

# THE WRITING ON THE WALL

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It was reported in the Press some time ago, that someone had been writing THINGS on the wall. Not, in this instance, in some junior school, public convenience, or Ban the Bomb on any brick wall available, but in a golf club.

The underlying causes of this desire to scribble on walls will be attributed by "Trickcyclists", Freudians and other plausible explainers, to circumstances or environment in early days. Frustrations or inhibitions. Budding authors nipped in the bud. Frustration breeds revolutionaries, and rather than drive them underground it might be a good idea to give them rein and let them have one glorious binge of wall writing.

At the time I write spring is at hand. The clubhouse is to be redecorated, so why not let the malcontents loose with buckets of highly coloured paint to splosh their slogans on a wall. It would at least be less dreary than the Suggestion Book. The effect could be both startling and entertaining. Imagine passing through the portals of some distinguished club to observe: "Down with the Captain" splashed across the wallpaper.

Abusive references to the Secretary such as: "The secerty is an orful ass." While possibly containing an element of truth (seldom), might cause vacancies unless he took the view that boys will be boys. "I sor the steward kissing the waitress" in purple lettering over the bar would make a good talking point; raising the status of the steward in the eyes of the more timid members, and a questionable speculation on the part of the lotharios.

It might, though, be embarrassing on taking a guest into the dining room to be faced with: "The nosh here is friteful."

The temptation to pay off old scores would prove irresistible. Consider the relief, after years of a self-denying ordinance, of seizing a brush and in bold strokes writing: "I sor Bloggs kick his ball out of the ruff." And the member whose dance at the Club Ball

was cut by the Lady Captain: "You musta been a beautiful baby. Gawd, just look at you now."

There is a hesitation in imputing practices of which one is ignorant, but if girls write on walls would we find jealousy raising its ugly head in the Ladies Room, with: "Gert loves Cuthy," and a rather shaky sketch of a heart pierced by a putter of improbable design?

This business of writing on the wall would also offer some advantages. On those Sunday mornings when you cannot get near the bar for the crush of members and a visiting society, an announcement in ringing tones that someone has written something rather murky in the changing room, and the bar is yours for sufficient time to order a drink, possibly two.

There is, alas, always somebody who goes and overdoes it, and we are left with the clot who scrawls in letters a foot high: "Henry Craw-Thomas carnt play goff for toffee." on the very day that distinguished correspondent chooses to visit the club.

While writing this, the television has been playing a wartime dance tune; "These foolish things." In which we have been indulging in flippancy. It may be fitting to end with a true story. A member had arranged a match between the Old Fools and the Young Fools on a first of April. He also asked a member addicted to the ridiculous to think up a jape for the occasion. When members arrived they were disconcerted to find "Out of Order" posted on the door to the "Gents". The thick woodland surrounding the 1st tee became overcrowded. The matter eventually came to the secretary's ears. In some umbrage he enquired of the steward why he had not been informed. The steward "knew nuffink."

I shall not disclose the name of the perpetrator. At over 60 he should perhaps have eschewed an upsurge of youth. A moment I shall not forget for many years, if ever.