

# GOLFNOTES

*April 2023*



**George Grim's thoughts about  
his Mother's influence on parenting**

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## *Notes from the bench on No. 6 Tee*

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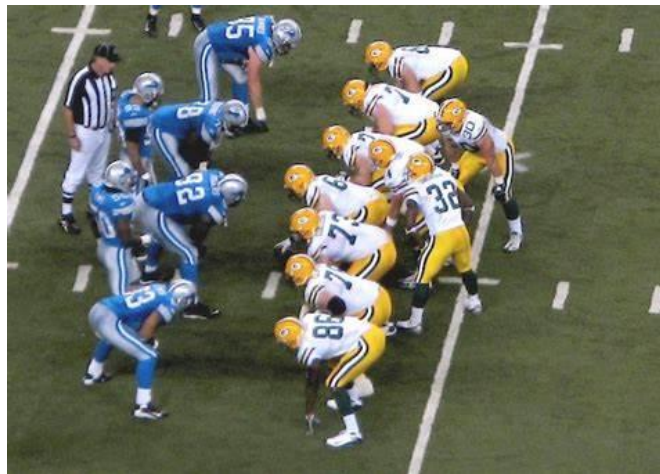
### ***My letter to the NFL proposing a rule to deter, if not eliminate, the dreaded Quarterback kneel-down***

February 21, 2023

Rich McKay  
Chairman, NFL Competition Committee

Dear Sir:

It's time to get rid of the kneel-downs at the end of a game. No one likes them except for fans of the team with the ball. They are ahead at the time (or the game is tied and the team with the ball is deep in their own side of the field waiting for overtime). For those gleeful fans, their time will come when their team is on defense without timeouts and watching helplessly as the game slowly ends in defeat. If football is a sport we enjoy for entertainment, the kneel-down is dead air with no significant value. It is only a partisan thrill for one side and humiliation with no recourse for the other. Yes, the other team made choices on timeouts and didn't play winning football. Still, no true fan likes to see it.





It tells you that the game is all but over. It's nothing fun or sporting to watch. The quarterback just stands there and takes time off the clock and then the only possible action to watch is the quarterback fumbling the snap. I've never seen one or heard of one. If he is dumb enough to hand off the ball, as the Giants did against the Eagles, a more likely fumble could occur. But all teams are now smart enough never to do that, unless there is short yardage for a first down and too much time remains.

My solution is not a rule that abolishes a team's right to kneel down. It is a rule that will eliminate or at least minimize any team's decision to merely kneel down. It would apply only in the last two minutes. Here's my proposal: The team on offense must advance the ball, on each play, at least to the next yard line or else the clock stops when the whistle blows. The clock would not start again until the next snap. Since every yard line is five yards from the others, there will be different lengths to advance the ball each play. Sometimes



roughly at most four-and-a-half yards and, at the shortest, only a half yard. They will even out. (In the normal course of every team trying for a first down, from second down on, often it will have an uneven yardage number to reach the 10-yard first down marker.)

The different lengths and the clock's constant link to them will require the offense to strategize. Should we risk a pass just to ensure the clock will keep running? That can

result in sacks, interceptions, and incompletions that would stop the clock. All of this is good. It forces the offense to move the ball, not just kneel down, and to consider more than a simple sneak or a handoff running play. It's sporting and entertaining and creates tension.

What's especially appealing is that the everyone can easily see the white yard lines needed. No sideline sticks, as are used for first downs, would be needed. The referees need only to see where the white line and the ball are when the runner is stopped. They can make an instant decision without stopping the clock to do so. This quickness is important because time stopping or continuing is critical at this late moment of the game.

Can we rely on all the white lines on the field today? Yes, they are very well prepared everywhere. Besides, the NFL relies on the two goal lines to determine if a touchdown has occurred. Thickness of the line is irrelevant. More important, the NFL has always relied on the entire white sidelines to determine if a ball carrier has stepped out of bounds. My white s just one more line to consider and one that is readily observable by everyone watching the game. That is significant because it means that also the referees, the players themselves and

coaches on the sidelines and upstairs can easily and instantly know the results. With sticks on the sidelines for first down markers, players and coaches must look over to see if a first down was made. And if it's close, the sticks still must be brought out to measure. I recognize on TV we now get a yellow line for a first down. Players and coaches don't see it. And of course it is not official but a convenience to viewers. None of the TV networks will need to create an additional special colored line for my rule.

Those who believe my rule will require sticks at the sidelines, just look at the bottom of the stick. This is what measures first down points and for a set length of ten yards. Is this metal rod at the bottom of the stick thin for better accuracy? No, it's fairly thick as a measure of what is actually only a point on the field. And if accuracy of a point on the field is doubtful, all of football often relies on a referee's thick shoe or boot to place the ball when a ball carrier is stopped, even when the spot is near the point of a possible first down.



Will a team have the ball carrier fall down just short of the line to make the next play short and if they make it, keep the clock running? No, because not reaching the line will stop it by itself. So there is no advantage of that strategy over the one trying to reach the next white line to keep the clock running.

In tie games under two minutes where a team is running down the clock to try a game-winning field goal, this rule will force that team to advance the ball, rather than kneel down or merely maneuver it sideways to a more central spot for the kick. And the clock stopping when they don't reach the next white line means the other team with no timeouts will likely get some time to get the ball on offense to counter the field goal or a missed field goal. Added excitement and tension for all.

What about the situation where a team on offense is ahead by a close score inside of two minutes but they are deep in their own territory? They want the clock to keep running so that the game is over or only a few seconds would be left for the defense to get the ball from the backed-up team's punt and try to advance down the field. Therefore, to keep the clock

running down, my rule compels the offense to try to advance the ball to the next white line and beyond to gain at least another first down. This will add more excitement and tension for all those viewing the game. It will make the offense consider a pass or other plays other

than a kneel-down or sneak, all of which create possible adverse results for them. Thus, again, if the team with the ball only kneels down, this will stop the clock and give the other team more time to overtake them where they have few or no timeouts.



This rule can also be applied to the two minutes before the half. The score then won't be an issue as the one at the end of the game. But it will minimize kneel-downs where the team on offense is deep in

its own territory with little time left, especially if they have few or no timeouts left. It will allow them a chance to use both their timeouts and the clock stoppage created if they advance the ball past the next white line, to at least try a field goal. This is better than just handing the ball off to kill time or go to the kneel-down signifying that they aren't trying to score anymore that half. Yes, the defense won't be happy that they must try to prevent a field goal. But the offense's fans and everyone else watching the game will know that they are still watching a sporting and entertaining few moments rather than the boring act of the kneel-down and a clock running down to zero.

I recognize that the kneel-down at the end of a game only happens where the offense is ahead or the game is tied, including the one described where the offense is deep in their own territory at the end of a tie game and the clock is running out. (Yes, I also acknowledge the kneel-down within two minutes of the half will not typically depend on the score of the game. It also shows a decision to give up trying to move the ball for some kind of score.) Therefore, the question is raised, should it apply inside of two minutes at the end of the game only where the team with the ball is tied or ahead? This is important because the team on offense could be the one behind at the end and they are furiously trying to move the ball down the field for a field goal or touchdown. Should they benefit by the stoppage from this rule? After all, they may be out of timeouts or down to one. They can gain a stoppage by running a play that does not advance the ball to the next yard line. They could, but they are typically trying to gain large chunks of yardage with little time left. And they still must register first downs as they do it. For the clock to stop, the longest gain they can cause would be only 4½ yards. That is modest where they need large ones and still need first downs. Yes, they can gain a stoppage where they need less than 4 ½ yards for the first down. That won't happen often. If you want to deny them that right, deny it on fourth down, where they might need only a yard or so. Or limit it to the offense that is tied or ahead within two minutes till the game's end. These situations for clock stoppage short of the next white line create more excitement, tension and needed strategy with heightened sports entertainment for us all, as this rule rids us of the awful specter of kneel-downs.

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Sincerely yours,  
Allan K. Grim



# WHAT WOULD MOTHER DO?

## *George Grim's thoughts about his Mother's influence on parenting*

Recently I was interviewed about my career and I was asked if I thought my philosophy and practices were more the result of particular training I received or from my basic personality. My immediate response was that I had the best psychology teacher a person could ask for, my mother.

It is not trite to say that my mother may be gone, but her legacy will live on through me, the other people she came to know and, I hope, through my descendants. This writing is primarily for the latter group.

Maybe sometime in the year 2092, my grandson George will be asked by his grandson, "Daddy G, why did you just say that?" And George will say, "Because it is something my great grandmother said to my GDaddy."

In my career I was expected to counsel parents before I became a parent. It was a daunting assignment. Later I joked that I used to have five theories on raising children and now

have five children and no theories. This



*This is the only photo of all seven of the Allan Grim Sr. Family together, circa 1960. Back row are Allan, Jr, 19, Jim, 22, Bob, 16, and George, 13. Front row are Allan, Sr, 56, Virginia, 78, and Ruth, 47. Location is rear of Saint Paul's UCC Sunday School, Kutztown, Pa.*

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was not entirely true because throughout my career I found myself reflecting the philosophy and personality of my mother. And particularly in my own parenting, I would discuss parenting with my mother but at times I would consciously and unconsciously ask myself, "What would Mother do?"

## **I'll see you when I see you**

Of all of the many phrases and words of wisdom, this one stands out the most. It encapsulates her selflessness. As I age and confront different issues of aging, this



becomes more relevant. Our lives are changing. We see friends and family less and less. We miss the time with the people we care about and develop fears of loneliness. There is a natural tendency to apply some pressure to our children to take

time away from their busy lives and families to spend more time with us and give us some attention. Often this is communicated in subtle ways. Someone might say, "I'll be okay." but if said with a sigh, the message is "I'll need help to be ok."

Even the question of, "When will I see you again?" raises the pressure to respond with a commitment.

When the issue of when the next visit would be, Mother would say with actual cheerfulness, "I'll see you when I see you." The message was that she enjoyed this visit and she will look forward to the next visit but if I don't see you for a while, I'll understand.

This issue is a part of a much larger issue, the process of the child gaining independence from the parent. The parent who invests too much of their happiness in



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the closeness of relationship with a child can create problems for the child. The parent who recognizes that it is healthy for the child to develop independence knows when to accept that their job of parenting decreases dramatically through and after the teenage years.

This discussion leads to another phrase...

## **Come in when it gets dark**



Growing up in the 1950s in a small town was a great experience. I rarely had my face in front of a screen and I had no major fears. I did the bomb drills in school but gave little thought to why. I never gave any thought to my parents dying or getting divorced, or living in poverty or a stranger coming after me. My mother expected us to go out and play and she did not check to see how we spent that time. We didn't need a play date or some adult telling us how to pick teams for a game

or how to play fair. The message from *Come in when it gets dark* was that I trust you to make good judgments and not get into serious trouble. I don't need to watch you and critique your decisions. You may make mistakes, but you will learn how to improve your thinking and behavior.

Occasionally Mother would intervene. Once I was throwing sticks near a woodpile toward Charles, a neighbor boy. I actually hit him above his eye and he went home crying. When my mother heard what happened, she marched me over to his house and made me apologize. She had her limits.

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A corollary to this phrase relates to...

## Nothing good happens after 11pm

As we became teenagers, the concept of staying out till dark needed revision. I don't remember having a rigid curfew, but I was rarely out much after 11pm. I never drank or did drugs in high school, so this phrase had more meaning as I negotiated the temptations of the college years. Let's just say these are good words to remember.



Speaking of making bad decisions...

## How could you?

This phrase is famous for one particular incident. The details of the incident are indelibly etched in my memory but don't need to be repeated. In summary, after an argument at the end of a weekend in West Virginia, Allan and I drove home from West Virginia with Bob choosing to find another way home. We returned late at night and our mother, lost for other words to express her anger and disappointment, could only repeat the phrase.



The key takeaway from her reaction was how it reflects her restraint. As mad as she could feel toward us, she would not attack our character directly or say those words of judgment,

"You...fill in the blank (idiot, jerk, moron, etc). No, the implication was that we had been taught to make good judgments, and on this occasion, we failed to use that good judgment.



Another time that this phrase was directed exclusively at me was when I was in 10th grade. Our biology teacher challenged us to bring in insects and I volunteered to bring in cockroaches. Surprised, he offered me a prize to have all of the chocolate milks I could drink. (I got mostly through three). When I told the story to my mother, she was aghast. How could you? We lived near a field and it was not unusual to see a variety of animals (mice, bats, a rat) and my mother always emphasized cleaning up crumbs to avoid ants, roaches, etc. Unfortunately for her it could be a losing battle. If we entered our kitchen in the middle of the night, invariably we would see a few roaches scampering about. (Sorry, Mother, no one blames you and in retrospect, I should have known better.)

Tangential Interlude That Indirectly Involves Mother (If you are still in elementary school, move along...nothing to see here.)

My father never gave me The Talk. My mother tried but I was too embarrassed to pay appropriate attention and she gave up.

Unlike today, our school never gave The Talk. The only time I ever came in contact with the school nurse was for the vision and hearing screenings. As you can imagine, I would usually wait until I'd heard a few beeps, then take the headphones off and say, "Ready when you are."



Anyway, as a 15 year old in the Spring of 10th grade we watched a film about reproduction. I sat in the front row and after the film, my friend, Ed Mellin, asked if I knew what fornication meant. Having no clue, he encouraged me to ask the teacher. As Mr. Keim answered, I turned shades of red with Ed quietly snickering next to me. That afternoon we had an away baseball game and, on the bus, word got around about the incident. Barry Stump, a senior, took it upon himself to give me The Talk. It was a scene reminiscent of the guys surrounding John Travolta in *Grease*.



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Which has no relationship to...

## **Don't break your arm patting your back**



My Mother was a very modest person. For instance, I didn't learn until later in life that she was a three-sport athlete in college. She grew up in a time when a girl was socialized not to be ambitious or assertive. She actually wanted to be a nurse, but her father insisted on his four daughters becoming teachers. As she became a wife, she accepted the expectation that her role was to support her husband's career.

As my brothers and sister and I were growing up, I believe we all had a good amount of confidence compared to other children. During those times when our confidence exceeded our accomplishments, we could count on a reminder to ground our pride. When we

heard this phrase, it was likely to be delivered with a smile, which suggested that she was probably proud but that modesty is an important virtue.

Which leads to another virtue...

## **Patience is a virtue. Possess it if you can**



My mother was incredibly patient. Of course, this judgment is from someone often lacking in patience. She enjoyed people of all ages and types and especially, children. She had a fertile mind for games and was a good bridge player. I enjoy a game with challenges. She could tolerate playing with a young child for periods infinitely longer than I was capable of. If she were stuck talking to someone who bored her, she would not let that person know.



Patience has much to do with managing frustration. It could take a while to get her frustrated and at times it was apparent, but she would not let the feelings rise to anger often. She would revert to her faith in patience seeing her through the current situation.

Speaking of faith...

**"Thank you for the world so sweet, thank you for the food we eat, thank you for the birds that sing, thank you god for everything."**

Mother was raised to be deeply religious. Her father was very strict and church was a huge part of her life. She would say grace in her cheerful way. We were all expected to go to church and learn about the Bible. As we naturally began to question the validity of the Bible, she reverted to the idea that the stories were symbolic and not literal.





This seems to be an appropriate space to give an attaboy to my father, one who does not get much credit in our parenting experience. He faithfully attended church but did not wear his spirituality on his sleeve. It is funny to remember that he had an annoying tendency to clip his fingernails during the service. Anyway, in the sermon just prior to election day in 1960, the minister expressed serious concern that if we elected our first Catholic President, that decisions would be controlled by the Pope. In those days, unlike today, ministers were reluctant to discuss politics. As we filed out for the traditional handshake with the minister, my father said, "I thought that sermon was in very poor taste." I was shocked by the uncharacteristic bluntness of my father to another man, but I was also very impressed with his willingness to confront prejudice. (Truth be

known, my father never trusted Nixon.)

I faced a dilemma when my children were born. Mother wanted them to be baptized but I did not. She was disappointed and would continue to bring it up at various times. I'm sorry I disappointed you, Mother. I do appreciate that you did not force the issue. (Special note: As I address her directly, this is not an assumption that she is burning in some fiery place, or resting in a heavenly spa, or was reincarnated in that squirrel who visited our empty coal stove recently. In any event, if I end up in that fiery place, I promise I will try to warn you.)

The oft-repeated grace was so common to me that I did not give it much thought when I



was young. As I age, I realized the simple, important message that I need to appreciate all the wonders and gifts of life and remind myself how lucky I have been.

Which reminds me of...



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## Into every life a little rain must fall

Life is full of joy and promise but stuff happens. As a child, if I fell, I knew that I could count on my mother if I needed her. And similarly she had an expression when someone was choking, she would not panic and simply say, "Choke, chicky, choke." When I witnessed parents when I became the age of a parent, I was taken aback to watch a parent rush to comfort a child who fell or was upset by some minor issue. I had learned that if something bad happens, I should expect it, don't panic and learn to deal with it. I learned not to deprive my children of that life lesson. I'm sure people saw me as cruel at times.

I also extended this idea to personal responsibility. I told my boys in high school that if they missed the bus, I would take them one time. If they missed again, they were on their own. Both boys tested the rule. Ryan walked to a busy road and hitchhiked. Greg walked close to 4 miles on a warm spring day with a full backpack and tennis racquet. I am proud of how self-sufficient they have become.

Bringing us to...

### **Your eyes are bigger than your tummy**

Mother lived through the Depression and grew up with some food insecurity. It was not in her nature to pile food on our plate. I remember and to this day tend to take small portions with anticipation that I may decide to come back later. But of course I still can make the misjudgment of eating too much and paying the price. Her tendency was in sharp contrast to other mothers who seemed to equate the ability to eat large portions with some misguided assumption that gluttony is some kind of reflection of love.



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Actually, there were contradictions of sorts. We were expected most times to finish our plate, but that seemed to relax as we got older. The mantra might change at times to, "Give it a try." The food message sometimes got commingled with a financial concern. Particularly at vacation at Capon Springs, the mantra was, "Eat it. It's paid for." This latter child abuse can actually be ascribed to our father.

And what else did we learn?...

### **She/He has a lot to learn**

I've loved this expression for many years. It says so much. At a time when most people would judge someone for doing something, dare I say, stupid, Mother would refrain from labeling it that way. One of the best tenets of counseling that I have learned involves reframing behavior. I've often used it in talking about children with diagnosed problems, which can stigmatize a child and force certain expectations on that child. If a child is labeled ADHD, many will assume the child should not be expected to function properly. If this is reframed to say, "He has a lot of energy.", then the expectation is more hopeful. So, a person who has a lot to learn can be seen as someone who will learn to not repeat that stupid thing they just did. Even if that person has done the same behavior repeatedly, it is much kinder to



continue to give them the benefit of thinking and hoping that they will eventually learn. It is also an implication that we all go through the process. Initially we all make mistakes and may fail and look ridiculous, but that is part of everyone's growth.

Which is related to...

**If you can't say anything nice, don't say anything at all**

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This quote from Bambi's friend Thumper, is classic mom talk. Our mother lived by it. She wasn't perfect but she was very thoughtful about how words can hurt. I think of her as a good role model when it comes to gossip. Another phrase she would utter did suggest that she wasn't totally immune to gossip when she would say, "A little birdie told me," thus leaving us in mystery about her sources.



I always admired an incident when she stood up to gossip and lived her values. After my father died, she took in boarders, mostly in the form of college girls. She was happy to have them. On one occasion she was asked to accept a particular boarder. This man needed a room during the week as he taught at the college. She accepted without hesitation. Then she was asked by a friend, "How could you have a black man living in your home?" She ignored the ignorant question and taught us some valuable lessons.

Which has little to do with...

**You slap your face or I'll slap it for you**



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Another admonition spoken with authority but with a touch of sarcasm. I wonder what she would have done if I would have said, "Okay, go ahead and slap."

We grew up in an era when spanking and physical punishment was common. Spare the rod and spoil the child. We did receive some physical punishment. I only ever remember my dad doing it once. I talked back to my mother and he came at me fast. I turned and ran as he swung and delivered a fist to my back. I was duly warned.

As for my mother, she had a yardstick for those special occasions when a child needed some correcting. I did not receive this special treatment often, but I do still associate a little pain with this measuring device. When I was about 12, Mother reacted to some behavior and hastened for the yardstick. I tried a similar evasive maneuver that I employed when my father approached me. This time I was more successful. I sprinted to the backyard with an angry woman in hot pursuit. Using my best elusive running back moves, I outran the stick. Recognizing the futility of her effort, she simply sat down and began to laugh. She then announced that as far as I was concerned, she would retire the yardstick.



I recalled this incident in my reversed role as a parent. I was never a big fan of spanking my children but did apply a swat now and again, but following the separation of Greg's parents, his behavior at times warranted more correction than usual. Remembering my mother's capitulation and trying to break the cycle of violence, so to speak, I said to Greg, "You are about to turn 7 and when you do, I will no longer spank you and there will no longer be a need to spank you, because you will be old enough to know how to control your behavior." Following our discussion, I never felt the need to spank him again.

Hey look! Here's another one...

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## How many runs did you make?



Today's children don't know what it is like not to have a parent watching their game. In our day, the games were for the kids, not the parents. I rode my bike a mile and a half across town for baseball and didn't expect a parent to watch. My parents never attended my basketball games and only once did my father attend a little league game of mine. An outspoken mother complained, "That Grim kid is too old for this league." My father responded, "He is not and I know because he is my son."

When I would return from a game, my Mother would ask, "How many runs did you make?" She may have asked the same after a basketball game. In any event, it was her way of showing some interest, which was actually pretty funny.

I particularly remember a Friday night during 10th grade. With six seconds left in the basketball game I scored a 3-point play to beat Fleetwood, our arch rival. When I got home my parents were having a bridge party. I reported the result, they acknowledged it and asked, "Whose deal is it?" (Okay maybe those weren't the exact words.)

Move it along...

**Goodbye while your handy**

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An exotic turn of phrase. This was usually said with a big smile and wave of the hand. The direct message behind this was that it is time for you to leave. Of course she would



never say, "Get out!" But this was appropriate for situations when we would be hanging around, avoiding some responsibility like doing yard work. She had some humorous ways of getting a point across that aimed to soften the sting. Still brings a good laugh.

Speaking of good times...

### **Good morning, good morning**

The wake-up call from my mother, continued through high school years, was to burst into my room in song. She would sing, "Good morning, good morning, oh how do you do? Good morning, good morning, I'm glad to see you." I'm sure that there were many times I wanted to sleep longer, but I came to appreciate that starting another day with a happy tune beats any alternative.



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She inspired me to continue a tradition of providing a positive and loving message to the dreaded wake-up call. Besides the Good Morning song I added an alternative, the first stanza of Oh What a Beautiful Morning.

I'm not sure if my children have continued to appreciate the tradition, but I still enjoy delivering the songs accompanied by "mauling" the sleepy audience. I have also added the shaking motions to a poem that goes, "Shake-a, shake-a, shake-a the ketchup bottle. First a little (wait for it) then a lottle!!!"

Motherisms can make one be alert in one's own life to recognizing your own special words to live by...

I offer three instances where I heard lines from movies that have resonated with me. All are consistent with Mother's philosophy.

### **1. With some people you need to look a little harder to find the good in them**

Psychological studies show that we often make judgments about a person during the first few sections of meeting. Some situations are obvious. If I meet someone who has a swastika tattoo on his forehead, or is pointing a gun at me, or is wearing a Cowboys shirt, I will have a negative reaction. But even with people I have learned some negative information ahead of time, I try to default to the attitude that I'm going to like this person. People are not all good or all bad. For example, I recognize that Donald Trump never started a war.

With political polarization these days, there is an increasing tendency to cancel or ghost people. As with any other divisive issue, we need to look for our common humanity. And I find it helpful to understand the experience and thinking of others. When people act out of hurt or fear or firm resistance to opposing



viewpoints, they can be challenging to relate to.

## 2. No one is a failure who has friend

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Wise words from an angel who reminds us to realize what is important in life.

### 3) Adult son to father: Why do so many of my generation get divorced?

**Father: In our day we didn't expect so much from marriage.**

Many of the best addiction counselors are former addicts. Much good advice about marriage comes from the divorced.

May this serve as a document subject to revision and additions through the years.



*Photo from June 1962 at Capon Springs, West Virginia. Standing from left, brothers George, 15, Bob, 18, and Allan, 21. Below them are Diane Checket, almost 22, and then girlfriend of Jim Grim, now wife of 60 years, and Virginia, 10. That week the four Grim brothers played the second longest Grim Open ever at 63 holes. Allan emerged as Champion with a 300, Bob 304, George 310, and Jim 312. It was Allan's first Grim Open triumph. Jim had won in 1961 in the record length of 72 holes with a 375. Jim had also won the initial Grim Open in 1960.*

# More of Allan's Lists

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## Ten thoughtful quotes that set off that ding-ding-ding sound in my head

I don't know who said or wrote Numbers 1, 5, and 6. I've accumulated these trenchant declarations over many years in my writer's notebook. I must've had a reason for compiling them. Anyway, now I am thus foisting them off on you. I don't readily write down quotes. They must impel me to do so. Usually I will read it and think, I wish I'd thought that and then wished I'd said it or wrote it. If you're interested in any one source, the seven ones I know are named after the last quote.



1. ***I don't need anger management. I need people to stop pissing me off.***
2. ***Give me chastity, Lord, but not yet.***
3. ***You may be done with the past, but the past may not be done with you.***
4. ***True intelligence is the ability to make metaphors.***
5. ***Scars are like tattoos with war stories.***
6. ***Sex is the price a woman pays for marriage and marriage is the price a man pays for sex.***

7. ***I would have written you a shorter letter, but I didn't have the time.***
8. ***The purpose of TV is to make hearts pound.***



9. ***A lie has gone all around the world while a truth is just tying his shoes.***
10. ***I never repeat gossip....so listen very carefully.***



**Answers: 2. Saint Augustine (Shown top left) 3. Jennifer Dwight, Novelist, in *The Tolling of Mercedes Bell* (Shown here left) 4. Aristotle 7. John Adams 8. Dennis Potter, British TV writer (Shown above right) 9. Mark Twain 10. Gossip Columnist Liz Smith**



## 25 word images that wagged my tail

*These are vibrant emeralds of expressions I had read or heard worthy of recording in my notebook. One of them I created myself. Can you guess which one? The answer is after the last one.*

1. *This location was a few apple trees shy of Eden.*
2. *He was two six-packs away from El Paso.*



3. *June Allyson is a blond, but she sings like a brunette. (Allyson is shown here right.)*
4. *Men wanted to light her cigarette and refill her tumbler of Scotch.*
5. *This book contains stuff you shouldn't read with your mouth full.*



6. *John Carpenter made his career with popcorn-spilling horror.*
7. *I went to bed with the prom queen, but I woke up with Carrie.*
8. *Yiddish is German plus phlegm.*
9. *A lot of booze has flowed under this bridgework.*
10. *That's like looking for straw in a haystack.*



11. *Her ugliness is inoperable.*
12. *He was one broken nose short of handsome.*
13. *He was enjoying his food. He had both feet in the trough.*

14. *Fred Willard has a patent on characters who are comfortable in their stupidity. (Willard is shown left)*
15. *She's got good curb appeal. But when you take her out, you realize the place is vacant (or no one's home).*

16. *He's as sharp as a butter knife.*
17. *He wouldn't know good taste if it jumped into his lap and licked his face.*
18. *As long as there is a village without an idiot, he'll find work.*
19. *He rules with knuckle-rapping discipline.*
20. *My inspiration was bourbon and branch water.*
21. *He needs a swift kick in his apathy.*
22. *He blundered into a thicket of wait-a-minute vines.*
23. *She displays a toe-in-the sand modesty.*
24. *His ignorance is self-taught.*
25. *He's got fiddle-and-washboard energy.*



My one item: No. 16

# ***Topics of all 23 of Allan's Five- and Seven-Word Stories***

*The exact topics or themes of each story can be debated. You can also argue how many can be gleaned from any one story. These are my choices. Read the stories and disagree. The four topics appearing most often are Love-8, Murder-6, Revenge-6, and Adultery-4. For some you can easily have a common progression with Love, Adultery, Revenge, and Murder. You may speculate what these topics and their stories say about my inner being. Since I created this list, I have realized I now question who I am as a person, or even as a writer. Although you may now want to convey to me your concerns about my future, I'm willing to listen for a while. I would appreciate your at least reading the stories first. All 23 can be found on my website [GrimHandwritingAnalyst.com](http://GrimHandwritingAnalyst.com) under menu item MY FIVE-WORD STORIES. Five of my favorites are shown in full at the end of this issue.*

- 1. Adultery, Murder**
- 2. Love, Murder, Rejection**
- 3. Love, Rejection, Fraud**
- 4. Love for Animal**
- 5. Dating, Insecurity**
- 6. Adultery, Murder**
- 7. Ambition, Envy, Robbery**
- 8. Sibling Rivalry, Revenge**
- 9. Sibling Hatred, Fraud, Greed, Murder**
- 10. Domestic Violence, Separation, Reconciliation**
- 11. Love, Separation, Reunion**
- 12. Adultery, Divorce**
- 13. Sibling Hatred, Revenge**
- 14. Sports Failure, Anger, Alcoholic Fit, Justice**
- 15. Adultery, Revenge, Adultery**
- 16. Family Hatred, Revenge, Odd Good Justice, Greed, Revenge**
- 17. Love, Murder, Longing, Sex**
- 18. Love, Revenge, Fate, Hate**
- 19. Greed, Fate**
- 20. Success, Insecurities**
- 21. Greed, Murder**
- 22. Love, Idealism**
- 23. Love, Risk-taking**

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## **TEN MIGHTY NAMES BEFITTING THEIR POWERFUL, RENOWNED INDIAN CHIEFS**



1. Geronimo
2. Sitting Bull
3. Cochise
4. Blackhawk
5. Crazy Horse
6. Pontiac
7. Tecumseh
8. Powhatan

9. Chief Noc-A-Homa
10. Andy Reid



## **Ten best lines ever uttered during sex**

***Believe it not, I created six of these myself. I won't vouch for being the first or sole creator. Probably someone else has said them before. I've just never heard or read these six before. Can you guess which ones are mine? Never mind when, why, or how I created them. Answers are below the last line.***

---

1. ***It's better if you help.***
2. ***Was it as good for me as it was for you?***
3. ***You're missing my ergonomic zones.***
4. ***Let me know when you're done.***
5. ***Wait for your cigarette, please.***
6. ***Is it reeeaaaal?***
7. ***Oh, God! Yes! Yes!***
8. ***Eww, what's that?***
9. ***Don't stop now. We'll figure it out.***
10. ***Ohhhh....Canada!***



*The ones I made up are Nos. 3, 4, 5, 8, 9, 10*



## Allan's ten favorite titles of country songs never released



(No, I didn't make up any of these. Who did? I don't know. I got these from the vast and often-loopo reaches of the internet)



1. *I Still Miss You, Baby, But My Aim's Getting Better*
2. *She Got the Ring and I Got the Finger*
3. *Get Your Tongue Outa My Mouth 'Cause I'm Kissing You Good-Bye*
4. *If the Phone Don't Ring, You'll Know It's Me*
5. *My Wife Ran off with My Best Friend and I Sure Do Miss Him*
6. *If I Had Shot You When I Wanted to, I'd Be Out by Now*
7. *She's Lookin' Better after Every Beer*
8. *I Don't Know Whether to Kill Myself or Go Bowlin'*
9. *You're the Reason Our Kids Are Ugly*
10. *I Bought a Car from the Guy Who Stole My Girl, But It Don't Run, So We're Even*

---

## All twelve similes in "A Visit from Saint Nicholas"

Clement Clark Moore, reputed author of this famed Christmas poem first published in the *Troy (New York) Sentinel* in 1823, lost his mind on the breast of the new-fallen snow, or some other place, and crafted twelve similes to adorn his poem. That number is astounding in any piece of this short length. Also remarkable is that none appears till the eleventh line. They do glisten as images to understand the snowy evening inside and out of the family's home. This poem helped shape and solidify

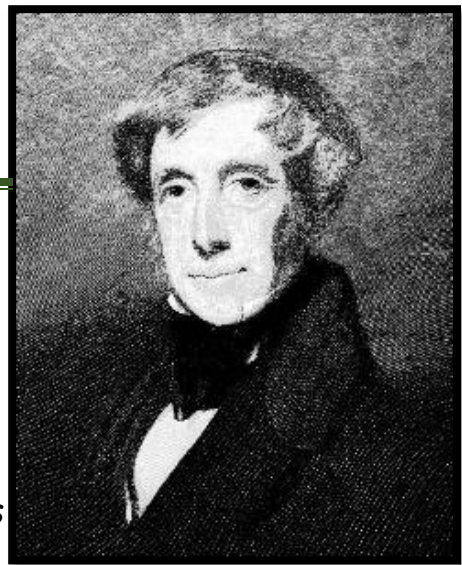


the physical image of Santa Claus, which wasn't as firm as now. Similes are terrific as literary tropes. But too much of a good thing is a bad thing.

Many think that a simile must include the words "like" or "as." That's too narrow, say others, and I agree. It needs only to show how two objects are similar. Anyway, in this poem only one lacks those two magic words. That would be "More rapid than eagles his coursers they flew..." Why is this a simile? Moore is saying that Santa's reindeer are fast **like** eagles, but they're even faster. Saying they are similar in being speedy is enough to become a simile. Saying reindeer fly faster doesn't bar these words as a simile.



For the record, and not to neglect the simile's more powerful companion—the metaphor, one of them appears in the poem. Can you offhand guess what it is without looking up the poem? Answer is after the list of similes.



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Here are the twelve similes:

1. *"Away to the window I flew like a flash..."*
2. *"More rapid than eagles his coursers they flew..."*
3. *"As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly and mount to the sky..."*
4. *"...And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack"*
5. *"His cheeks were like roses..."*
6. *"...his nose like a cherry..."*
7. *"His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow..."*
8. *"And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow..."*
9. *"The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth..."*
10. *"And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath..."*
11. *11. He had a broad face and a little round belly that shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly..."*
12. *12. "And away they all flew like the down of a thistle..."*

Answer to the question on the one metaphor: "He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf..."

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# YOUR DREAM GOLF ROUND

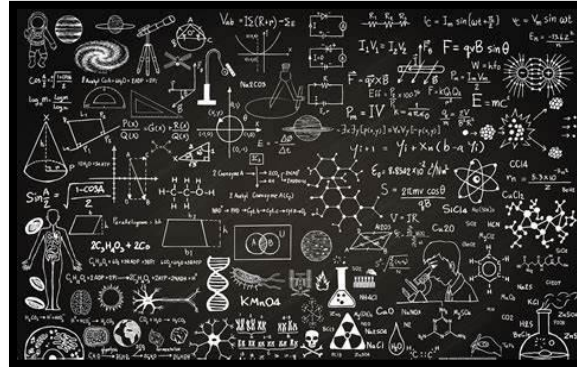
## Why it never comes...until it does

### *Breaking the Law of Averages*

**I**t's a round every golfer dreams about, no matter their skill level. You get there sometimes over the years when you are "in the zone," as they call it. Those intervals usually last only a few holes or maybe the Back Nine one day. Or you approach it but shatter your porcelain moment on one hole where you grumble the "law of averages" refused to allow you that one round of glory. One of those times that never left my craw is from the 1980's at Green Acres in Northern Berks County. I was lying 70 on the 18<sup>th</sup> tee and faced a 340-yard finishing hole with water on the left but no large trees, or bunkers except a single one right of the plateaued green. I took an 8. I don't recall how I accomplished it, or should I say trashed it. No doubt one hack after another. I know I didn't stray into the water or the bunker.

I've harped about the "Law of Averages" for most of my golfing life. My partners silently grimace when they hear me cite it, I'm sure. Sometimes they are vocal. It's a constant, ready excuse for my sudden fall into horrendous play. Of course, it follows a spate of superb play. Occasionally the superb arrives first, then bellyflops into the awful.

Where does that "Law" come from? Don't look up there. God doesn't taunt us with agony and ecstasy. It's a monster that appears from below the turf with a giant gnarled paw that points at you and wags and finally smacks you into the greenery with your bogeys and



doubles and higher. It shows up on those holes where you're staggering and you want to lunge at your ball and hurl it to forest or pond. It's also the Great Redeemer. When you've flopped for several holes, it will lift you from your scowling, head-shaking, swear-word-spitting misery by granting

you several pars and maybe a birdie. It's the law and it lurks below and nearby you wherever you play. I don't know why I recall it, but at Limekiln in the 1990's I shot 50 followed by a 37. Thirteen strokes difference in only nine holes? Okay, now I remember. Same pathetic golfer on each nine.

The linksmonster giveth and it taketh away, my huckleberry friend. You know the law applies when you recognize that I then probably



would've shot 44-43 on a normal day. That incites other remarks we blab at those times: "No matter how you slice it," an 87 is "in the cards." That pervasive ogre deals them out in different ways. Most times are front and back nine scores are close to each other. Thus, no need for



“regressing to the mean” for most of our golf outings. While we strive for our lowest score every blessed golf round, we typically shoot our usual disappointing score. The toughest fight with the “Law” is when you shoot the 37 on the first nine. You know you will be slugging it out with that devil enforcer of the “Law” all the way from No. 10 to No. 18. You get defensive. You fear you will lose that battle and you can do nothing about it. You do hope that just this one day, please, it won’t rise up to wrestle you into the oblivion of typical you’ve endured countless times before. No such luck. Once again you fall to its punches and you accept it because you have no choice.

Still, every time you play you tell yourself this is the one, the outlier, the reason you keep playing, the one you were capable of, you are sure, the beautiful black? white? swan, the round of your life. The same with that magical hole-in-one. You never know when that divine dream will arrive from Nowhereville. And no one knows where that is. Also, nothing will predict it. No warnings, not even how well or poorly you’ve been playing. Okay, it is more likely to occur when you are playing better than usual. It’s time, you are sure. What’s taking so long? Am I not deserving? You pull into the steamy parking lot under frothy clouds and only a zephyr of breeze as you hope this is the one day when your maturing confidence and skill will emerge to slap silly that ogre “Law” and return it underneath your links’s hallowed ground. You now believe that sublime round will lift your golfer’s spirits to heights you hadn’t felt in years. Okay, maybe you were blessed to have one recently. If you do shoot that special round, you eat, drink, and are merry knowing that your next round you will descend to the “shakeout round,” AKA, the blow-up, the

come-uppance, the Great Equalizer, the putting-you-back-in-your-place, the big crash, the plummet to perdition, the cascade to crater. It’s that hangover persisting into the indefinite future, plunging your scores back to that dreaded ruin with its built-in vengeful adjective. It’s called “the mean.” As “Law”-abiding golfers we tee up every round aspiring to break it. When we do, we savor that brief moment knowing we will soon pay for it with our wretched and too-often meager scores. That’s when the “regressing



to the mean” arrives as enforcer for the “Law of Averages.” to jostle us back down to reality and our former but recent status as “hacker.” We implore God to grant us one more special round, believing He is the one who applies the “Law” and “the mean.” Why? we wonder. Does He both giveth and taketh away? To remind us of our humble status before him? To put us back to where we belong? To inform us that life is not always fair? To have us stop griping, “Why me?” after every dismal round. To tell us if we want to get better, practice, practice, and practice, and maybe we will get to golf’s Carnegie Hall, the US Open? We will never know. Meantime, we must resolve ourselves to only the possibility of reaching the “good round.” If we do, we know we will then face the awful return and permanence of the “bad of the “Law of Averages” and that mean “mean.”



# Allan Grim 2006-The year of his Dream Round

Allan turned Social Security 65. Retired from the law for six years, he was still doing his side profession of handwriting analysis. As part of his diverse involvement in it, he had been working on a book about the subject for three years and was finishing it up for publication. It was the book, he said in the nine-page Introduction to **Strokes**, that he wished was around when he first began. (He got very close to calling it **Quick Brown Foxes Jumping Over Lazy Dogs**). By 2003 he decided he had found answers to the questions he always had about this stirring topic. He now wanted to convey his knowledge to the public and other analysts. Although it took him 150,000 words, he had added some more bulk from his insights and travels among the critics and those just interested, with some jelly beans of history, uses, and techniques tossed in. It focused on the inquiries people typically asked him since he began at the deft and gentle



hand of his Mother, who had taken it up as a hobby in the early 1950's, when he was a budding teen-ager. He self-published it because he wanted full editorial control and publishers provide little marketing help for their rookie authors. Self-publishing can mean you put it together yourself and print it with your own desktop or other equipment. Most times it means what Grim did: submit the text to an actual well-known publisher and do all the work yourself with no editor's help (or harm changing your divine words). They will give you help if you want it, but you pay for the service. In his case the publisher that actually printed Grim's book in 2007 was iUniverse, a self-publishing arm of Barnes and Noble. Solutions took over

iUniverse that same year. Grim then published a Revised Edition in 2009.

As Grim discovered, publishing is tedious work. Here is a sample page from his editing worksheet after reviewing a published draft of his book. He has to note each item to change or correct on a sheet that runs usually several pages. He notes how it was printed and then must state what it should say. "That's called editing and I despised it," he agonizes. "It's nit-picky but necessary."

Only two photos of him in that year have been found for that momentous 2006. Both are attached here. One he posed for sitting near his Narothyn Road's patio door. Grim thinks he did that for the back of his book. It was never used. The other is at his 65<sup>th</sup> birthday party given by the parents of his son Douglas's wife Kelly. They are Pat and Sandy Buckley shown at their Hatfield, Pa. home as he stares in wonder at his delectable birthday cake.

--Martin Povser

30	174	1	1			
31	176	2	13	late in the 19 <sup>th</sup> Century in Germany.	late in the nineteenth century in Germany.	
32	177	1	1	Is this an argument for the human nature being universal?	Is this an argument that human nature is universal?	
33	177	2	6	for applying to each personality?	for applying to each personality?	
34	178	2	3	entire history of the brain before	entire history of the brain.	Separate to and each Delete before
35	185	3	8	"It can't be that we write differently for no special reason, especially that it's how our hands are forced to work by how God made us."	"It can't be that we write differently for no special reason, as if it's simply the result of how God made our hands."	
36	186	2	7	Much of the sniping stems from critics attacking it what they call "psychological effects."	Much of the critics' assaults stem from what they call "psychological effects."	
37	188	1	4	(since the population is now close to three hundred million)	(since the population has reached three hundred million)	
38	190	2	16	blasting cap waiting for its occasion to dynamite	blasting cap waiting for its occasion to dynamite	
39	191	2	4	Uniting the two items fulfills a human need for the world make sense	Uniting the two items fulfills a human need for the world to make sense	
40	197	2	1	They way back in mugging unusual Grim spits blood	They go way back in stomping on unusual ideas striving for credibility	
41	197	3	4	but Handwriting Analysis generally.	but Handwriting Analysis generally.	Adding "to" after "world"
42	200	1	1	Osborn and Grim would concur, if Grim can coax some extra personality traits out of Osborn, can he do anything	Osborn and Grim would concur. If Grim can coax some extra personality traits out of Osborn, can he do anything	No caps
43	200	2	7	Grim thinks that Beyerstein may be too gracious	Grim thinks that Beyerstein may be too gracious	"our" should be "out"
44	201	1	15	Either handwriting means something about your personality or it doesn't	Either handwriting means something about your personality or it doesn't.	Cap for name
45	200	2	2	in the "Other Divination" section	in the "Other Divination" section	"personality" should be "personality" add second quote
46	201	1	2	Sniping about analysts has been only by signatures steadily wanes to minor status	Complaints about analysts have been only here and there by signatures slips to minor status.	
47	202	2	2	about applying Handwriting Analysis to reduce	about applying handwriting analysis to reduce	
48	210	2	2	lessen the individuality of the writing	lessen the individuality of the writing	No caps
49	230	1	3	(Graphotherapy is discussed in a later chapter)	(Graphotherapy is discussed in Chapter 12)	Add "know" after "don't" Spelling for "individuality"
50	290	2	1	93-year-old	94-year-old	
51	296	2	10	have entry and mid-level applicants	have entry and mid-level applicants	"mid" misspelled
52	296	2	17			
53	100	1	1			
54	237	3	3			





## THE BLIND CHICKEN FINALLY GOT A CORN?

**NO. A whole cob with butter and salt**

### *My Best Round Ever*

**P**rior to the Grim Open at Capon Springs in 2006, I had played the nine-hole big course at Capon Springs for a half century and never shot a score under 37, except for once. That was in a practice round several years before when I chipped in on the

perilous 9<sup>th</sup> and last hole for a 36.

Before Capon I was playing okay, not great. After all, I was age 65 and over the hill with my golf for a few years. But I wasn't yet thinking about playing the shorter, demeaning yellow tees. That wouldn't even arrive until 2020, when it was

suggested to me. Still, my practice rounds yielded nothing higher than a 42. That was unusual for me. I don't recall that ever happening before. But I had shot only a 39 for the low round. Most of the year I had been driving straight but not long. This was before my pattern of the last few years of



hitting a big high fade with meager length. With it I've been fairly consistent. In fact, I can't recall that last time I've hooked a drive. I will sometimes pull a drive into the left rough somewhat more left than I now aim, which is just left of the fairway.

None of my rounds for 2006 were exceptional, save one. For my first round ever at the new demanding layout called Lederach, near Harleysville in Montgomery County, I had shot 85 and hit all fourteen fairways, a feat I had never done before. That layout has the toughest greens of any public course in Southeastern Pennsylvania.

The Grim Open is typically 18 holes. We play the Capon nine holes twice over two days. We play nine on Thursday morning and nine on Saturday morning. In early August at Capon Springs, the sun blasts you with brightness and heat and the thick air smothers you. The afternoons are so harsh to your vacation comfort that few play until late in the afternoon or evening.

Since my son Douglas and my brother Jim's son Matt, were arriving Thursday afternoon at the Capon resort, I suggested we play the Open as one nine-hole round with everyone on Saturday morning. Both were serious contenders for the title. I don't remember when I suggested it. I think it was after we had started on Thursday, but not sure if it was after we finished the round. Probably it was. I thought it would create a thrilling scenario: Everyone tied for first place with nine holes to go. Thursday



morning would be deemed a practice round I called The Yiddish Open. Israel was fighting a major battle with Hezbollah then and the name sounded like the British Open. Somehow we agreed to the nine-hole setup and the scores from the first round were noted but deleted. More on them later.

## No great hope

On Saturday morning of the official one and only round I was grouped with my sister Gini's husband Archie and my son Douglas and his wife Kelly, playing for fun. I didn't foresee myself as a contender or golfer on the cusp of a spectacular round. Although my practice rounds rendered me confident, I didn't feel anything special. With so much solid play, I always fear the Law of Averages lurking nearby, poised to slash my contentment and rocket my score. I figured the likely winner would be perennial winner brother George, then 59, from Allentown, Pa., who had won the last five Opens, or brother Jim's son Matt, age 35. My greatest hope was the

new shortness of the event. With nine holes, anything goes, even unusually awesome. Maybe I could slip in a great nine holes before the Law of Averages arrives to crush my delight thinking I was playing 18. My dismal confidence told me that it wasn't likely. It would be an unsustainable skein of my several solid practice rounds at 42 and below. And my solid 40 in the Yiddish Open. And would overcome the added pressure of the tournament itself. With the many rounds at Capon since 1956 (when I was 15 and likely began playing the big course), I had never shot below 37, except for that casual round I mentioned before. That fact alone and now my age 59 forecast nothing stellar for these nine holes.

My dim prospect for winning, aside from scoring well, faced separate real threats. Nephew Matt had shot 39 in his only practice round. My son Douglas, 28, was a wild card, as usual, having played little golf before Capon. But his game can go low at any moment

with his native abilities that I've always believed came from somewhere else but me. Youngest brother George had been playing stellar before this week. At Capon, after sum errant holes here and there in practice rounds, George shot a stupendous 36 in the Yiddish Open. Not starting over, my 40 would have been four long shots from eternal ringer George with only nine holes to go. Behind my group in the Open was George's group with our brother Jim's son Matt, and George's oldest son Ryan, 28. As a golfer, Ryan was erratic. That is mostly for a good reason. Although he played little golf, he has that Grim gene, or more correctly, that George gene. He could ignite a charge without notice. Or even one for a whole round. He had won the Grim Open before with a stupendous 73 in 1998, one short of the record held by George and Matt with 72's. Like Douglas, he played little golf before Capon and otherwise. Last was brother Jim, 68, from Oklahoma City playing with

our first cousin Mark, Jr., a lawyer from Gettysburg, Pa. and his teen son Tyler. Mark hadn't won the Grim Open, He played steady but only fair golf that week.

## Hole No. 1 Tweet, tweet

On Saturday morning my finally official nine-hole Grim Open round began well. Drive to just right of the left fairway bunker that is close to the green itself on this short hole. This opener is voluptuous with an array of spacious hills and dales. It will divert fades and slices downhill right into rough and a few evergreens. Left and close from a stretch of 100 to 150 yards out is Sunset Lodge, where outside meals are served three times a week. The hole gives you a tiring trudge uphill to a green setting as if a mini-Monte Cassino. *(See the view below left.)* It is fronted by a bunker and huge White Oak tree flanking the right. On the sides and rear are steep banks to propel wayward



approaches downhill into lush rough. The more I play it the more I respect and adore it. A wedge to seven feet at a middle left flag left me a comfy birdie try. I actually felt relaxed. And I drained it for a birdie 3. *(Above, me putting on No. 1 in the 2022 Grim Open.)*

## Hole No. 2 Mayhem

On the par 3 second the markers were back to around 156 yards and the pin was in the middle of the green *(Shown below)*. I hit a 5-iron to the front edge where the



ball rolled to about twenty feet right of the flag. Chaos erupted around me as Douglas yanked his tee shot long and left and ultimately lost it. Rookie golfer wife Kelly was hacking around. Archie had smacked an evergreen tree on the green's





left. His ball caroming backward slightly blocked by the offending tree. My birdie putt was only technical. With the mayhem, I couldn't focus well and just oozed the ball to the hole, where it died short right a few inches away.

### Hole No. 3 Fade to Five

Even par on the third tee (*Shown below*), I hit driver on this rambling bowling alley short par 4 with slope left down into a border of woods that runs to near the green then yields to thick



rough. If your drive fades right, a tree line looms close to the fairway and the land slopes downward right into the adjoining fifth fairway where your ball will pick up speed and cascade down a steep incline. With a slim margin for error, no one ever knows what to hit from this tee. Most golfers just grip it and rip it with Driver. At least

the hole is short and the green flat with only a bunker to the right with a few small trees. However, in front on the right is an ominous evergreen that actually will more often save your approach from veering down the right slope into the 5th fairway. Then you hope the tree's blocking doesn't thrust you behind it with a stymied pitch shot to the green. Here, as I had all week, I crafted a superb drive, leaving me with a 7-iron to a middle right flag. With a slight downhill lie, I opened my clubface on the downswing, not uncommon

for that lie, and the ball swerved into the fifth fairway about 40 feet down the hill from the right edge of the green. I had a wedge to fly over modest trees and a

single thin bunker. With a sharp uphill lie, I took a big, dry divot and jerked the ball left into that large evergreen at the front right of the green, bounding right and leaving me a clear, short pitch over the right bunker. My wedge from there barely got over the right bunker and stopped on the fringe of the green about 25 feet from the hole. I chipped

an 8-iron six feet past the hole. I was more upset than nervous looking at a possible triple bogey 7. I didn't flinch; I don't know why. I slid it right into the cup for a 6.

### Hole No. 4 Teetering on the edge

The tiny but naughty 114-yard "Postage Stamp" hole plays shorter. (*Below is my son Douglas teeing off there in the 2022 Grim Open.*) The tee shot is downhill to a green with a square flat beach of sand in front and bunkers left and one then behind the green. That last one has since been removed, but your ball now tumbles down into deep rough that is both left and back of the green. If your shot is longer it will find the woods back and left too. Only the right was not guarded by traps then. It has short grass and a severe right slope that will send your ball downhill toward a near tree line and





beyond that rough and soon into the right portion of the archway of woods.

I usually hit 9-iron there. I chose 8-iron and stroked a half-swing knock-down and the ball was headed for the right middle pin when the wind rebuffed it to short left at the fringe. I had a 25-footer for birdie on this flat and tiny rectangular green, maybe 40 by 50

feet. It just needs serrated edges to make it in the Guinness book for largest stamp. Going for the tweeter, I spanked it too hard and it ended up four feet past the hole. The return putt was a bit uphill. I tapped it and it ran to the right edge and stopped. I turned to son Douglas and began bantering about the special rule on putts that

linger over the edge of the hole. As I began walking to the hole (You're not supposed to delay it and when you get there you have ten seconds to see if it will fall into the hole. If it hasn't you pick it up and count the stroke you would have to hole it.), it suddenly disappeared. Now I'm one-over par after four holes, chastened by Number 3's glitch.

## Hole No. 5 Sneaky par

On the par 4 Fifth hole that slanted fairway is steep and runs down to treacherous rough and a small, thin, usually dry stream with woods uphill beyond. *(Below is the view of this hole from the yellow tee.)*



After a long drive the slant disappears and the fairway and left rough rise steeply to a tough green with severe downslope toward the front, bank in front, with twin side bunkers. I drove decently down the hill to the left side of the fairway on the upslope to the green. I had an 8-iron left. I usually have trouble reaching this green. Golfers tend to leave uphill

approaches short of the pin or green, and falter with an uphill lie that often creates a fat shot. Short isn't horrible here, as a ball beyond the hole leaves a brutal putt downhill unless the pin is in the back.

Again I approached about ten feet short of the front bank. Wedging to a middle pin, I plopped it about four feet beyond the hole.

Anywhere above the hole here is trouble. A severe slope and on the sides, big breaks. Somehow I didn't feel anxious about this delicate downhill, sidehill par putt. I caught it smoothly and it sneaked into the cup for a sweet par. Still one over par.

## Hole No. 6 24 feet to glory



As I walked to the tee on the dogleg right 6<sup>th</sup> hole, I heard that Matt was two-over par and George somewhat above us. I wasn't thrilled. And that gruesome Law of Averages popped into mind. I remarked to Archie and Douglas, "I'm one over, but I can't keep up with these guys." Great confidence. I blasted a long drive on this short par 4 hole, the easiest hole on the course. It flew past the trees guarding the dogleg right and had a clear path to the green less than 100 yards from it on the fairway right.

*(Upper left is Greg Grim teeing off on No. 6 on the way to his victory in the 2021 Grim Open.)*

It was my best drive on that hole all week. I had a wedge to a middle right flag on this tiny rectangular green with a severe bank behind it. Guarding against flying over this small green, I eased up too much and my wedge landed short and just left at the front of the green 24 feet away. The putt was slightly uphill and straight. Four of the last five greens at Capon

are treacherous. This is the easy one. It has some slope back to front and light curves from the sides. My putt was true and in the front door for a birdie 3. I knew it was 24 feet because I walked it off by eight long strides to the hole. Back to a status I'd never been at Capon—even par after six holes.

## Hole No. 7 Two birds in a row

I teed off the Monster par 5 uphill 511 yards No. 7 without an update on other competitors. My drive was uninspiring. It flew low and left but in the fairway, leaving at least two long shots for me to the green. What awaits is a straight, banked front of the green that resembles a rectangular cake. Behind is a bank that starts just beyond the fringe then rises almost

straight up to a loose stone maintenance road. Two bunkers sit left and right but they are several yards in front more likely to catch a long second shot than a wedge on your third try. My ball was a few inches above my feet. Taking my 3-wood, I tried only to work it well up the fairway for a wedge to the green. It went straight and long to about 70 yards from the green. The fairway runs steadily uphill to this green. The pin was middle of the green that slopes moderately from back to front and is wider from the sides than front to back.

Despite my new moments as a par shooter, I wasn't tense or uncertain of being able to get it on and close to the hole. My wedge flew smoothly and settled seven feet behind the hole and somewhat right. My birdie putt was much downhill and a bit right to left. I was confident I could drop it for my third birdie of the round. I don't know why. In the zone? My day in the





sun? The Law of Averages disappeared today? But this was the Grim Open, the family hothouse to jostle your equanimity. I didn't even take my time. Maybe it helped that I didn't know my status with the other players. I calmly rolled it down and left and straight into the cup. Now I'm one under par. Never before this low, not even close.

## No. 8 A par is a bird

I climbed up the bank behind the green for a drink at Capon's water container. As I strode to the 8<sup>th</sup> tee, I saw Matt on the middle of the par 3 8<sup>th</sup> hole. He was near its ladies tee. His group was supposed to be just back of mine. He had strayed wildly left from No. 7. George was over there too. I recalled glancing back and seeing Matt miss a short putt on No. 6. Trouble for the contenders. After our group teed off on No. 8, we saw their group reach the 7<sup>th</sup> green. A fuss arose over Ryan's ball being lost to the left of the green and his sister Kelsy having picked up his ball, which turned out not to be Ryan's.



They continued to search for his ball and it caused a big delay. They never found it.

For my tee shot on No. 8 of this long, flat-fairway par 3 hole of 238 yards.

*(Here right is son Douglas at the tee.*

*Below left, I am hitting from the yellow tee in 2022.)* It's probably

closer to 210 yards. I chose my driver. I had used it all week and usually hit it straight but short and right of the green. With its unusual length, the hole is tree-lined like a par 4, and it runs gradually downhill to the green that merges easily with the fairway. The hole looks like a short par 4. It should be. Okay, 3 1/2. I eased up on my driver, trying just to keep it within the trees and have a short pitch to this green. It's a golf green rarity. It slopes gradually from the front to the back. My ball again ended up short and right of the green, leaving me a downhill right-sliding, delicate downhill pitch to a middle right pin.

As I ambled down the fairway pulling my cart (this



is the old days, when I and most others walked the course with pull carts), the lunch bell at Capon rang. This meant it was 1 pm on Saturday at Capon, a day that spurs golfers to rush their finishes because it's hamburgers for lunch. Here golfers seemed to pick up their paces. I took out my wedge and hit a lower runner instead of a high flop shot that might not sit as the green slants away from the golfer. Capon has very soft greens that hold most well-spun shots like darts. But holding a high flopper here is tough because of the slope from front to back. The ball landed a few yards in front of the green and ran to three feet past the hole. A superb shot with this downhill tilt.



The other players with me and behind me seemed to be rushing. I didn't focus hard on my short but delicate putt; I just wanted to finish things. Although I felt nervous from the hurry and not knowing my status for sure, I stepped up to the putt and just stroked it toward the hole on an uphill left-breaker. It went right in for a par 3 on this hole that is called "Easy Bogey." A par here is a bird for me. That would've given me three birdies in a row in the final round of the Grim Open. Anyway, still one under, with only one hole to go. Unbelievable. And in the Grim Open. After 56 years of golf, this blind chicken got not just a corn but a whole cob with savory butter and salt. Wait, you old rooster. You're still blind till Yogi says the round is over. One tough

hole still to play.

## No. 9 Driving, then striving

On the 9<sup>th</sup> tee I still didn't know how I was doing. I became aware, though, that my playing partners Archie and Douglas were close or tied in trying to win the separate Crass Trophy for those golfers who are out of running for the Grim Open itself. It's a sort of loser's tournament for all the mediocre players and

those not very good at all and those who are good but playing badly. You elect to play in it and it is a format that only works well when the tournament has a first nine and a second nine. You make election after the first nine. They applied it for this nine-hole format as they fell well out of contention.

*(Left, Nick Dark driving off the 9<sup>th</sup> tee in the 2021 Grim Open. He is the husband of Kyleigh Grim, who is the daughter of*

*Mark and Sherrie Grim.)*

I didn't feel especially tense. My drive on this long and tough classic finishing hole was short but within the left tree line and blocked by the large trees at the corner of



*From left, George, Greg putting, Douglas, and me on the 9<sup>th</sup> green in the 2021 Grim Open*

this left-turning dogleg hole. As I trudged down the fairway, through the trees on the right from the 8<sup>th</sup> hole Matt appeared, yelling that I was nine strokes up on George and him

Now I was striving for my record score, I decided. I got out my 3-iron and wanted to hit a low controlled hook around the left trees. Problem is two large bunkers loom on the right side of the fairway after the dogleg. I wanted to hit it far enough to get over the bunkers. But from that angle you risk having your ball run into the trees lining the right side all the way to the green. I hit it low and left and it clipped some of the leaves of the mighty Oak tree, now gone, at the left corner but had enough distance to



wind up about seventy yards left and in front of the green still in the fairway.

## A crass start to the Crass ending

Meanwhile Archie had driven long but right into the trees lining that long par 4. Unfortunately, he was alone searching for his ball. I was left and Douglas had launched a long but severe

Doug sailed a great gap wedge to seven feet left and below the hole. Although their initial shots on this hole were Crass typical, their close approaches to the green were terrific. Their clash now was even and down to their putts. Mine was gentler: whether I would finish under par or even or worse to win going away. *(Left, view from behind 9<sup>th</sup> green. That tree shading the seated people existed in 2006. Now removed from age and disease.)*

As I had trudged down the fairway, I didn't feel elated. Douglas and Kelly and Archie were way left and right and no one otherwise was at the green and my remaining

competitors were scattered behind me on other holes. I didn't even know much about their current scores. I just knew that they weren't very close to mine.

## That Gary Player pause in the cup

The flag was middle and somewhat left. I was cautious with my wedge, not wanting to skull it over the green. A few yards beyond is ultimate ruin with the maintenance road below a sheer bank and a long falloff of woods to the Main House

of Capon, where burgers now delighted those not playing golf and silently reached into the mouths of those still unfinished on the course. My ball flew straight but sat down twenty feet short of the hole with a big right-to-left break left as my path to a par and a one-under 33. Since I was away, I didn't delay my putt and I lagged it to a half foot. Because of the time and the Crass finish, I quickly putted out. However, when I reached into the hole, I paused my hand inside as Gary Player used to do when he knew he had won a Major, a moment to savor knowing it's over and that you won. I didn't feel great bliss, partly because my main competitors were not around to witness the end of my triumph and partly because of the unfinished tussle between Douglas and Archie. And they of course weren't quick to congratulate me with focus on their unfinished business. No problem.

The pulled drive on the last hole prevented me from going for the green and a possible score under par. The hole is hard enough to par. I was glad to have only a bogey and also to reach the final total of 34, even par. In the final round at Capon I hit all seven fairways if you count the 8<sup>th</sup> hole, a lengthy par 3. Using my driver, I actually ended up short and right of the green but on the fairway. I don't recall ever hitting all of Capon's seven fairways in one round. And, although not about accuracy, I did this all while using the "men's tees."



hook to just over the second green on the prep course that adjoins the 9<sup>th</sup> hole to the left. When I got ready to hit my wedge to the green. I saw that Doug had pulled another shot somewhere behind the first tee on the prep course or left of the putting green behind it and just left of the 9<sup>th</sup> green. I went over to help him look. He finally located it in heavy rough. Archie had found his second shot ball and skied his middle iron over the right trees to near the green. From there he pitched to about ten feet right of the hole that broke steeply down away from him. From the rough



## A sister kiss at Crass's end

Whither the Crass? Archie missed his downhill, left-breaking ten-footer. Douglas also missed his uphill, left-breaking seven-footer. Thus, a tie for the Crass with 43's. Seemed like rough justice and a fit ending for the two solid-but-scuffling golfers. It was late with lunch already served at 1 pm. Still, I suggested they have a playoff. Archie blurted that Douglas won it because he, Archie, had a one-stroke penalty for choosing the Grim Open, then playing the Crass. Some say the formal rule is that you must make your choice before you play the tournament itself. That is more breached than honored, especially if you play well and contend for the Big One or scuffle in trying for it and lower your goal and try to win against the other Crass hackers. There is no one-stroke penalty for anything, and no sanctions have ever been imposed. We hastened to leave our bags in the clubhouse that stands about twenty yards back and right of the 9<sup>th</sup> green after you cross the first tee between them. I then returned to watch the rest of the field finish their rounds. We eventually got to the Capon dining room in the Main House that is a mere minute or so down the hill from the clubhouse.

This was my sixth Grim Open title. I now have seven, with the latest one the result of a huge furor in 2010.

Believe it or not, although we kept score, four golfers claimed the title. There were two re-dos of the tournament and a failed attempt at a playoff. The convoluted affair was finally resolved by a special court tribunal of one

here for me with my re-start suggestion. Even Douglas with his 43 would've had to shoot 31 to tie my 74 if he had the chance to play the first nine. Matt's only nine would have needed less than 31 to tie me.



judge appointed by me. In a 12-page decision fraught with serious analysis, the court declared me the champion. You demand to know who the judge was? Me. Since no one appealed my decision, nor even objected to it informally, or griped about it, at least to my face, the ruling stands for all time. I may have been blind, but justice prevailed.

### Summing up

I had won the nine-hole Grim Open by eight shots over George and nine over Archie and Douglas knotted for third place. If both the Yiddish and the Saturday rounds had been counted, I still would have won by four strokes over second-place George and his initial sterling 36. His 78 total would have fallen four shots short of my 74, adding my 34 to my first nine 40. No guilt

My special Grim Open round was part repeal of the "Law of Averages" embodied by that ominous turf monster who never appeared and my sudden, surprising journey into "The Zone." I've found that where I'm playing splendidly and I find myself more relaxed than fearfully anxious, I'm "in the Zone." Too often I'm so thrilled by my excellent play that I can't believe it will last much longer. This is based on my inner judgment that I know my ability and scores. As often before, my good play will fracture soon, cracked by my shaky confidence. I'm sure a terrible score of 8 or 9 on the next hole will rise to smack me back to reality.

### Law of Averages vs The Zone



At Capon in 2006 I had no great assurance I would score well enough to win the tournament, partly from my play before that week at Capon and partly because of the better competitors I had to beat. I was playing solidly in practice rounds but not outstanding. Why I played relaxed in the last round and the only official round, I don't know. Capon has no holes where you can safely relax. Okay, maybe No. 6 with its shortness, wide fairway, and flat green. Now that I reflect on it, I must have been "in the Zone." That sensation surrounds your terrific play with a cocoon of inspiration and sudden resolve. It's easier

*Sunset Lodge on a starry night. This open pavilion lies just left of the first fairway and is used for outdoor lunches and dinners three times a week and for other activities too, including outside weddings.*



common tension you feel in wanting to win your family's only championship at this beloved venue. Sort of a modest version of Augusta and The Masters for us. All in all, I believe I must have been "in the zone" and why everything came together then and there, I still don't know. This nine-hole stretch was special. But I recognize that it wasn't the traditional eighteen, unless you insist on counting the first round, dismissed as a practice round. But that was on a day two days prior. We typically play only nine-hole rounds at nine-hole only Capon. Thus, the focus, unconscious or not, is limited to merely nine holes on any given day. After my

the nerves of the Open itself. And of course gorging on hamburgers and three already paid-for desserts. After that, Saturday has its climax of events and Sunday is filled with moments of sentiment and anxiety with family and good-byes, and rushing to pack and check out the early hour of 10 am to leave for home. Taking a chance to play another round at Capon? A victory lap perhaps? No, I declare. Enough was enough. a sense of satisfaction engulfed me, imploring me to rejoice as long as possible over my triumph and my astonishing score. I lasted for three days not playing, until the next Tuesday at Blackwood, east of Reading. If you must know whether the "Law" applied a miserable "shakeout round" to me, or if I stayed "in the zone," none of the above. I shot a decent 85. ●

How do I recall so much detail of that week years later? I wrote out the facts soon after returning from Capon to 17 Narothyn Road that year. I've never updated any parts of it, but reviewing the facts now in 2023 triggered some clear memories of that historic day. You tend to remember special moments like that better than ordinary ones, when you have left a good record of the event.



to morph into comfort and poised resolve because of Capon's vacation aura in early August every year away from a world of bother at home and in the news. Long list of benefits to follow. But you still must subtract the

special round, I confess I did wonder how my next round would turn out. Was the "Law of Averages" going to appear and slap me around into a shaming high score? Was I going to suffer "The Great Shakeout" round that golfers

fear from the application of that Law?

Typically at Capon we don't play another round after the Saturday morning last round of the Grim Open. We're exhausted by a week of golf in oppressive weather, and then

**Allan's Five-Word  
Stories, some  
are Seven,  
and a few  
are only  
one-sentence  
stories with all five words**



In the last few decades flash fiction has become popular. How far back it goes I don't know. Google it. These stories are in much less than the traditional numbers of words deployed for novels, and, more important, novellas or short stories. Now there are even stories or the essence of one, or a brief summary of a person's life, or even a defining moment in a life, in only five or six words. They are not easy to create, as you can imagine. The most famous is one by a writer of few words, Hemingway: FOR SALE: BABY SHOES. NEVER WORN. For an example, I've done a six-word



story supposedly capturing my life: PRACTICED LAW, PERFECTED HANDWRITING, PLAYED GOLF." The Five - and Seven-Word Stories I've written and featured in this issue are a different type. They use this formula: Five words are chosen at random by others, often in a group of writers or any group that wants to try the writer must words. It can be anyone enough. The fewest making it read as a plausible





narrative. I don't know where these began originally. I belong to a writer's group at the Indian Valley Public Library and a few years ago they started having our members do them as occasional homework assignments for our monthly



meetings. I

have also been a member of another writer's group for ten years that originally met weekly in Collegeville, then Spring City, and now by Zoom. I had them add these stories for some of their exercises. For a while we had

five people

suggest

their random word. We expanded to seven words to make it more challenging. After a while, I suggested we limit the random words mostly to nouns only because adjectives and adverbs are too easy to insert into any



story. We try to include

both physical and

abstract words for noun varieties. My first eleven stories are

five words. After that, there is a mix of five- and seven-word

stories. Numbers 4 and 14 are only one sentence. The

shortest story of all of them is Number 4, a one-sentence

narrative at 66 words about my fondness for a squirrel. All 23

stories I have written are on my website

[GrimHandwritingAnalyst.com](http://GrimHandwritingAnalyst.com) under menu item My Five

Word Stories. The ones included in this issue of GolfNotes

are my five favorite of these 23 stories. They are in no

special order. If you want to know, my favorite of the five is

the first one I ever wrote, "All the Comforts of Home." ●





Write a story using the following words: **kitchen floor, pumpkin pie, dagger, filthy, cloudburst**. The story will be evaluated based on deploying as few words as possible while still being a plausible narrative.

## All the Comforts of Home

While biking, a cloudburst sent me under a bridge where I met a filthy homeless man. I befriended him and invited him to my home for food and comfort. As he watched TV in the basement family room, I stabbed my faithless husband with a backyard dagger, while I fed him a piece of his favorite pumpkin pie. I left the house and called the police, who came by to find a dead man on his kitchen floor. Down below was a man watching TV and eating a piece of pumpkin pie. Nearby was the dagger I gave him to cut his piece of pie.



••••

Write a **love** story using the following words: **violin, reluctant, burn, stealthily, bittersweet**. The story will be evaluated based on the economy of words while still being a plausible narrative.

## Still Burned

Last heir in her family, my girlfriend inherited a Stradivarius violin. One day she told me she no longer loved me. I asked her to re-consider; she said no. Recently I drove to her swanky home and yelled “Stella!” Reluctantly she came out and repeated that we are done. I stealthily gave my buddy a signal, and he got in and lit her home on fire. I pleaded some more, allowing it to burn. Finally she turned around and saw the flames. “My violin!” she shrieked and ran inside to retrieve it upstairs.

I know she didn’t get it. She never got out alive.

My revenge was bittersweet. She had made a will and left me everything. But she neglected to insure the house and the Stradivarius. As I sit in jail, I lament that her money could have paid a better lawyer for my arson and murder charges.



••••

Write a story that contains the following words and make it as short as possible but still with a plausible narrative: **influential, piccolo, nightingale, thrash, livid**



## Mean Sister with Benefits

After my accident, mom insisted I play an instrument. I chose the piccolo. It was small and easy. Mom said I played it like a nightingale. My big sister teased me. I was livid. I wanted to thrash her. I threw my piccolo at her. It missed but cracked grandma's priceless vase. We were going to sell it. My sister felt bad. She told our influential music teacher. He raised funds to pay for my wheelchair. I am one happy paraplegic now. Thank God for mean sisters with guilt. We took the vase to an expert. He said it was a cheap fake.

••••

Write a story using the following words: **Mars, laundry, jarring, surrender, abstract**. Make it short as possible but still a plausible narrative.

## Message in a Dryer

After reviewing a title abstract on my new home, I surrendered to worldly duty and took my dirty clothes to the laundromat. One person was there, a young, attractive woman, but with jarring features. Her ears were oddly askew; her nose tiny and flat.



After she took a while to retrieve her items from the dryer, she smiled at me and promptly left. Although

I smiled back, I failed to engage this exotic being. Upset, I washed my clothes, then opened the dryer. Before I could insert my clothes, I spied a gleaming orb. I picked it up and opened it. Inside was written, "Not now. I can't. They won't let me. When you are gone, meet me on Mars."

••••

Write a story with these seven words: *speaker, squalor, skittering, sparrow, specimen, splash, spiral*. The story will be evaluated on presenting a plausible narrative with as few words as possible.

## Silence of the Clams

On a sweltering day in suburban Trevortown, Nick, divorced, is driving to his brother's house to play ping pong in the early evening. A VW Golf pulls out of a stop sign and he clobbers it, leaving both cars with minor damage. He gets out and notices a pretty young specimen of a lady behind the other car's wheel. She remains sitting upright in her driver's seat composing herself. He suddenly spirals around in pain, holding his right shoulder. Molly jumps from her car. As he winces more, she rushes to him.



“Are you okay?”

“Not really.”

“Should I call 911?”

“I can't wait. Can you take me to the ER?”

She delays a response. “I am headed to an important meeting” Feeling guilty, she says, “Okay.” After a brief interval, “A sparrow struck my windshield and I looked to see what happened to it,” she offers without conviction.

They collided near the squalor of a defunct Acme. Able to drive his car, he moves it into the parking lot. She follows him in and he gets into her VW and they race to the hospital. When they arrive, he still holds his shoulder as she helps him to the door of the ER. When she opens the door for him, he stops her.

“I'm not injured,” he blurts.

“What do you mean?” she says.

“I'm into you and didn't want it to end.”

“I missed a serious meeting,” she growls, and punches at his faked shoulder. He spirals around in pain after catching and crushing his collar bone. When he goes down on a knee groaning about his collarbone, she recoils.

“Oh, no,” she yells and decides she can't leave him. She finds him appealing otherwise and is willing to give him more than a splash of interest. She realizes that he



has no ride home and she caused his actual injury. Feeling sorry for him, and advancing her attraction to him, she goes to hug him, offering, “I’m sorry.” The embrace lingers.

A car pulls up and a young man jumps out. It’s her volatile boyfriend Sid. She had texted him only that she was headed to the ER.

Seeing the two hugging, he grabs Nick and throws a punch. As Nick veers to avoid it, Sid misses his face but slams his injured shoulder. With more pain, Nick wheels around and slugs Sid on his face with his good side’s fist, breaking Sid’s cheekbones.

Nearby is Molly who now holds her head and her face scrunched in pain. “Let’s go in,” she says.

Both together ask, “Why are **you** hurting?”

“I must now be a speaker of truth. I hit my head in the crash but felt bad about being at fault, I held back and saw that this guy might be worse off from what I did.”

They both grab her and they all stagger into the ER holding each other up. A doctor soon arrives and asks, “Okay, people, what happened?”

Molly pauses, then says, “Nothing happened.”

“What?” says the doctor.

He turns to Sid. “I’m taking the fifth.”

Finally, he walks to Nick, seated, face down. Nick finally looks up and says, “I cannot explain it.”

“Why are you all clamming up?” grumbles the doctor. Skittering across the hallway to his busybody veteran nurse Polly, he asks, “Take a look at these three people. Do you know them?”

She strides over, takes a look, and returns. “Oh, yeah. The broad is a cop; the guy with the broken jaw is a lawyer; and the broken collarbone is a psychologist.”



*(This one is of course too long for the kind of story requested, but I enjoyed putting it together and was willing to let it stay as is.)*