

Ode to Lionel Freedman's WHO by Menno Beelen



We've played the World Hickory Championship days
On the first day the salty wind blew gently in our face
At the historical Carnoustie golf courses, what a place
Where hickory swings were made with such grace.

Small white Quimets flying through the air
What wonderful sights we all witnessed there
All teams fought the battle, hard but fair
Until the last putt was played, with much care

When the singles Championship finally started
It was where the field of players parted
Some played well and some came in broken hearted

And the top players the lowest scores had carded

The sun was shining, little clouds were seen and the winds blew

As we as hickory golfers know what Scottish winds must do

Balls were punched low, hooked and sliced even sometimes flew and flew

On the short greens it oscillated dangerously and even went in too

But in the end we finish where we begin

In the 19th hole all were holding a tin

With a wee drop of whisky or a glass of tonic and gin

Celebrating Andrew Marshall's first World Hickory Open Championship
win !



Menno Beelen, October 2015