

"HERE'S TO SHUFFLEBOARD"

Here's to the game of shuffleboard
The king of all sports.
It's played in the sunshine
On cement courts.

It's played by the women
And also the men.
Every shot counts
From beginning to end.

The players are rough
And mean, some not.
When at the end of the season
A win means a lot.

The habits of the players
Are interesting indeed.
As they maneuver their blocks
To get in the lead.

At the top of the list is
Jay Snoddy of Lake-land.
He is a very good player
And is the top man.

His delivery is odd,
But he only misses a few.
And he lines up his shot
By smelling his cue.

Rex Farewell is next;
He never misses a shot.
His partner is the cause
Of him losing a lot.

Johnny Comfort is done
But he surely was a clown.
He always made it interesting
Whenever he was around.

Webb Smith is gone now
But he's an all time great.
I hope he had his cue
When he met Peter at the gate.

Other players are tops
And to just name a few:
There is Gordon, Bob Litts,
And a guy named Lew.

There is Haley and Bailie,
Lefty Krupp and Hal Burke,
Mary Eldridge, Betty Stone,
Steve Appel and Art Perk.

Bill Folberth is my choice
For the best in the land.
He will always treat you fair
And always a gentleman.

In closing this little verse,
Congratulations to them all.
But there'll never be a champion
Like the unbelievable Mae Hall.

—Byron Caton