

The Birdie Bugle

Eureka, California and Klamath Falls, Oregon

14 and 16 August 2014

Rub of the Green



Gordon's about to tee off on the 13th hole, a 366-yard uphill par 4, at the Running Y Ranch in Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Rub of the green

For three of the five days of our trip last week up the Pacific Coast, we were in the car.

The road our car was on wound through many mountains, stretched along wild beaches and squeezed through canyons of redwoods 30 stories tall.

The other two days we were on golf courses where Emily and I chased Gordon down long emerald fairways that ran across tsunami zones and through canyons of redwoods (California) and pines (Oregon) whose height was less of a concern than their position between us and the green.

I should clarify that this position issue was more of a concern for Emily and me than Gordon.

He does not get his money's worth from the game the way we do. He  pays more per shot, takes in less of the scenery and can't see the forest for all the grass.

Within two years of taking up golf, Gordon got a hole in one.

We collected the ball he used on the

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Emily drives on the 11th at the Eureka Municipal Golf Course. The ball is in the center of the page, just to the right of her club head.



Putting on No.2 at the Running Y Ranch.

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hole, got his playing partners to sign it, and took it with his scorecard and the newspaper clipping to an expensive framing shop that created a once-in-a-lifetime memento of – for the overwhelming majority of players – a less than a once-in-a-lifetime event.

Then, playing a match for his high school golf team, he scored a second hole in one.

No telling where that ball or scorecard are. If you're going to take a once-in-a-lifetime event and make a habit of it, you have to accept the consequences.

The lad's got game.

Goodbye from Klamath Falls



Emily chipping to the ninth green at the Running Y Ranch.