



THANK GOD MAY IS OVER

By Rob Schultz

Let's see. June is Dairy Month. July is Fireworks Month. And April Showers bring . . . what?

Let's try stupidity. May was Stupid Month. Most stupid it was the rain. That's it. Rain caused a rash of dumbness in the state of Wisconsin that hasn't been seen in these parts in a long time.

Consider:

— Aaron Pryor, the one-eyed fighter. He was stupid enough to try to fight again, the state was stupid enough to let him fight and everybody was stupid enough to listen to that crazy promoter/agent/imbecile Diana Lewis.

— Jerry Quarry, the brain-dead fighter. He showed up for a press conference at Lake Geneva's Americana Club with a band-aid over his eye. He said he banged his head cleaning his condo. Right. We're not all brain-dead Jerry. Believe Quarry and you'll believe that I just shot a 65 at the nearby Briar Patch. More on the Briar Patch later.

— The surplus of bad drivers in the state. And I'm not talking about drivers on a golf course. At last count, I missed getting killed by a careless driver about 34 times in May. At least 33 of those stupid drivers were tooling about in vans.

Most of the near-accidents were created when drivers decided to pull out right in front of me. What was strange was that each driver looked right at me, then pulled out.

Another favorite of bad drivers is something called the Green Bay turn. Anybody who has tried to stay alive on the roads in Green Bay knows what I'm talking about. Drivers there who make a right turn always put on their right signal, then pull into the left lane to make a wider turn. It seems the Green Bay epidemic is moving south because Madison drivers have suddenly gotten the hang of it. Maybe the cicadas will change things around.

Okay, what does that have to do with golf? Nothing. This is a stupid column. It fits with Stupid Month.

But that doesn't mean I didn't have any stupid encounters on a golf course in May. Much to the contrary.

I review golf courses for my newspaper much like others review restaurants. I golf at some of the state's best courses and some of the worst. I hit both 18-hole courses and 9-hole courses. And my travails one week in May took me to Dodge-Point Country Club near Mineral Point.

It's a cute, 9-hole layout. It also has one of the strangest local rules I've ever encountered.

It was late in the day when I played Dodge-Point and some golfers were walking off the course as I hit my tee shot at the par-5 8th hole. It's an interesting hole; a dogleg with a radical 90-degree turn to the right.

As I looked at the hole I noticed you could cut the corner, stay in bounds, and knock about 150 yards off the length of the hole. So I hit a perfect cut shot behind the trees, smugly tucked my driver back in my bag and looked right into the eyes of an angry club member, a George Archer look-alike, who wanted to kill me.

"THAT'S AGAINST THE RULES," he bellowed. "THAT BALL IS OUT OF BOUNDS AND YOU MUST HIT ANOTHER TEE SHOT. YOU CAN'T DO THAT OUT HERE YOU, YOU, YOU, YOU. . . INGRATE."

I told him to suck my Titleist and walked away. But he stalked down the fairway, through the trees and followed me as I walked around my ball. I smirked as I told him my ball was, indeed, in bounds. I looked at the green, a mere 170 yards away, pulled out my 6-iron and started dreaming of eagles.

As I began my routine to set up for the shot, my shadow began to bellow again.

"WHAT YOU'RE PLANNING TO DO IS AGAINST THE RULES," he shouted. "YOU CAN'T HIT YOUR BALL TO THE RIGHT OF THE FLAGPOLE. THOSE ARE THE RULES HERE."

He pulled out his 2-iron and was ready to whack me if I pulled my little stunt with my 6-iron.

I decided to back off as the three strangers who were part of my four-

some crumbled in the nearby fairway, unable to stand because they were doubled over in laughter.

"Okay buddy," I said, "let's check the scorecard to see if that rule is in print."

Lo and behold, it was. In bold print, the rule stated something like this: "Any golfer who hits a ball to the right of the flagpole on No. 8 will be killed. The guilty golfer can choose death by either lethal injection or by a 2-iron to the head by a nosy club member who looks like George Archer."

I looked to the left of the flagpole. Solid trees, about 900 feet tall. I pulled out my wedge and got ready to hit a little chip back onto the fairway. George Archer laughed. "Sucker," he said as he walked away.

I waited for him to leave, put the wedge away and hit the 6-iron to the right of the flagpole. It landed eight feet from the hole. Missed the putt.

"Sucker," I said as I walked away smugly.

That wouldn't be my last trip through golf course stupidity. The Twilight Zone of Stupidity is sitting in the middle of the Briar Patch. It's called a Porta Potty. Used by both sexes, it's the only alleged bathroom on the course, which is an out course that doesn't go anywhere near civilization for the entire 18 holes.

Guess what happened when I played the Briar Patch? I had to use the Porta Potty, which looked like it hadn't been cleaned in weeks and was minus an essential ingredient. The Briar Patch is supposed to be a wilderness course, but this is taking it a bit too far. Considering I spent \$60 to play the Briar Patch, you have to figure the Porta Potty would be stocked with leaves or catalogs.

I sure was one happy camper when May ended. Boxers were no longer the lead item in the sports sections, the roads seemed safer and I hadn't journeyed onto any crazy courses lately.

Thank God for June.