



CCGA Press
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Monkey Tales... – Thomas Hawk, 2006 CCGA President

The CCGA and its membership continue their propitious progression into the first full season of club activities. Whoohoo!! ☺

As we do so, I want to take a quick opportunity to thank those that have taken up the reins of challenge to make things happen over the past few months. We had a productive January Board meeting, which was attended by a group of energetic singers and dancers, all of whom taught us the true meaning of embarrassing entertainment (see 17 January Board Meeting Minutes). A real *hats off* to those that have taken over new roles for 2006, attending committee meetings, and contributing their time and loads of effort to getting us rolling. Without participation, we are nothing.

This month's newsletter continues with updates on membership events, activities, and things about which members should be in the know. We also have this month the first installment in a series, submitted by a truly talented golf writer, Dirk D. Divot. Trip-D, as his is fondly known to close friends, is a long-

time friend and colleague of yours truly. He has entertained loads of enraptured readers with tales from the world of fairways and greens. After reading this month's first chapter of *Cutting Grass*, I—for one—hope he continues as a regular in our newsletters.

The *Tournament Committee* is also near to publishing this year's calendar of CCGA tournaments—I know I'm biting my nails waiting to see what they have planned for us!

The *Communication, Handicap, and Finance Committee* also give us a quick update.

Finally, I want to ask that all members and prospective members pay close attention to the notices that will be published over the next couple of months. As the 2006 season gets underway, we hope to keep communication to a minimum, but with all that is happening, we also believe you need to know! Thanks for your support.

Thomas Hawk

Your Most Humble 2006 President

"Oh, the monkeys have no tails in San Poanga!"

Cutting Grass (Chapter 1) – by Dirk D. Divot

6:14...am.

"Mmmmmohhhh...just five more minutes...*please*," I say to myself. The sun isn't even up, for pity's sake! Roosters have it better than me.

I reach over and beat the alarm into blessed silence. I really must get one of those new-fangled digital alarms my buddy Jim Bob keeps telling me about. ...suppose to wake me "gently," they say.

I'm a golfer, by the way. An *avid* golfer. Always have been. I've played golf since I can first remember smelling the fresh cut grass in Spring. Why golf? My father said it was because I was not the athletic type, always making note of my rather thin, decided un-

muscular frame. He thought I should have taken up football, baseball, or any sport other than golf, primarily to build up some muscle.

"A real man's sport is what will build character," he always said of football.

I knew better. The only character football builds is that which provides impetus for big hulking brutes to start mindless rumbles in the local pub following the requisite alcohol-induced insult. Thus, while all my high school buddies were getting their blocks knocked and legs and knees maimed on the grid iron, I was the smart one.

Yes, I was the smart one. 6:16...*still a.m.* Just five more minutes...



The stale toast and day-old fried bacon sandwich with coffee go down violently as I throw my sticks over my shoulder, pass through the back door, and trot down the lane to pickup Jim Bob on the way to the course. The two of us always play early on Saturday mornings. Me, in my old tweed knickers and well-worn tan fedora, which used to be brown when it was young, and JB in his tired khaki trousers with straps and blue pin-striped shirt.

I rap my knuckles on the back screendoor and step away quickly as Jim Bob flies through it rather ungracefully, allowing it to slam in our wake as we continue down the lane. JB never wears a hat while playing golf, even on the hottest of days, as his rangy sandy blond hair, short in back and long in front, never seem to bother his eyes during his backswing.

“D, why should I wear a hat anyway?” when I ask. Them things just shut off the blood to my brain when I need to concentrate on puttin’,” explains JB. “I like the free flow of things.”

I know better, of course, as many a young lady has commented on his rugged good looks, steely blue eyes, and wide shoulders. I have also seen the way he enjoys Cindy Hawfield’s fingers playing in his hair on our more lazy Sundays when Bea Satterfield joins me and the four of us spend time in the sun on the grass by the riverbank. Yea, I know better.

As we make our way down Central Avenue, the only truly paved road in the town, then turning left onto Newport Road, I spot a new club in JB’s dusty bag.

“New spoon?” I ask. It is easy to notice a new club in Jim Bob’s bag as he usually only owns three or four at a time.

“Found it on the edge ‘o the pond next to number 10 last Tuesday,” replies JB. “Some dopey bastard musta got mad ‘n broke the shaft over his knee, then dumped it. I took the head off and stuck in a new shaft I traded ‘ole man Tucker a bushel apples for last April.”

JB was always good at trading for things he had no current need for. I am always amazed at his sixth sense for thrift.

“I want to try it out today,” he continues. If I can out-drive you, it’s a keeper!”

“I wouldn’t expect too much from a new club,” is my only comeback.

“Yea, well, you just keep to the fairways today, pal. I don’t wanna to be measurin’ against your sloppy driving,” he laments.

JB and I grew up together on the golf course. We were much like any other wide-eyed youngsters mesmerized by celebrity when one day a touring golf pro drove into our dusty town in an old Ford convertible with a leaky radiator. He was traveling between tournaments at the time and needed to get to the next town. The mechanic told the Ford owner it would take most of the day to repair.

With time to fill, the pro pulled his weathered leather golf bag from the trunk. The mechanic told him we had a nine-hole golf course down the road, complete with grassy driving range maintained by a couple of tired mares and a milk cow. JB and I sat cross-legged and watched for hours, enthralled by this golfer’s crisp, clean swing and deadly accuracy. He tolerated our presence with amiable silence. After what seemed a lifetime of practice, the pro turned toward us with wise eyes and a gentle smile. I could see his hands were callused and possessed the strength of many sessions like the one we just witnessed. As he returned his sticks to his bag preparing to retrieve his car, he stopped and focused a deep, smooth, quiet voice upon the two of us.

“Hold the line and keep your swing pure,” he said. Then he was gone.

We were hooked. We learned quickly and continued to improve. After many years now, we both play the same basic game, with neither one of us staying up on the other long during a round. We practice often and play even more.

“Let’s see what this thing is capable of,” JB remarks as we walk up to the first tee and he pulls his new piece-meal spoon.

“Long and low,” I breath behind him.

“Nickel a hole?” he wagers as he takes a practice swing to loosen his muscles.

“Hate to take your money, friend,” I boast.

“Just watch this,” parries JB as he swings his new spoon. ■



Schedule of Planned Events

2006 CCGA Tournament Schedule

- The *Tournament Committee* is currently coordinating a number of prime CCGA-sponsored tournaments for 2006. As warm-weather golf fast approaches, these tournaments will be utilizing much of the calendar. Look for official notice, see which of the many formats interest you, and choose the competitive events you want to enter. *More information to follow...*

Things of Interest

Communications Committee

- Bryan Clapper has published the first draft of the CCGA Club Website (<http://www.clapper.ws/golf/ccgcweb.html>). Wow! I'm breathless! Anyway, he is now asking for feedback from all members to help make it a class A club website. If you have input—and I'm sure you do—feel at ease with dropping Mr. Clapper a line at <mailto:clapper@bluewin.ch>.
- The committee is always looking for creative minds to help with club communications. If you like to write, design, communicate, or just tell people the way it is, contact me directly to get started (<mailto:thomas.hawk@torrid-sticks.com>).
- If you have anything that you would like to see in this newsletter, please let the committee know. Whether it is more news, local interests, articles that you have written or want to write, or anything really, let us know. Submit your articles as often as you like!

Finance Committee

- We have finalized our PostFinance banking account this week and will look to begin managing some of the club's outstanding money exchanges. First and foremost, Klaus will be notifying everyone when and where to send your 2006 initiation and membership fees. Please look for more information soon.

Membership Committee

- Mr. J. Willis wants all those that have expressed interest in membership in the CCGA—and that have not forwarded their signed membership application to him—to know they should do so as soon as reasonable. We want to make certain we have a clean start to the current membership before we begin our next stage of membership drives. Please forward all applications directly to JW at <mailto:johnny.willis@hp.com>.

Handicap Committee

- The Handicap Committee is always looking for interested members to get involved. If you are able and want to learn more about the handicap system and how we will be implementing it for our members, please contact the committee chairperson Michael Lindgren at: <mailto:michael@crosbies.com> or me at: <mailto:thomas.hawk@torrid-sticks.com>.

Welcome New Members!

- Whoops! No new members to report in this issue of our newsletter. Feel at ease telling your friends and acquaintances about the club and its activities. We hope to have the website up and running soon and welcome anyone interested in helping our club mission.