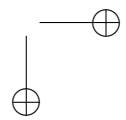
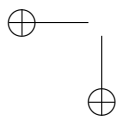
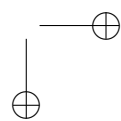
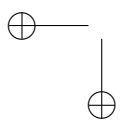
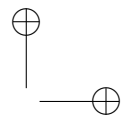
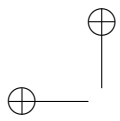
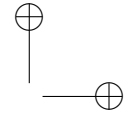
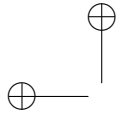


GOLF BAWLS



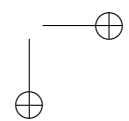
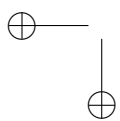


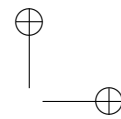
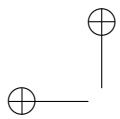


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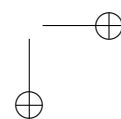
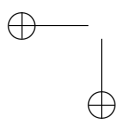
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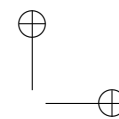
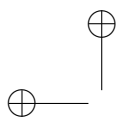
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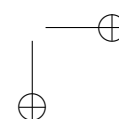
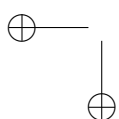
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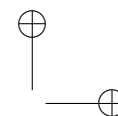
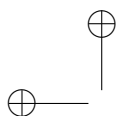




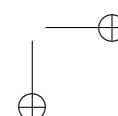
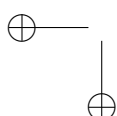
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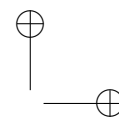
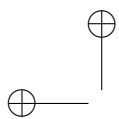
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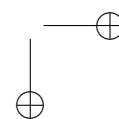
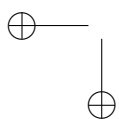


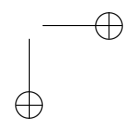
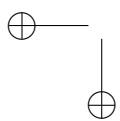
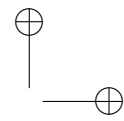
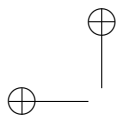
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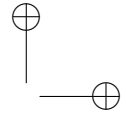
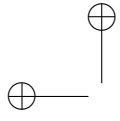




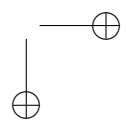
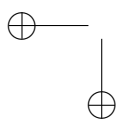
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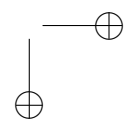
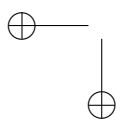
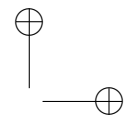
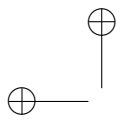


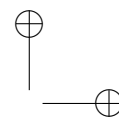
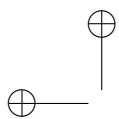




GOLF BAWLS

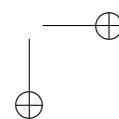
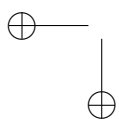


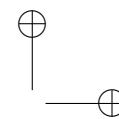
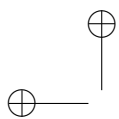




PRELIMINARIES

Although practice swings
Can be helpful things,
'Twere better, indeed, not take any
Than to fiddle and fret
And before playing get
Exhausted from taking too many.





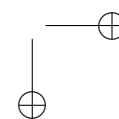
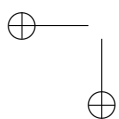
LET US OUT!

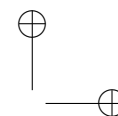
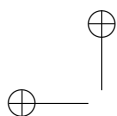
All through the winter months we did
Our very best indoors;
The lamp we broke, we briefly hid;
And how we scarred the floors!

We putted on the broadloom rug
(We're quite a perseverer);
We polished up that silver mug;
We posed before a mirror.

We passed the winter as we could,
With studied indoor swing.
(The headroom, though, was not so good.)
But here, at last, is spring.

The birds are flying north again,
The snow has ceased to fall;
The time is once more with us when
A guy can sock the ball!



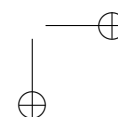
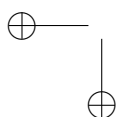


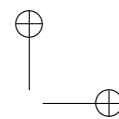
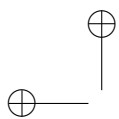
NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN HIS LIFE

He's just a natural, he says,
Distinctly not the norm;
Just give him time and he'll catch on;
To hell, he says, with form.

His grip's all wrong, he lifts his head,
He swings more like a batter;
But once he drove a four-par green,
So what could be the matter?

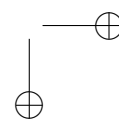
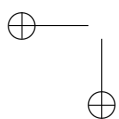
Yes, sometimes, to be sure, he gets
Results that just aren't lawful,
But mostly, though, he's "off his game,"
Which is to say, he's awful.

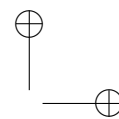
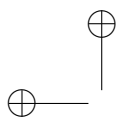




LATER, PLEASE!

On the second tee
It's O.K. with me
If I start my old topping and hooking,
But give me a long one,
A straight one, a strong one
On the first, when the gallery's looking!



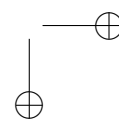
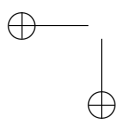


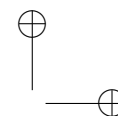
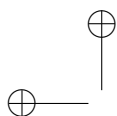
IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE

It's just about four miles around
The average eighteen,
Where briskly in pursuit I chase
My ball from tee to green.

I carry all of twenty pounds
Of clubs and bag and stuff,
And never get too weary or
Consider it too tough.

But walk from home to office, though
It's but a fourth as far?
Well, now, that's asking quite a lot,
I'd better take the car.





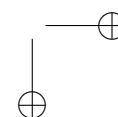
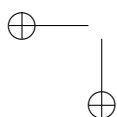
THE OVERSWINGER

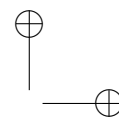
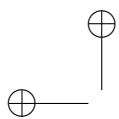
The overswinger fails to check
His clubs, and wraps it round his neck,
And almost hits the ball behind
Before commencing to unwind.

So far his club must travel then,
Before it's at the ball again,
That all the little slips he makes
Are magnified to large mistakes;

And though he swings with might and main,
His effort's all, alas, in vain,
Resulting as it does in lots
Of most disreputable shots.

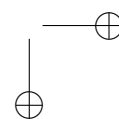
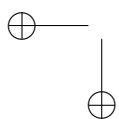
But do not scorn too hastily
The overswinger, for, you see,
Though not so much as golfing timber,
He is, you must admit, quite limber.

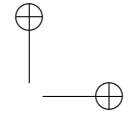
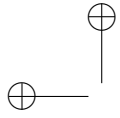




DID KILMER PLAY GOLF?

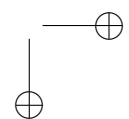
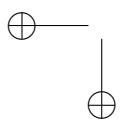
I think that I shall never see
My ball beneath a spreading tree,
Whose roots give me a dreadful lie,
Whose branches strike me in the eye,
Whose leaves obliterate the view,
Whose trunk prevents a follow through –
I'll never see a tree, I swear,
And not wish it were elsewhere.

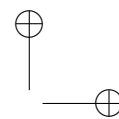
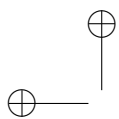




WASTED SKILL

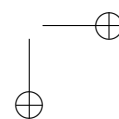
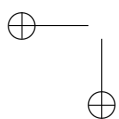
I sank a long and curling putt,
Its like I've seldom seen;
It would have helped my scoring, but
'Twas on the practice green.

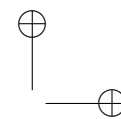
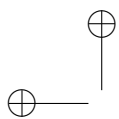




MIND OVER MATTER

The cause of dubbing's not the stance
Or swing so much as owing to
Your being certain in advance
That dub you're surely going to.



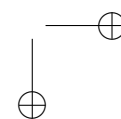
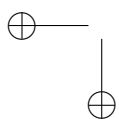


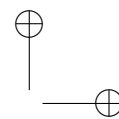
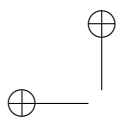
NO COMPARISON

The fisherman is known to say,
About the one that got away,
That it was a tremendous lot
More hefty than the one he caught.

The hunter moans about his luck
In coming on a strapping buck,
For shooting perfectly exposed,
The very day the season closed.

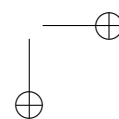
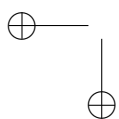
The golfer, though, can talk them stiff
About the score he'd have made if –

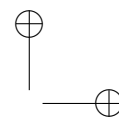
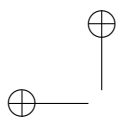




IT'S NOT THE HEAT, IT'S THE STUPIDITY

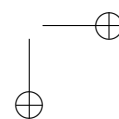
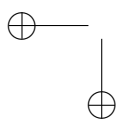
Over hill and over dale
(In summer, hills are mountains),
Your thirst is always worst midway
Between two drinking fountains.

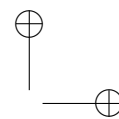
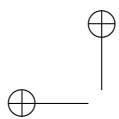




ROUGH STUFF

It's easy enough
To get into the rough,
There surely can be little doubt of it;
But once in the stubble,
The rocks and the rubble,
Just try, if you can, to get out of it.

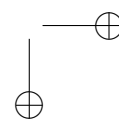
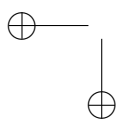


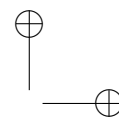
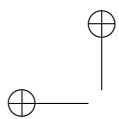


DECLINE AND FALL

To hit the ball
Upon the level
You have to be
A skillful devil,

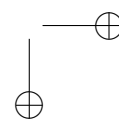
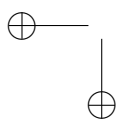
But when it's on
A downhill slope,
To skill you add
Both prayer and hope.

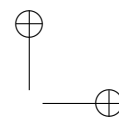
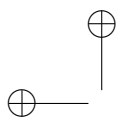




ONE BY ONE

If ever I make a hole-in-one,
A thrill that I've never known,
I won't be believed and I'll have no fun,
For I'm sure to be playing alone.

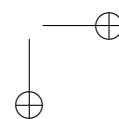
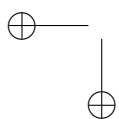


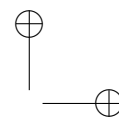
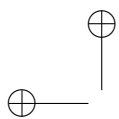


PRO AND CON

I took a lesson from the pro,
Who told me all I ought to know
About my grip, my shift of weight,
Just how to keep my left arm straight
And cock my wrists, and uncock too,
With head down on the follow through,
Besides some pointers on my pivot,
And how to take the proper divot.

However, now I have, I find,
So many things upon my mind
That if, perchance, I think of all,
I then forget to hit the ball.

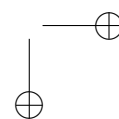
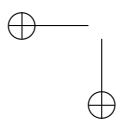


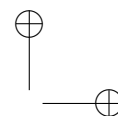
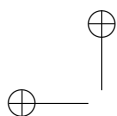


FOR MEN ONLY

A woman's place is in the home,
As it is often said;
Out on the course she courts divorce,
For we men have a dread

Of being married to a wife
Who either will entreat us
To show her how (and do it now)
Or worse, one who can beat us.





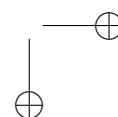
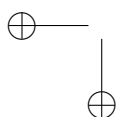
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

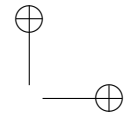
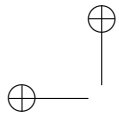
Familiar is the wise,
All-knowing golfer who'll
At drop of hat apprise
You of the proper rule,

As, when you've hit the pin,
Played your opponent's ball,
Been tardy to begin,
Got rained out by a squall,

Let club rest on the sand
Of trap, or on the green
Brushed gently with your hand
Some worm cast that you've seen.

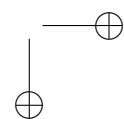
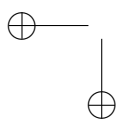
He knows the rule book well,
Has read it through and through,
And so can always tell
What penalizes you.

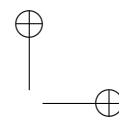
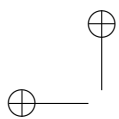




LINES ON LUCK

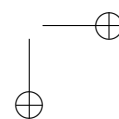
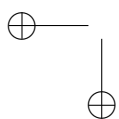
A golfer's luck is always tough,
His good luck's simply nil;
The bad bounce goes into the rough,
The good bounce – hell, that's skill!

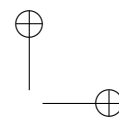
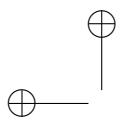




BAD MOMENT

Heard is the distant, frenzied shout
Of "Fore!" as the ball goes sailing out,
Straight at the head, or other part,
Of some poor innocent, pure of heart,
Who, bent over double, head in hands,
Awaits the moment the stray ball lands,
Hoping the while, though hope is dim,
That the law of averages favors him.

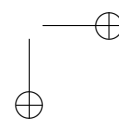
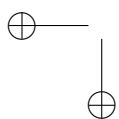


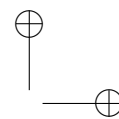
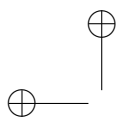


THERE ARE FOURS AND FOURS

A screaming drive,
A number five,
A chip and run,
Then down in one.

A birdie four?
Well, as to score
Quite right you are.
But three is par.

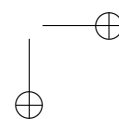
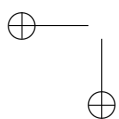


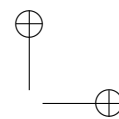
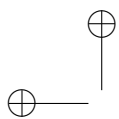


SURVEYOR

The guy who sights along the green
To estimate the roll,
And pats and tests the grass between
Where he is and the hole,

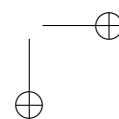
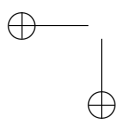
And squats as if an egg to hatch,
And is so slow and boresome,
May sink his putts and win his match
But lose his happy foursome.

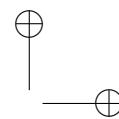
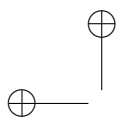




**MORE LOOKING NOW
MEANS LESS LOOKING LATER**

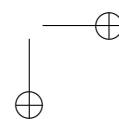
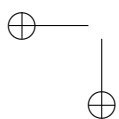
If I kept my eye upon the ball,
And looked down as does the pro there,
I might not see where it was going, at all,
But the chances are good it would go there.

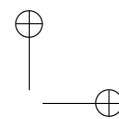
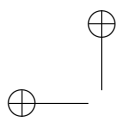




AND NOT ONLY THE SCOTCH

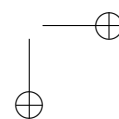
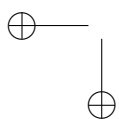
Some golfers, although
Thank God not all,
Look as long for a tee
As they do for a ball.

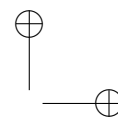
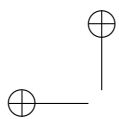




EXPLAIN IF YOU CAN

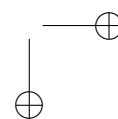
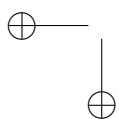
Why is it you can lose from view
A ball that's white and shiny new
And should, or so it seems to me,
Be easy as a barn to see;
While one that's old and cut and gray
And ought to be retired from play,
No matter where it's hit or tossed,
For some odd reason can't be lost?

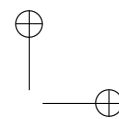
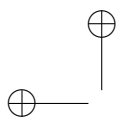




KNOW THYSELF

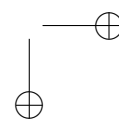
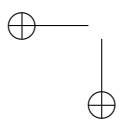
We came to the hole where a dark ravine
Yawns threateningly in front of the green:
A hundred and seventy yards of carry,
A shot of which I was always wary
And which, in the past, such being my fright,
I'd played with a spoon, and with all my might.
My opponent, however, took out a two
And smote to the green as one ought to do.
If he could do it, why couldn't I?
And so with an iron I thought I'd try.
I reached it all right, but not the green;
What I reached was the depths of the dark ravine.
The moral of which is, regarding length:
That golfer is wise, who knows his own strength.

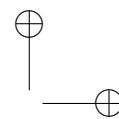
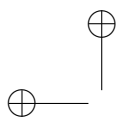




TWO WAYS OUT

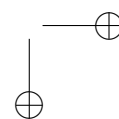
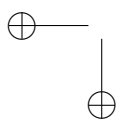
Some golfers blast their ball from traps
With one adroit explosion,
But others, out in ten perhaps,
Depend upon erosion.

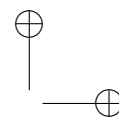
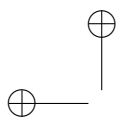




GALLERY'S-EYE VIEW

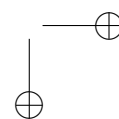
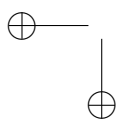
Golf looks easy, goodness knows,
When you watch it played by pros.
Heads stay down with little trouble,
Swings are smooth, and distance double,
Irons are crisp, approaches neat,
Putts drop in from twenty feet,
Pars are made in rain or breeze
With the same apparent ease.
Yes, indeed, there's nothing to it . . .
Funny you and I can't do it.

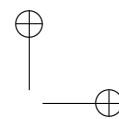
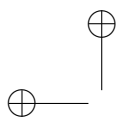




OVER THE FENCE IS OUT

The grass on the other side of the fence
Looks greener, and after all
Why shouldn't it, when it's the fairway, whence
I've wandered in search of my ball?

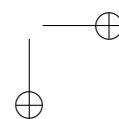
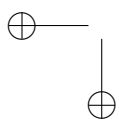


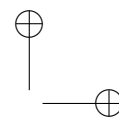
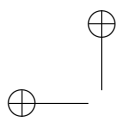


FAINT HEART NE'ER WON

Never up,
Never in;
To the cup
Or past to win.

Overputting
Is a curse,
Underputting,
Though, is worse.

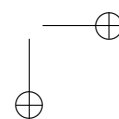
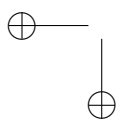


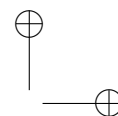
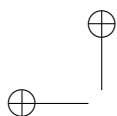


DIGGING HIS OWN GRAVE

The divot is a piece of sod
That ought to be replaced and trod
Upon by golfing gentlemen,
And thus allowed to grow again.

For otherwise it leaves a spot
Scooped out and bare, where like as not,
If there is justice, by and by
The divoteer's own ball will lie.





ABC OF GOLF

A is for *apron*, just short of the pin,
From which you can often take four to get in.

B is for *ball*, dimpled pellet of rubber,
That's smacked by the champion, hacked by the dubber.

C is for *caddy*, who trudges the course
With a burden of clubs that would weary a horse.

D is for *dub*, poor misguided beginner,
Who dreams on the morrow of being a winner.

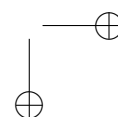
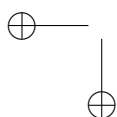
E is for *exercise*, needless to pay for,
Yet all that some golfers insist that they play for.

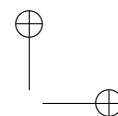
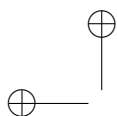
F is for *fairway*, inclined to be narrow
And bordered by bad lands that chill to the marrow.

G is for *green*, that's constructed to roll
In every direction away from the hole.

H is for *handicap*, cause of profanity,
Mostly too low on account of man's vanity.

I is for *ignorance*, excellent reason
For breaking a ground rule you've known of all season.





J is for *jitters*, a state you and I
Get in when it takes a two-footer to tie.

K is for *knees*, that unhappily tend
Each year to get harder and harder to bend.

L is for *locker*, which clothes that are kept in
Come out of as wrinkled as if they'd been slept in.

M is for *money*, expended with ease
On lessons and caddies and golf balls and fees.

N is for *nineteenth*, the hole that's the best,
And the reason why some golfers play all the rest.

O is for *Open*, the tourney of stars,
Who shoot mostly eagles and birdies and pars.

P is for *par*, which is golfers' perfection,
Achieved by a union of length and direction.

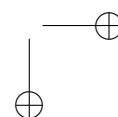
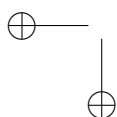
Q is for *quiet*, desired when you putt up,
A time when the courteous clammily shut up.

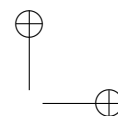
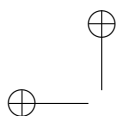
R is for *rough*, a weird species of jungle,
Into which you go traipsing whenever you bungle.

S is for *score*, the result of addition,
Which often drives golfers to ping pong and fishin'.

T is for *traps*, and it's downright pathetic
That their lure for one's golf ball should be so magnetic.

U is for *uphill*, the walking you do,
Though somewhere or other you must come down too.





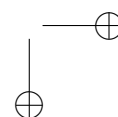
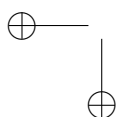
V is for *virtue*, which golfers possess,
When compared with most men, neither more nor yet less.

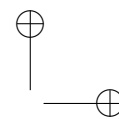
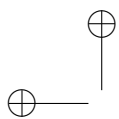
W is for *weather*, whose downpouring leak ends
Most often on Monday, the day after week ends.

X is for *Xmas*, when, as a surprise,
A dozen new balls would do better than ties.

Y is for *yell*, which when driving up onto
A green full of players, you'd better do pronto.

Z is for *zero*, the number of times
A poet can work the word "golf" into rhymes.



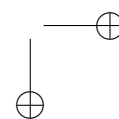
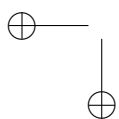


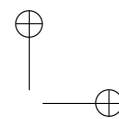
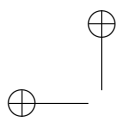
DRIVING RANGE

Swing without the slightest care,
Aim your tee shot anywhere,

Slice or hook or top the ball,
Never mind where it may fall.

In the bucket there are more.
That is what you're paying for.



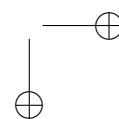
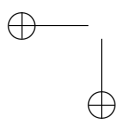


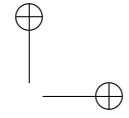
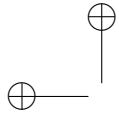
NOT TO MENTION YOURSELF

The tee that's not level,
The ball that is dead,
The fellow who's talking,
The slowpokes ahead,

The fairway that's soggy,
The green that's unmown,
The trap's wrong location,
The ground rule unknown,

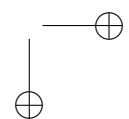
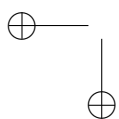
The shaft that is crooked,
The clubhead that's loose –
It takes little looking
To find an excuse.

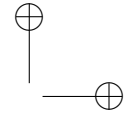
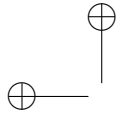




GET TOGETHER!

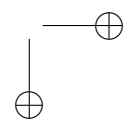
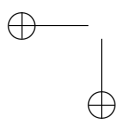
The day my dead-eye putts are falling
My drives are at their most appalling,
And when my drives are simply splendid
My putting streak's abruptly ended.

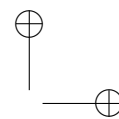
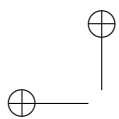




LEFT BY HEELS

The footprint on which Crusoe hopped
Gave him an anxious minute.
So did the one the golfer, trapped,
Beheld – his ball deep in it.

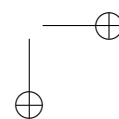
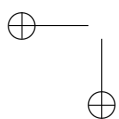


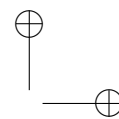
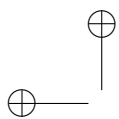


WORKS BOTH WAYS

When you are learning golf, they say
One thing you ought to do
Is go around with one who plays
A better game than you.

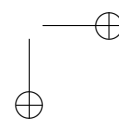
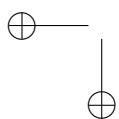
A piece of sound advice, no doubt,
The only question is,
While you may thus improve your game,
What do you do to *his*?

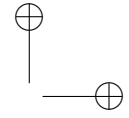
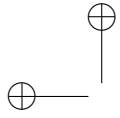




DON'T ASK ME WHY

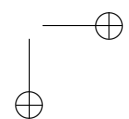
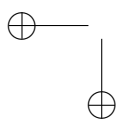
Upon the tee I firmly stand,
My trusty driver in my hand,
And just before I take my stance
And start to swing, I cast a glance
Ahead of me. Ah, all is nice,
For I invariably slice,
And to the fairway's right all's clear.
I haven't got a thing to fear.
This is, for me, the snap of snaps:
To left alone are rough and traps.
And so, without a further look,
I take my stance, and swing – and hook.

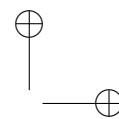
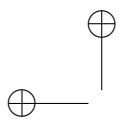




GENEROSITY

For flattery and kindness what,
I ask, surpasses this:
Conceding you a two-foot putt
You probably would miss!

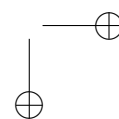
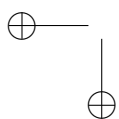


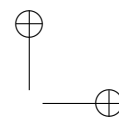
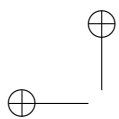


WEEK-END GOLFER

With eighteen holes on Saturday,
On Sunday, thirty-six,
He goes serenely on his way
And very seldom kicks.

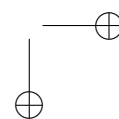
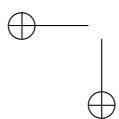
Five days he works, and two he plays,
But when he gets to heaven,
Eternally, he hopes and prays,
He'll get to play all seven.

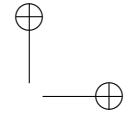
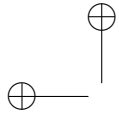




BUT HE SAYS THEM ANYHOW

When a golfer finds
That his ball's unplayable,
The words that he thinks
Are mostly unsayable.

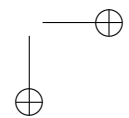
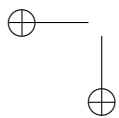


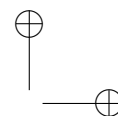
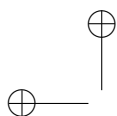


SPRING SONG

(FORECAST: RAIN TODAY AND TOMORROW)

Though April showers
Bring on the flowers
And greenery and stuff,
The ardent prayer
Of every player
Is "Please, we've had enough!"





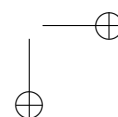
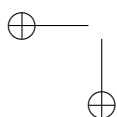
STIMULUS

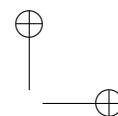
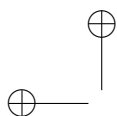
A golfer may not have a very
Remarkable vocabulary
Of terms that might be called revealing
Of, let us say, his inner feeling.

In fact, when he is playing well,
He may use only “damn” and “hell,”
Or, if a German, *Donnerwetter!*
To indicate he should do better.

It’s only when he’s playing badly,
And all the breaks are breaking sadly,
That he so brilliantly amazes
His friends with choice of words and phrases.

A sudden bounce into the rough,
Three putts when two should be enough,
A row of sixes in succession –
Such things do wonders for expression.



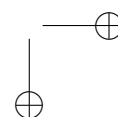
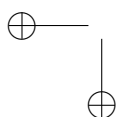


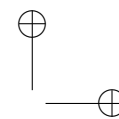
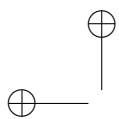
CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Oh, where are the clothes of yesteryear,
The knickers prescribed once by fashion,
The baggy plus fours that we thought helped our scores,
The bright socks for which we'd a passion?

Aye, dear to the heart of some golfers they were,
And their passing especially rankles
The fortunate few, the well-fashioned ones who
Possess shapely calves and trim ankles.

But I'm not a lover of days that are gone,
Nor one of this cause's espousers.
Back to knickers? No, thanks! I'll just swaddle my shanks
In a pair of opaque, full-length trousers.



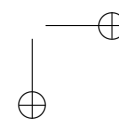
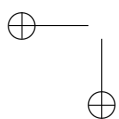


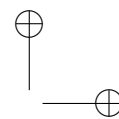
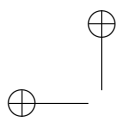
OF ALL PLACES

Is there in the fairway
A single hole
Dug out for a home
By rabbit or mole?

Or a soggy spot
Where yesterday's rain
Still stands in a puddle
That didn't drain?

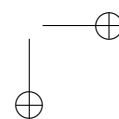
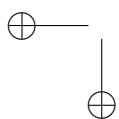
Or a divotless place
With a stone behind it?
If there is, I know
That my ball will find it.

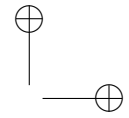
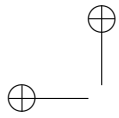




HIGH TIME

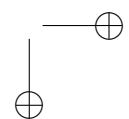
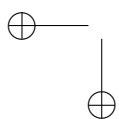
The sweetest sound that meets the ear,
When trailing slowly in the rear
Of four erratic, dawdling dubs
Who, with their wildly swinging clubs,
Do all the flailing that they do,
Is these four words, "Please play on through."

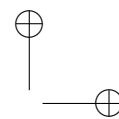
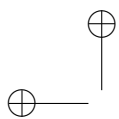




WEATHER BEATEN

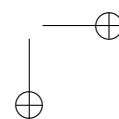
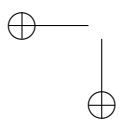
Rain makes the sodden fairways slow
And robs you of a roll,
Sun hardens up the greens, and so
Your pitches lack control;
And since it's either rain or shine,
And not the two together,
A golfer can not play a nine
In really perfect weather.

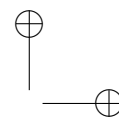
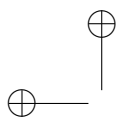




OLD MAN'S GAME?

It may be true that you can play
Golf when you're old and bent and gray,
When sports like baseball, squash, and tennis
To life and limb present a menace;
Yet that is but the half of it,
Quite otherwise the rest, to wit:
Although the game is good for gramps,
The supple youngsters are the champs.



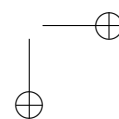
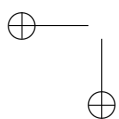


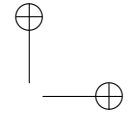
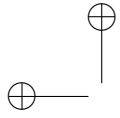
NO SOONER DONE THAN SAID

Hear him by the caddy house,
Hear him on the green,
Hear him jubilate or grouse
Round the whole eighteen.

Hear him standing by your side,
Hear him in a far room,
Hear him cozily confide,
Seated in the barroom.

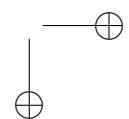
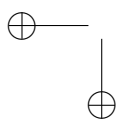
Hear him (you supply his name),
Pulling off his sweater. . . .
Queer he ever plays the game –
He can talk it better.

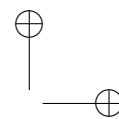
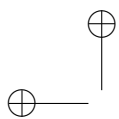




LAW OF NO AVERAGES

When seen beneath the clubhouse showers,
It seems the human form
Is, like the golfer's stance and swing,
All sorts except the norm.





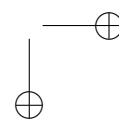
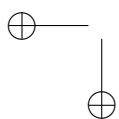
TEE TYPE

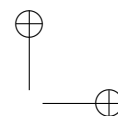
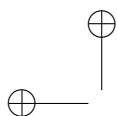
I hope that I
Shan't often see
One certain guy
Upon the tee.

I get a-jitter,
I want to shout,
To watch him flitter
His club about,

And draw it back
To swing, and then
For some small lack
Do it again,

And fidget and fuss
And posture and prance –
The nervous cuss
With ants in his stance.



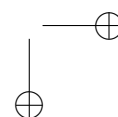
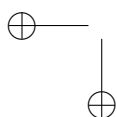


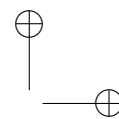
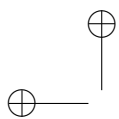
**THE BALL AND THE CURSE
OR, LONGFELLOW ON THE LINKS**

I hit a ball into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For off it flew, sliced to the right,
And suddenly dropped out of sight.

I breathed a curse into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen to see
The flight of words of blasphemy?

Long afterward, behind an oak
I found the ball, it cost a stroke;
As for the curse, precisely then
I found and breathed it once again.

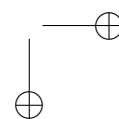
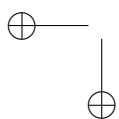


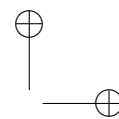
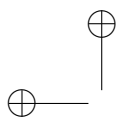


DID I SAY THAT?

Many a golfer gone sour with his hitting
I've heard say, "To hell with the game. I'm quitting.
I've played twenty years, and just look at that score!
I'll never, no, never, play any more."

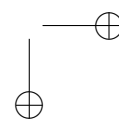
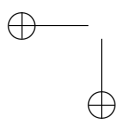
To hear his expressions of anger and sorrow
You never would guess he'd be playing tomorrow.

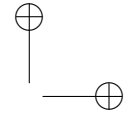
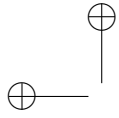




DOWN PAYMENT

Whenever I'm good,
My opponent is better,
And so, when I bet,
I emerge as the debtor.
Whenever he's bad,
I am always still worse,
And that is why golf's
Such a drain on my purse.





ESPECIALLY THE CHAIRMAN

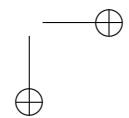
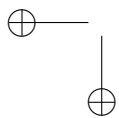
Come, shed a tear of honest pity
For members of the greens committee,

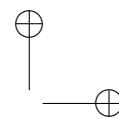
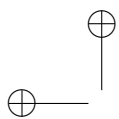
One time by all, or quite a lot of,
The members of the club well thought of,

Considered friendly, loyal, gentle,
And not too weak in matters mental,

The kind who could be trusted always
In open air or darkened hallways,

Quite decent people, liked, respected –
Until, that is, they were elected.





ONE DOWN

Weight distributed,
Free from strain,
Divot replaced,
Familiar terrain,
Straight left arm,
Unmoving head –
Here lies the golfer,
Cold and dead.

