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“Beam Me Up Scotty”

by

Tom Holbrook

Several of us man types were sitting over a pitcher of beer at Glenview Country Club, after a rained out round of golf, doing what we do best... solving all the world's problems. These times of quality male bonding usually provide a mother lode of printable and non-printable nuggets of sageness, so I pulled out my trusty pen and pad and asked if anyone had a quote of interest for this column. My neighbor and former friend, Don replied, all too quickly, “Never trust the press.” Normally I would mentally dismiss this obvious, prejudicial outburst, but since he was the only one who responded to my question, I thought I owed him a printed quote.

Speaking of Don, and so there can be no doubt about it that's exactly what we're doing here, he is a single digit handicapper and a true student of the game of golf and sincerely goes out of his way to respond to those who've asked for help with their game. Keeping in mind he is basically a shy retiring type, who definitely over-married, and his advice is offered quietly with little quips and anecdotes that help one remember his remarks. For instance, after I've hit an extremely long slice on the golf course he will comment, “Well Tom, the distance was great but you need to work a little on your towards.” Isn't that a much nicer comment than my former friend Bob offered after the same type shot, “You would think a person who could hit a ball that far, could hit it straight.”

At times, when asked where my ball is after a tee shot, Don will say, “We're both out there in the middle, side by each.” If, perchance, my ball happened to find the middle of the fairway but stopped 100 yards short of where it was supposed to be, he will gently chide with, “Never belittle a ball in the middle.” He's a great believer in true golf etiquette and golf rules and will unashamedly remind you of them when you inadvertently walk in someone's lie on the green; talk while someone is teeing off or putting; forget to sand your divot on the fairway or repair your divot on the green.

Another situation... you've walked 50 yards into the rough on a long par three, only to find your ball either farther or closer to the hole than you thought, or in the bunker, and you've brought the wrong club. Don will carry an armload of clubs with him saying, “Better to have a club and not need it than to need it and not have it.” There are many other memorable “Don” quotes I could give you but he's been paid back enough so I'll just give one more that is probably my favorite... “True happiness is walking toward the green with nothing but your putter in your hand.” If I've mangled any of your words of wisdom Don, forgive me, and I really do appreciate you and your help.

Speaking of Quantum Physics..... which, for the uninformed, is the ability to move an object from point A to point B by reducing it to its sub-atomic state and teleporting it as you would a fax message. Curious on the subject, I've gone on the web and discovered that there is much ado about

the subject with lots of research and, believe it or not, the idea is not being pooh-poohed in scientific circles.

According to Noah Schachtman on [Wired.com](#), physicists at the University of Aarhus in Denmark have used a beam of light, and told a 1 trillion-atom puff of caesium gas to take on the property, or “quantum spin” of another. “The hard part of teleportation is achieving entanglement between System A and system B. That’s what they’ve done here,” California Institute of Technology physics professor Jeff Kimble said. “It’s a necessary step towards teleportation. The Danish experiment is important, according to David Harrison, a professor of physics at the [University of Toronto](#), because of its large scale and its duration; the Danish physicists kept their gases entangled for half a millisecond, (*which is*) an eternity in quantum time.

Who knows folks, it could be a reality in our lifetimes. I’m a believer in the old but true saying, “What man can perceive he can achieve.”

Beam me up Scotty!

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