a suit of sporty style,

(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)

And shoes of special value, that should hold me for a while.

(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)

The boys came out to watch me, and cheered as I began

To take my stance and waggle, upon the latest plan.

I swung like Harry Vardon, and topped it bad —
O d—n!

(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)





So after all the theories, I have learned about the
game,

(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)

I wonder whos' the fault is, and where to place
the blame.

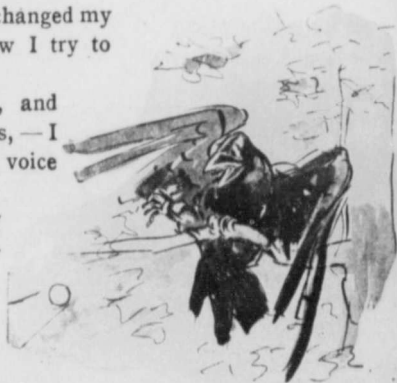
(Look out, my lads, he's driving!)

I only know that so far I cannot hit a
thing,

No matter how I changed my
stance, or how I try to
swing;

But while I fuss, and
muss and cuss, — I
hear a small voice
sing —

Look out, my
lads, he's driv-
ing!





AU REVOIR

There's a chill in the air,
The trees are stark bare,
And the light's growing shorter each day;
The winds sweep the course,
With insolent force,
And the river flows sombre and gray.
Well, good-bye to golf,
For alas! it's all off
With the sport, till another good year;
And so with a sigh,
We'll put our clubs by,
And dwell in past memories dear.

O! we kept it up strong,
The whole season long,
And we've tasted of joy and despair;
The sting of defeat,
We've felt, and the sweet

Of Victory's Crown for our share.
We've played the old game,
In mist, and in rain,
When the sun, like a furnace did stream,
While we puff'd and perspir'd,
Yet never we tired,
Of the hills, and the glorious scene.

A toast then to golf,
Let outsiders scoff,
At the best of all joy giving games;
It adds to the wealth,
Of your life and your health,
And its fair fascination remains.
It adds to our friends,
And fellowship blends,
When good golfers meet, and I'm sure,
You'll join, boys, with me
In sincerity,
And drink to old Golf — Au revoir!



GV 967 W37 c.1
Webbing, Walter Hastings,
Fore! The call of the links.
HSS



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The
CALL of
the LINKS

