

MUSINGS OFF THE LINE.

We're told, in days of long ago
Of archers bold and true
And of the feats they carried out
With horns of rough-hewn yew.

That Robin Hood, so very good
At loosing off an arrow
At thirty paces, aye, and more
Could split a wand so narrow.

And William Tell, who shot so well
When loosing at the fruit -
Were they here now, who knows, maybe
They'd teach me how to shoot.

I nock and draw, and hold and aim
Then loose as I've been told,
And send my shaft upon its way
Straight at, I hope, the gold.

Alas, for me no heartening thud
To signify a hit,
I stand perplexed, then take a chance
And move my sight a bit.

It matters not how I might try
As I shoot out a round,
For every hit that I may make
Two more lie on the ground.

I have no thoughts of "M.E." fame,
But just to make Third Class
But what chance I when at each end
Mine all lie on the grass.

And yet I will not give it up
I'll stay and archer keen
As even I am with great friends
When dressed in Lincoln Green.

I thank you all for such great fun,
Enjoy a hearty feast,
And if you've time, please spare a thought
For he who scores the least.

"Still Trying"

C.M.O. BOWEN

On a warm, sunny day you'll see us up here,
Out in the field with our targets and gear,
Friendly rivalry grows with each arrow shot,
How grand when opponents say - "I've missed the lot!"

When the cry goes around - "Best Gold this end",
You'll see extra effort, as backwards we bend
To sink home a Gold and help out our pockets,
When there's money at stake see how the score rockets!

When it's pouring with rain, and our gear is all wet,
It's surprising the feeling of joy that we get
When the last end is shot and that last arrow found,
And off to the Clubhouse where sorrows are drowned!

So think of the Bowmen, if you're passing by,
And see lots of arrows flash through the sky:
With the skill of the Archer behind every one,
And the hopes of a good score when shooting is done.

JAP

If that was an ode to the C.M.O. Bowen,
Please spare a thought for the poor little women
Who stay at home WORKING on each Saturday,
And long for the time when dear Hubby will say -
"It's the end of the season - but I will not fret
I'll stay home with you and make your cabinet!!!!"
Then think of the joy when you see your man gardening
Knowing for sure that his muscles are hardening.
You think that you've got him, but oh lack-a-day!
As soon as spring comes then - whoops - he's away.
You then realise that it was good stratagem
And come to the conclusion you'll just HAVE to join them!!!!!!

JMP

About this time a year ago
I told to you my tale of woe,
How I would never make third class
With arrows nesting in the grass.

I practised hard all winter long
Until, at last, my fears seemed wrong.
My scores improved, I had good reason
To think I'd make the grade this season.

Alack, alas, could I foresee
Classification was not for me,
The higher-ups, in their great wisdom
Did overnight tear up the system.

And in it's stead, produced a table
Of handicaps, so those then able
To make a score a great deal bigger
Gained not a class but just a figure.

"What's wrong with that, there is no catch",
So said the great who shoot from scratch,
But how'd they feel, were they like me
Whose handicap is thirty-three.

Before I could shake off the bloom
The Club contrived to seal my doom.
Instructors, six, they took a test
To qualify to teach the rest.

"Do as we say, right to the letter,
We'll soon teach you to shoot much better.
Move your feet, don't stand so square,
Don't shoot so fast, you've time to spare."

"Check your draw-length, raise your sight,
Move your pin from left to right,
Take good aim but do not linger,
More pressure, please, on little finger."

Their teaching, in a little while
Absolutely changed my style,
Now they like me as at a loss
To find out why I miss the boss.

My scores gone down, my spirits too,
My handicaps now forty-two
I'll sell my bow for but a trifle,
And take up shooting with a rifle.

"Discouraged."

With profound apologies to our
hard-working instructors.