

Sara could make a fortune hustling on cruises.

J.Crew hoodie, \$60, T-shirt, \$20, and shorts, \$72, [jcrew.com](http://jcrew.com); Evisu Shoos sneakers, \$130, [evisu.com](http://evisu.com).



## shuffleboard

### Sara Lyle's assumptions about this geezer sport get knocked off the court.

I've just rocketed my red disc down the concrete lane, knocking all three of my opponents' yellow discs out of the triangular scoring area. Then my puck stops in the top space—the shuffleboard equivalent of plunking down the word *quixotic* in Scrabble. “Just stop now!” jokes Chris, a guy in a gray hoodie. “This will be your crowning moment.”

I'm at the world's largest shuffleboard club, in St. Petersburg, Fla., learning from club president Mary Eldridge, who's “55 years old and holding.” (“I used to say ‘39,’” Mary says, “but I played that card as far as it could go.”) Love her.

I expected to be the youngest player by *decades*, but then all these cool girls show up, and I realize I was way off base. “It's the cheapest, most fun thing in St. Pete,” says Jen Thompson, 23. “I show everyone my membership card.”

Once on the court, Mary dispenses her Hall of Fame-worthy (for reals) shuffleboard wisdom: “Clear the board, stay out of the kitchen, and score with your hammer.” I get the board-clearing part down pretty quickly (see my “crowning moment,” above). And I dig how women's lib the second tip sounds, though the “kitchen” in this sport (and I use the term loosely—shuffleboard is like pool, minus the smoking and cheese fries) refers to the bottom of the triangle, which will lose you 10 points. But scoring with the hammer (i.e., the last shot of the round) is tricky.

It's all on me at the end of the second match—I have to finesse my disc into a top space in order to win.

“If you score, you have to bust out the MC Hammer,” Jen tells me.

I do, and I do.