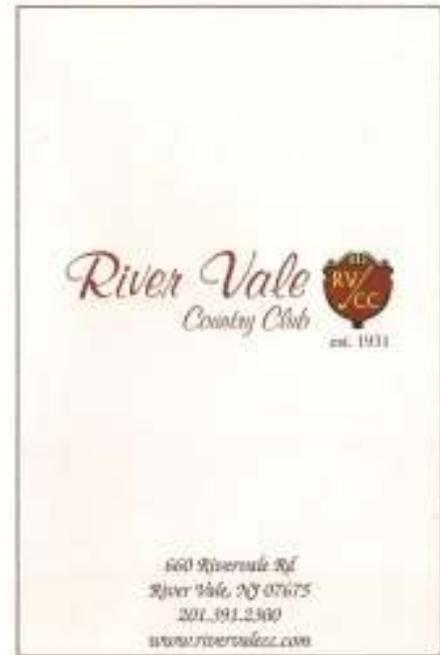


## NEW ENGLAND

Bucket list is what this is all about. Having played golf in 45 states, there was a glaring hole in the New England area. Cheryl knew how antsy the love of her life can get at times, so she granted me a "Get Out Of Jail Free Card" so 4 of the states as yet not played could be notched. Under normal circumstances she would have come along for the ride, but Mr. Sciatica would have none of that, and an earlier attempt in the spring had been foiled by Mr. Bladder. So a two week crusade was planned to deal with the Northeast. This time frame fits into the Summer of 2015 in case you're interested.

7-14-15 The courtesy van left the Cedar Rapids Airport Hotel at 4:00 AM for the 5:30 flight to Chicago. This is how you get to Newark, NJ from Cedar Rapids, IA. Of course expecting a flight, any flight, in or out of Chicago to be on time is usually just wishful thinking. The 35 minute flight into Chicago was the exception to the rule. Entertainment in the terminal was provided by a group apparently from the same neighborhood who had difficulty with keeping their pants up. Their underwear was of the Erkle mode high and tight, but the pants being ten sizes too large were of necessity being held in place with a hand to the crotch. The flight to Newark arrived at 11:30, one hour late, and the oversized baggage claim area actually delivered the golf clubs, which was a huge concern, being the lynch pin of the entire trip. Newark's Air train to the car rental area went without incident, sort of. My compact was really compact, but what did you expect Mr. Cheapskate. Heavy rain on the Garden State Freeway all the way to RIVER VALE COUNTRY CLUB (J 96) River Vale, NJ didn't bode well, and the meanderings through upscale neighborhoods may have been a little exasperating. Someday I seriously need to consider looking into this GPS thing, versus my handy dandy Rand McNally map book. These short cuts of mine are taking their toll on some ones sanity. As it turns out the rain was somewhat of a blessing in disguise, all the intrepid local golfers were MIA and the course was mine. Cart path only, but what a terrific course it was. The drive to Connecticut was incredibly long, long in the sense of time not miles. The Tappan Zee Bridge was experiencing construction pains, traffic on the 95 was of the late afternoon-early evening commuter variety and the rain which had mercifully abated for my round began again in earnest. A drive through New Haven, CT in search of a motel was fruitless which as it turns out was just fine. The East Haven Comfort Inn is located next to Chili's and so my new best friend Craig the bartender and I wiled away the rainy evening swapping golfing stories and information.



7-15-15 ALLING MEMORIAL GOLF CLUB (J 92) New Haven, CT provided an interesting round. The course is brilliant green and forested, but the locals are a bit self-deprecating as regards their home course. Here is a selection of local accents, group (gwoop), threesome (tree sums), avenue (avenoo). I was able to play through three groups, a ladies foursome, a group held up by sprinklers, and a men's

foursome experiencing cart trouble. Yardage markers were AWOL, but this affects my game about as much as a light breeze. Arrived in Niantic with nearly a full day ahead of me! Mountzoures my old army buddy, and I mean old, went for a walk on the beach. Yes, and to our amazement we found a message in a bottle washed just in the edge of the surf, the surf being maybe two inches at most. "Kill the president? .com" written on a one dollar bill. The life guards didn't show much interest considering the way the message was delivered there probably wasn't an imminent threat on his life. So we took it to the local constabulary who put it in an evidence bag and took our information. The rest of the day was spent at a local bookstore where I acquired six Michael Crichton paperbacks for nephew Alex, the post office for stamps, meeting John's son Ari and checking out his neat clubhouse, Marsha's home. John sprang for lobster dinner at the Dock which has a pleasant view of Niantic Harbor, after dinner we went over to visit with brothers Harry and GP and reminisce.

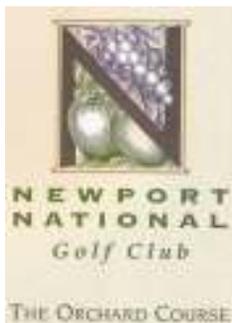


7-16-15 Today is one of those days where the host has the obligation to impress the guest with all the local sights. So after breakfast at The Shack it was Bills vegetable garden, which by the way was quite impressive, McCook Beach, Crescent Beach, CINI Beach, for another walk. John needs some serious aerobic time to repair his heart, but considers substituting an electric cigarette for his two pack a day habit sufficient rehab. Taking a nap, farmers market, Foxwood Resort Casino for Chinese dinner and a night of leaving our social security checks with the casino, these folks are furious gamblers, can't get rid of the stuff fast enough, anyway that was our evening's entertainment. Foxwood would have been one of my golfing destinations, but for the green fees.

#### A FOND AND AFFECTIONATE FAREWELL

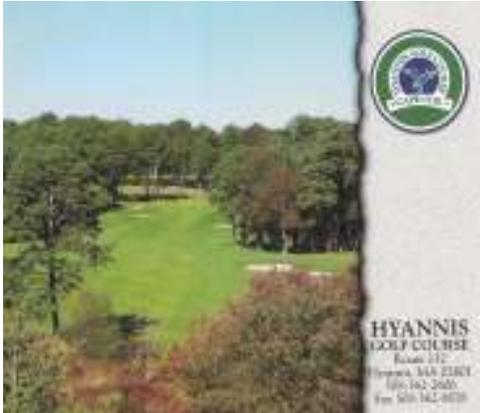
We have stood many a formation together. Today is in all probability our last. Our warranties have long expired and the parts are wearing out. Like that proverbial roll of toilet paper it goes progressively faster the closer you get to the end. I hope we will be able to requite ourselves honorably at that final moment, although recent experiences would suggest otherwise. Old and dear friend I will sorely miss you and hope you too will think kindly of me. In any event when the time comes we will be in good company.

7-17-15 WINNAPAUG COUNTRY CLUB (J 42) Westerly, RI it was quite the challenge finding the course and a bit disappointing that a tournament interrupted playing 18 holes. But Jack and John two local seniors retired from the NYPD and US Army made for pleasant partners. The abbreviated



morning made it possible to play NEWPORT NATIONAL GOLF CLUB (J 96) Middleton, RI and get paired up with Peter and Fraser who took exception to my Notre Dame hat, being a Purdue graduate may have had something to do with it. The course was nice enough, but not exceptional for the price. Apparently there was some event going on in the Newport, RI area, probably a regatta, but he who doesn't make motel reservations must suffer the consequences. Expedia was able to bail me out with a tired old motel in New Bedford, MA.

7-18-15 HYANNIS GOLF COURSE (J 98) Hyannis, MA the drive from New Bedford to Hyannis provided an opportunity to visit Wareham and pay my respects to Ray Pezzoli an old friend. In high school Ray was



“god” on the football team, that’s the position between center and tackle for those of you not from Massachusetts. The Cape Cod Canal is quite something to behold, the sail boats really express through there on the changing tides. Paul and Chris, uncle and nephew, were given the pleasure of my company today on this hilly wooded course. The Hunter Green Motel in West Yarmouth was golf central for several days. Do not try Buffalo popcorn shrimp at Salty’s or anything else beginning with Buffalo. Yes it is hot! Set in all the bare necessities for bacheloring, Oreo’s, chips ahoj, fig Newton’s and other and sundry junk foods.

7-19-15 BASS RIVER (J 90) South Yarmouth, MA was a relatively short course, thankfully, established in 1900, Brian and Steve were both singles and full of local lore and touristy type information in addition to being pretty good golfers. Drove into Hyannis to scout ferry information and island taxi service for tomorrows excursion. Didn’t go into the Kennedy museum as I only wanted to buy postcards in the gift shop, but admission was required anyway. There was a craft day in the city park, a Hemmingway first edition For Whom The Bell Tolls in the book store, lobster roll at McDonalds wasn’t bad, the Summer Shanty was filled to overflowing with tourists, oh that’s right I be one of them too, verified tomorrows tee time at Miacommet.



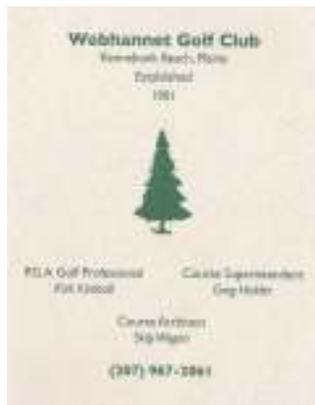
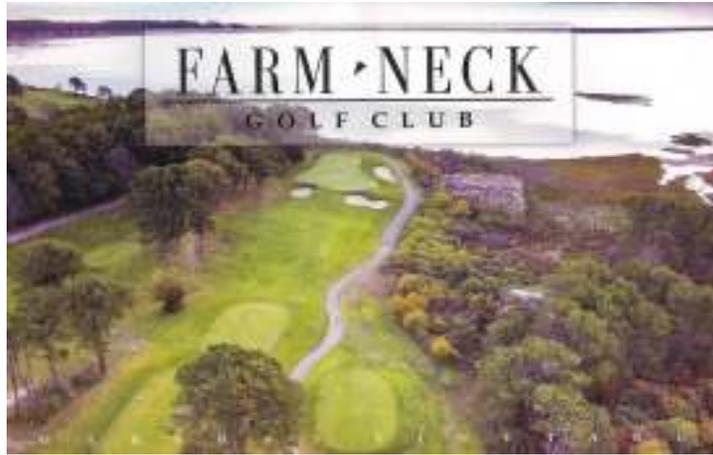
7-20-15 MIACOMET NANTUCKET ISLAND GOLF COURSE (J 99) Nantucket, MA today was an expensive round of golf, \$150 green fees, \$50 round trip fast ferry, \$20 parking, \$30 taxi to course. Joined an



interesting group who were here for their family wedding, Bower the dad whose son got married picked up the tab for accommodations and a week of golf for everyone in his family, Damien soon to be married to Bower’s daughter and Brandon, Bower’s son, all good golfers. Carts had GPS, all sprinkler heads had yardage, a links style course that actually had deep beach grass, lots of bumps and humps, but otherwise no elevation

changes on this island created by the last ice age glacier deposits. This place must be paradise for the resident osprey, surrounded by the ocean and bays.

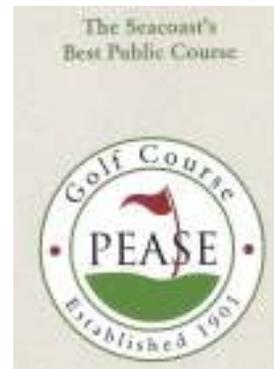
7-21-15 FARM NECK GOLF CLUB (J 107) Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, MA up and on the road to Woods Hole for the early island ferry. The taxi driver's summer job was arranged by one of his Purdue fraternity alumni, good connections, aye. A nice enough course, but a little rich for my blood! Mark a retired science teacher who spends a couple of weeks summering here each year was kind enough to explain the redeeming value of heavy green fees and a lousy score is that my price to shot ratio assured me of an absolutely great round, so according to that scenario, apparently I got my money's worth. It's only a guess but Vladimir Putin and the current Iranian Ayatollah have to take back seats to President Obama's real nemesis, the par 3 fourth hole. I feel your pain Mr. President! A slight miscommunication, "We can't make a tee time for a single of course, but just come on out and we'll squeeze you in." As it turned out non-members only go out after 11 AM so the early arrival was to no avail. But as the wife always says, "You just don't listen!", anyway I think that's what she said. Shared the return ferry ride with an old 24<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division artilleryman! It's only a Tuesday, albeit a summer Tuesday, but the traffic off Cape Cod was horrendous. The rest of the ride through Boston and on to Wells, ME was not as eventful as the motel Expedia arranged, thin walls, loud TV's, heavy duty snorer, a no hot water shower that ricocheted all over the bathroom. Enough already, Stop whining!



7-22-15 WEBHANNET GOLF CLUB (J 97) Kennebunk Beach ME took an early morning touristy drive through the sleepy idyllic village of Kennebunk Port which by the way is cram packed with fantasy homes. All this in search of someplace for breakfast and luckily stumbled on a great grocery store. The front nine although not difficult was not my friend. Took a short cut from Kennebunk to Dover, NH and after checking into the Microtel went out to THE OAKS GOLF LINKS (J 50) where I had intended to play tomorrow, but tournaments decided otherwise. So a late afternoon nine with Gail was in order. The motel manager, thankfully, arranged a tee time for tomorrow in Portsmouth. Do you think the city of Dover was named after a guy who's

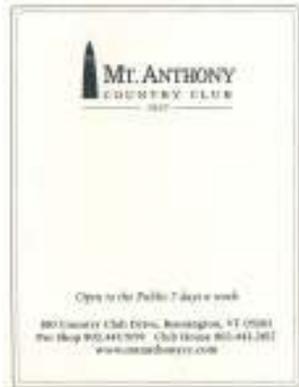
first name was Ben?

7-23-15 PEASE GOLF COURSE (J 97) Portsmouth, NH only played the front nine with Bob as he had to leave early for the drive up to his camp in Maine, but was able to join the threesome of Frank, Mary and Leo for the back nine. This is another older course established in 1901 which was originally called the Portsmouth Country Club. Keene, NH has a neat old New England downtown college atmosphere. It took two tries to locate the BRETWOOD



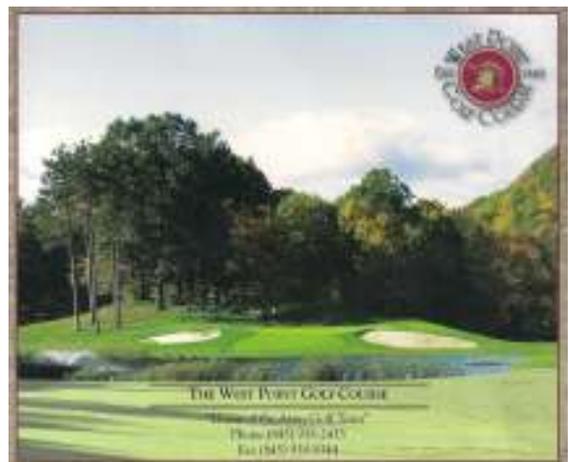
GOLF COURSE (J 98) Keene, NH and as the day was still young I decided to move the tee time up from tomorrow. It only took a few holes to catch up to Jay and Paul. There are some neat old covered bridges over the Ashuelot River which comes into play on several holes. One section of the back nine is called Jurassic Park where for obvious reasons you don't want to be caught out after dark. Chili's was able to provide the necessary medications needed after two rounds.

7-24-15 MT. ANTHONY COUNTRY CLUB (J 97) Bennington, VT the slope rating here apparently has no relationship to the actual slope of several adjoining or parallel fairways.



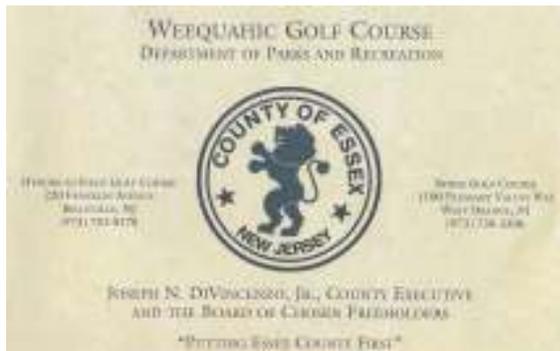
Decent drives would disappear after rolling across multiple fairways, but that's what will happen when you build a course on the side of a mountain. It is the second bumpiest course I've ever played and there were no yardage markers to be found. All that being said, I would still play it again, if just for the challenge. Although the states are relatively small the parts of Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York provided a driving challenge time wise from the course to the Days Inn of West Point, NY. I'm not sure if it was the bartender's heavy hand or hunger that made the Shrimp Alfredo extra special, maybe the chef.

7-25-15 THE WEST POINT GOLF COURSE (J 92) West Point, NY an early morning drive through the post, base, reservation, campus or whatever designation is proper was emotionally rewarding. The New York State high school track finals were held here in 1960 and it's not true that I came in dead last in the 440, just didn't make it into the final heat. Didn't find the Thayer (founder of West Point) House until leaving after golf and the visitor center had no post cards or anything else I desperately needed. Peter, Dave and Ken all have some relationship with the Point, employed as Equestrian Coach, Sergeant Major, and Department of Defense all of which are excellent ball hawks to which my golf bag will gratefully attest. This is another course that comes highly recommended if not only because of its special place in our country's history or exquisite location overlooking the Hudson River, but because I said so. Being ahead of schedule on my bucket list allows for an additional round, so the closest place in Pennsylvania within striking distance was selected. The Days Inn in Port Jervis was tonight's destination and dinner at the Erie Hotel was well worth the diversion.



7-26-15 FERNWOOD GOLF COURSE (J 104) Bushkill, PA this course is a buried treasure in need of a manicure. The cookie cutter homes crowding the back nine are almost absolutely identical. The drive back into New Jersey was pleasant enough until Newark. You can't get there from here, pretty much describes my chaotic afternoon, along with a self-guided tour of less than desirable parts of Newark I'd just as soon forget. The restaurant at Howard Johnsons is probably not any gastronomic must visit list, but eternally grateful that it is on premises pretty much describes my feelings for going elsewhere.

7-27-15 WEEQUAHIC GOLF COURSE (J 91) Newark, NJ is the oldest municipal course in New Jersey and



is surprisingly nice and in reasonable shape considering the number of rounds it absorbs. The hour and a half return to the hotel through this desperate cesspool was another misadventure. This must be a reflection as to what happens to existing communities when third world cultures take up residency, a miasma of the world's humanity and to consider that this is a step up from whence they came. If you want to experience "Give us your poor, desperate huddled Masses" this is where you need to be, people actually live here. If this is a view into

the future, humanity is absolutely breeding itself into extinction. Intercourse is wonderful, but the cruelty it leaves to our progeny doesn't bode so well. On a brighter note the car was returned to Dollar Rental. Yes I do lead a sheltered life.

7-28-15 3:30 AM shuttle to the airport, air rail to the terminal, long check in, on time from Newark to Chicago. Two hour wait as the next flight is late, plane arrives but it needs a part, departure gate changed four times, plane swapped for another, new plane has issues, the toilet won't stop flushing, can't find mechanic, another delay, three hours late, but once again I should be grateful the walk or drive may have been a bit longer and I'm not trapped in Chicago. Vodka tonic's by the bucket, barbecue and sweet corn. And so ends this chapter of my bucket list, we now have only Alaska to play.