

8/04/07

“Frogs and Towels”

by
Tom Holbrook

Okay, all you guys out there who think I'm too intense at times, I'll lighten up a little this week. It's time to be a grandfather for just a moment. Mine and Judy's youngest grandchild Tucker just had his 4 month checkup and 2nd set of immunizations for whatever, and my son called with a statistical update. Tucker now weighs 12 lbs 9 oz, can roll 360 degrees, has one tooth coming in, stands up by himself, has learned to squeal and giggle and is sucking his thumb. (I didn't know squeals and giggles were a learned trait...) The doctor told Marc that Tucker obviously came from a great gene pool and should be speaking at least two languages by the time he is 1 year old. (Okay, I made up the last bit but he does come from a great gene pool, only the doctor didn't say it.) Marc said that Tucker had his shots and unlike the first time he had shots, when all of us there broke into sobs, Tucker only shed one tear and then laughed and ordered a medium rare hamburger. (Okay, so I'm kidding about the hamburger as well.) Go get 'em Tuck.

I played golf this week three times, actually four counting a round Judy and I played by ourselves, and although my progress is infinitesimal (next to zero,) the Jude is steadily improving. Most men would not admit to the following but, being comfortable in my own skin as I am, I will share that two times she and I have played on a couple of the Executive courses she beat me both times, and that's hitting from the same tee box. I know I'm going to get a lot of flack from this confession but I'm excited she is doing well. Naturally, beating me, as anyone who has played with me will attest, is no mean feat, but for someone who has only played for less than a year I'm proud of Judy's progress. And guys remember, the more the little wifey stays on the course the less time she has to shop. (And they say I'm dense.)

Speaking of women playing golf, one of my regular golfing buddies was paired with me the other day... we'll call him Desi... and I noticed the towel with which he was washing his ball looked like he had run it through a paper shredder and tried to knit it back together. I mentioned to him that we guys would be happy to take up a collection to buy him a really good golf towel but he then pointed to the beautiful, immaculate, golf towel hanging from the side of his bag. He said he had picked up the towel when another golfing partner had thrown it away several weeks ago. Why, I asked would he do a thing like that. He said, “Do you know how great it feels to be able to take a real muddy ball and wipe it clean with a towel, not caring how dirty the towel is getting?” I replied in the affirmative and he then said, “Until I got this rag my wife (we'll call her Lucy,) wouldn't let me put dirt on the golf towel, so I'm I hog heaven (or words to that effect.)” I said, “Oh, she thinks the golf towel should be like those “for show” towels women put up in the bathrooms with a “Do Not Touch”

sign on them?” He giggled and mumbled something and continued to clean his ball with a sweet, almost sensual, smile on his face. I turned away so I wouldn’t cry.

One little item I must report before I end this prose... a neighbor, we’ll call her Pam, said to warn you readers from leaving your car doors open in the garage because as her husband, whom we’ll call Rich, was driving to work one morning he was attacked by a huge frog that jumped in his lap, almost causing him to lose it completely. Then, after throwing it aside in a fit of hysteria the frog (that was tttthhiiiiissss big) attacked him again jumping up his pants leg trying to get to his vitals. Rich had to hold the frog in place with one hand while trying to steer and remove himself from his seatbelt with the other, and get the car pulled over to the side of the road all at the same time. Jumping out of the car he began a dance, impossible to describe here, ultimately dislodging the vicious amphibious man eater from his nether regions. Folks, it couldn’t have been a pretty sight and you don’t want to go through this ordeal, so please take necessary precautions with your parked and unattended vehicles in the future. Thank you Pam for the warning.

See you next week

#