

The Rhino

(with apologies to Edgar Allan Poe, and real poets everywhere)

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious golf club forged from days of yore –
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a rapping
As of some creature boldly tapping, pounding on my chamber door.
And though the noise I did ignore, there came a'crashing through my door,
A Rhino from near Baltimore.

Only this and nothing more.

Distinctly etched into my mind, it was the spring of '89,
When the Rhino first came calling with a plan for golfing fun.
But on the eve of graduation, I did protest his invitation,
With every lame excuse and argument that one could run.
“This game called golf, I've never played,” was the message I conveyed.
But the Rhino merely smiled and then explained,
“No golfing skills will be required; just humor that is well-inspired.

Only this and nothing more.”

To Clifton Park the Rhino brought me, and there and then, I swear, he taught me,
How competition can forge bonds both real and lasting.
He introduced us to his Towson friends, and quickly we then started trends,
Of wagering and trash talk between 'Terps and 'Hoos.
And in those years of Caddyshack, and parties at the House of Sack,
We found kindred spirits to compete with and keep score.

Friendships that continue Evermore.

Under sometimes tough conditions, the Rhino started new traditions
From his first tee shot to awards for tacky clothes and wacky play.
And from those early years of hacking, with city kids sometimes attacking,
The iconic stories of the Rhino first were born and then recorded.
Hitting cars and breaking clubs, taking nines from golfing flubs,
And playing from a nearby cemetery. These all became a part of Rhino lore.

Traditions that continue Evermore.

And when each year the golf was done, the Rhino brought more zany fun,
With Side Door Einstein we rocked far into the night.
To Oldfields we did 'oft repair, until we got kicked out of there,
For trashing dorms and riding on a backhoe.
Pants-Down Nuke-Em was created, and then we all were educated,
On the risks of wearing briefs much after four; a choice, in retrospect, that rates as poor.
Education that continues Evermore.

Through the years the Rhino changed, but sill the golf was quite deranged,
With Boobie Prize contenders finding ways to elevate their games.
To Herndon, as our families grew, the Rhino moved and we all knew
A new era of bad golf had begun. (But still the one that wins has the most fun.)
From drinking beer in many ounces, there's now more focus on moon-bounces,
But fierce golfing rivalries always resume when we yell "Fore!"
Competition that continues Evermore

Tonight here as we celebrate, the things that make the Rhino great,
We have a quarter century of memories to choose from.
And though the Rhino's taken leave, and left us with good cause to grieve,
Your stories make me feel he's in the room; dispelling any thoughts akin to gloom.
The Rhino was no golf perfecter, but he was a great connector
Bringing us together to keep score – a tradition we can all be thankful for.
So to the Rhino, raise your glass now, Evermore.