

## An Ode to the Babe

The North Hills Country Club near the Long Island Sound  
Was as beautiful a layout as could ere be found.  
It sat on the crest of the Island where the glacier did stop,  
And the distance from the City was just a short hop.

The caddy pen was like an oversized chicken coop.  
It's where all the guys sat while awaiting a loop.  
The bag storage area was clearly in view.  
Just whose bag was placed outside its' door all of us knew.

Next to that Dutch Door where the expected golfer's bag sat  
Was the Ivory Tower, the Caddy Master's shack.  
Bill Ryan, the caddy master, wielded power galore.  
As he paused to choose a caddy, all the lads would implore.

But it all depended on whose bag came thru that Dutch Door.  
'Cause everyone knew how the bag's owner would pay and what he would score.  
So a cheapskate's bag sent the boys into flight  
While a big tipper's bag might cause a big fight.

Well, the Sultan of Swat's bag brought the guys to their feet  
For, to carry his bag was most surely a treat.  
He played with Doc Irwin who paid big time for the loop,  
And that money plus Babe, Man, chat was a scoop!!

Now The Babe could point to a spot in the stands  
Where the baseball he struck would assuredly land.  
But, Oy Vay!, when it came to a round out on the links  
His game, one might have said, "Most assuredly, stinks!"

But he was fun to be with, to listen to his chatter.  
I can imagine what the Umps got when he was the batter.  
His "Sunday" golf bag most carefully he did choose.  
'Cause it did have one big pocket to carry his booze.

One Field Day, mid summer, on the thirteenth tee  
I heard, "Hey, Kid!" He was calling to me.  
As I carried the bag over to present to Mr. Ruth  
He did something, at that time, that seemed a tad uncouth.

He unbuckled his belt and stepped out of his britches,  
And his three golfing buddies broke down in stitches.  
Laughing, he tied his pants around the bag in a knot.  
Then he told us all, "It's too gol' darned hot!"

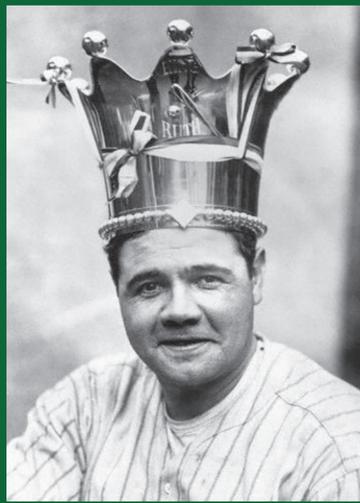
That pair of spindly legs sticking out of Omar's tent  
Carried him on to conclude the event.  
Field Day was Men's Day at old North Hills,  
And caddying for The Babe was one of my thrills.

He finished the round in those humongous boxer shorts  
Which would easily have accommodated the other three sports.  
At the same time, I mean. They were really that big,  
He just clutched them in his right hand when taking a swig.

What a fun guy he was and to make matters great  
Doc Irwin would pay well over flat rate!  
I made one twenty-five per bag, and that wasn't hay!  
No sir, and caddying for Babe Ruth just made my day!

*Penning by former North Hills  
Caddie Robert M. Guinessey*

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