

## **SAGA OF THE MISSING CLIP**

*There once was a chap from Eynsham town,  
Who played croquet with mallet swung down.  
At High Wycombe came the decree:  
“Take no clips! Leave them be!”  
Or face justice—or at least a stern frown.*

*With colours all clipped into place,  
And players with suitably grave face,  
I played a fine game,  
Quite proud of my aim,  
Then departed with dignified grace.*

*But alas! when I reached my front door,  
And emptied my pockets—oh vexation galore!  
Two blue clips appeared,  
Just as I had feared—  
A crime I could scarcely ignore.*

*“Oh bother!” I cried to my wife,  
“I’ve caused a scandal in my croquet life!  
What now must I do?  
Will they banish me too—  
Or bar me from High Wycombe for life?”*

*Dear Chris Webbley, noble and wise,  
Pray look kindly on this small surprise:  
I’ll return them with haste,  
No delay, none to waste—  
And bring biscuits (the proper kind) as my prize.*

*So let this be a lesson to all:  
Check pockets before leaving the croquet lawn’s call—  
For though clips may seem small,  
They can cause quite a pall,  
And great shame on the clubhouse wall!*

*With humblest apologies,  
Roger Booth (Eynsham Croquet Club)  
(assisted by ChatGPT!)*