



LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
30 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1897

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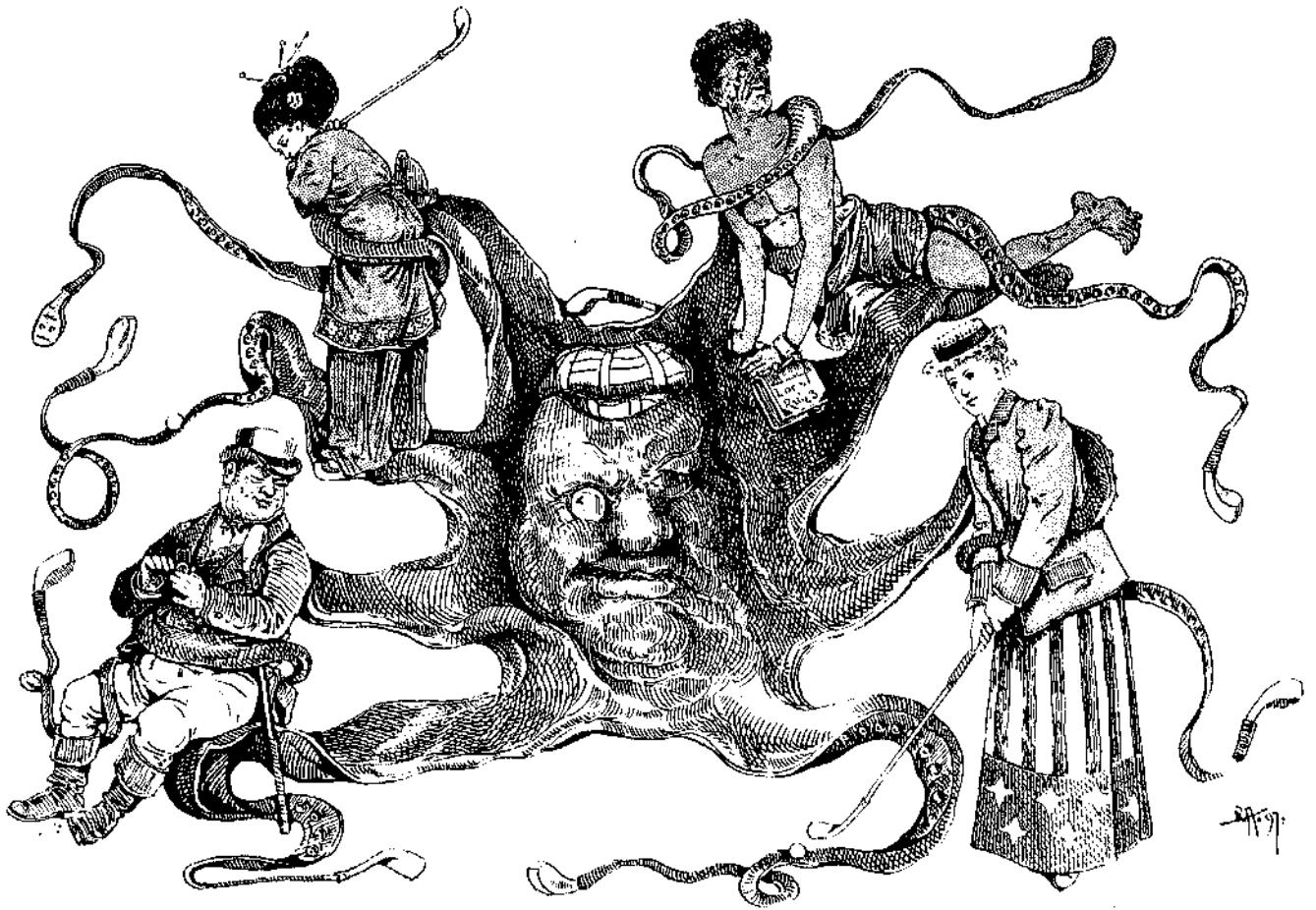
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No. G-435.

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK



THE GREAT GOLF OCTOPUS

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK

*'My swing is always comme il faut,
My style supremely clever;
For men may come and men may go,
My score goes on for ever'*

PENNYALINUS

COMPRISING

AN ECCENTRIC COLLECTION OF SCRIBBLES AND SCRATCHES

FOUND IN DISUSED LOCKERS AND SWEEPED UP IN THE PAVILION

TOGETHER WITH

SANDRY AFTER-DINNER SAYINGS OF THE COLONEL

BY

R. ANDRÉ

WEST HERTS GOLF CLUB

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1897

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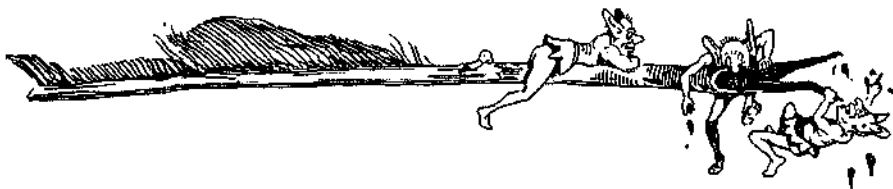


*If there's some red in a' your coats,
I plainly hint it,
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes
An' faith he'll print it!*

* * *

TO
My Brother Golfers
OF
THE WEST HERTS GOLF CLUB
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY
R. ANDRÉ
1897





The

ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME OF GOLF is admitted to be of incalculable antiquity. In the far-off days when evolution had not invented such things as MAN—when we golfers first appeared as germs, or grew as oysters on primeval rocks, and wagged our beards amidst the wild convulsions that shook our infant globe whilst Nature was cutting her fossil teeth

OF THE
ANTIQUITY
OF GOLF.

of earliest existence—may we not imagine that the GOLFOSAURIAN, giving promise of modern, up-to-date possibilities, stalked, unhandicapped, through the misty æons of an unrecorded past?



THE GOLFSAURIAN

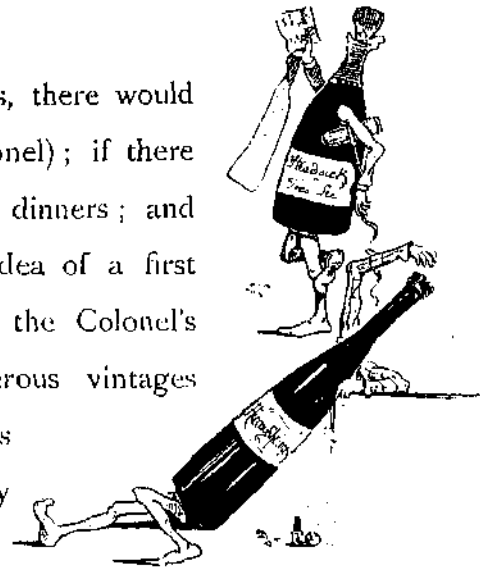


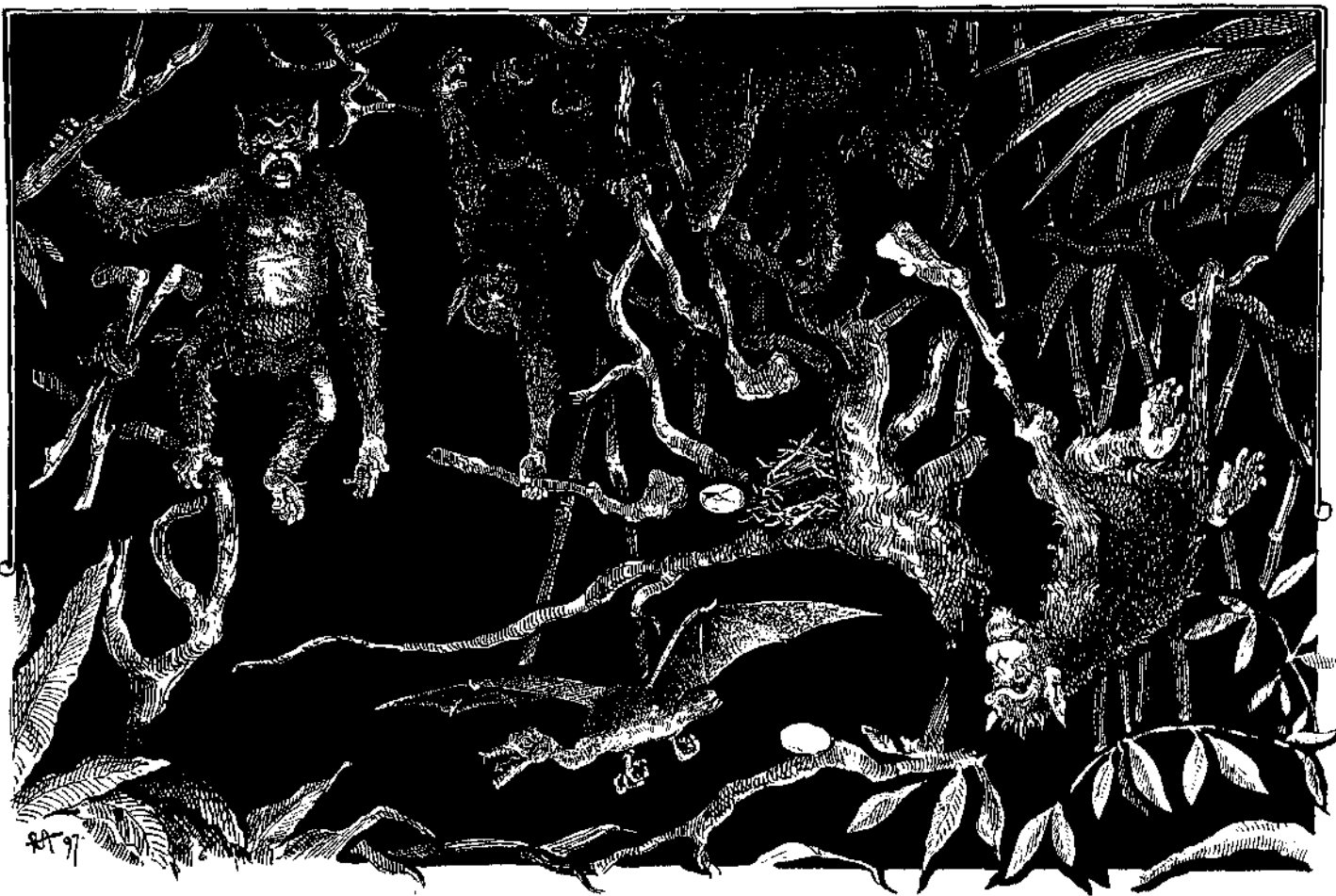
NO DOUBT, if we follow up this idea, it were easy to prove that our coal measures are simply a deposit of pre-Adamite golf clubs that have been broken in fits of primeval temper and trodden into pulp by saurians who fozzled on those unknown links when the world was yet in its teens.

THE COLONEL
AS AN AFTER-
DINNER
SCIENTIST.



If there had been no waste of clubs, there would have been no coal (so argues the Colonel); if there had been no coal, there would have been no annual dinners; and if there had been no annual dinners, the Colonel's idea of a first cause would never have originated. And, further, if the Colonel's imagination had not been stimulated by the generous vintages of 'Headsick' and 'Hiccoughheimer,' the leaves of his sketch book would remain a beggarly array of empty pages.





GOLFOLINKIUS ANTHROPOMORPHUS, THE MISSING LINK

In somewhat later ages the GOLFOINKIUS ANTHROPOMORPHUS may have embraced the family tree, and carried rude clubs with a prehensile tail, until, improving on the Ape-man, he patented his present human pattern, and wandered over barren lands, but dimly conscious that the Royal Game was an instinctive necessity of his nature.

OF THE APE-
MAN AS
COLFER.



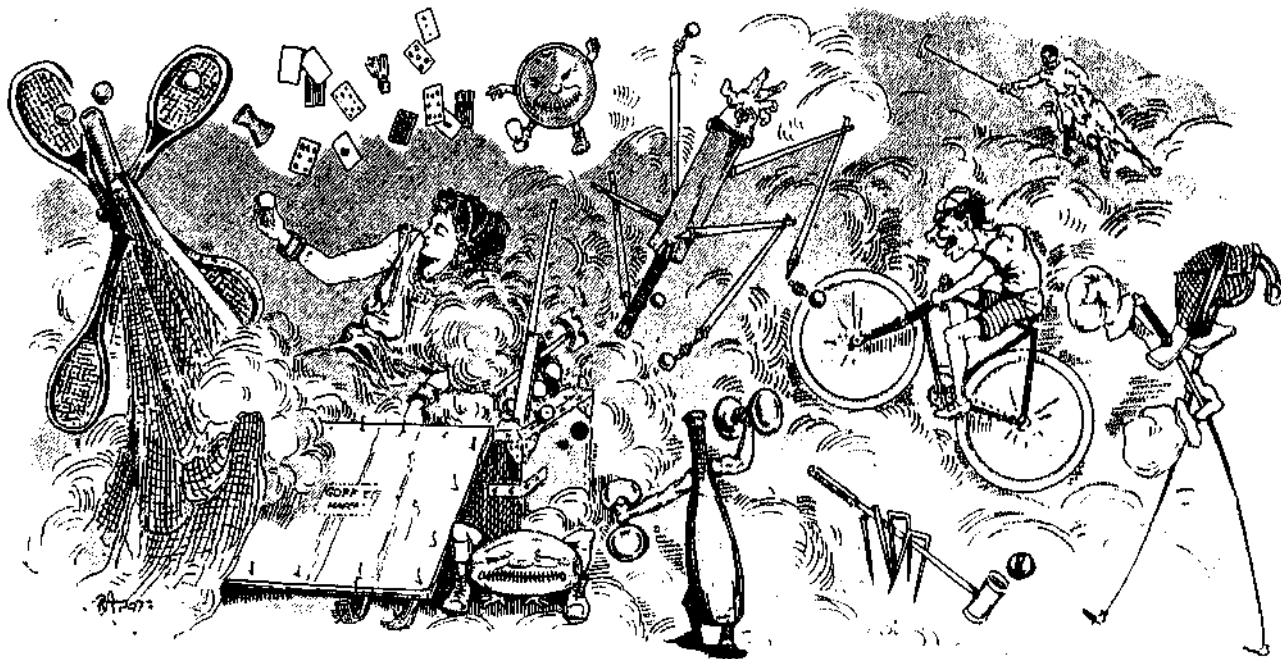
Still the seasons came and went, and no one played *the* Game. Primeval bunkers yawned in vain; yet early mortals failed to recognise the blessings lying at their feet, and Golf was not invented.



The old fable of Pandora's Box, when submitted to the X rays of modern intelligence, may be retold in this wise: When the box was opened, there issued from it a multitude of inferior games, Cricket, Tennis, Football, Polo, Billiards, &c., which dispersed themselves all over the world, and from that moment have never ceased to afflict the human race. One Golf ball alone nestled in the far corner of the box, and that ball has the sovereign power of dispensing a soothing syrup to all human ills, a gift of the gods to mortals otherwise without hope.

A NEW
READING OF
AN ANCIENT
MYTH.

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK



PANDORA'S BOX RE-OPENED



AS TO the ultimate invention of the game: after years had rolled on, shame fell upon the sleepy past. When Caledonia was still a poor unkilted child, some simple shepherds, clad in skins, and with bandages about their legs, finding dulness beset them, felt a wish to play at *something*.

But where was the game? They could not even toss—they had no wages.

Then it was that one hit on something he could do. He struck a pebble with his crook towards a distant rabbit-hole. His companion, profiting by example, played the like. And so the prehistoric Scot did wonders by his idle stroke, and GOLF was invented.

So says the legend. But, in the interest of the claimed antiquity, we cannot be satisfied with so recent an origin of the game. Those same shepherds met hazards (as we do to-day), and lost their pebbles, and no doubt emphasized their failures with prehistoric curses.



OF THE
LEGENDARY
ORIGIN OF
GOLF.

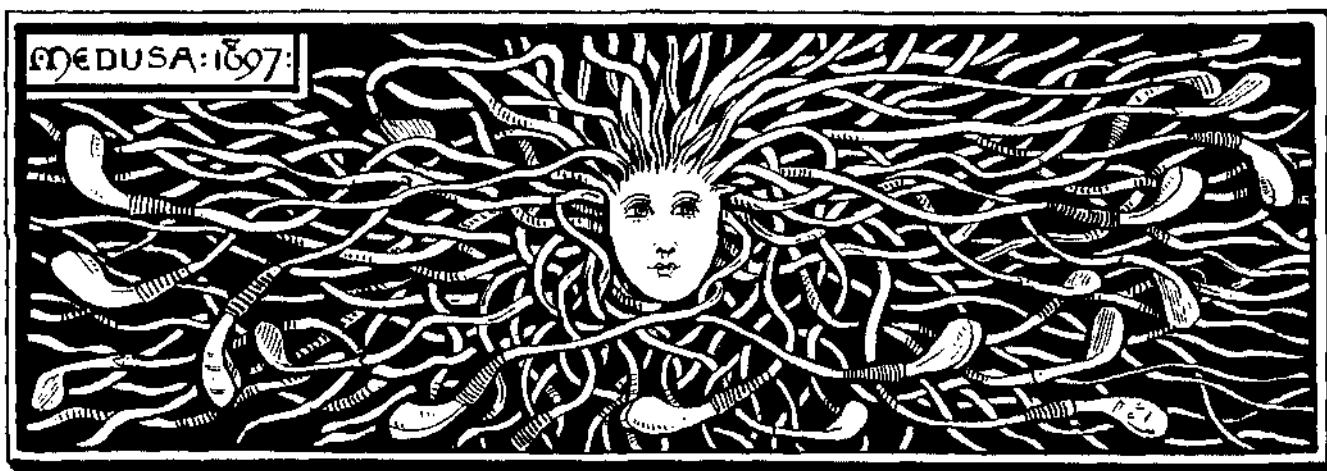


LEGENDARY GOLF - THE STONE AGE

One day, in their search for a 'foozled' flint, they chanced to find a strange object—a spheroid of dingy white. They smelt, they pinched, they tried to gnaw. For certain, it had not grown. It was not wood, nor berry, nor fossil rain-drop, nor coprolite. Not at all. It was simply a pre-diluvian 'gutty'—which proved conclusively that Golf was played before shepherds themselves were invented; and this discovery takes the real birthday of the game triumphantly backward to the reign of the Golfosaurian.

* * *

To skip over many hundreds of years of Golf's growth, we find the game as she is played to-day. Medusa herself has become a member of some recognised golf club.



RA 91

THE COLONEL
INSISTS ON
ANTIQUITY.

OF MODERN
GOLF.

GOLF is a solemn function—a game not to be undertaken in a frivolous spirit, not to be coquetted with. GOLF stalks with a measured, melancholy tread, pensively resigned to past misfortunes, and gloomily anticipating unforeseen catastrophes.



UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Scene from 'As you (don't) like it'

*When under the greenwood, at foot of the trees,
Poor golfers are sometimes not quite at their ease;
Get out of your trouble the best way you can,
For that is the eighteen-hole duty of man.*

PENNYVALINUS





WAITING A SLOW COUPLE ON IN FRONT

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK

SERMONS IN STONES

Break, break, break!

On bunker, and stone, and tree!

'Tis well that my tongue cannot utter

The thoughts that arise in me!

'Tis well for some other dear boy,

Who daily improves in his play;

'Tis well for the caddie lad,

With his badge and his eightpence a day.

And the brawny Scots go on

To the hole that lies under the hill,

But here am I, left with the shaft in my hand,

And the ball so provokingly still.

Break, break, break!

On bunker, and stone, and tree!

But the five and six for the club that is gone

Will never come back to me!

*(Picked up in a bunker, scribbled on scraps of torn scoring-cards, and laboriously pieced together
by the Colonel on a wet Bank Holiday.)*

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK



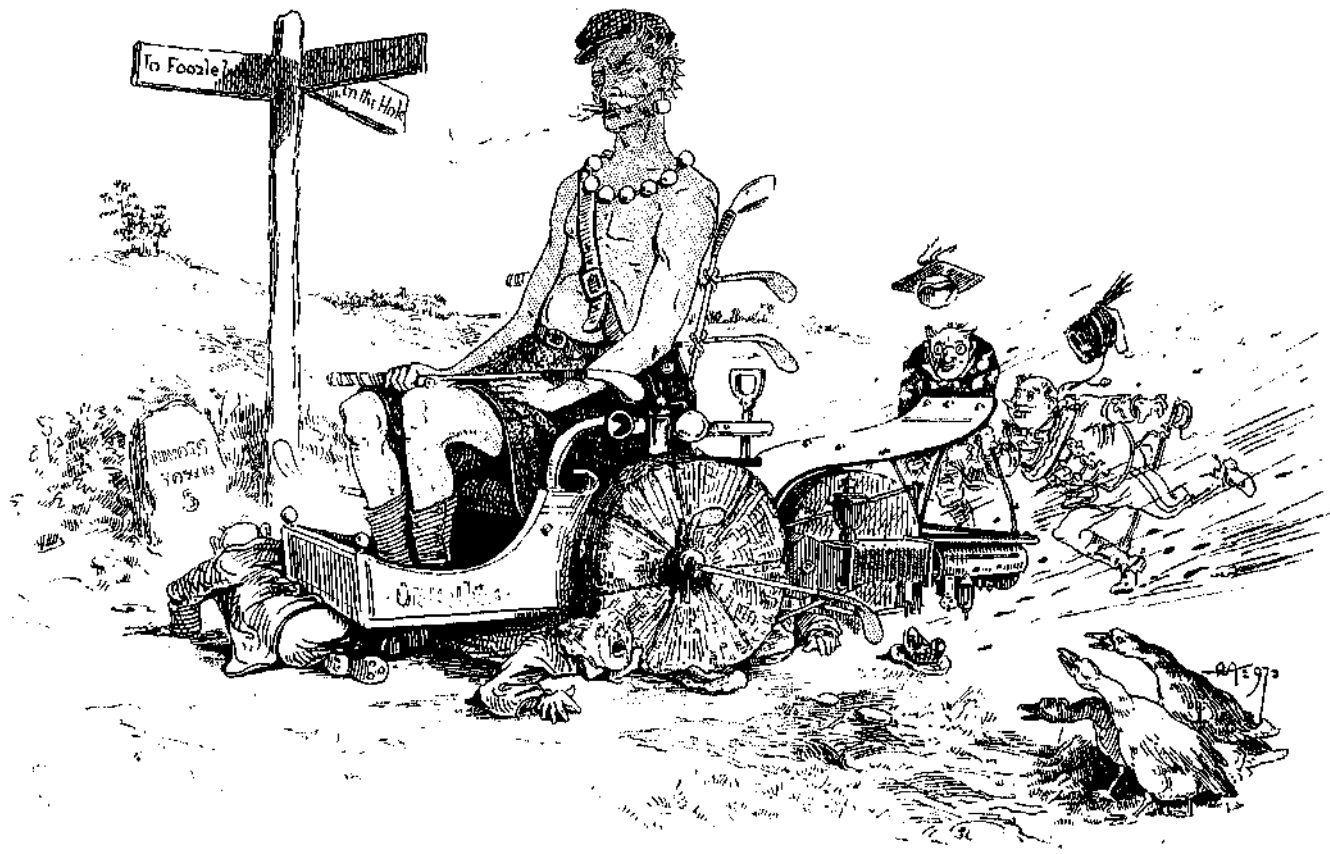
BREAK! BREAK!

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK

There is no escape from GOLF. The links-eyed monster haunts you even in your dreams. The microbe is everywhere, and there is no system of vaccination which can offer escape. None too



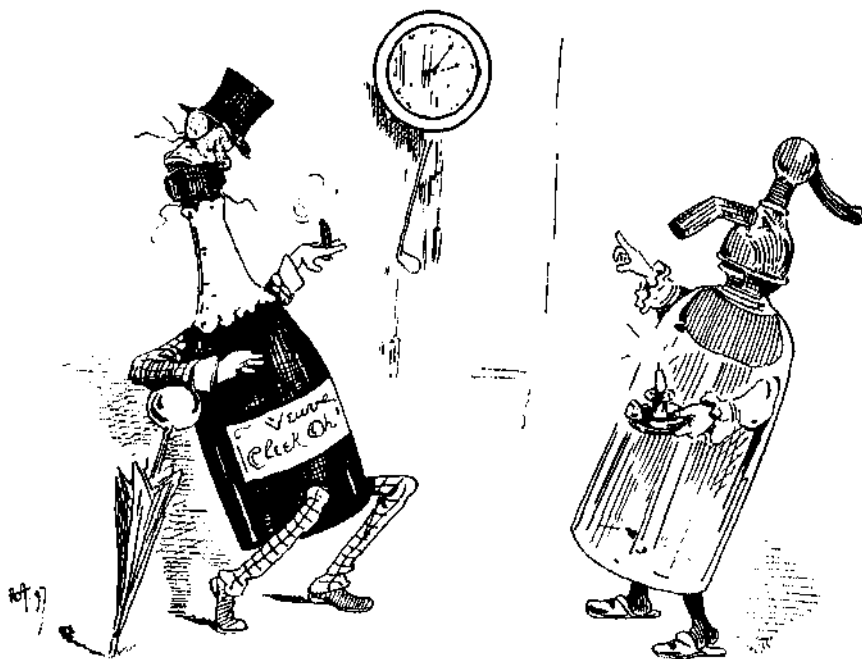
old, none too young, none too fat to begin. The GOLF JUGGERNAUT needs no hysterical votaries to drag his car. The image, automatically propelled, draws by some mystic influence all sorts



THE GOLF JUGGERNAUT

and conditions of men, from the Peerage, the counting-house, the shop, and the bar-parlour. It fascinates the matron, and suggests new possibilities of costume to the athletic maiden; and it crushes them all, willing victims, under the wheels of inexorable fashion. The roadway of modern life is macadamised with the enslaved volition of the golfing million. It is the only game worth living for.

OF THE
MIGHTY
POWER OF
MODERN
GOLF.



Some cavillers assert that Golf is antagonistic to domestic happiness. The Lady Syphonisba may occasionally see reason to point a judicial finger at the clock. I have known (says Colonel Bogey) instances of too much *loft* on a wine-glass, and of haggis proving fatal to a Southern digestion. But the truth is that the timepiece had gone a *round* or two more than my Lady Syphonisba had expected, for Golf has become the master of even inanimate objects. Witness the perfect *swing* of the pendulum.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS UP TO DATE

THE COLONEL
IMPROVES
SHAKSPERE.



THE INFANT HERCULES
A.D. 1897



THE SEVEN AGES OF GOLF

NOW all the world is GOLF,

And all the men and women would be players ;
They pay subscriptions and their entrance fees,
And one man in his time breaks many clubs,
And learns in seven stages.—First the novice,
Who dandles in his arms his first-born club.
And then the duffer with his caddie bag,
And nice new coat, and loud MacStunner hose,
Damning and slicing. Then the game's true lover,
Sighing his heart out as he reads and reads
His altered handicap. Then the hasty member,
Full of strange oaths (I never met the man,
But you may know him), who views his 'foozled' ball
With station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on the Piccadilly fountain,
Seeking the *bauble* reputation

Of Winter medal. Then the middle-aged,
 With fair round belly, golfer's-luncheon-lined,
 Full of old scores and modern instances,
 And mystic strokes from golfers' fairy-land;
 And so he plays *his* part. The sixth stage shifts
 Into the lean and bilious one, who plays
 Merely for exercise. Last scene of all
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is some poor gouty soul in a Bath chair
 Wheeled by perspiring caddie through the green
Sans PUTT and *sans* APPROACH --*sans* everything!



A CHEVALIER *SANS* PUTT AND *SANS*
 APPROACH



OF THE
WORLD-WIDE
SUPREMACY
OF GOLF

* * *

COLONEL BOGEY is godfather to the present generation.

* * *

Even the child that can scarce toddle, driven by an inherited Golf precocity, makes holes for a dolly foursome on the nursery floor; whilst the teething infant tries to cool his fevered gums with the head of a broken niblick, or, munching a made-up ball, makes his precious little stomach ache by sucking off the paint. SIC ITUR AD ASTRA

* * *



VEN as Golf is all-powerful, so is the game universal. Father Time will soon be using this globe of ours as a 'gutty' and 'putting' our planet into sidereal space. 'Survey mankind from China to Peru,' whatever the colour of the human race, whether it be black, coffee-tinted, or like brown paper, they all play Golf. Under the far perspiring Equator the nigger lies bunkered in his golden sands; native converts yell with ardour the imported gospel of the caddie-bag; and Mumbo Jumbo, Open Champion of the Sahara, is an evangelist of the 'brassey' and an apostle of the spoon.



GOLF ON THE CONGO—'LO! THE POOR INDIAN, WHOSE UNTUTORED MIND'

OF GOLF
MADNESS.THE COLONEL
PROPOUNDS A
NOVEL IDEA

ERE, there, and everywhere, indeed, the world has gone GOLF mad. And it would be no surprise if some crazy old golfer, like the Ancient Mariner, were to buttonhole you at the *tee*, hold you with his glittering eye, and insist on telling you his one anecdote—some bad *lie* of the past.

* * *

And why should not even animals indulge in a zoological round? The elephant, the rhinoceros, the great bear, might improve the redundancy of their figures by the gentle exercise. And where could a more ideal



caddie be found than in the genial and intelligent ourang-outan? If a monkey *on* a stick be an article of commerce, why should not several sticks *on* a monkey be hailed as a modern improvement? If a boxing kangaroo tempts shillings from the public pocket, why should not a PUTTING PACHYDERM pave the way to a gigantic fortune? Colonel Bogey presents this idea to all circus proprietors, and without any hope of reward.



GOLF ZOOLOGICAL.—THE PUTTING PACHYDERM

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK

THE COLONEL
ONCE MORE
IMPROVES
SHAKSPERE.



HAMLET UP TO DATE

'Paint the ball inches thick, to this favour must it come'



AN AFTER-DINNER RECITATION

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening all serene,
When golfers in a blithesome crowd
Came trooping on the scene,

A LAY OF
LINK
LUNACY.

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK

With coats bran new, of scarlet hue,
Like poppies on the green.

It was the Summer Medal day—
The game they voted '*gran*'!
They smote in mirth great clods of earth
(As only golfers can)—
But Harum sat remote from all,
A trebly '*stimied*' man.

His cap was off, his jacket loose
To catch Heaven's blessed breeze,
For fevered thoughts were in his soul
Of bunkers, burns, and trees ;
And tears rolled o'er his blotted score,
And trickled down his knees.

His blunted pencil broke its lead,
As smit with sudden pain,
In sadly climbing up his card
And sadly down again—
For still the dismal total smote
Three figures in his brain!

Anon, when certain he was right,
Some moody turns he took,

Raised worm-casts from the putting greens,
And sniffed along the brook,
When, lo, he saw a little boy
Who pored upon a book.

'My little lad, what is't you read?—
The wisdom of Board Schools?
Or some new esoteric craze
Of transcendental fools?'
The boy in wonder gave the book—
'Great Scott! our LOCAL RULES!

'And do you understand it, boy,
Our wise Committee's fun?
They sometimes make you lose *two* strokes,
And sometimes only *one*—
I'm always losing two myself;
In *that* I take the bun;'

And down he sat beside the lad,
And told him of the game,
What wonders he had done (*elsewhere*)
Of unrecorded fame,
And fairy tales of mighty drives
On links without a name!

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK

'But here,' quoth he, 'I *cannot* play
 St. Andrew's Day, or June!
 I scarcely know, boy, which is which
 My Sputter, or the Moon—
 I must be mad! I meant to say
 My Putter, or the Spoon.

'For well I know the Golfer's pangs,
 And, boy, they are extreme—
 I take advice, and then I '*slice*,'
 And then I'm in the stream.
 And that is why I thought that I
 Grew reckless, in a dream!

'I tempted one poor wretch to play,
 And out by night we stole:
 The balls with phosphorescent paint
 Gleamed like a burning coal;
 And a Caddie struck a lucifer
 To light us to the hole-

'He played superbly, and he did
 The longest hole in four:
 The darkness seemed to favour *him*—
 I lost my balls, and—swore!

"Now here," cried I, "that man must die,
And I'll give in *his* score!"

'Two sudden blows with an angry cleek!
And one with a brassy spoon!
Anon with mashie on his head
I thought to play a tune;
But the Church clock spoke upon my stroke
And I missed him, in his swoon!

'Great Scott! I could not hole the man,
His shoulders were too square—
My conscience seemed to whisper then,
Such play was hardly fair
(But, gentlemen, remember *that*
Was only my nightmare).

'What could I do? I stopped my ears
Against the victim's groans.
What should I tell the members when
They ask me "Where is Jones?"
Or if to-morrow's lawn-mower
Were blunted by his bones?

'I could not "tee" him off no drive
Could stir him from the place

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK



I could not *loft him*—for his form
Was hardly made for grace—
I stood behind that I might find
A "*stimie*" to his face—

'I crammed some sand beneath his head—
I struck in wild despair—
My driver turned to putty then,
And only smoothed his hair!
The horrid thing pursues me still—
Is *that* him? in the Chair?'

Now comes the moral of my tale,
An end supremely sad,
Poor Harum is in Broadmoor now,
And desperately bad—
There's no worse case in all the place:
Much Golf hath made him mad.



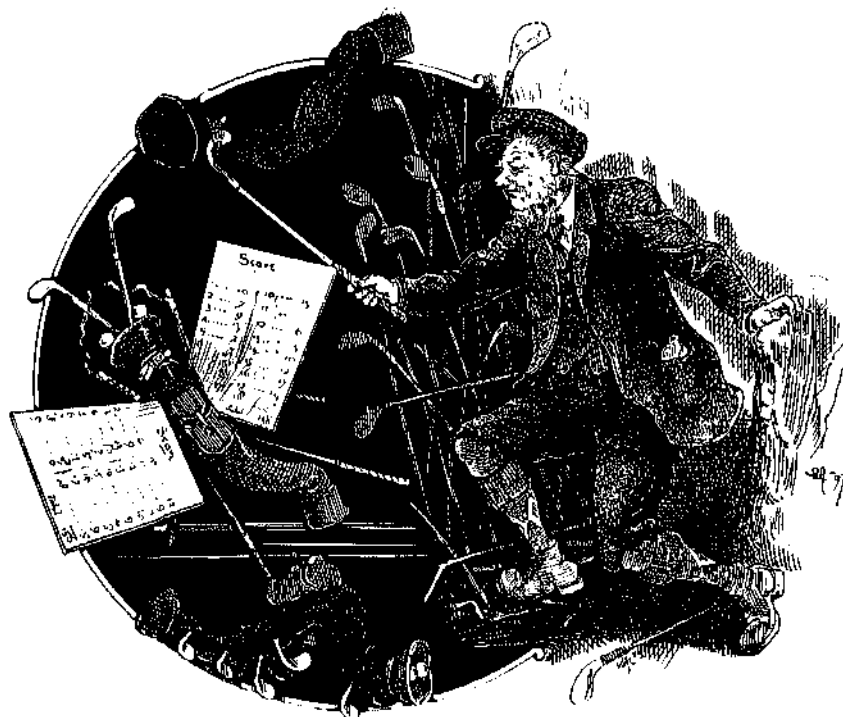


GOLF MADNESS—THE LUNATIC PUTTER

COLONEL BOGEY'S SKETCH BOOK



GOLF MADNESS—THE CADDIE-BAG-PIE



GOLF MADNESS—A DREAM OF THE BURN

ON SUNDAY
PLAY.

Apropos of GOLF MADNESS, when I am asked my opinion of Sunday play, I think (says Colonel Bogey) it is best to switch off the argument into a siding, and to be perfectly neutral on this burning question. What is one man's moral meat is poison to another man's conscience. I have heard a scandalous whisper that the vicar of Bunker's Hill practises putting between the services; that he handicapped the sexton during Lent; that he offered to back his pew opener



against the Bishop's chaplain; that he set the verger to mow the greens on the eve of a harvest festival, and looked upon his choir boys as caddies, whose true occupation was ecclesiastically 'stimied' by a surplice. But this story is probably the invention of some Nonconformist parishioner, whose soul has been narrowed by the village skittle-ground. The moral, however, of the question seems to be *this*. You have, let us say, a valued aunt, whose susceptibilities must by no means be outraged. Clearly then your expectations must not be jeopardised by any local disregard of prejudice. Therefore you take a ticket and travel a few miles by rail, and before you have passed the first station, you argue that fresh air and exercise are what you require—your tweed suit blossoms into Sunday 'togs,' and the sin of your own parish becomes a positive virtue in the adjoining county.

Golf conscience has no jurisdiction on strange links. It is an article for home consumption only. One's moral perception is subject to variation within a very limited radius.

If men make mountains out of mole-hills, so do they, conversationally, stretch the *foozle* into a record *drive*. You sit down to dinner, and with the soup give a fairly accurate account of your day's golf doings. After the sherry your measurements become elastic; the fish turns the scale in favour of exaggeration; the entrée tempts you to a more piquant mendacity; the joint turns two hundred yards to four—seen through a glass, your *drive* has a telescopic range; and, with the cheese, you insist on a railway journey to cover the distance. And yet you are a truthful man. It is the serene post-prandial contentment that throws the dust of self-sufficiency in the mind's eye. Weigh yourself in your own balance, and you are placidly secure from all criticism; for he who is judge and jury on his own shortcomings need feel no anxiety about the verdict.

ON 'DRIVES,'
ACTUAL AND
REPORTED.



D IS THE PRINCIPAL LETTER of the golfer's alphabet—a vigorous and emphatic initial that echoes through the breadth of the land. I, Colonel Bogey, whose score is so uniform, and who generally win, find no personal necessity for the use of expletives; but I have marked with regret the sameness of expression prevalent under all difficulties and on all links, and issuing from the mouth of all sorts and conditions of men. I have therefore bethought me of getting up a *GOLFER'S GUIDE TO ORNAMENTAL CURSING*.

ON THE
LETTER D.

The work will be revised by a Professor of Languages, and illustrated with a choice variety of adjectives in *full bloom*. It will contain an appendix of carefully selected participles for clerical use, whilst it will amply meet the needs of a *stimied* nobility or a *foozled* gentry.



