

THE GGGGG OF A  
A HYSTERICAL\* NOVEL

\* Semi-historical

By

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DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF....

Ken Anderson

Bill Kearns

Larry Ashley

George Lehman

Bill Bruce

Dave Magilner

Annie Carco

Don Maher

Bob Collett

Carl Quackenbush

Bill Culbertson

Larry Turnage

Dave Wolfard

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# THE GGGGG OF A

## PROLOGUE

The Arizona sunset was a breathtaking splash of colors ranging from somber vermillion shades to bright pinks. Camelback Mountain, with the familiar Praying Monk rock formation, was a silhouette in a display destined for some future copy of "Arizona Highways".

The view was mostly ignored by the crowd on the patio and barroom of the clubhouse. The noisy, sweaty golfers drank on, waiting for the hoped-for appearance of the Teller of Tales. The bartender's third "last call" was ignored once again as one or the other patrons bought "beer for the house." When the door to the patio finally opened, bringing the warm soft Arizona night air into the acrid atmosphere of the bar, all eyes turned expectantly, waiting.

The apparition at the door, obscured by cigarette and cigar smoke, was tall and gaunt and his bony long arms were bare under a loose fitting robe. He resembled a dead Gary Rodman however that may have been due to the broken nine iron held in his right hand. He raised the nine iron high and spoke in thunderous tones:

"Hear ye, I am the Teller of Tales. I am come to tell you of the story of the Great and Good Go-Getting Golf League of America. I am come to tell you how your predecessors suffered at the hands of the CSL's and finally broke that bondage to form a righteous league of gentlemen golfers. And how that league grew and prospered then degenerated into hedonists and miserly persons until it was finally saved by the inspiration of subsequent generations of deserters from the CSL's who exposed the false gods of the CSL's--the USGA and the Ancient Order of St. Andrews--and restored The League to its rightful position in the hearts and minds of its long-faithful members."

"I am come to tell you of the days when Jim Wade was a golfer, Alice Weeks was an introvert, and Shanky Dammitt was known as George Lehman. I am come to tell you of the Quackenbush squib, the Carco two-step, and the Kearns slice. I am come to tell you of the lustful and lascivious activities known as the 'Caddiette Affairs'. I am come to tell you the true story of the 'Founder' and the sinister organization known as 'The Fairness Committee'. I am come to explain, once and for all, why Don Maher apologized and why Bob Bacon and Jerry Bailly fled into the night, never to be seen again."

"Listen then, to my tale which begins in the Spring of 1968."

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# THE GGGGG OF A

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## CHAPTER I

### GENESIS

'Let the earth bring forth living souls according to their kinds...'

The soft, light desert breeze felt good to the three golfers waiting on the green for the fourth golfer to shoot. The first green at Papago Golf Course is elevated, particularly on the right side where the fourth golfer was hidden from their view. They saw his wedge shot float safely on the green, though, and watched in disbelief as it rolled in the hole.

"Is it on the green?" shouted the still-invisible player from the depths to the right of the green.

"It's in the hole, you lucky bastard!" replied the player, known as Bob Shackell, whose upcoming birdie putt had just been upstaged by Bob Bacon's eagle.

Both Shackell and the player known as George Schlosser expected and hoped Bacon's shot would miss the green entirely. The other player, Jerry Bailly, was glad Bacon's shot was good but Jerry had just started playing golf and could be forgiven for his unnatural wholesomeness.

Bacon struggled up the slope to the green with a sheepish grin on his face. The grin was a permanent fixture; Bacon was one of those people the gods smile on at all times. He had pushed a short drive far to the right but it had caught the downslope of the desert hardpan to the right of the fairway and got a good roll. Since the par 5 doglegged to the right, he was in a position to go for the green on his second shot. In his youth--Bacon was in his early thirties-- Bacon's four wood shots were a sight to behold. And that shot was a beauty-- starting low and straight, it began to rise out of sight. Shackell thought it might have landed in the lake to the short right of the green but that was just wishful thinking.

Although Shackell was slightly older than Bacon and married, both Bacon and Shackell were enterprising playboys. Bacon was an imminently eligible bachelor who resembled the Napoleon Solo character on the "Man From Uncle" TV series. Shackell, who more closely resembled Buddy Hackett, had the advantage with women due to his direct, if somewhat crude, line and a total lack of discrimination. Bacon, on the other hand, applied high



standards to those he dated. For example, he would date no woman who did not respect John Wayne.

The other two members of the foursome were also unique characters: George Schlosser at 45 was the patriarch and self-appointed leader of the group. A product of strict, Jesuit training, Schlosser was an interesting mixture of conservatism, enthusiasm, and cynicism. As befitted his upbringing and German heritage, he respected his superiors, earned the respect of his equals and demanded the respect of his subordinates. Jerry Bailly, the youngest of the group, had been recently "led" into golf by his boss, Schlosser. Jerry was a newly-wed. He was tall and thin, with slicked back black hair in the "Fonzie" style. George and Jerry participated in the drinking and partying of the two Bobs, but they were family men and their dealings with the "party women" attracted by and to the two Bobs were limited to conversation.

All four men worked for The Company. That Wednesday in the Spring of 1968 they found that they had time after work to get in 9 holes at Papago, a relatively long and challenging public golf course on the East side of Phoenix bordering Tempe. But the inventive mind of George Schlosser found it unfulfilling. He wanted to form his own twilight golf league and some of the prospective players he had in mind--particularly the people who worked for him--were new to the game or were hackers who could not finish Papago in a week, much less two hours.

The next morning George's secretary, Melinda Watkins, was typing a memo addressed to Del Allie, Bob Bacon, Jerry Bailly, Pat Brennan, Don Fronko, Don Hair, Joe Hattrup, Bob Howells, Bob Olsson, Carl Quackenbush, Bob Shackell, and Ed Voelker:

The first round of the Great and Good Group of Go- Getting Golfers of America (henceforth referred to as the GGGGGG of A) tournament was played at Papago Golf Course on Wednesday of this week.

Top honors went to Bob Shackell for his brilliant 42 played in a wind and dust storm. Bob could have had a 40 but he missed two easy putts of just under 50 feet. Jerry Bailly was a close finisher with a slick 65 but no one really expects him to keep up(sic) this fast pace. The next round will be played next Tuesday or Wednesday, depending on the majority vote and the president of this here league.

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It has been suggested that everyone with a handicap-- developed after at least one round--put up 25 cents as prize money to be divided at 50% to low, 30% to second low net, and 20% to third low net. Address your opinions to me.

/s/ George Schlosser

Although this is the letter maintained by League Historian Ed Voelker, some members of George's staff claimed to have received a slightly different version that started with the words "The GGGGG of A is born!" and did not contain the word "Group" in the title which made the sixth "G" necessary. Regardless of this minor, technical difference in the memory of people now 'too old to remember what they had for breakfast this morning', the first GGGGG of A or GGGGGG of A memo appeared on each desk of an open office area supervised by Schlosser and Carl Quackenbush. Most of the employees in the office area reported to George, but Carl--as the senior Corporate manager of The Company in the Phoenix area-- outranked George. One of Carl's staff, Ed Voelker, joined the disciples of George, The Founder, voluntarily. The other recruits who reported to George: Jerry Bailly, Don Hair, Arnie Shal, Jack Long, Steve Zeman, and C. J. Germeroth joined as a condition of employment.

The Founder's golf creed was that it was to be played as a game, for fun, in a relaxed manner. Just as he believed in the lesser government the better, he believed the fewer golf rules the better. The USGA rules, an anathema to The Founder, were to be followed only in playing formal tournaments with non-believers.

The true believers multiplied like rabbits:

Shackell, Brennan, and Olsson begat other real golfers, too few to mention here;  
Bailly begat a host of hackers, Dave Wolfard, Jim Wade, Cliff Wright, Bob Tellier and others, too numerous to mention here; and  
So forth.

As The Founder suspected, Papago was too long and required too much time to accommodate even the few people in the early version of the GGGGG of A. Even the short, Tempe executive course Rolling Hills was tough for his hackers. And, it was no challenge for the real golfers in the group. But the primary shortcoming of Rolling Hills was that no beer was sold nor allowed on the course.

Jerry Bailly lined up his fourth putt on the ninth hole at Rolling Hills. If he could sink it, he would record his best nine hole score ever--a 49! The four foot putt wobbled like an egg a foot to the right of the hole. It was an egg! George had substituted an egg-shaped ball on Jerry's first putt. Jerry lined up his fifth putt. It was at that moment that The League's "Gimmie Golf Rule" was adopted.

Scottsdale's Coronado Golf Course of 1969 was perfect for both the real and the imagined golfers of The League. It was short, the fairways tree-lined, and only the wildest shots fell out-of-bounds. And, it had one hole that challenged one and all: the monster hole, number five, a 300 yard par 4.

The narrow, tree-lined fairway ran between two lakes and the green lay at the end of the right-hand lake. To the right of that lake was the fairway of the par-3 6th hole coming toward the number 5 tee.

Forty-two-year-old Jack Long, aka Paco by his drinking mates, faced the tee at the monster hole with apprehension. He was one of the novice golfers conscripted by Schlosser to fill out his league. He did not have the slightest idea where his shot would go, but knew it was unlikely to go straight. Therefore, the odds favored it going into either the right-hand or left-hand lake, or into the large ditch in front of the tee. (Actually, as he found out later, there was another possibility: if he hit the small tree on the right front of the tee flush, his drive would ricochet over his head, across the street, and into the lake behind him). There was no question that he would tee up a "water ball" on Number 5. On this occasion he selected an old, wrinkled, red-striped "range ball". His flat-footed, outside-in swing produced a drive slicing so far right that it crossed the tip of the right-hand lake onto the 6th fairway. Paco was elated. But Pat Brennan, walking up the 6th fairway, saw the old range ball and kicked it into the lake.

"What do you think you're doin?" yelled the irate Paco at Pat.

Pat didn't hear, but The Founder did. "You're going to have to print your name on those range balls, Paco," The Founder advised. This was the only golf tip ever uttered by George other than, "you should lay off golf for two weeks, then quit."

Meanwhile, on the 140 yard, par 3 8th hole, the 55 year-old Dave Wolfard teed his ball up and straddled it in a crab-like fashion. Since Dave's strange swing always produced a slice,

he compensated by closing the clubface severely. All woods produced a 150-yard line drive down the center of the fairway. His was not a particularly interesting game to watch. He swung his 3-wood and topped the drive.

"Shoot, I missed it!" Dave grouched (Dave went to the same church as Carl Quackenbush and wasn't allowed to say "shit" like most other golfers). The ball rolled all the way to the green, across the green, into the hole for a hole-in-one!

"Hot dog! I didn't think I had enough club," Dave said to his unbelieving colleagues. He left early to avoid buying drinks.

Dave's hole-in-one was the second hole-in-one for the new League. The Chronicles are silent on the first hole-in-one, mentioning only that it was by C. J. Germeroth on the 160 yard hole number 2 at the old Coronado course. C. J. never got excited about anything in those days, so it is possible that he and the others in his foursome forgot about it before finishing their round.

The large ditch in front of the number 5 tee also fronted the number 7 tee. Many drives of The League dribbled into that ditch in those days. Bob Tellier thought he was re-living World War I at the sight of the heads and clubs slashing away in the ditch. Bob was more of an observer than a golfer and his stories about other golfers were amusing. But he never talked about the time he pulled his drive on number 7 completely across the number 7 and number 6 fairways. As he was lining up his second shot just to the right of the number 6 tee box, three of the golfers sitting on the bench behind the number 6 tee sized up the situation correctly and moved off of and away from the bench. Ed Voelker remained on the bench, still talking to his departed comrades. Bob's predictable, pulled second shot line-driven into the edge of the seat of the bench, between Ed's legs! Ed thus missed becoming a soprano by THAT MUCH! (This is why Ed is now a popular golfing companion, interested in the play of his companions as well as his own; they don't notice that he also carefully watches the shots of golfers in adjacent fairways).

These stories and many more surfaced at the clubhouse porch-- there was no bar--after each Wednesday night event. Much beer was consumed at these get-togethers, sometimes donated by the young Assistant Pro of the Course. His name was Wayne Steele. Wayne was, of course, eventually fired by the tightwad who owned the course, joined The Company, and became a member of the GGGGG of A. The League retaliated by moving

its Wednesday night Summer schedule at Coronado to Shalimar, which had a bar. Coronado was devastated. It's miserly owner had to turn to the city of Scottsdale to help in a complete renovation. It is now a course fit only for elderly snowbirds and their spouses.

The Wednesday Night League lasted from the end of March to the end of August. Thus, the players were able to sample some of Arizona's most interesting weather: hot & dry, hot & windy, and hot & wet. The weather was progressively hard to endure as the season progressed. An interesting year-end finale was necessary to keep the hackers in line. The ever-increasing need for more interesting finales almost resulted in the destruction of The League. But that story comes later.

Several sandstorms and one tornado failed to deter the avid Wednesday afternoon golfers. Except Len Cameron. Len obtained his job from George Schlosser by lying about his golf handicap. George's eyes lit up upon receiving a resume from an Illinois applicant who listed his hobby as "golf" and claimed a 12 handicap. Actually Len had played only miniature golf. Schlosser was unable to fire Cameron for lying on his resume for fear of revealing his hiring techniques to The Company's Personnel Department. At any rate, Len avoided golfing with George whenever possible, and used a sandstorm as an excuse to slip into a Scottsdale bar one Wednesday afternoon. Those were the days of "topless" bars and Cameron was disappointed that the barmaid had a "top". She made up for it, however, with a shapely bottom adorned only with panties. A large zipper in the front of her panties was unzipped halfway down.

"Why are you wearing your panties at half-mast?" asked the sometimes curious and always lecherous Cameron.

"This is in memory of the stiff that was buried there last night," she replied.

"I hope it doesn't rise to haunt you!" commiserated Cameron. Cameron's quick wit offset his lack of golfing skills.

Schlosser was not content to limit his golf to the short Wednesday night courses. He played 18-hole courses Saturdays with one of The Company subsidized golf leagues, filling his foursome with his disciples or others who subscribed to his golfing creed. Some of the "others" who joined George on Saturdays were Chet May, Bill Hook, and a noisy little fellow named George Lehman. The Company golf league, however, was a constant source of

irritation to The Founder with its cliques and constant bickering over rules and prize monies. For a time he and Shackell joined the Pima Golf club for Saturday golfing. They invited some of the GGGGG of A members as guests at Pima. Other League members were also members of The Company subsidized golf league and some of The Company league members joined the Wednesday night GGGGG of A, notably Bill Hook and George Lehman.

A departmental golf league of The Company, called the MIS League, was in full bloom at that time. Some of the members of the MIS League, which was headed by a Company potentate known as "The Great Reorganizer", were later to become a significant part of the GGGGG of A history: Ken Anderson, Bill Kearns, Ken Bandelin, Gary Rodman, Jim Stewart, Gene Underwood, Art Haley, and Jack Sugden, to name a few. Like the GGGGG of A, the members of the MIS League loved the game for the pure enjoyment of it, ie. they drank a lot of beer.

But I am getting ahead of my tale. Members from another MIS organization of The Company were prominent in the early days of the Wednesday night league. Although a smaller organization, virtually the entire department played with the GGGGG of A. Possibly because their boss, The Great Pontificator, was a non-golfer and his department was regularly decimated each Wednesday afternoon, they lasted only a few seasons. The only ones that stayed the course are those who transferred out of the department: Jim Wade, Tom Burton, and Joe Burkett. But Cliff Wright, Bud Dode, Bob Tellier, and others remain entrenched in the folklore of The League.

A Bud Dode incident served to clarify The League's position on "whiffs". The par 5 seventh hole at Coronado had a good growth of weeds that many of The League's players in those days could reach with a good slice or shank. Bud Dode's only interest in golf then was the beer drinking part and he found himself in the weeds after shanking his third shot. His next two swings did not touch the ball. The next swing he got on the fairway. After two more shots he was on the green where he three putted. He started to record his score, hesitated, then asked his playing mates how he counted the swings in the weeds. They told him that whenever there was an intent to hit the ball it counted and only he knew that so he would have to let his conscience be his guide. He said, "Oh, in that case I had a seven."

"Whiffs" were an issue in the latter years of The League when Tom Vandeloop set up "The Mercy Rule" to speed up play in a San Diego tournament. The "Mercy Rule" was that a player must pick up after reaching double par on any hole, recording double par plus one as the score on the hole. Ironically, Mercie Lopez' foursome was involved. She brought a guest who was a lady who had never played golf before. Interestingly, the Guest Lady Golfer played with a new set of expensive, graphite-shafted clubs. The "GLG" whiffed two out of every three shots, which the unforgiving scorer counted. The luckless Guest Lady Golfer never got to use her new Ping putter.

Jim Wade was a pretty fair golfer in the '70s. And, unlike the retiring Jim Wade of the '80s, he was cocky.

"You were really lucky to par that last hole after hitting your second shot into the lake," said Tom Burton to Wade in the bar at Camelot Golf Club.

"I don't know why you say that, Tom. I always go for the hole--no matter how far out--one of them is bound to go in."

The others at the bar did not laugh; they knew Wade was serious.

Jim Wade introduced his mother to the golfers at the Shalimar bar. "I told you I could beat you guys in a two-ball tournament with my mother as my partner," bragged Jim.

"Who would have guessed that chubby lil' ol' lady was a ringer?" whispered Cliff Wright to his crestfallen comrades.

Schlosser was also a member of The Company's Finance Club which had an annual golf tournament. Since its members were George's natural (audit) prey it was easy for him to add their golfers to his new league. Dick Brown, Glen Maxey, Joe Hattrup, Jay May and Larry Turnage were some of The Founder's victims who became League regulars, in fact, members of the "Hard Core". More on the "Hard Core" later.

It was a beautiful Fall day in Arizona. Perfect for walking the golf course. The foursome of Maxey, Brown, Hattrup, and May were walking the fifth hole at Golden Hills (now Arizona Resort). The hole features a lake in front of the tee and a sharp dog leg right with trees and out of bounds on the corner of the dog leg. Neither the lake nor the trees and OB came

into play for this foursome. Usually. But something went awry with Dick Brown that day. The Chronicles are silent on his tee shot, but Glenn Maxey noticed Brown's strange behavior on his second shot. Brown was talking to his golf bag, angrily. Then he yanked viciously on the pull cart. The bag swayed to one side on the cart so Dick kicked the bag and cart. Too hard. The bag flew off the cart on the other side, still attached by one of the restraining straps. Whereupon Dick shook the cart until the bag fell off all the way. Then he kicked the bag again, lifted it up and carried it by its strap on his shoulder, yanking and yelling obscenities at the cart. This is why Maxey sometimes refers to Brown as the Imminent Golf Bag Instructor. Or, the Kush of the Kourse.





## CHAPTER II

## EXODUS

'I shall bring you up out of affliction ...to a land flowing with milk and honey'

George Lehman was the original member of that portion of the GGGGG of A known as the Hard Core. He stayed at the 19th hole the longest, drank the most, and WAS THE LOUDEST golfer in The League. This was no small achievement considering other members of The League at the time. A little bit of George went a long way and it was inevitable that the common means of addressing him, "George ... Dammitt!", eventually became his name. In addition to being the foremost member of the Hard Core, Dammitt was also the leading advocate of The Founder's Creed. He did, in fact, stretch the Perpetual Winter Rule axiom--improve your lie in the fairway--to the extreme; his "identification" of his golf ball invariably led to more favorable locations when the ball was found behind trees or other obstacles. This bothered no one in the GGGGG of A--with the exception of Don Maher--but the members of The Company League with whom Dammitt played on Saturdays were aghast. "YOU CAN'T DO THAT!", they shouted from several fairways away. Because of this, Dammitt referred to that, and all Company Leagues as "Chicken Shit Leagues" ('CSLs', for short).

The Founder was not moved by Dammitt's relationship with the CSLs, but the "YOU CAN'T DO THAT!" yells were indiscriminate, ie. they even yelled at HIM for picking up gimmee putts! Although Schlosser's laxness in applying rules did not extend to Dammitt's practices, he detested SLOW PLAY, particularly the slow play involved in lining up six inch putts or in distance penalties for out-of-bounds and lost balls. (A reliable source reports that George once "gave" a gimmee putt to a professional golfer playing in a "Phoenix Open" resulting in the hapless fellow's disqualification).

Eventually, the CSL got to George, driving him first to the Pima Golf Club and eventually to form a Saturday, 18-hole version of the GGGGG of A.

Thus, one sunny afternoon in September of 1972 found the Founder and his side-kick Paco touring the Valley of the Sun, covering Phoenix, Scottsdale, Tempe, Mesa, Apache Junction, Sun City, Casa Grande, Stanfield and Guadalupe, looking for appropriate golf courses. The Chronicles are silent as to what golf courses they visited in Stanfield and Guadalupe, but newspaper articles during that period report a sex scandal at Pete's Corner in Stanfield

involving County officials and some unknown golfers. This item is irrelevant but may add a little spice and mystery to this story which is beginning to be boring.

As much as Schlosser hated SLOW PLAY, his love of competitive golf made him endure it in the extreme. Nowhere--excepting Chicago public golf courses in the Spring--was play as SLOW as it was in a 'NIRA' tournament. He played in the first two NIRA tournaments before the Saturday League was formed. These were held in San Diego in 1971 and Monterey in 1972.

Schlosser waited on the 14th tee at Rancho Canada Golf Club in Carmel Valley, California, disgustedly looking at the group of players searching the woods bordering the dry Carmel river bed for a lost ball. He knew they would be returning to the tee to hit another ball, just as the foursome that preceded them had done. Then, once they were all in the fairway, they would WAIT again to hit across the river bed to the green where players would be "plumb-bobbing" six inch putts a la Ben Crenshaw. He turned to Chuck Placek, the Company's Recreation Director, who was also waiting at the 14th tee, although two foursomes behind George.

"Do you see what I mean, Chuck? This is why I formed my own League!"

"Of course, George, but there's nothing I can do about it. This is a Western Region invitational tournament of the National Industrial Recreation Association and we have to play by the USGA rules."

"But you can change the rules for this tournament, Chuck, you're running it."

"I would get more static from our own Company Leagues than from these West Coast companies if I did that, and you know it," said Placek.

"Don't I ever," said Schlosser, shaking his head.

GGGGG of A historians postulate that the official creation of The League occurred on that September day of 1972--in the club house bar at Rancho Canada. How it happened is uncertain--they do know, however, that Schlosser met with Placek in the bar, still upset with the slow play in the first round; that Placek did not play in the second round, ruining any chance The Company's Corporate Team had to win that year; and that Shackell, one of the

four-man Corporate team led an all night binge in the Oriental bath houses of Monterey that night. Neither Schlosser nor Placek remember or will admit how the GGGGG of A was officially created, ie. recognized by and partially subsidized by The Company. But several possible scenarios come to mind:

#### WAS IT EXTORTION?

Schlosser was the Corporate Audit Manager responsible for the audit of the Recreation Department and all of its activities, supervised at that time by Placek.

#### WAS IT BLACKMAIL?

Placek let down the Corporate team consisting of Placek, Schlosser, Shackell, and Paco by not playing the following day. The best three scores were used each day and the Placek, Schlosser, Shackell scores the first day were leading. Paco was merely a space filler for handicap purposes; his scores were of negative value.

Did the then-married Placek accompany Shackell on a night of debauchery?

Or worse, was the trip he claimed to have to make to Chicago for emergency business, monkey business?

#### OR WAS HE A SECRET GGGGG OF A SYMPATHIZER?

At the time, the CSL's were firmly entrenched in The Company. They scorned the GGGGG of A as a "Mickey Mouse League". Later they would be furious when Tom Vandeloop won The Company Open with a net 49 after applying his GGGGG of A handicap of 34, beating Placek's CSL replacement, Bill Bruce's gross score! The records of how Bruce got Placek's job are sealed as a Company Secret, not to be opened until the year 2099.

The Company's MIS League members were not hostile to the GGGGG of A--though they did belittle it somewhat, calling it "The Lot's of G's of A". Nevertheless, when their League dissolved, they found they fit more easily into the GGGGG of A than into one of the CSL's. This was due to their history of disregard for any rules and their love of beer. The dissolution of the MIS League has been attributed to either one too many reorganizations by The Great Reorganizer or to a surfeit of eagle shit during the reign of his successor, Soaring Eagle.

One former MIS League member, Gene Underwood, felt guilty winning prizes initially with the GGGGG of A due to his grossly overstated handicap. When he confessed to the Founder, Schlosser's reply was "who gives a shit?" Who indeed? The League prizes were deliberately kept low to avoid the constant bickering, sandbagging, and deliberate cheating that characterized the CSL's at that time.

The MIS League's handicaps had been based on all nine hole scores played at Papago. The competition was in the form of two-man matches. Inspired by the competitiveness of The Great Reorganizer, the final matches of the last MIS League season were exciting, fun contests.

Ken Anderson was the foremost "character" in the MIS League. He drank one beer per hole, danced a little twist he called the "La Cucaracha" after each birdie, and used all possible means to defeat his opponent. He was tied with Gene Underwood going into the final match.

Underwood ignored Anderson's "la cucaracha" twist after he birdied Papago's first hole. It was a little clumsy in that Anderson was bare-footed on one foot and wore a cowboy boot on the other foot. After the 9-hole match ended with an Underwood victory, Anderson slurred, "why din' you notice my boot n' barefoot?"

"You beat me that way the last time we played," replied Underwood, who almost never makes the same mistake twice.

Anderson did not need a gimmick to beat Jack Sugden in the Consolation Match. He knew that Jack would beat himself. But he was beginning to worry by the time they reached the sixth tee--they were tied. As they looked down the sixth fairway--a long par-4 going down hill, then uphill--Ken noticed the lake to the right of the tee box. It was a good 100 yards away, on the 9th fairway, but he thought it might be worth a shot.

"Hey Jack, look at Kearns down at that lake looking for golf balls."

Sugden looked, then looked again out of the corner of his eye on his backswing.

"My God!" exclaimed Anderson innocently after Sugden's drive, "you've shanked your drive all the way to that lake. But you can drop and play from where your ball went in."

"No thanks," replied a determined Sugden, "that won't give me anything. I'll tee it up again". Another shank!

Anderson, having a hard time controlling his laughter, took a long swig of his beer and said "Hey, if you can do that again it'll be some sort of record!"

It is.

The MIS golfers blended naturally into the ranks of the GGGGG of A.

Carl Quackenbush was the steady member of The League. As the ranking Corporate man of The Company, his influence was felt even though he did not participate in the management of The League. On the golf course he was known as the developer of the famous Quackenbush Squib, the "sounds good" cliché, and as a golf ball hoarder. The Squib is a shank to the left--usually occurring when a lake is on the left of the tee box. As a golf ball miser, Carl had no equal. He was never known to buy a ball, yet he had thousands in his garage. He was not a ball thief: when he saw a ball in the fairway, he waited until the following foursome passed it before returning to pick it up. And he never picked up a rolling ball.

The house-lined fairway of the ninth hole at Apache Wells was in perfect shape but the rough was high enough to hide golf balls. Good old Dave Magilner was looking for his ball in the right hand rough when he noticed Quackenbush climbing a ladder to the roof of a nearby home. "Carl, yourball is in the middle of the fairway," Dave shouted.

"I know," yelled Carl, "I hit a ball on this roof the last time we played here."

Dave laughed so hard, he forgot to count all of his strokes. But that was not unusual.



CHAPTER III

DEUTERONOMY

Their alters you should pull down, and their sacred pillars you should break down, and their sacred poles you should cut down, and their graven images you should burn with fire.'

Schlosser now enjoyed his Saturday golf. As Founder, his relaxed golf laws were supreme. But there were minor irritations. It was difficult finding a foursome for Bob Collett. He was obliged to play often with Bob. And George was quite discriminating about people and often over matters irrelevant to anyone except a Company auditor. Actually, he was a Company auditor--a manager of Company auditors in fact. Even worse, he was a word snob. His disdain for cliches made it difficult for him to play even with some of the more easy-going members of his League. For example, he could handle George Dammitt more easily than he could deal with Bob Olsson, Chet May, and Carl Quackenbush. For example:

Schlosser was pleased with his drive off the number 18 tee at Apache Wells. He waited, hopefully, for words of praise from the others in his foursome.

Carl, who didn't see it, said "sounded good!"

Chet May said, "you'd better hit a provisional, George, you're two feet off the center of the fairway."

George then pushed his second shot into the trap to the right of the green. "You hit the trap, George," Bob said, helpfully.

"Sounded good!" added Carl.

You get the drift.

The Company called it a promotion, but Schlosser was exiled to Chicago in 1973. He suffered woefully. The cold wind wreaked havoc with his left-to-right drives (others called them slices). Worse, he had to play with Personnel people. Fortunately, The Great Reorganizer--after a series of reorganizations that left him in a lofty position--brought George



back to Phoenix in 1974. He was placed in the Purchasing Department. (The Great Reorganizer was known for placing personnel in strange places). Schlosser took no part in running The League, however. An individualist, he would never join a committee--particularly an unrecognized one such as the Fairness Committee--which now ran The League. But "Old Fun-To-Play-With", as he now called himself, continued to play with The League. And, he began to "recruit" his subordinates once again for The League.

Jim Goodloe was a willing recruit. He was married in those days to The Dragon Lady and needed an excuse to get out of the house. But before he had bought George's clubs (George always sold his clubs to new recruits when he wanted new ones), another reorganization made him Schlosser's boss. So Goodloe never had to play! And, through a covert arrangement with the Fairness Committee, his name appeared regularly in The League's weekly golf letters. He did attend the year end banquet where he was awarded the year's Good Attendance Award--which he accepted with a straight face.

George Lehman aka George Dammitt had another reason for his caustic references to the CSL'S. He was once the treasurer of one of the other Company leagues protesting, as only Dammitt can, a procedural change that allowed The League to collect dues and prize money from any golfer who had not established a handicap, ie. played five previous games in the year. Their prizes were large and usually distributed to one of their "clique", according to Dammitt. The reason for the change, according to Dammitt, was "Easy Ed" Shea. "Easy Ed" plays golf once a year and well. He won once, upsetting the clique, and The League leaders passed the change over Dammitt's objections. Conversely, the new GGGGG of A league charged no dues, allowed anyone to be eligible for prizes (if they hadn't established a handicap, they played the Calloway system for prizes), and the prize amounts were deliberately kept small. Dammitt loved it.

But the influence of the CSLs in The Company Recreation Department grew as Placek's second-in-command Bill Bruce's authority increased. And, when Placek was transferred out of the department, Bruce started to put pressure on The League. The Recreation Department controlled The Company subsidies and the invitations to inter-league and inter-company golf events, such as NIRA. Although the subsidy to the GGGGG of A was quite small, its members looked forward to competing in the special events controlled by Recreation.

Bruce's first move was to demand The League submit a written constitution and annual reports of elected officers.

The first request was no problem. Although the very thought of such regimentation was repugnant to The League, Bob Bacon came up with an answer. He wrote and submitted an entirely farcical constitution. This constitution was obviously never read by Bruce and was only discovered many years later by Placek when he returned to head up the Recreation Department. Placek was amused by it and used it as a "what not to do" lesson in writing a club constitution presented to Company club presidents. (See Appendix).

The second request posed a problem in honesty. The administration of The League was performed by an unknown group of individuals known as the Fairness Committee. In order to comply with Bruce's requirement, the Fairness Committee annually "elected" officers by whimsy and reported them to the Recreation Department. The Fairness Committee continued to run The League. Their rationale for this high-handed action was that many organizations are completely run by committees, and the fact that their committee members have names does little to pin down responsibility for decisions.

Sand-bagging Tom Vandeloop caused the next CSL furor over the success of the GGGGG of A. Tom played regularly during the Wednesday night Summer league but seldom played with The League on Saturdays. In fact, he had only one terrible round recorded for 18 holes, giving him a 34 handicap. His personality was a younger version of George Dammitt; in fact, George was shy and retiring in comparison with Tom. He had one other character defect: he was friends with Bill Bruce.

Vandeloop was nervous on the first tee of San Marcos Country Club in Chandler for The Company Open Tournament of 1979. The Company Recreation Director, Bill Bruce, had invited him to join his foursome. He was sure that he had been invited because he served on The Open Committee; why else would Bruce, an 18 handicapper invite a 34 handicapper to play? And, Bruce was one of a CSL's ruling clique whereas young Tom played with the lowly GGGGG of A. Joining them were Jim McGowan, a low-handicapper friend of Bruce, and Carl Simcox, Tom's boss. Unknown to Bruce, Simcox was a GGGGG of A Stalwart, a sometimes member of the Hard Core.

Bill Bruce gave young Tom sympathetic words of encouragement after Tom whiffed his drive on the first tee. "Relax, Tom, and step a little closer to the ball," Bill offered.

By the time they had reached the 17th hole Bruce was muttering to himself--Tom was beating him gross!

Tom's drive on the par 5 17th went to the right, behind a eucalyptus tree. "You'll just have to lay this one out, Tom," Simcox advised, "that tree is in the way.

"Oh, I think I'll just cut it around the tree," replied Tom, now getting cocky. Tom didn't know how to cut a ball, of course; he had heard a TV golf analyst say that.

Nevertheless, Tom pulled his 3-wood to the left and watched it go first toward a tree on the left side of the fairway, then start a gradual slice that ended up 20 feet in front of the green. Which was the color of Bruce's face at that point.

GGGGG of A handicapper Paco received a call from Bruce the following week.

"I know what you're going to say, Bill, we heard about Vandeloop's winning The Open with a net 49 and beating you gross," smirked Paco.

"I'm not upset about it," responded Bruce jovially, "but you should know that the other Company leagues are complaining about your handicaps in interleague competition."

"They don't complain when they win! You know that our gimmee putts and OB rules give us handicaps that are too low--not too high. You accepted Tom's handicap without verifying it with us; we would have told you it was six months old."

"I know, we've talked about it before. I agree with you," said Bill, with questionable sincerity. "But the other leagues are complaining, so I'm going to have to require that your applicants to interleague events provide handicaps that are certified as based on at least five events played under USGA rules."

"The five game minimum is reasonable, Bill, but I totally disagree with the USGA stipulation," replied the pissed-off Paco. "But I'll pass it on to our players and IPC and see what they say."

"What's the 'IPC'?"

"It's our 'Input Chickie'."

IPC Alice Weeks nee Ballard agreed to handle the handicap exceptions required by Bruce and the issue died. Eventually the exceptions died a rightful death also.

But Bruce wasn't through. He next insisted that The League members pay dues, as the other leagues did.

Shanky Dammitt nee George Dammitt nee George Lehman and his Purchasing Department colleagues lunched regularly at Monti's in Tempe each Tuesday. Occasionally the Fairness Committee of the GGGGG of A convened with Shanky at that time. (Dammitt is the only member of the Fairness Committee named in this story; the others are not revealed to protect the guilty).

"Dammitt!" said Dammitt, "he's trying to turn us into a CSL."

"I know," replied Fairness Committee Member X, "but we don't have to accumulate a lot of money to fight over. We can charge a nominal amount--say \$2 a year--then return it to the member in the form of a GGGGG of A souvenir."

"Great idea," said Fairness Committee Member Z, "this calls for another round of vodka martinis."

And so, with this small concession started the League's slide into crass commercialism.

The Chairman of the Fairness Committee called an unusual, formal meeting at Monti's soon afterwards. Ed Voelker, League Historian, was present as a historic decision was in the offing. After lunch and two vodka martinis, The Chairman figured the members were in a creative mood. "We need a logo for The League to put on some league jackets we're ordering to sell to members," he announced. The Chronicles are silent as to the other suggestions but Ed Voelker's toast "to the GGGGG of A, for the good times" was recorded and, together with crossed clubs and glass of champagne, became The League's logo. Later this logo would be worn proudly in golf competitions, excursions, and in sundry bars world-wide.

Tempe's Shalimar Golf Course in the early 1970's was an appropriate home for the Wednesday Night League. It was easy. It had a large bar that remained open late. And, its bartender was a former go-go dancer at the Hi-Lighter Club in Phoenix.

For some reason, the Hi-Lighter brings Dick Solar to mind. Not the new, responsible Solar but the youthful, vigorous one. In those days Solar was confident, even cocky about his golf swing. He considered himself to be a good mid-iron ball-striker, favoring a slight draw aimed at the right of the pin. On the seventh hole at Shalimar one Wednesday, however, something went awry. Houses line the left side of that 150-yard hole, and these caused many of The League's golfers problems. But not Solar. Usually. "Maybe my grip is a little too weak," he thought as his seventh ball rattled around the porch of the house to the left of the green. The others in his foursome scurried to the eighth tee to avoid a confrontation with the homeowner.

Sharon Chavez' exquisite buffet dinner was wasted on the sweaty, beer-guzzling group that descended on Lou Chavez' Shalimar home after one Wednesday night round. The few sober GGGGG of A golfers there were treated to the best Mexican food they had ever tasted. Although Lou is Hispanic, he is Spanish not Mexican and Sharon is a "gringa". And Spanish food in no way resembles Mexican food, anyway. These facts-- though puzzling-- were of no interest to the golfers who were busy replaying their respective golf rounds.

Shanky Dammitt was still seething over Bill Hook's unfair triumph over him at match play that day. Hook had known that Shanky was hitting the ball pretty well and that, plus Shanky's ball identification methods, put Hook at a disadvantage. Normally Bill would have used his normal ploy of getting upwind and puffing his cigar while his opponent was putting, but he knew he needed something else for this match. Bill enlisted the help of a choice young specimen, sometimes called Miss Boobs, to help him distract Shanky's putting. She wore a short, white jumper suit that buttoned from the top down to the bottom. She was Hook's caddy but he let her tend the pin for Shanky also. Hook's instructions to her were to unbutton her top buttons and lean over forward as if she were surveying the putting line when Shanky was lining up a putt and to unbutton from the bottom and squat at other times. Hook won the match three-up after seven holes but the spectators wouldn't let Shanky concede.

They didn't realize it at the time, but Hook had set a trend in motion that would morally bankrupt The League.



CHAPTER IV

PACO & HOOK'S SONG OF SONGS

'may your breasts become like clusters of the vine, and the fragrance of your nose like apples, and your palate like the best wine that is going with a slickness for my dear one, softly flowing over the lips of sleeping ones.'

Six batchelor members of the GGGGG of A surrounded the cute little spinner in the Bedrock Inn in Mesa. "The problem is, we're all horny," she said.

"No, the problem is, we're all too sloshed to anything about it," thought the golfers, to a man.

She was a twenty-one year old school teacher who had been asked by the GGGGG of A's first "beer girl" to join her in driving the beer cart in a GGGGG of A tournament at Apache Wells on a beautiful Spring day in 1974. They had worn matching outfits--orange and yellow flowered short shorts and halters. The school marm had matched the boys drink for drink, outlasting her friend and all of the other golfers at Apache Wells. The Bedrock Inn was not a normal hangout for the League so we must assume the stopover was her idea.

Thus, The League discovered unrequited lust, a new reason for playing golf and one that would continue for the next several years. Some GGGGG of A historians claim that this event originated the term "Hard Core" and that the term was actually "Hard Corps."

Later that Summer, after a twilight round at Coronado, the golfers discussed the Summer-end finale. Schlosser had always arranged interesting contests, such as best two-ball teams, but he had been exiled to The Company's headquarters in Chicago, and Paco was now in charge. The sweltering August heat made it increasingly difficult to get out golfers for the finale, which was played as an 18 hole daytime event.

"Do you have beer girls for the finale, Paco?" asked Bill Hook with feigned innocence. Hook had provided the orange and yellow flowered beer girls and, no doubt, had others in the wings.

Knowing this, Paco boasted, "hell, I have so many beer girls lined up, we could assign one for each foursome!"

The cagey Hook jumped on this, "well, why don't you then?"

The first "Caddiette Affair" was a lavish production. The contest format was three-man, scramble team competition with a "Caddiette" as the fourth member of each team. The Caddiette's duties were to drive one of the golf carts accompanied by each of the team members on a 6-hole, rotating basis, pick up the balls not used in play, serve (and drink) free drinks, hold the pin for the team on the green, and be the team's cheerleader. The dress requirements established by Hook--short shorts or shorter--generally assured a Caddiette community of bimboes, airheads, and flakes that were somewhat less than reliable. It was necessary therefore for Paco and Hook to interview a large number of prospects and to establish procedures and incentives to assure that each team's Caddiette would show up at the ungodly hour of 7 o'clock in the morning. Some arrived still drunk from the night before.

The pert little blonde adorned in nothing more than a see-thru, sleeveless undershirt and short-short shorts squealed with glee upon winning the coveted Best Dressed Caddiette Award. The Selection Committee of Bill Hook, Paco, and Jerry Bailly had voted two to one for the little blonde. Jerry protested that some thought for design and originality should be considered but was overwhelmed by the dirty-old-man-dogma of the two Caddiette procurers. But they were not the only ones impressed by the little blonde. Exley Hoynes found her so fascinating that he took her home to show to his wife--the now ex-Mrs. Hoynes.

In the Camelot lounge, a long slim Caddiette writhed on the floor with a golfer she had long coveted. She was not an airhead; she had enlisted as a Caddiette for the sole purpose of seducing the innocent GGGGG of A member. This was somewhat unusual in the history of these events--now the third annual Caddiette Affair. Usually the GGGGG of A member was the initiator of such dastardly deeds. The Caddiettes were guilty of smaller crimes: driving golf carts into lakes, cartwheeling across greens, and French kissing Mormon golfers.

This is not to imply that League members and Caddiettes were sexual malefactors; the underlying problem was free or cheap beer.

Art Haley was no cheapskate. He eschewed the free beer the caddiettes were passing out at Camelot one cool, sunny Fall Saturday. But he had a jug of mixed, gin martinis hidden under a towel in the cart rack behind him. Nipping away with each bad shot, he was



completely schnockered by the time he reached the 18th tee. Fortunately a caddiette took over driving his cart and he somehow finished the hole.

How he drove home is a mystery. But he did make it home. It is understandable that he erroneously bedded down in his previous home--now occupied by the ex-Mrs. Haley--instead of his current home with his friendlier current girl friend.

This is how Art got all of his grey hair.

The Fairness Committee of the GGGGG of A assumed all responsibility for the actions of The League. Because of the vague definitions, identifications, and meetings of that committee it was slower than the Arizona Senate in making any decisions, and, like that august body, usually limited its decisions to inane issues. Even the Fairness Committee eventually began to wonder if the Caddiette Affairs were getting out of hand. The first clue was the Camelot Golf

Course's banning The League from playing their course.

Recognizing the need to cut down the drinking, the Fairness Committee started charging for beer (20 cents each). And, to appease the blue nose faction of The League, the name was changed from "Caddiette Affair" to "Summer Classic." Furthermore, to respond to the growing charge of male chauvinism, male "Cads" were introduced to serve the growing number of lady golfers in The League.

The total corruption of the Fairness Committee has never before been revealed. Besides the already disclosed aberrations, they also were guilty of:

- 1 - Selling Caddiette lists to Carlos Levorio;
- 2 - Contributing to Arizona alcoholism by buying cheap, taxless beer and booze at Dupparillas in Scottsdale and serving it at tournaments free or below cost;
- 3 - Giving Amway breath deodorizers for fooling highway patrolmen as tournament prizes;
- 4 - Telling members that the deodorizers were banned in Canada because they were too effective; and

- 5 - Putting on bizarre tournaments such as The Worst Ball Tournament and The Cheaters' Tournament that contributed to the heart attacks of George Schlosser and Don Maher, respectively.

Early in the history of The League, George Schlosser was playing good golf and had the lowest handicap of any player that signed up for the Worst Ball Tournament. Like the four-man Best Ball Scramble tournaments, teams were drawn according to handicap with the lowest handicap golfer and the highest handicap golfer on the same team. The Worst Ball Tournament was played the opposite of the Best Ball Scramble, however: the team had to play the worst shot of the foursome. The worst player in George's foursome that day alternated between whiffs, shanks, and pop-ups, never travelling more than 20 yards toward the hole. He was also a lousy putter. We are not going to mention his name as George may hear it and have a relapse.

The Cheaters' Tournament was actually held twice--once at Camelot and once at Rio Verde. It was repeated because-- although all of the players detested playing in it--they talked about it a lot at every 19th hole thereafter until they forgot how bad it was. But Don Maher didn't forget.

The ninth hole at Camelot is a short par-4, partially guarded by a lake on the right front side of the green. The longer hitters in The League could easily drive the green. Don Maher, standing on the ninth green, grimaced resignedly. Don was a serious golfer with a cranky disposition and he didn't enjoy these flakey tournaments. Why he played in The Cheaters' Tournament is anybody's guess but we think Nancy Maher kicked him out of the house to get a little peace and quiet. Don's first 8 holes had been miserable. But the little guy could really boom long woods in those days and was semi-satisfied to be on the edge of the 9th green in one, putting for an Eagle. Then, as he walked around the green, reading the breaks, he saw Gerry Smorowski kick his ball into the lake!

"What in the hell do you think you're doing?" Don yelled across the green.

"My Cheater Sheet says I can kick my opponent's ball on this hole," was the reply.

Don never discussed the Cheaters' Tournaments but played in them anyway as a sort of penance for his ornery disposition.

Another event that was loath to get out of hand was the Oak Creek Weekender. Starting May 31, 1975, The League celebrated each Memorial Day weekend with a two day tournament in the Arizona cool country, on or near the Mongollon Rim. The town of Sedona and the Oak Creek Canyon at the foot of the Rim are about 6,000 feet high and feature red rock cliffs, pines, and a pretty, clear stream. The Oakcreek Course served as the tournament site for several years, however, The League headquarters site had to be changed every two years or so to flee notoriety. Finally, The League ran out of options and moved the tournament to Show Low, on top of the Rim and well to the East of Sedona.

The Cedars Motel in downtown Sedona was managed by a Mormon couple who looked askance at the beer guzzling of the Hard Core that arrived first at the motel. As the night wore on, Norm Davis inadvertently mistook the corner of the manager's cabin for a urinal and almost terminated the League's first stay before the main body of members had arrived. After the tournament, Melinda Watkins arranged a banquet at the Chalet Restaurant, nearby. The Cedars Motel Manager provided the wine! How Melinda swung that is anybody's guess.

The next faux pas occurred at the Poco Diablo Resort Hotel where the headquarters moved a few years later. This was a new resort hotel that aspired to a luxury rating. The Fairness Committee had conned the hotel's lady sales manager, Priscilla, into thinking the GGGGG of A members were high drawer employees of The Company. The League lasted two years there before discovery.

A graduate of Toastmasters, Shanky Dammitt had trained his voice to "project". He was quite good at it. When he was drunk he could be heard over the banter of a large, filled restaurant. The Poco Diablo restaurant had recently "stolen" a snooty gourmet cook from "Little America" in Flagstaff and some of the Fairness Committee was enjoying his famous Sunday Champagne brunch. A semi-drunk Shanky was bellowing over the din of the crowd.

The Resort Hotel's manager said to the cook, "who are THOSE people?"

"They're friends of Priscilla's," the snob sneered.

The Fairness Committee lost Priscilla's friendship and Priscilla lost her job though not, necessarily, not for befriending The League. At any rate, a subsequent, preposterous price increase in the Poco Diablo's room rents would have terminated any association with those upstarts anyway.

The barroom of the Oakcreek Golf Course overflowed with beer, smoke, and noisy golfers. The Fairness Committee faced an open revolt of League members. No one believed that the foursome of Jim Stewart, Gene Underwood, Shanky Dammitt, and Basil Stoutenburg had finished the 4-man best-ball tournament, much less won it. They had arrived in the clubhouse an hour later than the last foursome. Shanky was louder than usual, Stoutenburg was displaying his operation scars to the females present, and Underwood was obviously drunk. (Stewart's condition was, of course, unfathomable).

"Shanky and I played so badly the first 12 holes, we stopped in the Wild Turkey Inn for a few whiskeys," Underwood explained. "Basil and Jim had been carrying us. Then Shanky and I got hot and that's how we got to 33 under par."

Jim Stewart nodded when the Fairness Committee asked him if that were true. So the trophies were duly awarded to the Stewart-Underwood-Lehman-Stoutenburg foursome accompanied by a well-deserved "BOO!" from the losers.

Diane Bailly nervously watched Bill Hook approaching her table. She was sitting with her husband, Jerry, and about eight others at the Poco Diablo Weekender Banquet although The League now headquartered Bell Rock Inn for the Memorial Day weekend. Bill Hook was conducting a "Best Breast Contest" by hand measurement. Diane was no prude, and, like everyone else, was a little drunk. But she was quite vain and her breast size was her only feature of which she was not proud. Surely Marty DiSylvester, the wife of an executive in The Company sitting across the table from her, would stop this chauvinistic outrage! But Diane was disappointed when the well-endowed Marty allowed Bill to measure her, then turned to her husband Pete and said, hopefully, "is he coming back?" Fortunately Hook ran out of steam chasing Wilma Green around the banquet room and Diane was spared.

The Fairness Committee denied any responsibility for this contest and other members' woes as well. In fact many of the members' woes were self-inflicted.

The waters of Carmel Bay were calm that day in November, 1976. Sea otters floated on their backs, cracking clams like Christmas walnuts. Their idyll was shattered by a whirling golf club soaring over their heads and golfers yelling, "no- --, Gary!" Too late. Gary Rodman stood, hands on hips, glaring at the rocks on the beach running along the left side of the eighteenth

fairway at Pebble Beach. Jack Nicklaus often says that if he had only one golf game left in life to play it would be at Pebble Beach. So did Gary Rodman--and that was it.

But Gary's troubles started long before Pebble Beach. He broke so many golf clubs in anger that he set up his own golf club repair shop; he was the only customer. He was a golfing enthusiast, a perfectionist. He spent many hours on golf driving ranges measuring divot sizes--length and depth. On the driving range that was his only variable--his shots were all perfect. But on the course--well, if you're a golfer, you know. So, he quit golf on the spot, moved to France, and lived in sin.

In the latter years of the 1970's, the Saturday golf schedule was divided into "minitours" with the winner of each minitour competing in a year end "Tournament of Champions". Some of these minitours were as flakey as the "Cheaters' Tournament" and were often referred to as 'GGGGG of A HBS' (hare-brained schemes).

George Schlosser was a heavy favorite to win the "Gambler's Minitour". Although only play money was used, George's competitive ability to psych opponents was well known. Even "The Great Reorganizer", a master people-manipulator and good golfer, was out-psych'd by George on a golf course. Bill Hook and Bob Olssen--who won most of the other minitours--were sly psychers but not in George's class.

A cocky George Henry stood on the first tee at Continental, ready to hit. He was the runaway leader of the "Gambler's Minitour" which was to end this day. Henry had just started playing golf earlier that year (1979) and his handicap dropped rapidly from 36 to 18. The fact that he played golf with his brother-in-law, professional golfer Howard Twitty, may have had something to do with it. But George Schlosser was in his foursome. "I'll bet you \$10,000 you hit your drive out of bounds," Schlosser said just before Henry's backswing.

"You're on!" exclaimed Henry, knowing the left hand boundary of the number one fairway did not come into play. He hooked his drive so far left it cleared the apartment buildings to the left of the fairway.

But Henry recovered and played well for seventeen holes. Unfortunately Continental has eighteen holes and Henry found the lake on 18, losing the minitour to dark horse Gerry Smorowski.

Gerry Smorowski was always a dark horse--a few soreheads call him another part of the horse but they are ignored by GGGGG of A loyalists. Smo was responsible for the "Hard Core Minitour" that year. He was a Polish engineer member of the Hard Core, considered to be somewhat of an oxymoron at the time. Later, this was proven to be so when the winner of his Hard Core Minitour was Bill Lennox, who never stayed at the 19th hole--the Home of the Hard Core--longer than was necessary to pick up his prize. But Smo accepted the Hard Core's ribbing with good grace and his love life as well as his golfing adventures were always topics of interest at the 19th hole.

Smorowski stood on the tee at the 13th hole at San Marcos, studying his chances. He had a 160 yard shot, through a narrow opening of large trees, to a postage stamp-sized green with water and other dire troubles surrounding the green. He was mad! Normally The League played from the regular tees, 110 yards from the green, where he could float a high pitching wedge that might hold the green. But, from the championship tee where he stood, he could never hold the green even if he were lucky enough to thread the narrow opening. Another stupid GGGGG of A 'HBS'! Having won one of the year's minitours, Smo was a designated captain of one of the year end Tournament of Champions events--a four-golfer team scramble. But this year the rules had been changed so that the Captain had to use the championship tees, the high handicapper the ladies' tees, and the other two team mates the regular tees. It was rumored that the change was to get Alice off the ladies tees in these events since she outdrove most of the men anyway.

But, back to Smo's ordeal. His partners, hitting first, all drove into the lake! The rest of the story is unclear. His partners were too embarrassed to talk. And Smo won't tell us whether he skulled his drive or intentionally laid up to the ladies' tee.

Other classical lay-ups come to mind. Bill Hook laid up to the ladies tee on the 18th hole at San Marcos from the championship tee that day as well. But we think Bill put everything he had into that drive. And the 9th hole at Superstition Springs, where no lay-up appears possible, was solved by Jim Wade. The 9th hole is one of those Pete Dye specials where the tee shot has to clear a lake to reach a fairway protected by pilings. After dumping three shots in the lake, Jim sand wedged a shot sideways to the ladies tee from which he could reach the fairway with an iron.

The shortest lay-up was made by Annie Carco on the 17th hole at the Arizona City Golf Course. The 17th is a 165 yard par- 3 that is all water carry. A high dike surrounded the lake in

front of the green. Unfortunately for Jerry Bailly, a strong wind that day made the hole a good 20 yards longer. Facing certain doom, Bailly climbed the dike to the tee box with a driver in one hand and a sack of old balls in the other. The plucky Annie scoffed at Jerry's pessimism, climbing the dike with her short Carco-like strides carrying a new ball and her trusty 7-wood.

"You'll never be a golfer if you don't have confidence, Jerry," yelled Annie over the din of the wind. After her drive plopped into the lake, Annie contritely asked Jerry if she could borrow one of his old balls for her second attempt.

The Chronicles are silent as to what Jerry did or said after Annie dropped all of his balls in the lake, but it is safe to assume that the gentlemanly Jerry did not complain. And, Annie resisted the cliché, "hey, if you can't afford this game, quit it."





## CHAPTER V

## THE BOOK OF THE APOSTLES

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JELLY BAIRRY

'This is a screwy golf league. They gave me a tennis trophy inscribed "Try Something Else." '

The Manager of The Company's Tokyo office received a TELEX from The Company's Seoul plant marked URGENT. His first reaction was to place it on his URGENT TELEX stack to be read later, at his convenience; he usually read only those TELEXES marked URGENT-URGENT when received. But two words caught his eye: "STATUTORY AUDITOR". Already inundated with Company Auditors, he was flabbergasted to read the question, "when does the Statutory Auditor Jelly Bairry arrive and when will he be here?" After some deliberations with the visiting Company Auditors, they determined that Jelly Bairry was none other than Jerry Bailly and that he had been named as the Company's Statutory Auditor for Japan and Korea. No one ever found out what the Statutory Auditor was supposed to do.

Other than Chun Wan Bae and Yutaka Nishida, none of the GGGGG of A golfers knew Jerry Bailly as "Jelly Bairry". But they knew Jerry Bailly served an important role in the life of The League: he financed it! Yes, Jerry was promoted to Audit Manager replacing Schlosser when Schlosser was promoted to Audit Director and exiled to Chicago. At that time, Schlosser transferred the GGGGG of A Treasury from his pocket to Paco's. As a fiscally responsible Audit Manager & loyal member of The League, Jerry saw this as unbusiness-like move and, instead, opened up an interest-bearing bank account and put the \$2.35 to work for The League! More importantly, he donated the time of his secretary, the vivacious Peggy Sundby, to type the GGGGG of A newsletters and generally inspire the activities of The League. (Melinda Watkins had long since joined the Personnel organization of The Company where she would be duly recognized and promoted to executive heights).

Jerry hated to be called Jelly Bairry. All his life he had been plagued by his name, Gerald Jerome Bailly. His childhood friends called him Jerry-Jerry. When he started his career at The Company he used the name G. Jerry Bailly. This worked well until the Tokyo incident.

Jerry loved to play golf in the GGGGG of A fashion but he took a lot of ribbing from his mentor, George Schlosser. He enjoyed the camaraderie--particularly at the 19th hole. He was a little sensitive when members of his foursome discussed club selection on the tee inasmuch as he used his 3-wood for any shot longer than 130 yards.

"I never get any respect," Jerry thought as he and his partner, Paco were odds-on favorites to finish last in the two-man, best ball tournament at Antelope Hills. They were holding their own on the betting margin until they reached the number 14 par 3. It was only 110 yards but it was protected by a large, overhanging tree that blocked out most of the left side and the gaping sand trap that fronted the green. He listened to the others talking about using pitching wedges and 9-irons. Then he watched his partner try to emulate the big boys with his wedge, ending up imbedded deeply in the lip of the trap.

"Well, here goes nothing," he thought, swinging. He kept his head down so well he failed to see the shot of his career. His ball went high over the trap, to the right of the tree, drawing back and bouncing into the hole for an ace!

"Great shot!" exclaimed his jealous opponents.

"Don't tell them I used a five iron," he whispered to his partner.

Unfortunately, Jelly's great shot did not inspire the team to victory: their best ball score was a 12 on the next hole.

Bailly disappeared for several years but came out of the cold briefly in 1988 when The League transferred its Oakcreek Weekender to Tucson. Rumor has it that Jerry had some fluff stashed away in Tucson.

Jerry Bailly, Jim Wade, and two other crumby golfers completed the first nine at Randolph-North Public Golf Course in Tucson well behind the foursome ahead of them. The tenth and eleventh holes were uneventful. But, on the twelfth hole, Wade found himself putting for an Eagle 3! He sunk the 20 foot putt and jumped up for joy! The others had all found the lake but were surprised to find that they were on the green in four. Slowly it dawned upon them--they were on the wrong golf course; par-5s are never less than 200 yards.

Dick Weeks, as Master of Ceremonies of the Weekender Banquet, made a big thing out of their mistake and Bailly slunk back into oblivion. Jim Wade is still trying to find him and get him to return.

## THE BOOK OF THE APOSTLES

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO BACON

"Golf never grows stale, as each morning the golfer tees off with seeming relish as if he had not seen a club for a month. The zest for the game endures beyond its finish. Every player loves to recall the strokes and the other incidents of the match. So much that it absorbs the conversation of the enemy." Those words, written in 1887 by one David Balfour, reflected on 50 years of playing golf at St. Andrews. To me, Balfour ranks right up there with John Wayne!

As a serious golfer and student of the game, I was probably the only member of the original GGGGG of A who joined solely for the purpose of playing golf. Unfortunately I was soon contaminated by the likes of Paco, Shanky, and Shackell and my handicap soared. But I found solace in comparing the development of the GGGGG of A with the Royal And Ancient golfers of St. Andrews. We had the Fairness Committee; they had, in 1744, The Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. They established special rules, trophies, and tournaments; so did we. After their tournaments, the players gathered in the taverns to drink until the wee hours--a forerunner of our Hard Core. Like our Tournament of Champions champions, they called their champions Captains of Golf.

In 1860, several Scottish golf clubs got together and competed in a tournament at Prestwick. They called the individual with the low score the British Open Champion. The GGGGG of A is no different than these early clubs. Friendship, friendly competition, love of the game and the good times brought us together.

Who knows? In another 100 years the GGGGG of A Tournament of Champions may be a major!

Bob Bacon is best known as the man who gave us Queen Creek. Twice. And no-showed both times. Other than that, Bob upgraded our golf course schedule considerably when he took over the duties of golf course scheduler. He was also the Treasurer but we won't go into

that. Bob has been playing golf since his youth, when he was a member of his Jerome (Idaho) high school golf team. Although he is an ardent follower of The Founder's method of play, he is also a serious student of the game of golf, making annual pilgrimages to revered golf sites such as St. Andrews in Scotland. The Baconskins Minitour was an 'HBS' based on Bob Bacon's normal way of playing golf. As an Apostle of the Founder, Bacon is allowed certain idiosyncrasies. Skins tournaments have become popular as TV shows featuring well known golf pros. But Bacon's skins were somewhat more elaborate--though much cheaper--than the pros' skins. In addition to getting a skin for winning each hole, golfers won skins by being the first on the green (greenies), by parring the hole after being in a sand trap (sandies), and with a birdie (birdies). The "Baconskins Minitour" was a parody of Bob's game: in addition to greenies and sandies, skins were awarded for barkies (parring a hole after hitting a tree) and fishies (parring a hole after being in the water).

The early morning view from the clubhouse of Ahwatukee Lakes Golf Course is a spectacular blend of greens, whites, and blues. Mostly blues. It appears that there is more water and sand than grass on the course. And so it seemed to the hardy group of GGGGG of A players playing in the "Baconskins Minitour" that morning--the last event in the Baconskins Minitour.

Bacon addressed the others in his foursome--Bob Olsson, Dick Brown, and Jay May: "Let's make it a little more interesting and play snakes too."

"What is that?" asked Olsson.

"Anyone who three-putts a green has to pay the others a dollar each," replied Bacon.

Olsson mulled it over, the dollar signs flashing in his eyes.

"OK," he agreed.

By the seventeenth hole Dick Brown had ascertained a pattern in Olsson's play; he had not hit one green in regulation all day. Any Olsson playing partner knows this is impossible. Dick noticed that Bob used a six iron on a five iron shot, a seven iron on a six iron shot, and so forth. He was short every time, with an easy chip shot to the hole. Needless to say Olsson paid for no snakes that day. But Bacon's clever strategy cost Olsson all his greenies. That was one of the few minitours Olsson didn't win.

## THE BOOK OF THE APOSTLES

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO EDMUND

'You only play Pebble Beach once!'

As every one knows, Ed Voelker is too optimistic for his own good. He was excited to be a GGGGG of A team member for the 1976 NIRA Tournament. Although he had played in previous NIRAs, this one was to be held at Rancho Canada in Carmel Valley and the players would be staying in Monterey. Better still, he had a tee time at Pebble Beach the day after the Tournament! In addition to being optimistic, Voelker is also generous--a deadly combination. Thus it was that he found himself driving a rented mobile home to transport six other golfers to Monterey. His choice in golfers was ill-advised. Shackell, Dammitt, Paco, Rodman, Levario, and Stoutenburg drank 80 beers before reaching the California border. Ed drove and did not drink. The smoke and loud noises of a carload of drunks he could handle; but Shanky's riding co-pilot in the cab to "keep Ed awake" was more than he deserved.

Voelker had never faced the first tee jitters the way he did at Pebble Beach. As his name was announced, a velvet sash was lowered to allow his golf cart to be brought to him to drive around the first tee in a horseshoe fashion. Spectators in tweeds ringed the tee box, watching his swing. Luckily, he and his comrades--Shanky and Paco--did not humiliate themselves. At that time. But they managed to humiliate themselves in private for the first few holes. By the time he reached the eighth tee, Ed had recovered his optimism.

The 400-yard eighth hole at Pebble Beach is the premier hole of golf. The fairway is uphill and the tee shot is blind. However, a sign on the tee says to aim at a flag standing at the crest of the hill. Ed hit a straight drive, right at the flag, and was delighted to find his ball in the middle of a plateau. He was shocked to see that disaster lurked on all sides of the plateau. To the right was a cliff with the Pacific ocean below. To the left, the fairway fell a good hundred yards down into a long trap bordering the sixth fairway. About 60 yards in front of him was a deep chasm, the ocean below. The green was a small spot across the chasm, about 200 yards away.

"You'd better lay up, Ed," advised Paco.

"No way!" responded Ed, pulling out his 3-wood, "you only play Pebble Beach once!"

His shot was close--to the near edge of the chasm--and fell to the ocean, far below. Ed dropped another ball.

"You can play from the edge of the chasm, Ed" advised Paco, "that's only 160 yards from the green, according to the card."

"No way!" responded Ed, again, "you only play Pebble Beach once!"

"He'll be playing this hole for the rest of his life, Paco," whispered Shanky, as Ed's next shot sliced into the ocean.

## THE BOOK OF THE APOSTLES

### THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO HOOK-SAN

'They drank and played in the meadow'

'The GGGGG of A being created as a fun league, anything that was fun was tolerated except for slow play. The whole object of the game is to be able to drink early in the morning without being suspected as being an alcoholic.

In the early years of our Summer after work league there was not such a thing as beer carts on the course. I remember once when we played the old Valley Course, you would bring along enough beer to get you around the 9 holes and into the club house. One afternoon we were playing the back side and my shot on the 11th hole--a dogleg left around a lake with trees--ended up behind a tree. I could only place it out sideways as the light wasn't good enough to identify my ball otherwise. I had chipped my ball out into the fairway when a big, burly fellow in the foursome behind us hit his drive.

As I was walking out to my ball I was knocked down by a blow to the head. It took awhile to get my bearings and by that time the big, burly fellow came running up. He was a mighty striker of the ball and had hit a low liner that bounced once and hit me in the cheekbone between my eye and ear. The big, burly fellow was holding a beer in his hand and I demanded that to ease my pain. I drank that and knowing he had at least one more beer in his bag, I demanded for that also. I hit my third shot straight toward the hole and went on to

play almost par golf since the big fellow had me wide awake. I've often considered having him hit me again before some big tournament.

One of the awards stipulated in the GGGGG of A Constitution (see Appendix) is the Smoothy Award which is to be given to any player who can drive a schnockered member home and drop him on his front porch without his wife seeing him do so. As far as I know the award has never been given. I know that the ones who drove me home didn't qualify. We played at Pima one Winter when it rained and I had a cold and got soaked. When we got to the clubhouse I ordered a double brandy and it tasted so good I had some more. As the afternoon wore on and the games were over, we got up to leave. I made one step and fell face first on the floor. My good buddy went for the Smoothy Award but he made too much noise dragging me up the front porch. The next day I asked my wife to drive me to the course to get my car. She told me to get my buddy to take me. Since we didn't have an award for that he refused.'

Bill Hook competed for every award offered by The League. He had no chance to win the Smoothy Award but he won both the Super Player Award and the Golden Boy Award. Virtually all the members of the Hard Core over the years won the Super Player Award which is described in the Constitution as being in the first foursome off the tee and in the last group out of the club house on three consecutive Saturdays. The Golden Boy Award was much more difficult to achieve. Only two other players are "Golden Boys"--Ken Bandelin and Dick Brown--as the recipient must be a "Super Player" AND keep his marriage intact.





CHAPTER VI

THE BOOK OF THE LATTER DAY SAINTS

'And I have other sheep, which are not of this fold; those also I will bring, and they will listen to my voice, and they will become one flock, one shepherd.'

The news spread like wildfire in the bar at Rio Verde:

"Alice eagled 18!"

"Impossible!" said Don Maher, who didn't.

"This calls for another round of drinks," said one of the Hard Core.

Soon, a bedraggled foursome, Dick Weeks, Sue Zavion, Steve Hansen, and Alice Ballard struggled into the air-conditioned bar from the 110 degree misery outside. Alice told the story to a group of admirers, embellishing it to last through rounds of vodka 7's, peppermint schnapps, and creme de menthes. Simply stated, she hit a good drive, then hit a great three wood, then hit a perfect 6-iron over the lake, into the hole! Alas, poor Dick! No one noticed, that he had shot the best round in his long, illustrious career. Then, to cap off the day, Alice puked on Dick on the ride home.

"You've come a long way, baby!" may have been used in a cigarette ad, but it was plagiarized from the GGGGG of A Chronicles referring to Alice Weeks nee Ballard. Back in the '70's, Alice was a shy, retiring clerk. Then, she transferred into The Company's MIS Department working for Bill Kearns as a computer programmer. This was during the reign of The Soaring Eagle. The eaglets in those days were divided into three groups: those who soared with the Soaring Eagle joined a quasi-religious cult called Lifespring; those who enjoyed golf and/or drinking joined the GGGGG of A; and the remainder did the MIS work. Ken Anderson, a formidable drinker and a good golfer, persuaded Alice to join The League. Her boss, Bill Kearns, was already a member. Alice had the first tee jitters for 18 holes at a time in the early days. But she steadily improved to the point she could play with the big boys.

The history of the GGGGG of A's transformation from an informal group of golfers to a responsible, sophisticated recreation organization--the largest in The Company--roughly

parallels Alice's metamorphosis during the 1980's. As The League grew and The Company's operations expanded throughout The Valley of the Sun, communication and information between tournament schedulers, handicappers, and league members became a real problem. Gerry Smorowski, a Hard Core stalwart, wrote the first computer programs to handle GGGGG of A communications in the Basic programming language. Later, Tom Vandeloop modernized the methods using relational data base techniques. The modern techniques worked on The Big Hummer which could be quite expensive if not used properly.

Gene Underwood, as MIS Budget Manager, was "on the carpet".

The MIS Director known as the Know-All-Do-Nothing Director wanted to know why his Computer Center charges had jumped \$17,000 over the last weekend. Gene had already checked out the problem and knew that Vandeloop's new golf program had a bug in it and that Alice didn't recognize it and left the CPU looping all weekend long. (This is not how Tom got the nickname, "Vande-loop-e-doop"). Anyhow, Underwood knew that the Know-All-Do-Nothing Director's only interest in the matter would be making sure it would be unseen by his superiors. Gene had the rest of the month to convince the Computer Center of "its mistake" and get the charge reversed.

The Computer Center Manager was not a golfer but some of his key people belonged to The League and he took sadistic delight in delaying correction of the charge until the month end close to let The League sweat.

While Alice was the glue that held the GGGGG of A on course in the '80s, Dick Weeks was the Leader. The Fairness Committee faded away during that time--fortunately before causing any drunk driver deaths or suits, or sexual actions other than a couple of divorces that probably would have happened anyway. Bob Bacon, the golf course scheduler, and Jerry Bailly, the financial backer left in the early '80's, never to be seen again. The rumors that they embezzled GGGGG of A funds and fled to Brazil are completely without merit. Bob could get no further than Ahwatukee and Jerry made it to Mesa. Actually both went to work for The Terrible Texan and have never since had time to play golf.

The other two members of the First Foursome were long gone by that time. Shackell left The Company to become a Private Eye and the entire Orient heaved a collective sigh of relief. Schlosser retired to a small retirement community that had a golf course; community golf courses are as essential in Arizona retirement communities as are indoor bathrooms.

Dick Weeks was the big man in the '80s. When Alice started playing with the big boys, Dick was the obvious choice. Actually, Dick met Alice after joining The League. Originally the member of two CSL leagues, he played his first game with the GGGGG of A just to play Goodyear Gold. Tom Larsen invited him. And, of course, no-showed. His first impression of the group came from playing with Bill See and Jim Stewart which was no impression at all. Bill and Jim never spoke; they grunted when asked a direct question, however.

Goodyear Gold is the premier course of three golf courses at the Wigwam Resort in Goodyear. Before The League played it, it was the top rated course in Arizona; its status now is uncertain. Dick didn't know anyone in The League and he had never played Goodyear Gold so he had no idea of the proper registration procedure upon entering the pro shop. An unshaven, ill-kempt young man dressed in cut-off jeans was arguing with the pro.

"What do you mean, I'm not properly dressed," shouted Gary Hughes. "I have to play; I'm running this tournament!"

"Then you'll have to buy some Bermuda shorts that meet our requirements--no more than two inches above the knee," responded the assistant pro, a snot-nosed kid.

"I'd die before I'd wear those stupid Bermuda shorts.

Where's the closest place I can buy some slacks?"

"It's too far to drive and make your tee time," responded the kid, "you'll have to buy them here. They're \$85. And you'll have to rent some golf shoes also, those you're wearing have rubber cleats."

Gary's reply cannot be repeated without risking this story's "PG" rating.

For some reason, Dick was impressed by the GGGGG of A that day and decided that these were his kind of people. Perhaps he felt empathy for Gary Hughes; or, perhaps he was impressed that none of them were allowed in the Wigwam bar after the round.

After a few years, Dick took over the leadership of The League in a bloodless coup: he started dating Alice.

Weeks scheduled good golf courses regularly during the latter '80s attracting many new members. The membership handicaps dropped because the newer member were real golfers. The Hard Core waned. In a move to stop this trend, Bill Hook, one of the original Hard Core, suggested raising the membership dues. The dues went from \$2 progressively to \$20 over a period of years with no effect whatsoever--unless it was to attract more members who were impressed by the price. And, it made the GGGGG of A a big business.

1981 was the year the 'Mickey Mouse' League came of age in The Company's golfing circles. The NIRA Tournament that year was played at McCormick Ranch Golf Course in Scottsdale. The NIRA managers (from The Company's CSLs) relegated the lady golfers to a short, executive golf course, called Continental Golf Course in Scottsdale. The ladies of the GGGGG of A felt slighted by that decision, but used it to their advantage since their handicaps were based on play at longer courses.

It took only three holes for the Ratheon lady, a Californian, to see that her competition would come from little Molly Harp of the GGGGG of A. They were both grossly overhandicapped for the Continental Executive Golf Course, at 38, and were even coming in to the ninth hole, a short par 4. Molly hit a short drive and was first to play her second shot. "You can put it on from here," Edith Burgess encouraged Molly. Edith was in Molly's foursome but represented another GGGGG of A Ladies Team. Molly doubted it; but she hit a 3-wood straight at the pin. And, it rolled up 10 feet below the hole! She then two-putted for a par and a 40 for the first nine. With her 38 handicap, she was starting the back nine at two!

But the Raytheon lady was plucky and still in competition at the 18th. The 18th is a dog-leg right with a lake along the right of the fairway; it widens as it approaches the green, protecting all but the left side of the green. Molly's drive was characteristically short; she had no chance of clearing the lake to reach the green. But she had been well-coached by her husband, Ted, to lay up on this hole, hitting her next shot to the end of the lake for an unobstructed third shot to the green. The Ratheon lady, after a good drive, was reminiscent of Ed Voelker at Pebble Beach. We can almost hear her say "you only play Continental once!" as she dumped three shots into the lake, trying to reach the green in two. Molly took pity on her and told her to drop on the other side of the lake. That was a little sample of GGGGG of A largesse; had her competitor been a member of a CSL she would still be trying to hit across that lake. Molly took a routine bogie--her best score on 18.

The next day's round was anti-climax. Molly could do no wrong. Her total, two-day net was so low (85) it embarrassed her. But it was a big help to the GGGGG of A lady team of Ramona Rees, Alice Ballard, Annie Carco, and Molly Harp. They won the Ladies' NIRA by 22 strokes over their nearest competitor. And, to cap it off, Ramona won the Low Gross competition.

Meanwhile, in the men's competition at McCormick, Molly's husband, Ted, was tense as he teed up on the fifth hole. In addition to coaching Molly, he had prepared himself by taking golf lessons and hitting many practice balls prior to the NIRA Tournament. But today he was coming over the ball on every long shot, resulting in those short, dippy shots that are all overspin. He was humiliated and determined to hit a good drive on five. He took a slow, Olsson-like backswing and put everything he had into the ball.

"Where did it go?" asked Ted of the others in his foursome.

"I don't know," said one, "but it sounded good." (A Carl Quackenbush cliché, of course.)

No one had any idea where the drive went until Ted happened to notice a round white spot at his feet. He had driven his ball right into the ground.

"Plugged ball--free drop, no penalty," he said, out-rule- thinking his CSL opponents. And he dug up the ball, wiped it, and proceeded to hit it before his opponents gathered their wits.

Unfortunately, Ted and the other GGGGG of A men failed to win that NIRA but Bob Burns and Daryl Mullins who were on the winning team later joined the GGGGG of A.

Bill Hook stood on the first tee in the 1984 NIRA Tournament at McCormick Ranch in Scottsdale. As usual, he had the first tee jitters. Not as bad as those he suffered at Pebble Beach, but nonetheless significant because his foursome consisted entirely of nitpicky CSLers; usually his NIRA foursome included at least one friendly California company golfer. He hit his drive poorly--short and left.

Fortunately the first hole is a short par four and his ball reached the 150-yard marker. Unfortunately the 150-yard marker is a small bush. Bill prepared for his second shot, saying to himself: "that bush will not come into play!" (Another GGGGG of A cliché, the first time uttered by the Founder himself at the very first NIRA tournament before hitting the ball directly into the

bush.) As soon as Bill hit the ball his Guardian Angel parted the bush, allowing the ball through. Bill was puzzled; the bush closed and he didn't know where his ball went. He didn't see it. He couldn't find it. It was in the hole!

With that sort of a start, Hook went on to win Low Net at the 1984 NIRA without further incident.

Even more remarkable was Mario DelCol's win of the 1990 Company Open. Mario, with a 15 handicap, shot a 77. How did he do it? Easy. He missed the green on the par-3 8th at McCormick Pines but chipped in for a birdie. His drive on the par-4 12th was a hundred yards short of the green; he gobbled his second shot for an eagle. On the long par-5 15th, his second shot hit the cart path and rolled 100 yards, ending pin-high to the right. You guessed it: he chipped his third in for another eagle! It is rumored that he was playing with some California Japs who committed hari kiri and bled all over the 15th green.

Although The League continued to follow The Founder's laid-back philosophy of golf, the number of members interested in outside competition increased in the 80's--this meant having to follow USGA rules. Team places in the NIRA-NESRA tournaments were coveted. CSL cliques continued to control The Company's entrants to these events. The high cost of these events continued even though they were increasingly scheduled in September furnaces known as Phoenix, Palm Springs, and Las Vegas instead of the formerly scheduled cool California courses in Monterey and San Diego. A request for an investigation of possible corruption in these arrangements was ignored but a drastic cut in the Company's subsidy reduced The League's participation to a minimum anyway.

With The Company's Recreation Department in friendlier hands, two competitive events with CSL's were set up. The first was an "open" hosted by The League at Torrey Pines in San Diego and the second was the restoration of the GGGGG of A's participation in the "Four-Way Company Tournament, pitting The League against three CSLs.

The first Torrey Pines Open was held in Payson. The next three Torrey Pines Opens were played at Torrey Pines. The San Diego administrators of the two Torrey Pines public courses were never hospitable to The League, however, and the event was switched to the Stardust Hotel Courses and other courses in the area. Andy Williams is a second-rate singer anyway.

The Night Club at the Stardust Hotel in 1986 was in full swing. A 40's era band supplied the few dancers with melodies accommodating the 'business man's bounce', a dance step known only by older people. The ballroom was half filled with mostly unattached women, from 30 to 50 years old.

Two over-dressed, over made-up Mexican hookers cornered Armida Cornwall as she entered the Ladies' Room. "Dile a esta loca gringa que se vaya!" the fatter one shouted at Armida, pointing to one of the tables near the dance floor.

In addition to understanding Spanish, Armida, unlike her constant companion Glen Maxey, knew how to size up situations quickly. And she did. Karen Long was dragging Hard Core drinkers from the bar to the night club, matching them with the many unattached females in the night club. She did not know--nor particularly care--that the ladies were over-the-hill hookers looking for American business men to fleece.

Karen learned two important things that night: the Hard Core does not dance; and Tijuana prostitutes were more discriminating than she would have imagined. The Stardust Night Club was closed when The League returned the next year.

Lest the aficionados of Tijuana find that tale hard to swallow, consider this: While participating in the first NIRA Tournament in San Diego in 1970, Bob Shackell was turned down by two Tijuana hookers! And, at the same time in 1986 when Karen Long was trying to get the Mexican Ladies of the Evening to dance with the boys of the Hard Core, Larry Turnage was dancing naked on a Tijuana stage with three nude virgins! Even more difficult to believe is that he did the limbo under one of the virgin's outstretched legs! Why did Larry consider those señoritas "virgins"? Probably for the same reason Shackell called his señoritas "lesbians". It is difficult to challenge Turnage, however, since he also played unbelievable golf--winning the Torrey Pines Open.

The GGGGG of A won the Four-Way Company Tournaments in 1988 and 1989! Bob Olsson, who always wins GGGGG of A events, shot the best round in 1988--an 83 gross, 67 net--but he had a lot of help from Chuck Novotny who shot a 99-68, Ernie Contreras with a 85-69 and the seventeen other selected best scores of the 24 golfer team. Ron Pennell's 82-66, Mario DelCol's 86-69, and Ken Bandelin's 92-70 paced the triumphant 1989 team.

Bob Olsson has to be the most underrated, unappreciated member of The League. His frequent tournament wins are always greeted by boo's from some of the losers. They think that he plays games with his handicap or cheats to win as much as he does. But they are wrong. Olsson wins because he never gives up. It is fitting that Bob led the first GGGGG of A Four-Way Tournament team to victory.

Olsson's sweat filled with sun tan block almost blinded him as he squared away for his tee shot on McCormick's par-3 eighth. He was having a bad day. He pushed a six iron shot to the right, over the lake that fronted the green but headed toward the rocks and lake to the right-it was an island green. The ball hit a jagged rock that protruded out of the water and bounced on the green. He then two-putted for a routine par. The next hole was a par-4: the preferred tee shot was to an island fairway. Olsson hit his best drive of the day. But his eyes were still smarting from the sweat and sun tan lotion. His missed a nine-iron, skulling a line drive that should have gone over the green. But it hit the pin flush and dropped six inches from the cup. After that routine birdie, Olsson had no problem shooting an 83, net 67 to lead his teammates to victory.

Neither Novotny nor his teammates remember how he shot so well but all concede that he was unconscious anyway.

The Founder's dislike of slow play was shared by many of the good players who migrated from the CSLs in the late '70's and '80s. And, IPC Alice made sure there were no bottlenecks in tournament play by scheduling the faster foursomes first and the slower foursomes last. Generally, low handicap golfers like Gary Tharalson and Bob Burns played the point and the Purchasing people drug up the rear.

The fact that Gary was winning their usual 50 cent Nassau made Bob Burns even quieter and more determined than usual.

And the slow play at Papago was beginning to frustrate him.

"Calm down, Bob," reasoned Gary, "you know to expect slow play on this course on a Saturday."

"But those hackers have fallen two holes behind! I'm going to ask to play through on the next hole."



They reached the foursome on the next tee, still discussing club selection. "May we play through?" asked Bob politely, "you are falling behind."

After some discussion amongst themselves their spokesman said "if we have to wait for you, we'll fall further behind."

"If you don't let us through you may not finish at all," the feisty Burns retorted.

They played through.

By the 1980's, the Wednesday Night League had diminished considerably from its golden era at Coronado. Then, Gary Rodman returned from France. Not having played golf in so many years, Gary scouted for and found a short course similar to the old Coronado where he had achieved glory. It was called Pepperwood. The Founder, Paco, and IPC Alice tested it. The Founder and Paco certified it but IPC Alice never liked it. Perhaps it was because her best shot of the day was to the wrong green. Or, perhaps it is because one of the course's ducks was named "the Ballard duck" by the Hard Core after Alice hit it with an errant ball. Alice has been known to consume a vodka primer prior to teeing off at Pepperwood.

Bill Armbruster was steamed. He was leading the two-man- best-ball minitour at Pepperwood and his only challenger was Paco, aka El Foldo. Bill's partner, Dick Brown, could play Pepperwood in his sleep. He didn't even bother to bring his woods. But Paco had brought out Bill Kearns as his partner. And Kearns' handicap at the 9-hole Pepperwood was 17--one stroke higher than his 18-hole handicap at longer golf courses! Kearns--like Alice--didn't like Pepperwood. But he enjoyed his role as ringer, and El Foldo won his only minitour at Armbruster's expense.

Pepperwood produced a lot of golf stories, much like the old Coronado course. The after-golf life at Pepperwood was much like the old Coronado also. Matt, the manager, threw beer and hamburger parties. Tom Burton hosted the Pepperwood Hard Core at his hangout--Nacho's of Tempe. Nacho's was the hang out for sweaty lady production workers who had no qualms about dancing with sweaty golfers. Burton also hosted other parties, some of which were decent.

Roy Bankey and Lee Hall surfaced in the latter years as GGGGG of A catalysts. Roy raised the ire of Susan Smith by calling her "cranky like Shankey" and the ire of Gerry Smorowski by driving up the Calcutta bid on Smo's number one-seeded team in the 1988 Tournament of Champions so high that he could not afford to buy his own team. And Lee Hall drove the Calcutta prices on all but the most craven teams to amounts The Founder would have gagged on. But when Smo started a movement for a GGGGG of A "golfing holiday" in Scotland, Lee Hall was the only one of the initial enthusiasts to make the trip with him.

The Course Ranger at St. Andrews was livid. "I can't get those Yanks in front of you to move, Mr. MacPherson! The one with the funny swing just smiles at me when I tell them this course should be played in an hour and a half and the other one lectures me on golf course etiquette."

"Never you mind, Angus," MacPherson replied, "the boring one just drove across the corner on the Road Hole so they should be out of our way now. The one with the funny swing always stays in the fairway somehow."

"Well, at least you shouldn't be delayed on the eighteenth tee, Mr. MacPherson, you're a saint to put up with those Yanks for 16 holes," replied the Course Ranger, unaware that MacPherson owned the tavern that had been almost fully supported by Smorowski and Hall since their arrival in St. Andrews.

While Gerry Smorowski and Lee Hall suffered the cold wind and rain golfing in Scotland, Ken Bandelin suffered other indignities in the soft, warm air of Hawaii.

"I don't think I can last through this," thought Ken Bandelin, standing up for Dick and Alice Weeks as Best Man. A sharp sciatic pain shot up his left leg from his foot to his tail bone. He wanted to mop up the cold sweat on his face but didn't want to spoil the ceremony. The breeze was too humid to help.

"It's these damn golf shoes!" he grimaced, inwardly. "I've never stood in one place so long in them. Especially without a beer for more than thirty minutes." Now, Alice had forgotten to bring her flowers and the service was held up while Judy, his wife, went to the car for them. More waiting!

Dick Weeks was also wearing golf shoes. They had dressed in white tuxedos for the wedding and neither had brought a pair of white shoes on the trip. Nor could they find any to buy in Kihei, where they were staying on the Island of Maui. So, they polished up their white golf shoes for the wedding. Passers-by gave them strange looks as they clicked across the paved street after the ceremony, to the ocean where the sunset wedding pictures were to be taken. Ken was still suffering, his face too white for the pictures. Fortunately they have Coors beer on Maui and Ken quickly recovered.

The honeymoon was short; they had a 6:30 tee time at the Stouffer Resort in Wailea the next morning. Green fees were half price.



CHAPTER VII

REVELATIONS

'And I saw another strong angel descending from heaven, arrayed with a cloud, and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as the sun, and his feet were as fiery pillars. And he had in his hand a little scroll opened.'

The barroom was dark, the sun only a memory behind Camelback Mountain. The blonde, over-the-hill serving wench had given up selling drinks to the silent group of golfers. Half were asleep or passed out in their chairs. The other half, mesmerized by the droning voice of the Teller of Tales in the doorway, waited, in vain, for him to say something significant.

Glen Maxey rose from the gloom, and drawled, "who the hell is Del Allie?"

Slowly, the specter slowly turned toward Maxey, sighing inwardly, "what can you expect from an accountant from West Virginia?" He lowered his broken 9-iron, pointing it at Maxey, and said, calmly, "Del Allie is as insignificant to my story as is Gary Bybee."

"Who is Gary Bybee?" whispered Ted Harp, just waking up, to his wife Molly.

"I have told you of your past, continued the specter. "Your future is even now being written, for it has roots in your past. Since you do not grasp the meaning of my tale, I will illustrate with a parable that even you may understand."

"There is a universe parallel to this one where the people have the same identities as those in this universe but with personalities that are reversed."

"Oh, this is old stuff," whispered Trekkie Ted Harp to his wife Molly, "Remember, we saw it on Star Trek years ago?"

The towering figure turned toward the Harps and stared them down before continuing the story:

The first foursome off in the two-man team, medal tournament pitted Shackell and Schlosser against Bruce and Collett. Bob Collett had the honor. He surveyed the situation with some concern. The tee shot required a 160 yard water carry to a narrow fairway with out-of-bounds on both sides. His dilemma? He could not carry the water with an iron and he sliced all wood shots. With this self-fulfilling prophesy he sliced his first two drives over the lake, but out of bounds.

"Wait a minute, Bob," interrupted his partner, Bill Bruce. "I have played this course before and there is a Local Rule here that you are not penalized distance for out-of-bounds on this shot. You can play from where you went out-of-bounds with a one stroke penalty."

"Sorry, Bill," interrupted George Schlosser. "USGA Rule Number 33-8B says that a penalty imposed by a Rule of Golf may not be waived by a Local Rule. The Rule of Golf you are trying to waive is Number 27-1. Go ahead and hit again, Bob, you're laying four."

"But the Local Rule is to speed up play!" protested Bruce, we may be here all day!"

"Tough shitsky," retorted Schlosser.

By the time he landed in the green-side sand trap, poor old Collett was laying 17. Bruce, who was also in the trap but lying only two, moved a leaf off Collett's ball to see whose ball it was. Collett's ball moved. Bruce set up to hit his next shot.

"Well, Bob," interrupted Shackell, "aren't you going to declare your penalty stroke?"

"What are you talking about," demanded Bruce angrily, "he didn't do anything."

"But you improved his lie moving his ball in the process. He takes a one stroke penalty."

"And your ball takes a penalty stroke also, Bill," added George. That's Rule Number 30-3F or 31-8 or both. Sorry, Collett's ball now lies 18 and yours lies 3."

The third hole was a 140 yard par-3 over a lake. Bruce hit a good shot--three feet from the pin and sank his putt for a birdie!

"Wait a minute, Bill," said Shackell, "that ball you just puttred with is a new ball. Your shot over the lake was with an old ball."

"Oh, I used the ball I cut up when my tee shot on number 2 hit the edge of the cart path."

"You didn't show it to George or me for permission to replace it."

"But I changed it on the last hole," whined Bruce.

"Sorry, Bill, you have to take penalty strokes on both holes. Rule Number 5-3 applies in the first case and 15-1 in the second case. Too bad about your birdie."

"Oh, by the way, Bob," Schlosser said, turning to Collett, "you have been playing with one too many clubs for the first two holes. That's a two stroke penalty per hole, so add four more strokes to your score."

"I'm surprised you didn't wait longer to run up more penalties, George," said Bruce, sarcastically.

"Oh, four strokes is the maximum penalty called for in Rule Number 4-4A," responded Schlosser, helpfully.

By the time they had reached the ninth tee, Collett and Bruce were completely frustrated. "Do you mind if I hit my driver on this hole, George, or is there a rule against it?" asked Collett, sarcastically.

"No, but there is a rule against asking the advice of your opponent. That is Rule Number 8-1. I believe it falls under the General Rules 2-6 and 3-5 and is a two stroke penalty. You're now hitting your third shot."

After spending the five minutes allowed for finding his lost ball, Collett went back to the tee to re-hit his drive. Bruce went with him. While waiting, Shackell turned to Schlosser and said, "you know, George, I can understand their frustration with these penalties. Charging Collett two strokes when his putt hit your ball on the seventh green was too much--particularly since you were at fault for not marking your ball."

"It was his responsibility to ask me to mark my ball, Bob," replied George, righteously, "and you shouldn't criticize the rules worked out by the undisputable golf authorities--the USGA and the Ancient and Royal Odor of St. Andrews. We all play by the same rules, you know and playing by the rules is what makes golf enjoyable, Arnie says."

Despite the ordeals of his partner, Collett, and his frustrations with his opponents' pettiness, Bruce was playing well and still in competition on the 18th tee. And, it was his favorite hole: a fairly short par-5, dog-leg left. He hit high drives and could sometimes hit over the trees on the left side of the fairway, cutting off the dog leg. If successful, he could reach the green in two! As he slowly pulled away his backswing, Bruce pictured the ball as Schlosser's head. He slashed through the ball with a force he had never experienced, driving the ball over the trees, into perfect position!

"Oh, Bill, I'm afraid you're disqualified in this tournament," said Schlosser, impishly. "Your tee shot on 17 was outside the tee box there."

"Why didn't you tell me then?" yelled Bruce at Schlosser.

"Well, it's your responsibility to replay the tee shot and the entire hole. You could have done that with a two stroke penalty, but Rule Number 11-36 says if you don't do it before you hit your next tee shot, you're disqualified."

"OK, enough already!" interrupted Maxey. "We all know the USGA has a lot of stupid rules. They're probably written by lawyers. If your point is that we should appreciate the GGGGG of A, we already do. You're preaching to the choir!"

"Silence!" roared the Teller of Tales, "you still do not understand. "In your past, The League enjoyed the simplistic pleasures of relaxed golf in the 1960s. In the 1970's, you were fortunate to survive your hedonistic existence. And, in the 1980's you grew in numbers, in respectability, and in money. But the signs of success are the seeds of destruction! The convergence of the parallel universes can be caused by ordinary events, events such as those now occurring."



"Course pros are raising the pro shop prize money requirements for scheduling league tournaments. Your dues are going up. The modest Calcuttas started years ago to heighten interest in your Tournament of Champions have become an event of themselves with large scale gambling. The League is handling too much money and getting too many members. It is big money that creates lawyers, and organizations such as the USGA. Remember, it was greed that led to the CS of the CSL. Take care to continue the spirit of the Founder -- *Who* doesn't 'give a shit'-- if you want to preserve your righteous league of fun and relaxation in the midst of the Pharisees." "Sounds good!" came a faint voice from Heaven.

And, with that the shadowy figure backed out the door and vanished.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING



## APPENDIX: CHRONOLOGY

Date	CHRONOLOGY (SOURCE)
APRIL 11 1968	
	First GGGGG of A event; League formed (Letter)
SUMMER	Played Wed.Nites@Papago,RollingHills(Schlosser)
WINTER	Played Saturdays w/GED League (Schlosser)
SUMMER	1969 Played Wed.Nites @ Coronado (Schlosser)
AUGUST	First Two-Man, Best Ball Special @ Coronado(Wayne Steele)
OCTOBER 1970	First NIRA @ Stardust, S.D. (Placek)
SEPTEMBER 1971	2d NIRA @ Rancho Canada, Monterey,CA (Placek)
SUMMER 1972	Played Sat.s @ Pima CC (Long,Personnel File)
SEPTEMBER 1972	Third NIRA @ Sahara, LV.(Placek)
OCTOBER 3, 1972	Sat.League Starts(Letter); 1st event 12/2 @ Camelot
SEPTEMBER 29, 1973	Fourth NIRA @ SD Rancho Bernardo (Placek)
AUGUST 10, 1974	First Oakcreek Weekender; Stay @ Cedars; Banquet @ Chalet; Play Oakcreek CC (M.Watkins)
JULY 1974	Switch to Shalimar(Long,based on Steele record
AUGUST 1974	First Caddiette Affair(Long, " " " )
AUGUST 24 ,1974	Fifth NIRA @ SD, RB & Stone Ridge(Placek)
JUNE 14, 1975	Second Oakcreek Weekender; Stay @ Cedars; Banquet @ Gray Shadows; Play Oakcreek(Watkins)
SEPT 27, 1975	Sixth Nira @ McCormick -Bruce-Natl Dir(Placek)
MAY 29, 1976	Third Oakcreek Weekender; Stayed@Cedars; Banquet@Bell Rock Inn; Play Oakcreek(Watkins)
NOVEMBER 6, 1976	7th Nira@Rancho Canada,Monterey,CA(Voelker)
JULY 4, 1977	Fourth Oakcreek Weekender; Stayed @ Cedars; Banquet @ Bell Rock Inn; Play Oakcreek (MW)
SEPTEMBER 3, 1977	8th Nira @ Mc Cormick(Placek-Hook letter)
MAY 27, 1978	Fifth Oakcreek Weekender @ vs. motels
OCTOBER 28, 1978	9th Nira@RanchoCanada,Monterey(Voelker)
MAY 1979	Sixth Oakcreek Weekender; Stayed@PocoDiablo (Long)
OCTOBER13, 1979	10thNira@LVSahara/Paradise(Bandelin-Hook ltr)
1980	Dues \$2 (Hook letter)
MAY 24, 1980	Seventh Oakcreek Weekender@PocoDiablo (Long)

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AUGUST 30 1980	11th Nira @PalmSprings,RanchoMirage (Placek)
MAY 30 1981	Eighth Oakcreek Weekender @ Bell Rock Inn
SEPTEMBER 1981	12th Nira @ McCormick (Placek-Hook letter)
MAY 1982	Ninth Oakcreek Weekender @ Bell Rock Inn
SEPTEMBER 4 , 1982	13th 'NESRA' City of Industry (Placek-Hook)
JUNE 25, 1983	Tenth Oakcreek Weekender @vs Sedona Hotels
AUGUST 1983	Caddiette Affair @ San Marcos (Hook Ltr)
SEPTEMBER 3, 1983	14thNESRA@RanchoMirage,Marriott(Placek/Hook)
SEPTEMBER 1984	15th NESRA@Mc C(Placek)
SEPTEMBER 1985	16th NESRA@PS,American Canyon Hotel (Placek)
OCTOBER 1985	First Annual Torrey Pines Open @ Payson
SEPTEMBER 1986	17th NESRA@McC(Placek) last Bruce directed
OCTOBER 1986	SecondTorreyPinesOpen@TorreyPines,SingingHills
MAY 31 1987	14th Oakcreek Weekender @ Downtown Sedona
OCTOBER 1987	ThirdTorreyPinesOpen @Torrey Pines,Cottonwood
OCTOBER 1988	FourthTorreyPines Open @ Stardust,Torrey Pines
MAY 1989	First Memorial Weekender @ Show Low
OCTOBER 1989	Fifth Torrey Pines Open @ Stardust,Coronado

## APPENDIX: DEFINITIONS, SOURCES OF ACRONYMS, NICKNAMES, AND QUOTATIONS

PAGE

1	Bible quotation, Genesis 1:24
2	Interoffice memo, George Schlosser, April 11, 1968
3	Quotation: 'too old to remember what they had for breakfast this morning', George Schlosser, May 1990
11	Bible quotation, Exodus 3:17
11	Acronym: 'CSL' (Chicken Shit League), George Lehman, 1970.
12	Acronym: 'NIRA', an annual golf tournament of company etal golf teams from Arizona, California, and Nevada, sponsored by the Western Region of the National Industrial Recreation Association.
14	Quotation: 'Who gives a shit?', George Schlosser, etal often.
17	Bible quotation, Deuteronomy 7:5
20	Nickname: 'IPC (Input Chickie), George Lehman, 1975
23	Bible quotation, Song of Solomon 7:8-9
29	Acronym: 'HBS' (Hare-brained Scheme), George Lehman, etal 1977
33	Quotation: Jerry Bailly, 1990 32
35	Quotation: Bob Bacon, 1990
37	Quotation: Ed Voelker, 1976
38	Quotation: Bill Hook, 1990
41	Bible quotation, John 10:16
46	Acronym: NESRA, new designation for NIRA, see page 12, above
53	Bible quotation, Revelations 10:1-2



APPENDIX: CONSTITUTION

CONSTITUTION OF THE  
"GGGGG of A" GOLF ASSOCIATION

ARTICLE I - PURPOSE

To promote happiness, goodwill, laughter, Paco's habits, Schlosser's pastime, Hook's hobby, Lehman's lament, trips, scoring, mothers, beer consumption, hustling, companionship, and constant libation on the great and good golf courses of America.

ARTICLE II - MEMBERSHIP

- A. Must have, or be able to borrow, rent, or steal a set of golf clubs.
- B. Must know what "GGGGG of A" means.
- C. Must know and be able to sing the "GGGGG of A" Fight Song (yet to be written).
- D. Must be able to:
  - 1. Hit a Four Wood seventy yards.
  - 2. Spell "GGGGG of A".
  - 3. Count to seven.
  - 4. Recite the "GGGGG of A" Creed.

ARTICLE III - "GGGGG of A" CREED

Our Inspiration, who art at the Nineteenth Hole;  
Deliver us from the first tee with Forgiveness;  
Fortify us with Pars and Birdies;  
Bless our beer carts that we might be served;  
Deliver us from the anguish of Three Putt Greens;  
Lead us from the cart path of Shanks, Hooks, and Slices;  
For we believe in Gimmies; Mulligans; and  
"The Fairness Committee" Who will provide us with  
Caddiettes forever.

ARTICLE IV - OFFICERS

All officers will be assigned at will by the "Fairness Committee". There shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Official Ball Washer.

ARTICLE V - DUTIES

The officers will promote, control, delegate, sympathize, and record all activities of the association with, of course, the blessing of the "Fairness Committee".

ARTICLE VI - DUES

It has been decided by the "Fairness Committee" that we "really pay our dues" just by playing the silly game; therefore, no monetary donations will be required.

ARTICLE VII - RULES OF PLAY

NONE

ARTICLE VIII - GUESTS

With the exception of the Creed and the Fight Song, a guest must meet all the requirements of membership (Article II). He, in addition, or preferably she, must:

1. Be able to play 18 holes of golf in less than 7 hours.



ARTICLE IX - AWARDS

Throughout the year and at special events, members are eligible for many varying prizes and awards. The following are but a few of the coveted awards and their eligibility requirements:

1. The "Smoothy" Award

Given to any player who can drive a Schnockered member home and drop him on the front porch without his wife seeing you.

2. Super Player Award

Be in the first foursome off the tee and in the last group out of the club house on three consecutive Saturdays.

3. Mini-Super Player Award

Same as Super Player Award, excluding first tee.

4. Golden Boy Award

To achieve the Super Player or Mini-Super Player Award and keep your marriage intact.