

A Golfing I will go

Except from Uncommon notions" A country bumkin from Iowa gets a chance to impress his wifes father in Scotland playing golf at Greywalls and completely makes a fool out of himself, in the process wrecks the country club.



I married my wife because she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She married me to get even with her family. Now if I would have known that at the time, I still would have married; her, after all, love had nothing to do with it.

All anyone would have to do is take a look at me, than my wife, and you'd figure something was rotten in Denmark.

Not that I am a ugly fella, I'm not. Then again who in the dickens would refer to themselves as ugly anyway? Even the ugliest person in the world is somehow convinced that they're not ugly. However, anyone standing within a mile of an ugly person could say" that is one ugly person." I've said it, not about

myself of course, about other people, I am sure you have to.

I am sure, no make that positive a lot of people have said that about me. Well before I commit myself to an ugly farm, let me get back to my story.

I have two buddies I grew up with. They enjoy patting me on the back and telling me I am the luckiest fella in the world, grinning at me, then my wife, mostly at my wife. After all, that's what buddies do. I just wish they'd go home every now and then.

I can't blame them for patting me on the back or grinning at my wife or not wanting to go home. After all, I've seen their wives. My colleagues at work are naturally of the opinion that my marriage is all about money. Unfortunately, to the casual observer and those I work with, that money theory doesn't apply to me. Actually, I have a hard enough time paying attention, much less my bills. That has never been the case as far as my wife is concerned. She has the uncanny ability to pay too much attention and spend too much money, but as long as it's hers, I've learned it's better that I don't pay any attention to her money.

People still think it's all about money. Why else would a beautiful woman marry you know someone ugly? Not that I am ugly.

Where was I? As I was about to say, I met my wife on a company business trip as a sales rep for the John Deere Tractor Works in Waterloo, Iowa. I get to travel around to various places, some absolutely fascinating and mind boggling, and others you barely can escape with your life from. El Segundo comes in mind, in the latter category.

About ten years ago, I was at a convention in Boston, Massachusetts, which falls into the fascinating place category. Duck boats and bake beans go pretty well as far as I am concerned. I am sure a few vacationers sitting next to me in the duck boat would disagree, but this isn't about them.

As I was saying, this beautiful young lady introduced herself to me, at the Boston Convention Center, where the convention was being held, which makes perfectly good sense. I've tried to explain this convention thing to my two buddies, but all they seem to be interested in is grinning at my wife.

As I was saying, this beautiful lady told me her father owned about a million acres in Scotland, and they wanted to purchase some farming machinery.

A million-acre farm is rather large, even by Iowa standards. I figured we weren't talking about one tractor and a used backhoe. This was what every sales rep calls the big deal. Literally The Big Deal!

I did the whole spiel and impressed her to no end. We went to dinner and got married, before the convention ended and without her family knowing about it. Nevertheless, what is done is done. There really wasn't a whole lot they could do about it but accept the fact they had a new son-in-law.

Over the last ten years I have received about a dozen threatening phone calls, all in Scottish, which is extremely nerve racking for someone in Iowa. Her father didn't buy any farming equipment from me or anyone working for John Deere. The Big Deal got away. In addition, I am no longer a sale Rep. But I am still married, funny how things work out.

For our tenth, wedding Anniversary my father in-law invited us to spend some time in Scotland at their million-acre farm. He sent two airline tickets to us.

In addition, he arranged for my wife and I stay at a golfing Hotel in Gullane, Scotland called Greywalls.

I had never heard of Greywalls or Gullane. Moreover, I had never picked up a golf club in my life. Nevertheless, he was trying to reach out, and after ten years of threatening phone calls in Scottish, I wanted to reach out as well- to strangle him, but, of course my wife would have none of that, funny how love just seems to work its way into everything. My father in-law sent some rather strict rules to go along with the airline tickets. How he figured I'd follow them is anyone's guess. I was suppose to master the game of Golf and learn the History of Greywalls and a place called Muirfield links just over the grey stone walls of the place.

My father in-law referred to this Muirfield as the Honorable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, of which he was an honorable golfer. The first thing that came to my mind was la de da, you Scottish weirdo. Nevertheless, I wanted to check out his million-acre farm. I could care less about Muirfield or Edinburgh. I figured you could put a whole mess of crap on a million acres, and I wanted to see what was on the place. If I had to learn how to play golf-, so be it. How hard could it be, to hit a little ball around a big field with someone driving you from hole to hole, in a cart no less?

After all, golf was for rich and snobby people; everyone knows that. Rich people don't do anything that requires much work. They hire other people to do all the work for them. As far as learning the history of

Greywalls, no one is gonna ask me about the history of a place I am visiting.

When was the last time someone asked you about the history of a RV park you were staying at? Never. Moreover, if they do, I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.

"Greywalls and Muirfield links can't possible have more history then Pokey's Red Carpet Club, one of the finest golfing and eatin' place in Waterloo. How's that for history," I said to my wife. I think she called me an idiot, I'm not , it sounded like idiot.

I looked at my wife, she looked at me. We both looked at the airline tickets and she looked at me again and told me I had one week to master this game of golf and learn how to act like I had some sense. It wasn't going to be easy on either account, and I'm sure she called me an idiot now. She stopped smiling at me and handed me the phone.

"Call Dr. Richards, he plays out at Pokey's every Sunday. He'll show you how to play dear," she said.