

DONALD COACHES SANDY

"Donald, I'm aff ma drive, I'm jist daft; wull ye no' help me?"

"Ay, Sandy; let me see ye mak' a shot. Toots, lad, yer grup's a' wrang! Mair ower wi' yer left, mair under wi' yer richt."

"Ye're wrang, Donald, I'll pu' the ba' that way."

"Ye ken too much, Sandy; I canna help ye, if ye no' heed whit I ha'e tell't ye."

"Aweel, the faut is no' wi' ma grup."

"Ye're stubbon, Sandy; like a mule jist."

"Ye're stubbon yersel', Donald; ma grup is a' richt."

"A' richt for a fish-pole, but a' wrang for a gowf club; ye're jist an auld fish-woman, Sandy."

"If ye say that agen, Donald, I'll gi'e ye a daud in the neb."

"Och, Sandy, ye ken I wisna wantin' to hurt yer feelin's. Try the grup, lad, try the grup; mair ower wi' the left, mair under wi' the richt."

"A'richt, Donald, I'll gi'e it a try. —Man, man, it fair bates a! A gran shot that! I'm a braw gowfer, richt on ma gemm agen! Ye're a braw coach, Donald, wi' a great head; ma vera brither."—*The Scot.*

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