

SINKERSOCK

Dinna fash yoursel, bairn,
Gin your gowf gangs aglee,
Just gie it a clout
And gard the ba' flee.

SINK

Now your swing may be swell
But what ice does it cut,
If you always pay off
To the lad who can putt?

You may drive it a mile,
Sock it dead to the pin,
But you'll still lose the match
If you can't knock it in.

Since the scraps 'round the flag
Need no muscle, just grit,
And are won by the boy
Who refuses to quit.

With a head that is cool
And a putter that's hot,
You can make it a match
Though outdriven a lot.

So, launch an attack
That will drive a foe nuts
From pressure built up
By your chips and your putts.

Concentrate and relax,
Stroke it firmly, hit clean
With the magic of confidence
Win on the green.

Don't let Fortune's caprice
Unsettle your poise;
Reverses are tests
Sorting men from the boys.

Scan each problem with care,
But, for Pete's sake, don't stall.
When you can't see them fast,
You won't see them at all.

Only think of the stroke,
Put the score out of mind.
Lose yourself in your play,
And the Fates will be kind.

For, in Golf, as in Life,
You will find the best plan
Is to finish the job—
Put the ball in the can.

SOCK

Sure, some fellows can roll
The ball into the hole,
And so mark down a par as their score,
But I want to swing
And hark to it sing—
No sensation can satisfy more.

A long arching flight
Is a beautiful sight,
And requires no herculean stroke.
Don't jump at the job,
Or wobble your knob.
Smooth precision puts punch in the poke.

Let the hands build up speed—
It's not body you need—
Only freedom from tension and haste.
No sway, just a turn,
The trick you must learn
To deliver a peach of a paste.

Though you're right in the groove
It's quite easy to prove
You must still stroke with confident care.
Don't try for too much,
And lose that fine touch—
It takes timing to get anywhere.

To outwit the old jinx
Who holds sway on the links
Keeps one busy from tee plate to pin.
The men you oppose
Are not your real foes—
Master course and yourself for a win.

Plan ahead with your play—
Don't just wallop away.
Spot each shot so the next is set up.
Why make the game tough?
There's trouble enough
On that hazardous trip to the cup.

Well I know when I rock
To the synchronized sock
That will send the ball whistling away,
I'm not going to fret
Because of some bet—
I'll pay off for a drive any day.

WILLIAM BOICE LANGFORD