



HUMOR

GOLF REVIEW

There's no golf for Christmas morning,
When the course is white with snow;
But there's heaps of fun in talking
Of the scores of long ago.

They all wore their knickerbockers,
Of course, with their variegated hose;
And where they got their patterns
For their jackets, no one knows.

Their hats were green, their shirts were blue,
Their necks were red, and all
Because they had gone outdoors to chase
Around and hit a ball.

We recall when Reid was stymied,
Where Smith holes a mashie shot;
All the luck that came to Smarty,
All our skill where luck was not.

And the alibis, fast falling,
Rise up always with a wail,
Lend a sad, yet piquant, interest
To the never-failing tale.

So it was; Krathwohl's lamenting
All his luck that went astray—
Broken driver, spoon, and mashie—
Swept his championship hopes away.

Even Wilcox hastes to tell us
How he failed at Jackson Park—
Not his game, but auto honking—
Lost that championship in the dark.

There are birds, too, fond of singing
O'er the green bunker and tree;
And they sing whene'er there's putting—
They have done it unto me.

Temperament is naught to me,
For it I care scarce a straw—
Give me one more chance at Charlie;
Oh, please—give me Leigh in the draw.

(Continued)