

The Lesson

Young Bill's uncle had a table
And he would, when he was able,
Visit, armed with cue and chalk
And practise potting down in baulk.
Sometimes, uncle popped in to see
What disaster there would be.
When young Bill tried a shot he knew
He would never, never do -
A swerve, deep screw, some heavy stun
"My God!" he thought, "my cloth is done!"

"Uncle," young Bill said one day,
"why is it that when I play
I cannot get the hang at all
And miscue when I strike the ball?"
"Bill," his uncle gravely said,
"you stand all wrong and raise your head;
you throw your shoulder on the shot
and follow through just like a clot. #
All in all you've not a clue -
You've no idea of what to do."

Young Bill was shattered by this news,
For he'd long held some certain views
And even though he was no master
he had a notion of going after
Some small trophy here and there -
Or a little token he could bear
To his uncle just to show
That one or two things he did know,
And after this he'd have to think -
Learn to swim, not plunge in and sink.

Bill Triggs - Joe Davis's nephew
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