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Musings On A Golf Course

Clarence A. Amann
St. John Fisher University

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Musings On A Golf Course

Cover Page Footnote

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So this is how it happens. You didn't kill yourself with fear. You were close to it but it didn't happen. It's cold, very cold, here. You must get to your feet. Start moving around. This cold is dangerous. Remember the survival manual. Oh God you're afraid again. It's bare here. There's nothing to see. Think of home then. Mary and the kids. She's fixing supper now. It's warm there—just think how warm it is and you're here where it's so icy cold and you're going to die. Not even time for a position report. Ha! that's funny. It'll be two hours before they miss you. It will be dark by then and they won't be able to find you. Two thousand square miles to search and you know that this cold will kill you before morning.

And this is how it ended. The man is no longer a man. This is the finish of him and he is worthless to the world. There will be ten thousand dollars worth of icy flesh here in a few hours, and that will be all. Whether he is a coward is important to no one except himself. When will he begin to be a dead man?

CLARENCE AMANN:

MUSINGS ON A GOLF COURSE

O green Elysian Field
Where I do ply my summer's play;
O soft and sun-lit sward,
Would I might forever stay
Upon this green where I am lord,
Or gaze away from yonder tee,
Hand shielding eye when sun is toward;
To view with frown or boundless glee
Where lights my swiftly flitted ball,
A glowing pearl in emerald sea;
To line a putt and see it fall
From cushioned green beneath my feet
And draw my partner's woeful call;
To hear an iron's humming sweet
And feel it thud against the sphere
When full and forceful they do meet . . .
No joy on earth I count more dear
Than this that makes an Eden here!



*"Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear, their dwelling-place."*

—BYRON