

A History Lesson

Once upon a time long, long ago at a golf course not so far away and very dear to our hearts, there occurred a project that left a lasting, visible impression on those who remember and those of us who came after. A stalwart group of ladies (dare we say friends?) came to a decision to make a contribution to the ranch that would live after their memberships ended. There was some liquor involved as well as some creativity, some hilarity as well as some seriousness and some practicality as well as some fun.

It started when a coat of paint was put on the walls of the bathrooms in the park at the end of hole #18. The quality of the painters (unknown to this writer) notwithstanding, a certain amount of paint ended up on the concrete bathroom floors in drips and blobs. In an effort to improve the appearance, a suggestion was made by a member of the group that by adding some additional paint, it could be made to resemble a Jackson Pollock painting. A plan was hatched and finalized. Pay for the paint themselves and fix the ugly concrete floors...

The ladies assembled themselves and their tools. Paint in 3 or 4 colors, large and small squirt bottles for writing the golf terms and a very large bottle of tequila. Four ladies: Selma, Donna, Anita, and Sharon (with some inspiration from a fifth, Serene) commenced with all seriousness to create a masterpiece. What could go wrong?

With Selma, Anita and Sharon manning the paint bottles and Donna pouring the tequila and egging them on, the project took on a life of its own. Some crawling around on hands and knees while trying to avoid wet paint was necessary and as the level of tequila in the bottle got lower, some hilarity became part of the project. Clothes became paint cloths. At some point, paint was not always being squirted on the floor. Some new phrases were added (check under the large rug in the ladies room) to the list to go on the floor and to exchange with each other.

The men's room did not escape the assault. It became part of the project but by that time, the tequila had taken serious effect and that floor is not quite the masterpiece as the ladies room. There was some concern that they might be discovered in a deplorable state by someone using the men's room. It required a little second effort with clearer heads on another day.

When all was said and done, the ladies left the bathrooms and one stumbled into and over the large boulder that is standing just outside the door to the ladies room. Such was the level of intoxication that even that was cause for more hilarity. No harm, no foul and on to the next aspect of this caper.

Three of the ladies retired to Sharon's hot tub to warm up and cleanse themselves of the paint. Looking back, one of them mentioned that she wasn't sure how much of a mess they left in that hot tub but that she did find herself making her way home in a single towel as her clothes were "trashed."

So, that is the story of how our floor in the bathrooms came to look like a Jackson Pollock painting and why when my grandsons came to visit one year, one came out of that bathroom in outrage, telling me: "Someone did graffiti all over the floor in the mens' bathroom!" I had to tell him it wasn't vandalism but a "concrete plan."