



HOOKER®

The Hooker Story

One of my most cherished childhood memories are the lullabies my father sang to me at bed-time.

Not just any lullabies, mind you, but lively songs from his days playing rugby as a hooker for Stanford University. Needless to say, these “lullabies” were very sanitized versions of the notoriously bawdy rugby lyrics.

At college a few years later, a young man with curly blond hair and steely blue eyes caught my attention and stole my heart. One evening I called home to share the news of my budding romance. The announcement went reasonably well until I revealed - with a hint of pride - that my suitor was a stand-out hooker on the Duke Rugby team.

My enthusiasm was met with silence – Pop knew all about rugby players and was quite sure his daughter should not be dating one – much less a hooker. Oblivious, I went on to share that we had just returned from a post-game Rugby party. (For anyone not familiar with post-game rugby festivities, these celebrations would make a Las Vegas after-hours club look like a Presbyterian church social).

Abruptly, with all the till-hell-freezes-over paternal authority my father could muster, he decreed, “You will never, ever see that young man again. No gentleman takes a lady to a Rugby party.”

And now, four decades later, my rugby hooker and I will have been married for 40 years this spring.

Betsy Lawer