



# LA84

## Foundation

BUT HE COULDN'T PUTT DOWN THERE.

By ANDREW MACMASHIE.

Pity the sorrows of the wayward duffer,  
Think what he's called upon to suffer,  
Chagrin, disappointment, humiliation,  
And all other woes in affiliation.

One of those humble souls in probation,  
With fleeting hopes of a golf reputation,  
Met every evil thing he could meet with  
'Till he, body and soul, ill-luck was replete  
with.

He visited bunkers with sad regularity,  
Played out of the rough in painful hilarity;  
O'er ran the greens in his short approaches,  
And covered himself with self-reproaches.

Then one fell day in odorous clover time,  
Golf demons seemed to be working over  
time:

Tops, fozzles, pulls, destroyed his urbanity,  
But an awful slice unloosed his profanity.

For the ball went hurtling, running pell-  
mell,

Into a weedy, abandoned old well,  
And then his opponent, the merciless thing,  
Uplifted his voice and began to sing:

"There's a hole in the bottom of the well."