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**When the frost is
on the Pencross**

When the frost is on the Pencross and
the water-line is drained,
And ever southward go the golfers, Cads
and Jags so aimed,
Hear the rustle of the leaves as they
cover rough and green
And traps and trees and fairways, and
most everywhere between;
Oh, it's then the times a feller is a-feelin'
at his best

With the rising sun to greet him from a
nite of peaceful rest,
As he wears a sweater mornin's & the
clocks have all been changed,
When the frost is on the Pencross and
the water-line is drained.

There's something kinda hearty-like about
the atmosphere

When the heat of summer's over and the
coolin' fall is here.

Of course we miss the foursomes and
the washers on the tees

And the rumble of the mowers and the
buzzin' of the bees;

But the air's so appetizin'; and the land-
scape thru the haze

Is the crisp and sunny wonderland of
early autumn days

And you can count up on your fingers
all the times it's trained

When the frost is on the Pencross and
the water-line is drained.

The husky, rusty rustle of the seed heads
on the Poa,

The clank and bang of units as in the
shed they go;

The flags in the greens—kinda lone-
some-like, but still

There's a few die-hard golfers whose
needs we have to fill;

The ball-washers are in the workshop,
the sprayer in the shed;

The hose is coiled up neatly—on the
rafters overhead!

Oh, it sets my heart a-beatin', with a
fury never tamed

When the frost is on the Pencross and
the water-line is drained.

W.S.

(With apologies to James Whitcomb
Riley.)

(Reprinted from Hudson Valley GSCA
Newsletter, William Smart, editor.)