

A Golfers Tale

Early Spring 2008

It is another Saturday morning.

"Dave, it's Chaz"

"You not coming, you bottling out of a standard?"

So continued another Saturday for the Trad Lads.

"No I'll be there; I've got to drop the Sultan of Whatsit off at Heathrow. I'm gonna whip your arse".

Luckily the Sultans Oxbridge education was not enough for him to understand this strange expression away from some of the clubs he had been in the night before.

The sound of a roaring jumbo jet told Dave that Charlie must be close to the drop. Or was that just his hangover reminding him of his excesses the night before, living it up as only he knows how, around the fleshpots of Hammersmith.



"Get me two bacon sandwiches" demanded Charlie, I'm Hank Marvin.

Dave continued down the A3, just remembering the bloody speed camera and braking to a sensible 49mph. Alongside was Bill Carey out for his first game in three years after a broken back and ankle

Luckily, a scaffolding lorry was just pulling away from outside Dino's Café and Dave nipped in to the space, just behind a small white Fiat van which was leaning over heavily to the offside. Ah Hoggy's here, thought Dave, *I'm gonna whip his arse.*



Dave walked in to Dino's where Mike was already pouring his tea and writing down Dave's order, including the tomato's which he always orders but never eats. Hoggy was already sitting down to double eggs, double bacon, double sausage and double chips. Dave did a double take, no double fried bread, *"You on a diet Hoggy?"*

Paddy and Penny had also travelled down with Chris to balance up the van.

"Them All Blacks are shite!" Dave said in passing, knowing how Chris likes a joke about his home country.

"Well we've only got 20 players and you lot have got 200 million to choose from and we always kick your butts", Chris replied. He never rises to the bait and if I've told him once, I've told him a million times to stop exaggerating. Anyway, doesn't he realise it is *"Whip your arse!"*

Michael was moaning about his luck on the golf bets. *"I really fancied Monty in this one"* (No he wasn't holding up a



dress for Colin "Mrs. Doubtfire" Montgomery to wear, he was talking about Monty's chances in the Masters). Michael doesn't check form which is why you will find him serving in a transport café on the A3 at 6.30 on a Saturday morning.

Hoggy starts to tell Dave about chucking gravel up at Paddy's window to wake him up. Paddy's mobile was flat from him showing too many people bad jokes and gruesome video clips in the bar last night. Somewhere around the 14th Vodka Red Bull (large) Paddy had forgotten to put the phone on charge.

Lloyd walks in resplendent in his waterproofs. Blue sky outside, but he wasn't taking chances.

"Alright boys, get your fivers ready, I'm gonna whip your arses" he chuckled.

No one had ever thought of that one before, but when Lloyd says it, there is a fair chance it will be true as

he is a bit of a bandit off his 5 handicap.

He has just come out of hibernation and



feels confident that the "lesser golfers" that he will be up against won't be able to cope with the course playing longer now the ground is softer.

Not having been out for a few weeks he doesn't realise that the temporary tees are still going to be in use as the course is so wet. Hah!

Drought, what drought? Not at Trads.

The bell over the door clangs again.

"Hldkdfjfrej
fjmbpmbm
fu eogirjkpcf "

It's Richie, the genial Irish builder. His accent is so thick they ought to call his Irish brogue an Irish bowler boot. I just hope I nod or shake my head in all the right places.

The gang is growing. "They never phone to say they are coming" groans Lady Penelope of Hampshire in her upper class twang, rolling another Rizla. Penny is panicking because she has only booked three tee times, she knows ten people are definitely coming and already two more have arrived unannounced.

Sky News goes to a break and the delightful, if slightly ageing, Joanna Lumley appears to advertise car insurance.

Hey Pen, it's your advert, yells Dave, making sure he is heard, "You don't have to be posh to be privileged" heh heh heh.

Breakfast is over as Charlie phones to remind Dave about the bacon sarnies.





19
LADS



"Who's out?" asks Charlie. Dave reels off the list. **"Tell them I'm going to whip their arses"** says Charlie, originally.

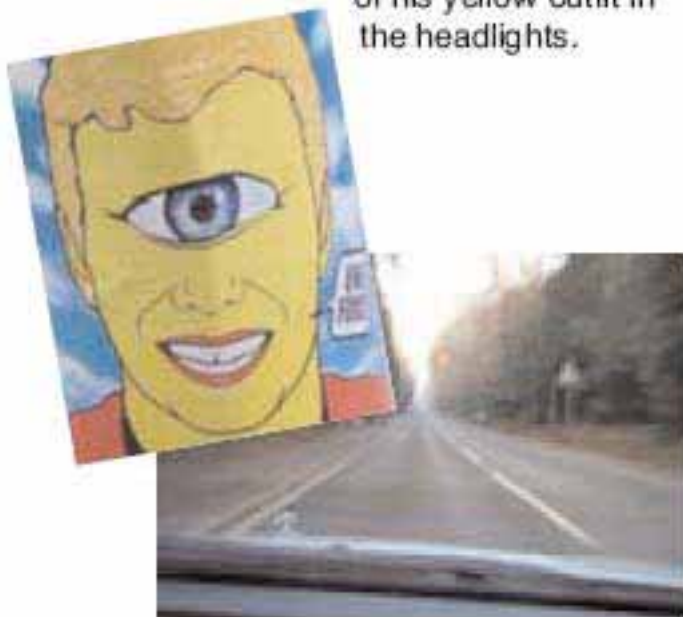


Dave picks up the bacon sarnies and nips next door for 40 fags and lucozade to get him through the round, followed by Penny, Lloyd and the Hoggster.

On the journey down, Chris passes everyone at 90 mph, hoping to get his favourite parking space at the golf club, the Fiat van groaning at this insult to Italian style, and Penny waves at the other cars, looking more like a Garfield scabbling at the window.

He'll get held up by the Tesco lorries by Silvermere anyway so everyone lets him go.

The cars pull in to the car park as a glorious golden sun rises in the west. Hold on. Sun? West? Rising? Oh of course, silly me, Jim's over from France and it's the reflection of his yellow outfit in the headlights.



Hoggy has dived in first for first dibs on a buggy. Fortunately, such are the financial straits that golf clubs find themselves in that they are allowed out even when conditions are not entirely suitable.

As usual, Adam & Keith in the pro-shop are having trouble with the computer as Hoggy's order of 3 Titleist, a discount buggy and a round of golf at dormy rates crashes the computer.

Order is restored, and we gather in the lounge to mark the cards and pay the swindle, while Hoggy gets his putter out on the practice green. **"How you playing off 15. Why is mine is the only handicap that goes down?"** frets Dave.

Charlie arrives and whinges about the tip the Prince of Gumbai Dance Band gave him for the early morning drive to Heathrow and hungrily dives in to his cold bacon sarnies, crumbs flying everywhere, making the cleaners efforts last night redundant.



Andy Lewis rolls in, closely followed by Robert White in a new set of golf clobber, the last lot shredded in one of the Incredible Hulk moments for which he is renowned. Then the noise level starts to rise, the Raster man is here, having made enough ducking and diving on the FX markets this week. Each of them greeted by **"I'm gonna whip your arse"** from Charlie.



Neil and Lady Penelope mark up the cards. Penny starts fretting again as she realises that some people who had said they were coming haven't arrived. Some



South African comes in saying that Samuel L. Jackson is getting changed in the car park (Well this is pulp fiction after all). That's Bernie here then Penny. Better do the draw.

What about Alan and Dr. Raj she says. Alan had phoned her just after midnight last night asking if anyone was playing golf at Trads tomorrow.

"No, but we are today" she replied, adding "Do you realise it is after midnight!" Alan had just come out of giving someone an emergency renal vivisection or something similar and had lost his watch up the patients' bowel so it wasn't his fault if he didn't know what the time was.

Dapper Del Boy Barnett, Lord of Banstead is also in the car park, removing his helmet and wiping the flies from his goggles after nipping along with the roof down on his BMW roadster.

Penny phones Alan. **"Are you coming?"** She asks.

"Yes I am nearly there" he replies. This, she knows means he has just left home and also that he and the Dr. will have to go out in the last group.

The draw is made, cards shuffled and randomly selected. No matter what happens, Charlie and Penny will be drawn together. No fix. It just happens.

Rush to the tees to start dishing out the stick and draw pairs.

On the tee. Charlie **"I'm gonna whip your arse"** Armstrong.

A respectful hush as he lines up his drive, the club is drawn

back and released at the ball with the elegance of a rattlesnake in a sack. A whoosh and then the shouts of **"Neeeeigggggggh!!!"** as the ball arcs away, right of the tree and into the horses paddock.

"What balls are you using?" asks Neil. **"PRO-V1"** says Chaz.

"Are they the latest version, the PRO-V1 S10 NAL's" asks Neil to sniggers.

Alan & Dr. Raj arrive as Dave Butler announces that he is playing with a new driver and new irons. His playing partner groans inwardly. Drawn against Lloyd's is bad enough but now finding out that Dave has new sticks as well. Might as well give Lloyd a fiver now!

Still. Relief. The new driver is the highly rated Nike Sasquatch. Nike's new offering from America. Highly forgiving, even for off centre shots.

Must have been the ball then. His first two balls must have been related to Charlie's. At least they are now "long lost" relations anyway. The farmer must do a nice sideline in nearly new balls. I think he calls them one hit wonders!

Five drives later and the Sasquatch is consigned to e-Bay!

He's keeping the irons though. They were very good at recovery shots.

The familiar screams from Penny, on the way round. Sounds a bit dodgy in the woods. Who is she playing with, driving her to such extremes of ecstasy? Oh, we find out later. Only an 8



at the par three 3rd, wiping 7 shots off the previous week.

By the 12th tee, even the greens were getting to little Dave. ***"These greens are doing my head in"*** he complained. Look out for the new putter next week then.

Where is Mike Gardner when you need a heavy roller?

Dave (11 handicap), Lloyd (5), Bill, first time out in three years (28) and Neil (18).

Neil. ***"I reckon the scores are quite close Dave"***.

Dave. ***"Yeah, what do you reckon, you take care of Lloyd and I'll take care of Bill"***

So that's Neil (18) to take care of Lloyd (5) while Dave (11) outplays Bill (28) who hasn't played for 3 years.

Yep, sounds fair. "

"Got any of them back pills Dave?"

What was it he was saying about his partners on the website?

Back to the bar and Dave has come through, keeping his side of the deal. Fivers won.

Food ordered. Drinks poured and sit down to chat with the rest of the group, hearing various different tails of woe and bad luck. Paul Barnett is flying, trying out his Laurel and Hardy impression at every opportunity.

Other groups come in, order food, get their food. Where's mine?

Have Adam & Keith been at the computer in the bar as well?

"I'm going to whip their arses, next week instead..."



19
TRAD | LADS

Disclaimer: Any similarity with events or personalities, real or imagined, is intentional and made only in humour. You have been warned.

AUTHOR AND EDITOR NEIL SMYTH, DESIGN AND PRODUCTION LE FRIGGIN FROG