

### *Limericks*

There once was a bowler named Mac  
Who loved to throw the jack.  
But quite often he would be strong  
And the jack would be too long  
And the skip would throw the jack back.

There once was a skip named Ross  
who seldom experienced a loss.  
But occasionally he would meet Tom  
Who could deliver a bomb  
And then we found out who was the boss.

We bowled except when it would rain  
And that could be such a pain.  
But then we would drink  
(And who would think?)  
That we could still play the game.

Our club has a member named Mr. Black  
Whose bowls have an unhappy knack  
Of taking the wrong bias  
Which is certainly trying for us  
When his bowls become touchers on the next rink's jack.