

It's all Luck!

by E. Gordon Dickie, M.D.

An electrifying event recently traumatized the hallowed, sweat-soaked sands of the OCC volleyball courts. Five months ago (as of this writing), a friendly round robin tournament was sadistically suggested for the Noon Bafoons to clean up their grub, squeeze and throw group therapy sessions.

The Geritol Warriors depend heavily on pure, unmitigated "luck" when executing their wild acrobatic gyrations that absolutely defy description analysis, such as the triple-toed flea flicker, the crouching gruncho over-set, the reverse pronated rainbow, the flayed knuckle carry and drop shot, the push up lateral liner, the backhanded Nastase cross-court, the right angle spike with mid course corrections and, of course, the deadly cobra.

Eight teams of graying, potbellied contestants tightened their trusses, buttressed their fragile egos, placed their well-weathered reputations on the line and waddled forth to accept the caustic challenge. The ensuing endeavors are now history, forever emblazoned on the OCC records book for posterity and Future Shock.

After the initial haggling to determine proper categorization of A's and B's, and repeated assurances that the drawing was legitimate, Wayne Kekina and Bill Parker emerged as the favorites, and efficiently dispatched their early opponents, assisted by the Triple A coaching, expertly blended with a half century of experience. Pat O'Connor, drawing from postwar OCC small court duels, exhibited a dazzling array of adroitly placed shots, while his partner, Ken Wood, demonstrated his considerable hard court experience. John Beaumont and Ted Crane, after having lost an earlier match to John Grymes and E. Gordon Dickie, handily defeated all their other opponents, thus setting up a rematch in the finals with their undefeated adversaries.

Potterian Gamesmanship and Machiavellian intrigue crescendoed, while definite dates were repeatedly and prudently procrastinated. Beaumont sharpened his reflexes bouncing through the hills on his dirt bike, while Crane reluctantly curtailed debilitating nocturnal activities. Grymes augmented his skills with the OCC pros and Dickie relied on skiing exercises, plus a well-fondled rabbit's foot.

In the ultimate confrontation, Beaumont and Crane narrowly captured the first set with an unbelievable display of teamwork, controlled tempers and well-placed shots. Miraculously, Lady Luck angelically appeared during the next two sets to tarnish their moment of sanctification, and obligingly lifted Grymes and Dickie from the disastrous jaws of oblivion into the celestial arena of Victory. With the trumpets blaring from the heavens, the new champions bathed in the shining light of glory, retired to the Snack Bar to graciously accept the coveted prize, a strawberry slush.