

AFTER THE FOURSOME

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What the losers said to each other:

So long, Bob,	Ta, ta, Jim,
Rotten Shame.	I'm to blame,
We couldn't win	We didn't win
But that's the game.	The bally game.
You played great,	You played fine,
I threw you down	I was off—
Still, let's smile	You know the way
Tho' fortune frown.	It is in golf.

What they told the other chaps:

Yes, we lost!	Beat us bad !
Poor old Bob	Jim was off,
Couldn't hit	Might play marbles,
A thing, begob.	Couldn't golf.
Fanned the air	Missed his drives,
Twice at least,	Couldn't putt,
Got my goat—	Lost me "twenty"
Sloppy beast.	Silly mutt.

What the winners said:

Rather soft?
 Right, old thing!
 Beat 'em easy
 Quite a sting,
 Serves 'em right,
 Awful rot
 Playing with 'em—
 Rather, what?