

THE GOLFER'S ALPHABET

VERSES BY
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C. W. Savitt Colby.

With best wishes.

from "Geo"

For your "Geo" and a pipe!

I think the sketches
must be like you:

Many happy returns
of the anniversary of yr
wedding day - to Mary
& yourself.

Lucy



FORE!!!

**THE
GOLFER'S
ALPHABET**

**Illustrations by
A. B. Frost**

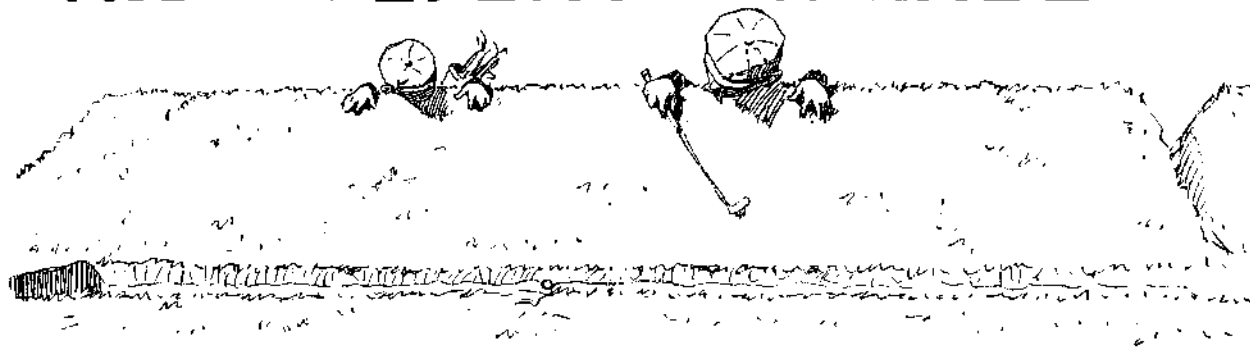
**Rhymes by
W.G. Van T. Sutphen**

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THE GOLFER'S ALPHABET.



A is Arithmetic, handy to
know

When the score figures up to
a hundred or so.



B is the Bogey, whose luck
is infernal,
And happy is he who can
win from the “Colonel.”



C is the Card, that began
with a three,
And was torn into bits at the
seventeenth tee.



D is the Duffer, the Drive
that he cuts,
And the Something he says
when he misses short putts.



E is the Eye, and its least
little quiver
Spells ruin. The moral: Look
after your liver.



F is the Folly that leads
us to Force,
And the Foozle that follows
in regular course.



G is the Game we expected
to play,
But which didn't come off on
the tournament day.



H is the Hole that was
easy in four,
And also the Hazard that
made it six more.



I is the Iron that we play
to perfection,
So long as no bunker is in
that direction.



J is the Jerk that would
drive in a pile,
But the ball, as you see,
wears a cynical smile.



K is for Kitty, whose Kirtle
is *chic*.

Watch her skelp up the green
with her sweet little cleek.



L is the Lie, and the Luck
that it brings,—

But here I omit some un-
printable things.



M is that Moment of agony
keen

When it's one for the Match
on the very last green.



N is the Niblick, retriever
of blunders,
And now and again it ac-
complishes wonders.



O is the Odd that we play
for the tin,—
Peculiar indeed that it doesn't
get in.



P is the Putter that Philp
never made,
Though the stamp it was there,
and the price it was paid.



Q is the Quest for some
wonderful Quirk
That *would* lengthen our drive,
if it *wasn't* a jerk.



R is the Rub that may lay
us up dead,
Or leave us in sand-buried
over the head.



S is the Swing that we learn
from the books,—
But, oh, if we only could see
how it looks!



T is the Trap that is seldom
or never

The fitting reward for an
honest endeavor.



U is the Uction we lay
to our soul
With the other man stymied
a foot from the hole.



V is the Vigor, with which
we insist
Upon eighteen, or more, in
the handicap list.



W in a Whisper: “Be-
tween you and me,
I have just done the round
in a pat 83.”

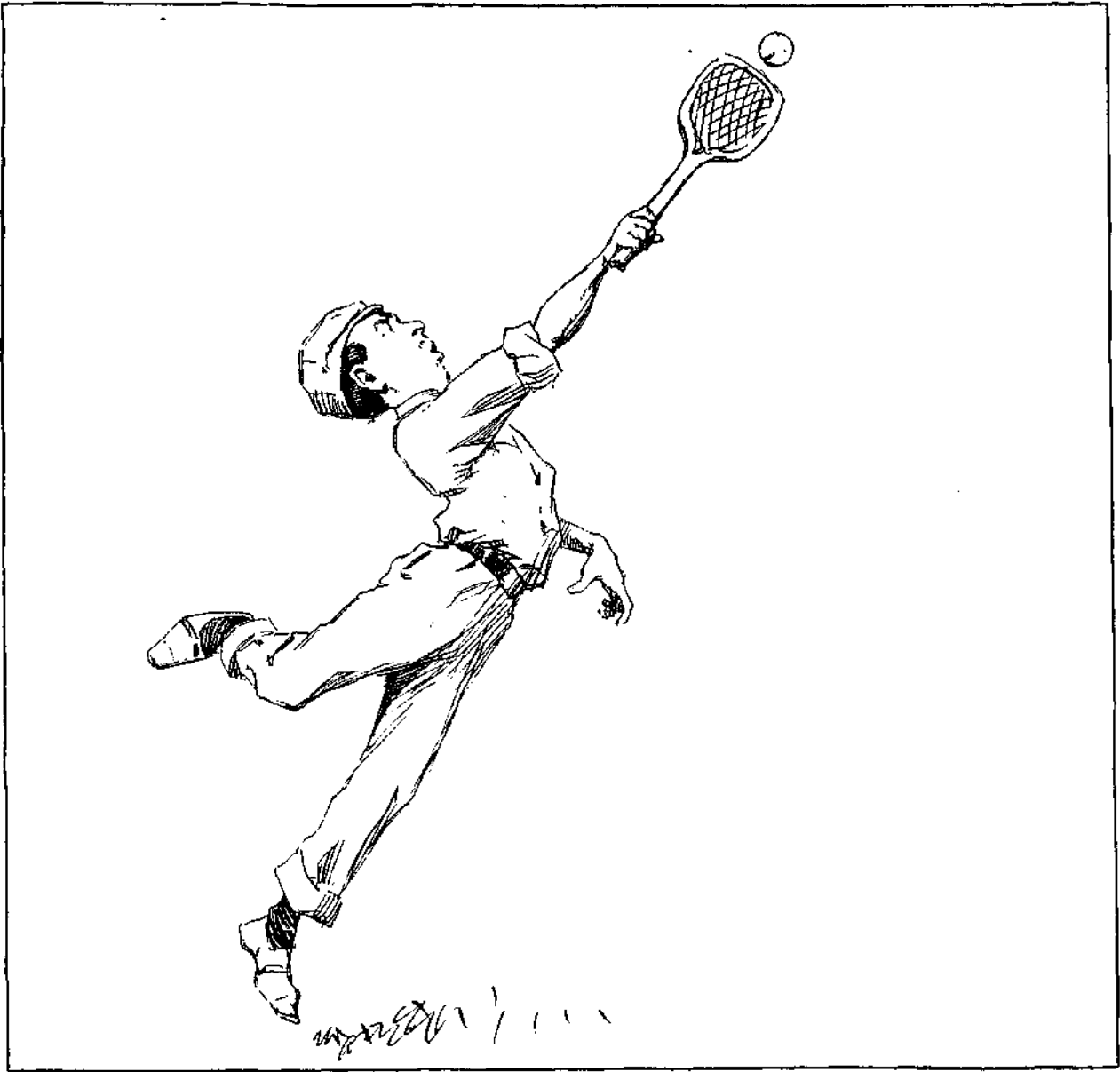


X is the X-pletive some-
times employed,
For a golfer is human, and
easily annoyed.



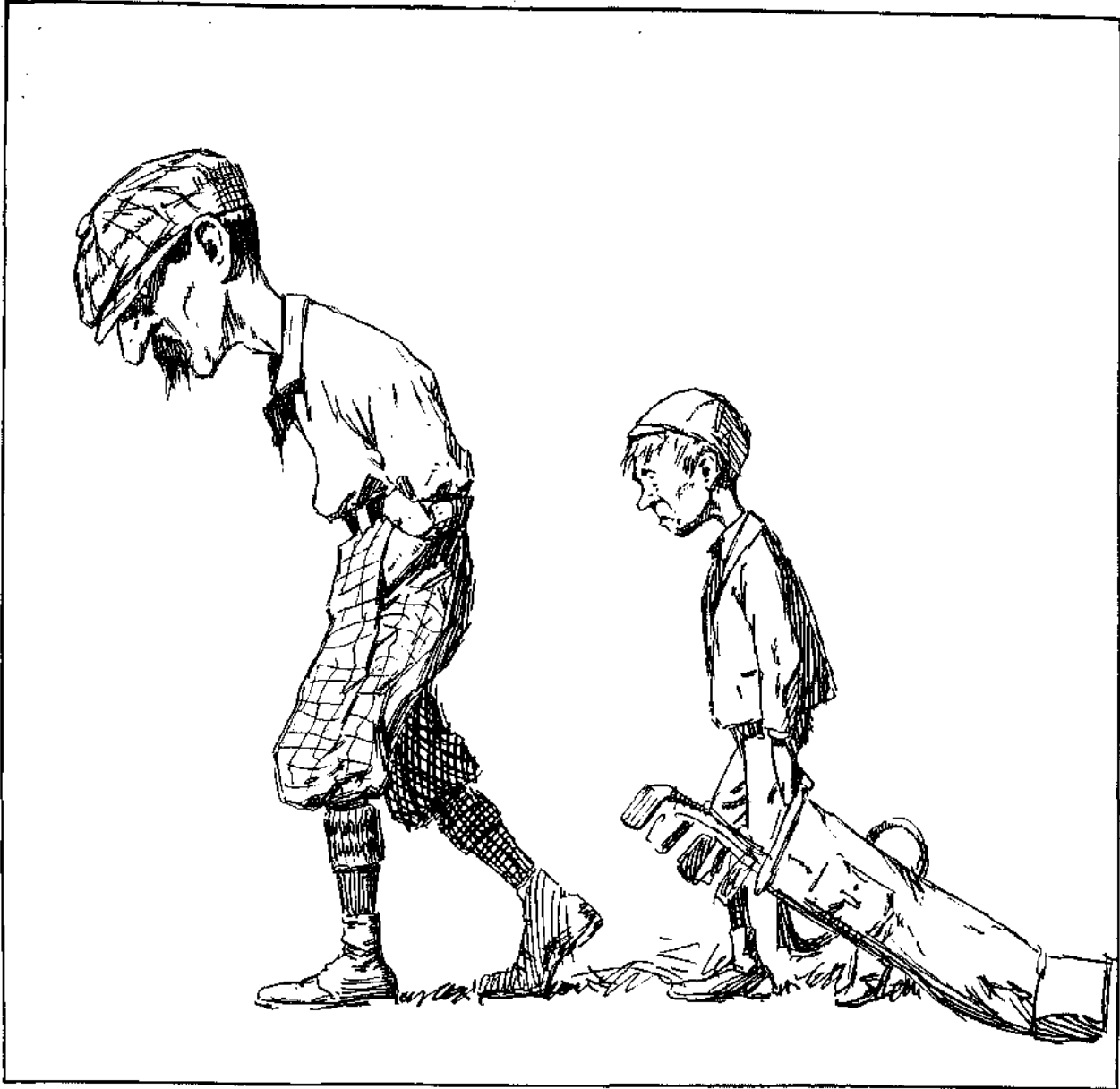
Y is the Youth when at
tennis we toiled.

Alas, that a glorious golfer
was spoiled!



Z is for Zero, the sign of
despair.

“Awa’ wi’ your gowf! we
will play it nae mair.”



& as it has happened
again and again,
We're at it to-morrow by
half after ten.



A.B. FROST.



