

GOLFNOTES

July 2019

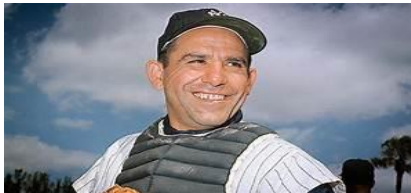
ALLAN GRIM BOMBS AT CAPON

*In his 2018 Talent Show performance,
the audience turns on him. Why?*



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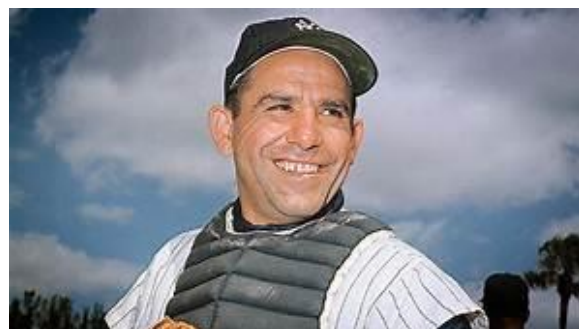


Notes from the Bench on No. 6 Tee

If someone is asked to paint a portrait of Joe Biden, they'd put it in the still life gallery, where it'd be the only one with a person in it.



You have to admire baseball players like Yogi Berra. Amazing stamina and physicality. The catcher pitches more than any pitcher. He does it every day from behind the plate. He doesn't throw it 90 miles plus. But he wings it back to the pitcher and then tries to throw out baserunners too trying to steal and tries to pick off other runners. Pitchers also try to pick off runners, mostly at first base. But they don't play for a few days between starts. And catchers also warm up pitchers between innings. Catchers behind the plate spend the whole



game deciding what pitches to call. So much constant thinking. Then they have to think about batting and you almost shouldn't care how well they hit. Berra not only was a good catcher but a

solid hitter, even though he was a sucker for a pitched ball. He never saw a pitch he wouldn't swing at. Odd for a catcher, who sees the difference all the time between a strike and a ball. Wonder if he ever swung at a ball that hit him.

Two most insulting commands from some company that you must mail something to, usually money, on envelopes they drew up and sent to

you: **You must put postage on this envelope. The Post Office will not deliver this envelope without a stamp. And put the stamp here.** Yes, sir. Where, again?

A quick way to tell how smart and articulate someone is. Just ask them directions to a location tough to find. Give them extra credit if they can do it without their hands. Italians? Cut them some slack. It's in their DNA.

I've always wanted to have an esoteric expertise. Usually when you walk into a room crowded with



people, you suspect someone there knows more about a subject than you. As a handwriting analyst, I don't

have that feeling. That is powerful and secure. Until they rush to have me analyze their handwriting on the spot, and free of course.

Rather than wishing you had a giant screen TV, sit closer to the TV and open your eyes.

You can't change what happened to you, but you can choose how you feel about it.

It's not summer till you're cruising down the highway with the top down and nothing on your head.

The closer you get to the center of any small town, the fatter the people get. The vice can be versa too.

I can never remember the names of Italian restaurants, except that at least two words will end in i and o. They always have an Italian word in them, and too many words, and then the owner's name, which is always Italian, and it's either Vinnie, Sal, or Tony and then the word pizza, and somewhere the word Italian itself. So at least three redundancies and then they can't help with ristorante.

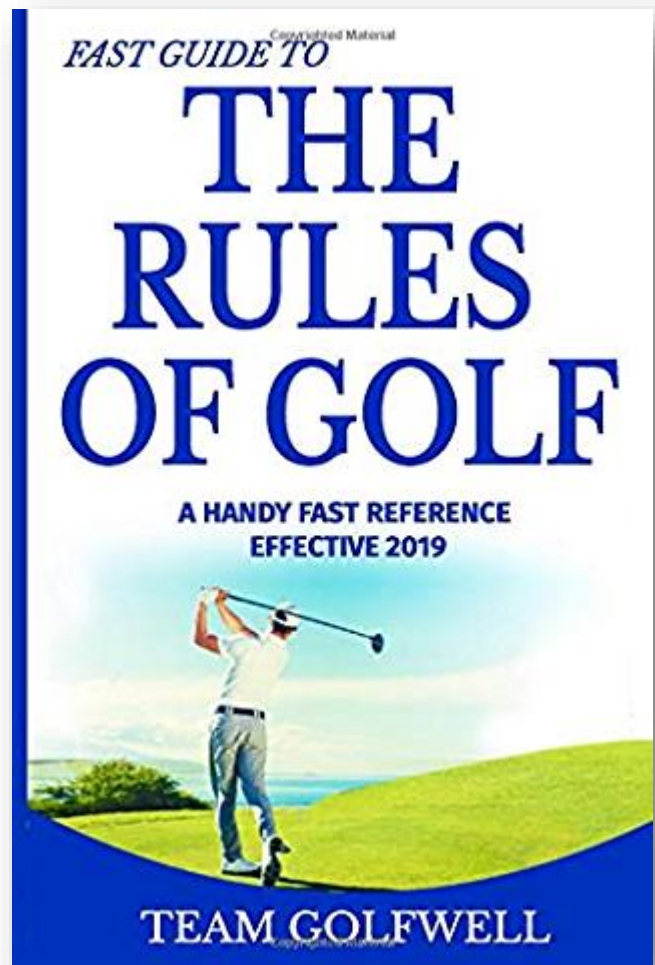
We can't do anything about the wind speed or its direction. But we can tack our sails. That's how you solve a lot of tough problems.

Summer camp is for memories ●



18 new tweaks to the Rules of Golf that you probably didn't know

*At last, we know
the spider web's
role in the Rules*



Okay, you now know about dropping the ball from your knee, and now you can leave the pin in. But here are some other key changes to the Rules of Golf for 2019:

1. If you accidentally move your ball looking for it, no penalty.
2. If your ball plugs into the ground (the embedded ball) in the fairway or the rough, you get a free lift. (Before, only in the fairway aka "closely mown area") Guess where you have to put it. No, you don't get a club length to drop it. You must fix the hole your ball made and place the ball on top of it.

3. If you touch the ground in a lateral or other hazard, no penalty (Hazards are now called “penalty areas.” Most times it will involve water or its dry ditch.) Still can’t touch the sand with your club in a bunker.

4. If you accidentally hit the ball twice with one swing, no penalty and it counts as only one stroke. *Sorry, TC Chen. Better 34 years late than never. Right?*

5. You can repair any part of the green except for natural wear. But not aeration holes or mower indents.



6. If you mark your ball, replace it, and it moves, no penalty. Move it back to where it was.

7. If your shot accidentally hits any player or equipment, no penalty.

8. If the ball moves on the green when you are addressing it, replace it without penalty. You just need to be virtually certain you didn’t cause it. I guess that means it was the wind or the lie was on a slight hill.

9. If you **accidentally** cause your ball or marker to move on the green, no penalty. Replace them.

10. You can now remove a loose impediment from a bunker and penalty areas. Before, that stone or twig in your way there was tough toenails.

11. Putt with the flagstick in and no penalty. Okay, you knew that new one. Attending the flag? Yes, you can still

have that done. But you must decide before your putt. No yelling to leave it in when you blast your putt at the hole. Darn.

12. If you are stuck deep under the lip of a bunker, or just buried deep in it, you can get one-stroke penalty relief within two club lengths in the bunker, or go straight back in the bunker with a



one-stroke penalty, or straight back out of the bunker with a **two-stroke** penalty. You may also re-play your shot into the bunker from the same spot with a one-stroke penalty. These are the basic unplayable lie rules as apply elsewhere. The difference is that in each case you must take relief **in the bunker**, except for the last one where you must take a two-stroke penalty.

13. If your ball rests against the flagstick **but none of it is below the hole**, and you remove the flagstick and the ball doesn't move, you must play it as it lies. If it moves, you must play it as it lies. If it falls into the hole, you aren't



holed out. You must put it on the lip of the cup. Bummer.

14. New terms for old concepts. "Casual water" is now "temporary water."

"Lateral water hazard" or the other kinds, now are "penalty areas" but still are yellow and red (lateral).

15. When the Rules talk about “virtually certain” that something happened, such as the wind moved your ball on the green, not you, now they actually give a percentage for the certainty: 95%

16. Another new term for an old one. “Outside agency,” like a dog picking up your ball, is now “outside influence.”

17. “Artificial obstruction” (either immovable or movable) is now just an “obstruction,” since it is defined as an *artificial* object.

Whether you get free relief from an obstruction depends on whether it is an integral object or If it is a part of the challenge of the course, it is an integral object.

You get no relief. So

you always get two questions to resolve when something interferes with your shot. Is it an obstruction and part of the course? If it is, no relief. And is it movable or not?



18. *Natural* objects are “loose impediments.” You can remove them without penalty unless you cause your ball to move too, including in bunkers. The only loose impediment that

you can remove

without a penalty even though it’s not loose?

A spider web. ●



There’s snow or ice on your ball. Can you remove it without a penalty? Yes, you can treat them as a loose impediment (because they are natural). Or you can treat them as temporary water (formerly known as casual water.) However, if in removing the loose impediment you cause the ball to move, one-stroke penalty.

The Dreaded Ball in a Divot Hole

You hit a drive 300 yards down the middle and your ball ends up in a divot hole. Should you get a free lift?

I too have long decried how it's unfair that you don't get a free lift if your ball ends up in a divot hole after your 300-yard drive down the middle of the fairway. Some will argue you especially penalize those who use an iron or a hybrid off a tee on a tough, tight hole to play it safe into the fairway.

Accepting the principle of playing the ball as it lies, I have now decided that no relief should be

granted. I recognize you could argue it should be deemed ground under repair as part of an abnormal ground condition. In fact, if the hole has been re-seeded by course maintenance workers, it should be GUR. That would apply to many divot holes and also would raise the question whether it should be limited to the fairway, which the rules don't define except for "closely mown areas" involving imbedded balls (which in the latest revisions allow free relief over the whole course).

Playing the ball as it lies of course has many exceptions for relief with and without penalties. But it does contain



the foundation that you must accept the good with the bad. Besides, you're the one that hit the ball there. You did know there was a pond to the left and some trees on the right. In agreeing that no relief should be granted, I don't accept

the frequently cited notion that golf, and even life, is unfair. Yes, they both can be and often are so. But we try to make them fair when we can.

Consider all the consumer protection laws we have. We allow a free lift from a lie that is impeded by an artificial

obstruction, something not part of the course. We don't say tough luck; you hit it there. We allow loose impediments, which are natural objects, like leaves or a twig, to be removed.

Ball in a divot? No, I can't allow a free lift. We golfers often hit our balls less than 300 yards and stray into areas off the fairway that are difficult to hit from. Call it trouble. Whether it's rough, or sand, or water or behind a tree, or in the heather or hay, we typically find our ball in a bad lie, or at least much worse than on a buzzcut fairway. However, we sometimes are lucky and the ball is sitting up in the rough or otherwise

avoids the trouble the wayward lies should justly face. If we wind up with a great lie in long, thick rough, should we be forced to take a drop into a bad lie typical of the rough? Ask your opponents. Or should we be penalized for a luck that shouldn't, in fairness, have occurred?

We golfers hit more balls into trouble than onto the fairway before we reach the green. Even when we find the fairway, the ball in the divot hole is very rare. Thus, during our whole round, we will likely have more occasions to find our balls in a good lie in trouble than in a divot hole on the fairway. Although I assert this reluctantly, we should accept our plight as part of our overall good fortune. It is hard to say this in the face of my view that fairness should be applied where it can help a worthy golf shot.

I'm not done. Pursue this in another way. I am upset, as other golfers should be, about divot holes and the state of the rules. We can reduce the unfairness created by focusing on acts occurring before we our ball finds the divot hole. Penalize the person who created it—the careless or unthoughtful golfer. Not because he took a divot, which is usually a normal result of a good shot, but because he didn't replace it. I know that some agronomists would say don't replace it; it won't grow back or whatever they assert. Apparently if there's decent soil under the grass of the divot, replace it. That one will re-grow. Those leave the deepest holes anyway. If you created a divot, at least a temporary repair of the ground should involve replacing the divot. That will prevent a

ball there from dipping into a hole made. The maintenance guy who repairs it will see it. Or he will when it doesn't naturally repair itself. If the golfer creating the divot has his repair scooper and ingredients on his cart, go ahead and repair it. That makes it GUR for now. For those golfers who don't repair it because they don't have the grass mixture, assess them a stroke penalty if they make no attempt to replace it.

I recognize this will create the issue of what is a divot. How much of ground disturbed by your shot qualifies as a divot? What is a reasonable attempt to replace it? These can be resolved in some acceptable way, I believe. Just not by me here. Okay, I will try anyway. If there is a fair chance that the grass in the divot can survive from the ground taken underneath, you must replace it. If any doubt, replace it. That's' what most golfers do as it is. The Rules of Golf uses the term "reasonable" often for a standard of conduct in other situations. The Rules also deal with situations where golfers must re-create the lie of a ball, even in the rough and a bunker.

Yes, we shouldn't have to fear an annoying rule each time we strike a ball on the turf. But to resolve the dreaded ball in the divot hole and to encourage all golfers to replace their divots, some measure should be enacted that addresses both issues. ●



Thursday and Friday at Capon Springs



You can soon shift into third gear at this resort. Or turn off your engine and relax. On these last two week days, you zoom into fourth gear. Unless you're still in that hammock.

At Capon Springs you can do all the relaxing you want. If you seek activities, Capon can fill your checklist. Take just Thursday and Friday of the typical Capon week leading up to the Talent Show on Friday evening. Every morning, while the National Anthem blares, a child raises the American flag. Assisted by a staff member, they slide Old Glory up the pole on the edge of the terrace next to the Main



House. Nearby guests stand stiff after finishing their coffee, tea, or tomato juice awaiting breakfast at 8:30 am. They are joined by late risers ambling from their far buildings. Everyone tries to make the flag-raising and the Anthem. As before every meal, a bell behind the Main House kitchen calls all to breakfast. No one needs to hear the clangs that follow right after "...and the home of the brave." They merely force you to grab a hanky to wipe

more Pavlov drool. At Capon you ooze a lot. Breakfasts are ample family style and feature each of the usual suspects you find in any diner menu, almost the whole menu. You can smorgasgorp to a full belly for the same weekly price. Guilt then provokes you into activities that require much movement. Capon is there to oblige.

After breakfast the Grimms have their own ritual events that overlap Capon's. The first round of the Grim Open Golf Championship will be played this Thursday morning. It draws several family members all vying for the engraved silver trophy that now tarnishes in a closet at the home of George Grim, youngest of the four Grim brothers. Allan Grim will enter this year's Open and will be out of the running after nine holes of this eighteen-hole tournament. (The final



nine-hole round is played Saturday morning. The Golf Course is only nine holes.)

For the resort Thursday morning is Caponchase, a local scavenger hunt with teams scratching their heads while scouring for Capon artifacts around the array of buildings and greenery. In the afternoon will be the ping pong tournament, drawing a swarm of contestants and viewers to the Upper Ping Pong House (there is another one across from the Main House) up the street near the Spring House.



Yes, the first tee and fairway are closed during dinner. Oddly there is a bunker in front of the Lodge that originally protected guests using the Lodge. It was never removed and now serves as a vast sandbox for the youngsters. Next to it is a flagpole.

Some guests will eat outside the Lodge near the first fairway for a vista view, a breeze, and sunshine. They will squint, or wear their shades, and bake from the sun still blazing above the distant White Mountains. Others who forgot their shades, want to evade the heat, or seek to stay lily white, sit at long tables inside the Lodge. Guests there are shielded and cooled under the Lodge's massive roof on this sultry evening. All will eat their steak (barbecued to order), corn on the cob, lima beans, rolls, dill pickles, sauerkraut salad, and their blueberry pie a la mode dessert. If that doesn't finish you off, chocolate chip cookies will be your coup de grace. The cold beverages will be iced tea or

Upper Ping Pong House



Thursday dinner will not be in the Main House spacious dining room. A steak dinner cookout serves the guests at Sunset Lodge, a short knee-busting, hunger-inducing hike up the steep hill to a huge open pavilion just left of the first fairway of the golf course. Some will drive up. This event has become known as "Steak on the Hill." (See the long range photo of the Lodge above right.)

Capon doesn't draw only vacationers. Retreats, clubs, conferences, groups and weddings and their receptions, which often occur in this imposing structure. In its early days it was the scene of moonlight dances on its grand roof. The building's locale is where you would normally find rough and trees on the golf course. Many a hook from the first tee has flown into the Lodge, or pounded its roof. The wayward drive needs to fly only a hundred yards up and left from the tee.



Wedding Reception in Sunset Lodge

lemonade in soothing Capon spring water.

The fairway side of the Lodge opens west to a phalanx of cedar-lined golf course fairways and wondrous mountains beyond. After dinner is idle chat and kids romping around the voluptuous mounds and slopes of the first fairway. There Bocce balls tumble, roll, and blop against each other. Footballs are tossed as somebody goes long. Frisbees are flicked and linger on a cushion of air, then pause briefly for a snatching like a frog's tongue on a junebug. Eventually families shout at each other to gather for the photo sitting on light deck chairs with the Lodge as backdrop. The sun now seems to halt and pose in an orange haze for eager iPhones near the far tree tops of the George Washington Forest.

With dusk looming, gloves and softballs appear, joining in a smack of orb on leather. A few yakking heads turn to see the source. The traditional after-Steak-Dinner softball game will begin soon. Players and watchers start the slow stroll down a long incline to the middle of the Ninth fairway, next to the first fairway. They all pass the kiddies field shoehorned between the first and ninth fairways. Their game is Tuesday evening after "Chicken on the Hill."



Starlite Dance on the Terrace

Sandwich on the Hill." All are served then. Guests have settled for "Lunch on the Hill." After all, most will eat a sampling of

these American classics. You may arrive at Capon as a piglet. You gorge and morph into a hog, squealing in glee all the way home.

At their softball field the guests will break up into teams of "Youngies" versus "Oldies." The stuffed players will hide their groans as they bat and field and rumble and stumble working off some of the blissful delights from dinner. A lively crowd brings light chairs from the Lodge to view the



game between two teams using a smaller and mushier yellow softball. With kids and

oldsters playing, they keep it low impact. The "Oldies," those over thirty, will win again and the game will end when the sun has vanished behind the White Mountains of Eastern West Virginia.

The ballfield is not ideal in shape or size. Right field is short. Part is the ninth fairway but it stretches through a copse of trees to the pitch-and-putt course (called the Prep Course at Capon) downhill where many home runs begin as short flies then abscond into the greenery as uncatchable.

With darkness now filling the resort, the players trudge to their scattered quarters for quick showers, comfy duds, and dancing shoes. At 9 pm Capon features a dance on the Main House side terrace. Tonight a full moon appears in a clear sky, its brilliance obscuring a ceiling of jealous bright stars. The brisk air refreshes everyone, heightening their mood to attend and dance. Head Manager, now DJ, Tom Austin feeds the guests his choices and a few requests. He mixes in dance contests, multiplication dances, ladies' choices, Electric Slides, and Chicken

One other meal is served at Sunset Lodge: Wednesday lunch, which could be called "Barbecue on the Hill" or "PB&J on the Hill, or "Chicken Salad

Dances. He ends with his ritual choice of Allison Krauss, angel from Almost Heaven, cooing a slow song around 10.

Austin calls this event “Starlite Dance.” Once a weekly tradition of his founding grandfather Lou Austin, it had vanished until his grandson Tom revived it a few years ago. Lou had called it “Moonlight on the Terrace.” Soft pretzels and other snacks are served inside the Main House fireplace room. Close by a bulletin board informs Pot Luck golfers of their teams for Friday morning. At 11 pm Capon’s nightly curfew kicks in, welcome after Capon’s day of boundless meals and freight train of activities.

Friday morning, as with every morning at 8 am, slow and soft music flows from the speakers on trees. It soon rises to fast and louder, usually a march, as a more forceful alarm clock, leading to the daily ritual National Anthem and flag raising. Friday morning after breakfast is the crowded Capon Pot Luck Golf, AKA Best Ball, AKA Scramble, Tournament.



The Meeting House, site of the Capon Springs Talent Show

Teams of fivesomes compete, selected by golf manager Pete Budnyk, married to a granddaughter of founder Lou Austin. Each team member whacks away from the same spot for each shot, moves to where the best of those shots ended up, and does it again until someone holes out. Each team’s scores are measured

against par. Many players are good strikers of the ball; some can barely strike at a ball, but they can strike up a conversation. With the mix of men and women and young and old and the social and the athletic, this ancient Capon tradition occurs Tuesday and Friday mornings every week in the summer. Each member of the team lowest under par wins an item from Capon’s mini-store, like a jar of apple butter or a golf ball.

Another enduring tradition is the partners shuffleboard tournament, which has already begun by Thursday, and continues into Saturday evening. Popular among all ages, the finale will be held Saturday after dinner on the three concrete boards in front of the Main House. It draws a large crowd.

Four other contests start and end on Friday—the badminton tournament, the basketball free throw (best out of ten shots), the disc golf tournament on Capon’s new disc course a short walk down the main road (which actually bisects Capon the resort) into an open woods with holes on either side of the road, and the frisbee golf tournament played on the Prep Course up the hill next to the main golf course.

Friday noon are the rehearsals for the Talent Show that evening. Most of the fifteen or so participants are youngsters. The Show, another long tradition at Capon, is set for 8 pm in the theater at the Meeting House. Although it is not a competition, the show attracts full houses in this roomy, solid-sound, and well-lit facility. After the show, Capon shows a musical montage featuring photos of most of the guests enjoying their stay this week. ●

At Capon Springs, Allan Grim thought he was performing in front of the guests

It turned out to be a PC Police Convention





When I first call Allan Grim a few weeks after his 2018

performance at Capon Springs, I ask him how it went. His response is, “It didn’t go well.” As I begin to ask why, he interrupts me with, “Let me rephrase that. It didn’t go **over** well.” I ask him how it went otherwise and he said, “Fine.”

“Well, this needs explaining, I insist.”

“Are you trying to wrangle one of those extended interviews you hit me with each year?”

“Well, it seems you should elaborate on the audience’s reaction and I would like to know what made it otherwise okay. That’s something I’m not used to hearing.”

“I am anxious to defend myself. So if you want to get together, I’m willing to sit for you. I assume you were going to harass me anyway until I gave in. You can’t let me suffer in silence. How many years have you covered my performing there?”

“Who’s counting? Let’s just do it and see what develops. It’s good to have a post-mortem on at least significant aspects of it.”

“Okay. But I quarrel with your counting anything I did as significant.”

I ignore that remark, while trying to digest that he is willing to discuss his last performance, okay, any performance. Grim does not like talking about himself. And especially not his public performing. The other times I prodded him to talk, he resisted. It took a while.

“I want to just entertain and sit down or disappear into the masses of people,” he has voiced. On the other hand, I am fascinated by his desire to perform only once a year at this Capon Springs vacation resort in its talent show. It is a routine that suggests the same time next year ritual you see in movies with man-and-woman trysts.

Why not break out into some performing elsewhere during the year?,” I’ve prodded more than once. He repeats, “I just don’t have a desire to do it. I’m not a professional with career motivations. I’m 77, for crying out loud.”

I want to cry out loud about that attitude. Why not? “Go for it,” I’ve said.

“No, **you** go for it,” he responded last time. Which sounds like his way of saying, “Stuff it” and still remain my friend.

As before, we enjoy chowing and chatting at diners. We choose Zoto’s, (or should I say he chose it) a family place near Lansdale, Pa. at lunchtime where Grim will order a breaded fish sandwich with an iced tea. I will grab a Reuben and a Coke. Before we meet, though, he lends me the



Zoto's Diner, Route 309, near Hatfield, Pa.

DVD of his 2018 performance shot by his niece Kelsy Grim, who is into her second year out of Temple University. She videoed him on the Capon

stage from her second row seat. Since I've now seen the performance, I come with focused inquiries, mostly about choices for his several segments and their quality. But I realize now what Grim was moaning about in the audience's reactions to some of his segments.

Grim always begins his performance trying to arouse the crowd from the many acts before Grim. He hardly needs to; the crowd is already enjoying the other acts. The Talent Show has become a major event at Capon. Held only in the summer, the theater is packed on Friday evenings. Grim always tries to go last to round out the evening. He signs up last up close to the Thursday 5 pm deadline. He performs longer than anyone else and does more offbeat items than anyone else. When he is done, no one leaves. Not for his autograph. Capon will play a video of still photos with music on its screen on stage about activities during the past week, featuring many of the guests that week. Everyone looks for themselves.

Aside from the audience response to a few of his segments, what stuns me is that Grim has scratched his



Saturday night campfire at Capon Springs

A few words from the author

This article is written as creative non-fiction. Everything about Allan Grim's performance at Capon Springs occurred as he recalls it. A video confirms it to me also. The dialogue between Grim and me may not have occurred. Still, everything said between us portrays how we would view events and act as friends.

Martin Povser

three big songs at the end. I begin with that.

"Yeah, I cut them. And they were songs I had prepared to do last year and didn't do them then either."

"Well, we'll get to them, I'm sure. Meantime, let's keep things in the order they occurred that evening, Friday August 3, 2018. "You began with an opening number, I believe from *L'il Abner*, the Broadway musical from the 1950's."

"Not only was it my opening number; it was the opener from the Broadway show and the film."

"It's called "A Typical Day." I had heard it before. You changed the lyrics but sang only a few lines."

"Well, as you know, I never sing a whole song at Capon. Here I caponized the lines with my own words capturing what happens at Capon in the early morning."

"Jumping in the freezing water of the swimming pool before breakfast and the flag raising right before breakfast is served. Several people take the dive and then most of the guests on the front porch at the terrace where the flag is raised by a youngster and the

National Anthem is played. It's a solemn daily ritual at Capon. I've had this *Li'l Abner* remade tune for a few years. I like the melody and I am always reminded that Capon is in West Virginia, which has its backwoods."

"You sang it in the style of a hillbilly guy, then you cut it off abruptly and



move on to your main attractions.”

“Yeah. As you know all the other performers come up from the audience to perform. I began hanging out in back a few years ago. Actually it’s a side game room. It’s too nerve-wracking to just walk out of the crowd and up on the stage to perform. I can’t face them until I have to. I come from the door on the right of the audience.”

“You did come from the crowd your first few years, I think.”

“You’re right. I didn’t know any better. Ha.”

“You don’t wait till you mount the stage here. You get the mike from MC Jonathon right after emerging from the door and launch your opener as you start your trek upstage.”

“It has a greater impact. It startles them right away and they lock in on you before they have a chance to size you up and try to anticipate what on earth this old creature will do to try to entertain them.”

“It does force them to notice your presence at the jump.”

“One reason I do it is that I have only so much time to perform and this

adds to it. The MC wants us to get up, get on with it, then get off. I usually run over my allotted time and have gotten away with it by an amenable MC over the years. I am the last one. [Ralph Dody and Scott Foerster, both excellent pianists, have played a few times after Grim.]

Here is Grim’s tune opener in full, a take-off on the opener from *Li’l Abner*:

“It’s a typical day in Capon, W-V-A

Where typical folks behave in their usual way.

First we dives into that there freezin’ pool,
(Grim points to the pool.)

Then we raise de flag like we’s in school
(Grim yanks his hands up and down as if pulling up a flag’s rope on its pole, then places his right hand over his heart.)

(Abruptly) ***Okay, that’s enough of that L’il Abner Dogpatch USA stuff!***



“That next stuff. What the bleep is that?” I cringe.

Here it is in full:

(Grim mounts the stage) **He shouts, “What’s up, Capon Springs!** (Then he pulls his arms up together, throws them down to the floor on each side of him as he crouches to the floor, knees bent. He rises up and jumps as he thrusts his arms upward and outward, all while he breaks up those three gestures while blaring the word, “**Un-in-**



corporated!

“You look like a basketball cheerleader finishing a chant!”

“Exactly, Marty. Looking for attention and a chuckle. I got both.”

“They don’t expect that.”

“For sure. That’s one reason I did it. Something new and different.”

“What the significance of that long word?”

“When you arrive at Capon Springs you see one of those marker signs, which spells out that big word after Capon Springs to let you know that it is not formal town, just a resort unto itself. Actually, it has its own post office down the road a bit, shared I guess with some other homes in the area. Anyway, I love the complicated and abstruse meaning and length of it. It demands you mock it to confront it.

“So you say. You go from that to ‘Okay, now let’s get serious,’ declared with faux resolve. And you launch into a man-walks-into-a-bar joke right after.”

“Yeah, I’ve always wanted to do one of these. It’s the kind of item that gets peoples’ attention. They can’t wait for the punchline. So I start it up and stop in midstream, leaving them listening intently and then leaving them groaning because it doesn’t go further.”

Here it is now from Grim as he told it:

“So, a lawyer, a handwriting analyst, and a terrible golfer strolled into a bar... (Slight pause.)

And I said to the bartender...”

Okay, now that I have your attention.”

“Very cruel, but not unheard of,” I declare.

“Yeah, I suppose. But it also trashes **me**. Is that cruel too? But now they are really listening. I also wanted the listener hearing the three kinds of characters that enter the bar and then realizing I was talking about only one, the poor slob, me. That gives them one more sleight of words to ponder.”

“Well you’re only marked as bad for your golf.



I am also sure they are listening raptly by now. They don’t know what you’re going to try next, but they sure don’t want to miss it.”

“Well, I hoped so. Since the joke is unfinished, I may include the joke in this next year’s performance. You will have to guess if I finally finish it with a punchline or do more rug-pulling. Or even deploy it at all.”

“I’m not waiting. Okay, let’s move on to the

next segment. This one I heard got you in trouble.”

“No one seems to know for sure where the name ‘Capon’ comes from. Because of the uncertainty, I thought it was ripe for a humorous approach about its source. I mentioned the three biggest theories of its origin, the Indian words, an underground stream, and the typical uninformed guess about a chicken that lost its manhood.”

Here is Grim’s actual statement:

“Before I get into my riot of comedy, acting, and singing, I do have a serious Capon historical item to announce After extensive research I have discovered the true origin of the word ‘Capon.’ It doesn’t mean medicinal waters or the underground stream that flows to Wardensville, or that chicken stuff. No, it is an Indian word meaning, ‘place where white man drinks our water and pigs out on chocolate fudge pudding.’”

(Grim turns around, walks toward the back of the stage, then turns around and returns to the mike stand.)

“How! Me Chief Running Bear...Naked. White Man not nice. Ugh. Me steal much pudding. Mmm, good. White Man not happy. Now call me Chief White Bowl. How! No, not How! Why?”

“Fudge pudding?” I go for first.

“This dessert is one of the favorites at Capon. It’s one of the few things they ever run out of during any week. It’s luscious, what can I say.”

“I noted the audience did laugh at first to the fudge pudding portion.”

“Yes, they did. It’s the second part that incited

Springhouse at Capon Springs



them. They suddenly went silent.”

“Yes, duly noted here. They were all in on it. Shocking.”

“I sensed why the silence occurred. But wasn’t sure. The next day at lunch, I believe, I got what is known as an earful from my brother George and his son Ryan. They are both far-left Democrats. They both trashed me for, well, it’s not really clear what specifically, but it seemed to relate to demeaning an Indian. It apparently is not politically correct to make a joke with an Indian in it using the way they talked in the olden times. George said I had “embarrassed the family.” It’s absurd. First, I was couching it all in humor. With that you get some leeway. No? Second, I was lamenting the plight of the original Indians in the area. We first took their water from the springs, then we took over their lands and developed them. The part about stealing the fudge pudding was obviously unserious but shows that the Indians could justify vengeance against the White Man. It certainly wasn’t violent taking the pudding.”

“But no one laughed, it seems.”



“Well, I guess Capon is filled with liberals or some aren’t liberal but they thought it wasn’t funny. Liberals tend to lack a sense of humor. That’s one of their problems. Their PCness overwhelms them too often.”

“In the Capon Weekly news of the week published the next day it read that Grim’s “monologue” featured “offbeat comedy and awkward pauses.”

“You were taking a risk, I think.”

“You know, it never entered my mind that it would offend anyone. I thought the fudge pudding reference was an inside Capon joke that they would laugh at. It’s talked about



every year at some point and with idle banter. And they did laugh. But the Indian part? Really, the P.C. Police were out with their billy clubs. I thought I was doing a docile piece of humor for a friendly vacation crowd. I didn't know it was actually a room full of finger-wagging progressives acting like they were at home."

"That next segment was familiar to me. I enjoy those travel and nature documentaries. Yellowstone National Park and the others seem to appear every so often, especially on PBS."

"I enjoyed putting that together and doing the Papa Bear impression."

"I guess it didn't offend anyone, unless you are a bear lover."



Here it is in full as Grim presented it:

"You youngsters in the audience.

You will soon be watching those nature shows on TV. Some of you already have, I'm sure. I will give you all the nature shows you need in only a few seconds.

At Yellowstone the melting snows of winter give way to carpets of greenery and blooms of vibrant wildflowers.

(Here Grim puts his hands mostly together held straight up and mimics wildflower blossoms fluttering in the breeze.)

Okay, that was mostly for your parents. This is for the kids. Poppa Bear emerges from a cave after a long winter hibernation. (Grim emulates a bear yawning and glancing at his watch.) Geez, maneez. What month is this? What day

is this? I need an alarm clock and a calendar. And I'm starving. I could eat a buffalo and a couple of fat tourists. It's only nature's way. Right? Uh, huh, huh, huh."

"I recall that the audience was now in silent mode from the end of that Indian segment. That bugged me. Yes, some kids laughed. And a few adults. But no



broad laughs for this decent piece of humor mocking those travelogues.'

"It seemed decent, I thought. It was funny and a good parody of those nature episodes."

“They decided I was done getting plaudits for my performing.”

“But sometimes they don’t understand the humor. So that would be on you if you made it too subtle.”

“I can’t believe it went over their heads. I guess maybe they just didn’t find it very funny. But I’m still suspicious they’re carrying this PC grudge.”

“The next piece you did is new, for sure. And you did some singing as part of it, although it was satire.”

“Yes, a Japanese accent for *Hello, Dolly*, which is sung in the film by Walter Mathau at the end, of course, and a little earlier by a man’s chorus behind Barbara Streisand. I made it up myself when I realized that these key words in the song sound strange when sung in a Japanese accent.”

Here is what Grim is referring to, including his introduction to the song, which he then sings. It includes the Japanese accent Grim used in singing the words:

“Walter Mathau appeared with Barbra Streisand in the film version of *Hello, Dolly*. At the end he sings the

title song. If Mathau had done a Japanese version of the movie, this is how he would have sounded—



**Heh-ro, Doh-ree
Were heh-ro, Doh-ree**

It’s so nice to have you back

Where you bee-wrong”

(Grim folds his hands together and turns his head down.)

“That’s cute. I noticed the audience held its joy and laughter on that one too.”

“Yeah. That’s the way it goes. I guess they were still upset over the Indian, and now the Japanese accent. More humor, more PC from the liberals. No one specifically mentioned this one to me, but its silence said a few things to me. I was trying to keep everything light. What can I say?”

“Not much. The crowd is now hostile with its silence.”

“Yeah, it was deafening.”

“Your next piece was a repeat of a schtick you’ve done the last two years—mocking famous artists you think can’t sing.”

“Yeah. I am curious about this from way back. I’ve always wondered with all the great singing talent in America, how these people got their start. They can’t sing or at least not very well. I put them in auditions and imagine what they should have been like. I think I did Johnny Cash last year. Rod Stewart before that, and some others.”

“I might agree with this one you did last year at Capon. I know you have your tongue in your cheek—”

“Yeah, but only part way.”

Here is Grim’s 2018 version:

“Last year I did a few famous singers who I thought cannot sing and wondered how they

got started, especially if they auditioned. How did they pass that test? I imagined how their audition *should* have gone. I've now thought of another famous artist and here is how I imagine his audition should have gone.

Okay, next, Mr. Nelson.

Please, call me Willie.

Okay, Willie, what are you going to sing?

'On the Road Again.'

Okay, go for it.

'On the road again, can't wait to get on the road again...'

Okay, that's enough. We can't either. Hit the road, Willie. Next."

"Yeah, I mean, who told Willie, you know, you really have it. You should take that on the road. Who gave him his first big break?"

"And why. What did they see or hear? Style?"

I want to know if Grim is done with these characters. There are only so many left. "Who would you



Young Willie Nelson

add to that list for next year or whenever?" I ask.

"Well, I don't know. I've thought about Bob Dylan. I'm not a fan. I do wonder what people see in him. I would have to listen to some of his music to convince myself. But beyond him, I would have to think. The only other one I've pondered offhand was a woman singer. Dionne Warwick can really sound off key if you're not used to her. I can't imagine her even at American Idol auditions."



"I'd have to think about that myself. Let's move on to your next segment that reprised some film characters you did a few years ago. First you did a scene from a Muppets movie I wasn't too familiar with. I never saw it but heard about it."

"I've been fascinated by these monster characters who are Russians, like that guy from "The Sopranos" they were suppose to kill but wasn't dead. He then terrorized Paulie and Michael in the New Jersey Pine Barrens, a classic episode. The Russians have those horrible winters. They are hearty and tough. The scene I did at Capon was inspired by the *Muppets Most Wanted* film from 2014. It never happened as I portrayed it. I don't even recall what the monster kind of guy did in that film. I seem to recall he menaced somebody and probably

Kermit. I just thought it would be funny to have one of those Russian monster guys threaten Kermit. It also gave me a chance to affect a Russian accent. I had never done one at Capon.

Here is Grim's scene in full:

(Russian monster man to Kermit) **"You know, Kee-ehrmmit, in Russia we doan eat joost thay legs, (Kermit starts shaking)...but thay whole feerogghhh! (Kermit dives forward as if into a pond, and disappears.) Eh, heh, heh, heh, heh. (Russian leans forward to look for Kermit.) Oh, what keppened to thay feerogghh?"**

"I thought you did a credible monster, Russian of course. I think it was enhanced by your speaking slowly. That magnifies the threatening words. And the hand gesture pointing to Kermit. But to create Kermit himself you merely had to hold up your hand like you were doing one of those



shadow creatures on the wall. So you threatened with the right hand and held up Kermit with the left."

"Yes, no need for props outside of me. I enjoy doing the Russian accent. I also used the words "thay" for the article "the." I don't think Russian uses articles but I wanted as many chances to show the accent and their way of saying English words. So I let the articles for "the" in and imagined how they would say them, which comes out as "thay."

"Next you reprised the Disney film *Peter Pan* from a few years ago when you did several scenes from Disney movies."

"Boy, you're moving right along here. You are prepared, I must say. Yes, that Muppets scene was one of those Disney films I did then. And also *Peter Pan*."

"You play only one character for *Peter Pan* and that is the villain Captain Hook. I can tell you enjoy doing him."

"I do. Does it show? I get to shout and rage, always a thrill for an actor. But you can overdo the venting from the frustration Hook feels not getting Peter Pan, his quarry."

"White Whale even."

"Yeah, a captain of a ship trying to capture, not a whale or something equally challenging. But a young man, Peter Pan. I liked how you showed him screaming for his assistant Mr. Schmee to help him as he lingers in danger with his legs spread



over the crocodile."

"You know, the part I enjoyed the most there was doing the British accent of Hans Conreid, who was Hook's voice in the film. I knew him in the 1950's. He was a superb British actor."

"How old is Peter Pan anyway?"

"I don't know myself."

Here is the scene if full:

(Legs spread.)

Schahmeeee!!

Hellllppp!! Drat that Peter Pan. I'll separate him. I'll run him through. (Thrusts with an imaginary sword.) I'll get him if it's the lahst thing I dooo. (Strokes his chin with his finger as if it is a hook.)"

"You relish doing accents, don't you? I notice neither scene involved music. Some of your Disney scenes include music."

"The dialogue can be enough for me. With Peter Pan I even changed the words Hook spoke. I think he uttered words similar to what I used. Just not in the same places."

"It's not important to you that the dialogue follows the script?"

"No, it's not. Just retain the essence. Anyway, nobody recalls the exact flow of words or actions."

"All right. Florence Foster Jenkins was your next bit. I didn't know her except from the movie from 2016 starring Meryl Streep. I never saw the film but I read about it. I thought she was someone who lived until recent years. But, as you explained, she died in 1944.

"I didn't know her well either but I did read about her when the movie came out. That was after I began my amateur singing career at Capon. Thus I felt a kinship of some kind. She of course sang as an amateur among her friends in Manhattan amid elegant décor and gained some notoriety in the press. My so-called career has been limited to Capon and its guests and the readers of *GolfNotes*. I haven't gone viral as far as I know.



"She thought she could sing. Is that your view?"

"No, I thought her singing was off, I must say. I marveled at Meryl Streep in the film. She had to perform her singing but off key enough to be noticeable but not laughably bad."

"No. I meant do you think *you* can sing?"

"We may have discussed this before. I think, how can I put this, I mean, I must believe in myself or else I wouldn't

even try. I'm not singing in a phone booth. It's in front of a raucous crowd. My problem is nobody will tell me if I can or not. It doesn't come up. Oh, I've heard from people here and there who said it to my face that they enjoyed my singing. Whether they were trying to make me feel good and didn't think so is another question. For now I will take them at their word."

"As I recall, when you first sang...What was it?..."

"Elvis singing the title son in *Loving You*."

"Yeah, It went over very well for a first time. That must have encouraged you."

"Yes, it did, of course."

"Yet for some reason you didn't perform at all the next year. You had said previously to me you didn't recall why. What do you say today?"

"I still don't remember why. I think I just wanted one chance to see what it is



like to sing in public in front of many people.”

“Then the next year you came back with all guns firing. Comedy, singing, and acting.”

“I did. I went nuts and have lost my mind ever since.”

“Okay, enough serious introspection. When you began your piece about Jenkins, I was trying to figure out where it was going. Then you said you contacted her but I didn’t know she died when you were a youngster. I sort of thought you had actually touched base with her. The ending statement she uttered about you was a shock. I didn’t see that coming, nor anyone else, I think, especially when you declared what a nice lady she was.”

“I relished putting this one together. Again, I got to do another acting job, this time as a matronly refined lady of New York society.”

“I couldn’t believe the audience’s reaction. Were they still dissing you from the unPC. statement you had made earlier.”

“I guess so. I thought it was very funny what she said and did. But you never know with humor. Some things work and some don’t and the

response may be opposite of what you expected.”

“I think the crowd was still holding things against you.”

“Seemed so.”

Here is Grim’s entire bit involving Jenkins:

“You know, my music idol has been the wealthy socialite from Manhattan named Florence Foster Jenkins. You may have read about her amateur



singing career among family and friends. Her singing ability was dubious. She inspired a book and then a movie about her in 2016 starring (Grim holds out mike to audience and several say her name.) Meryl Streep. I contacted this sweet old lady Jenkins to get her opinion of my efforts as a fellow amateur but celebrated singer. Her response to my request was (Grim stands with back to audience, then begins faux powdering his nose

gesture, and turns to audience.), ‘Allan who?...No, he deserves a response. I have two pieces of advice. One, tell him to go to a store and buy a colorful kite. (Grim raises his hands in imagining the majesty of the action suggested.) And two, tell him to go fly it!’

Actually, Jenkins died in 1944. Near her death she made this observation: ‘People may say I can’t sing. But no one can say I didn’t sing.’” Then you were going to sing three songs. What happened?”

‘I just decided then and there my program had gone on too long and I sensed an adverse reaction in the crowd from my earlier bits. I was offending the PC people and Capon had several there that night, I gathered. Even if the reaction had been positive, I still would have ditched the songs. They were not easy ones. They were a challenge. I was going to do them the year before when we ran into the issues involving rain and shortening the show and the Olympics being on TV and the kids in the audience being up too late.”

“What were the three songs?”

“Keep in mind that I was prepared to do the songs but confine them to a few verses each. Anyway, they were “Blue Suede Shoes” by Elvis, “I Want It That Way” by the Backstreet Boys, and “If I Loved You” by Gordon MacRae. You wrote about them in last year’s GolfNotes at length when I fully intended to do them and of course do them as impressions of these famous singers.”

“I forget how you handled them with the audience this last time? How did you inform them?”

“Well, I said that my program was already too long and that whether you liked my singing, I have sung



here before. And that is all that matters.”

“Ah, yes. But you weren’t done.”

“No, I wasn’t. I had to do one more thing, which has become a part of my performance each year since I did it the first time.”

“You just couldn’t help yourself. Professor Kingsfield, that nasty old guy. You relish doing him.”

“Of course. I love him and he has become a mainstay of my act. I had a few of his type in law school, so he’s a special horror to me. I don’t know why I would prolong a nightmare but maybe it’s my way of getting over them.”

“It’s time, Allan. I think the crowd expects to hear from him now too.”

“Yes, it’s not Allan and Capon unless Kingsfield rears his sadistic head.”

Here is Grim’s piece on Kingsfield at Capon this last time:

Some Background

Allan Grim has performed at Capon Springs eight times beginning in 2010 (no performance in 2011). GolfNotes has chronicled his performances through 2017 in three issues. They are posted on Grim’s website, which is for his handwriting analysis business: GrimHandwritingAnalyst.com Look for them at the bottom of his menu. They are listed as GolfNotes issues for July 2016, June 2017, and May 2018. This July 2019 issue covers his eighth performance in August 2018. Each article has been written by Martin Povser as creative non-fiction.



The Music Pavilion/Bandstand at Capon Springs. It was originally built in the 1880’s and razed in the 1920’s. In 2001 it was re-built and carefully to match its original design.

“I can’t end tonight without an appearance from mean old law professor Kingsfield, So, (Grim’s face morphs into a menacing scowl.) Class, the study of law is like none other in your educational experience.

You teach yourselves the law; I teach you how to think. You come in here with a skull full of mush and, if you survive, you come out thinking...(Grim holds out mike for audience)...like a lawyer!”

**Quite right!
That is all!”**

“Several knew the words to finish that sentence. Even the hostile ones seem to voice the words.”



The 19th Hole

ONE MORE TWEAK FOR THE ROAD

Actually, this is a revolutionary one. If your drive (or any other shot) strays out of bounds or you lose it, you now have an option. You can take the position where it went OB or was lost and you can put a new ball down on the edge of the fairway or even find fairway height grass somewhere else, but no place closer to the hole. The kicker is that you are penalized two strokes. So you are lying 3. Thus you will have to decide if you can beat that new safe position with another drive from the tee and lie 3 there.

This new rule recognizes that many golfers fail to hit a provisional ball when their drive could be lost or OB. It avoids having to walk back or drive back to the tee and hit your third shot under the old stroke and distance. It was thus installed as a time saver too. It doesn't give golfers the typical step that many take of throwing another ball down near where they lost their ball or went OB and take only one stroke. But it gives you a good lie safe on the fairway without having to hit it there. This rule is supposed to be applied only if the course or a tournament adopts it as a local rule. No elite golf tournaments will apply it. Surely many golfers will use it without any local rule. Others will continue their old practice of taking only a stroke and hitting from near where their ball was lost or OB. ●

“Yes, these are his people. They’ve been here before. He’s always fun to do and those words at the

“They’ve had to put up with him for a few years.

And will they never have to hear from him again?”

“I don’t know. They will have to return to

end resonate for some reason. I guess everyone has had a tough professor or

Capon next year to find out. And you will have to try to interview me again then to find out.”

“Well, does this mean you will be performing again?”

high school teacher that reminds them of him.”

“Maybe. Maybe not. I’ll be 78, you know. We’ll see. ●

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