



# LA84

## Foundation

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Ain't it hell, when the duffer you  
 know you can whip,  
 Will trot you around at a swift  
 Ouimet clip,  
 Will run all the bunkers and hole  
 from the rough  
 And give you a beating that's more  
 than enough.  
 Ain't it hell?

Ain't it hell, when at last after eons of  
 work  
 You've found out the secret, the just  
 proper quirk,  
 And know that you know and can  
 never forget,  
 To find the next day you are quite the  
 worst yet.  
 I say, ain't it hell?

—A. E. A.