



HUMOR

GOLF REVIEW.—*Continued*

Then the kindly laddy tells us
Of the imp whose name is freak,
Breaking laws of mud mechanics,
Bounced his ball into the creek.

From old King we hear a sighing,
Just one strange, mysterious lie,
Never seen before or after,
Kept that last hole from a tie."

Yes, it's sad; bad luck pursued them,
Stymmie, long grass, rotten lie—
Every man save "Short" Maguire
Has a useful alibi.

—H. B. M., '17.

FOLLIES OF 1915

Professor Leigh's removing mud from his ball when on a putting green.

"Pussy Foot" plays an awful game of golf. One day he visited the Chicago Golf Club, and after an especially miserable showing of inaptness, he hung down his driver in disgust. "Caddy," he said, addressing the youth that stood silently alongside, "that was awful, wasn't it?"

"Pretty bad, sir," stated the youth.

"I freely confess that I am the worst golfer in the world," continued Pussy.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that, sir," said the caddy soothingly.

"Did you ever see a worse player than I am."

"No, sir, I never did," confessed the boy truthfully. "But some of the other boys were telling me yesterday of a fellow who must be a worse player than you are. They said that his name was Krathwohl."