

Musings of an Inadequate Golfer



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The Joy of Golf

It's competition day, the Monthly Medal or perhaps it's the Seniors rolling up at around midday to get in the way of a society, or it's the gathering of the clans on a Sunday morning when Waitrose or church don't beckon, work can be put on the backburner for another day and the kids are someone else's responsibility for a few hours. The gathering of the golf clan is a magical moment. The greetings from friends and acquaintances, the comments in the queue for coffee, anxious glances through the windows and reassuring comments about the weather or the not so reassuring from the Job's comforters, all add up to that festival of fun and fellowship which every golf club experiences most days of the week.

I say fellowship because this is the male experience. Whether it is the same for ladies I have no idea but if so it is not in the same way. My wife is appalled at the stories I tell her about the banter we men golfers have to accept. The derisory comments about each other's clothes, our appetites, our appearances even. No holds are barred and no mercy is expected. Would the ladies put up with this? I for one am not about to try it. Don't expect any mercy in the changing rooms either especially after a competition when the sights on display emerging from the showers are more akin to an audition for the *Horrors of Elm Street*.

Then it is the first tee. Those moments of anticipation when you know that the first strike will be straight, long and set the standard of the day are about to be trialled. But then the doubts creep in, you put away the driver and out with the three wood. Your friends hold their breath and that easy, smooth swing which you have practised in your mind for days