

## A New Code of Rules

**A**WIT in the Dublin Express suggests the following code for duffers:

1. A lost ball shall remove two strokes from the score on that hole. When a dub loses a ball he needs comfort, not punishment.

2. The dub missing his ball entirely shall give a cigar to his opponent. It is ridiculous to punish a score for the fault of the player.

3. How a limit man gets out of a bunker is none of the other man's business.

4. When a player takes more than two strokes for a hole he shall be allowed to go back and play the hole left-handed.

5. When a dub has tried to drive over a water hazard three times in good faith, his intentions shall be respected by his opponent and he shall be allowed to proceed from the other side.

6. When a dub's ball nestles behind a rock he shall be allowed to remove the rock by throwing it at the first expert who plays through.

7. After four putts the dub may be allowed to move the hole up to within a reasonable distance of the ball.

## A Psalm of Golf

(With humble apologies to Longfellow)

Tell me not in joyous numbers,  
Golf will make us glad and keen;  
You should see the crowd that cumber,  
Number seven putting green.

They are real, they are earnest,  
But the green is not their goal;  
Thou the art of patience learnest,  
While their fractious balls they hole.

More in anger than in sorrow,  
Use your words of strong appeal;  
And you'll tell them all tomorrow  
That you did it for their weal.

Holes are long and time is fleeting,  
Still your hearts are true and brave;  
Strive to minimize your beating,  
Do your best your "bobs" to save.

On the links' broad field of battle,  
When there's been an angry scene,  
Don't be dumb like driven cattle,  
Tell them plainly what you mean.

Lives of scratch men oft remind us  
Not to make our golf a sham,  
Nor departing leave behind us  
Words that sometimes rhyme with  
jam.

Always, then, be up and doing,  
Tho' you may but rabbits be;  
When elusive balls pursuing,  
Be our watchword, "Wait and see."

## In Bad Shape

"Hullo, Colonel! how are you? You're looking well."

"I'm *not* looking well, sir, and I'm not feeling well, and, what's more, sir, I'm not *playing* well."

**P**ROFESSIONALS and greenkeepers frequently request us to advise them where they can secure situations. We shall be glad to furnish the names of competent men.