

## IF—

BY FREDERIC F. HARTICH

If you can hit the ball when all about you  
Are practicing their swings and talking  
loud;

If you can keep your temper when they  
flout you,  
And never feel like killing half the  
crowd;

If you can slice and not give way to cuss-  
ing,  
Or, having pulled, not blame it on the  
club;

If you can drive without a lot of fussing,  
Or top your ball and not feel like a dub;

If after you have gotten off a long one  
You find you've sent the ball way out of  
bounds,

Or that you have been playing on the  
wrong one,  
You don't give vent to growls and fiend-  
ish sounds;

If you have shot the pill into the long  
grass

And wasted half a dozen shots or more,  
If you can smile and not kick like a jack-  
ass,

But act as if you weren't feeling sore;

If when your favorite club goes back upon  
you

Your soul is full of anguish, grief and  
pain,

And even your own caddy seems to shun  
you

You do not say you'll never play again;

If you are on the putting green in seven  
And should have made it easy in a four,  
You do not lose your chance of going to  
heaven

By writing down a five upon your score;

If you can lose your ball and keep your  
virtue,

And never call the caddy boy a mutt;

If all your partner's cussing doesn't hurt  
you

And doesn't make you miss a single putt;

If you can turn the score in as you make  
it,

Regardless whether you have lost or won,

If stroke by stroke you count and do not  
fake it—

Someday, perhaps, you'll play the game,  
my son.