

SOME DAY

(With apologies to Kipling's "If.")

BY JAMES M. DOUGLASS

If you can tee your ball and try to bring,
 The golden rule of keeping still your head to mind;
 If you can firmly plant your feet and swing,
 With brain and muscle perfectly combined;
 If you can only just remember too—
 To keep a steady eye fixed on the little sphere,
 And at the same time don't forget to follow through,
 Your chance of being a golfer some day draws near.

If with firm but subtle fingers you can grip your club,
 And shun the bludgeon grasp of tightened palm;
 If you can hit the ball nor waste your effort in a "flub,"
 But watch it cleave the air in blissful calm;
 If you can do these things and yet remember,
 That your task is only just begun,
 And that you'll have trials still your soul to render,
 Before a golfer's fame some day you've won.

If you can backward swing with left arm straight,
 And with snap of wrist at impact with the ball;
 If you can think of relaxation, nor tempt fate,
 With tense pressing which spells your own downfall;
 If you can train your swaying body to respond,
 To nature's generous gifts, without a doubt,
 There's hope you'll shake off that feeling of despond,
 And some day prove to be a golfer out and out.

If you can "drive" and not make drives your master,
 If you can "brassie" through the fairway true;
 If you can play your "iron" shots without disaster,
 And "approach" the flag within a foot or two;
 If you can "putt" in confidence without limit,
 And sanely watch your opponent struggle through,
 "Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,"
 And Braid, Vardon, Evans, won't have anything on you !