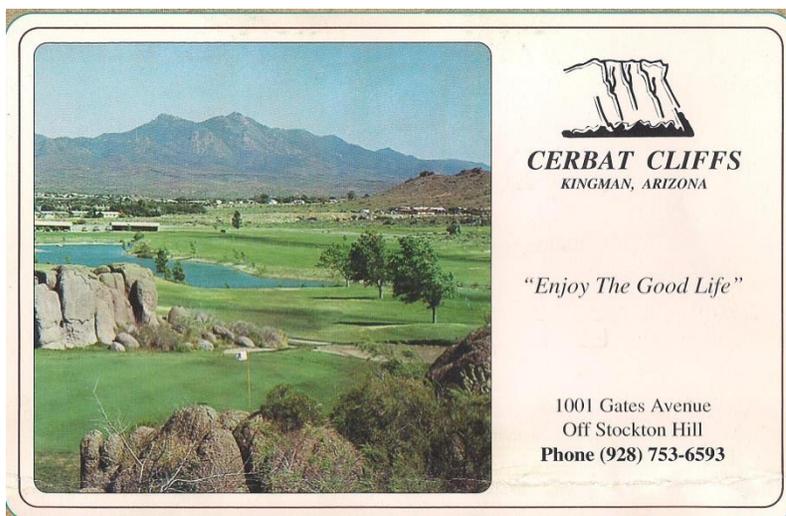


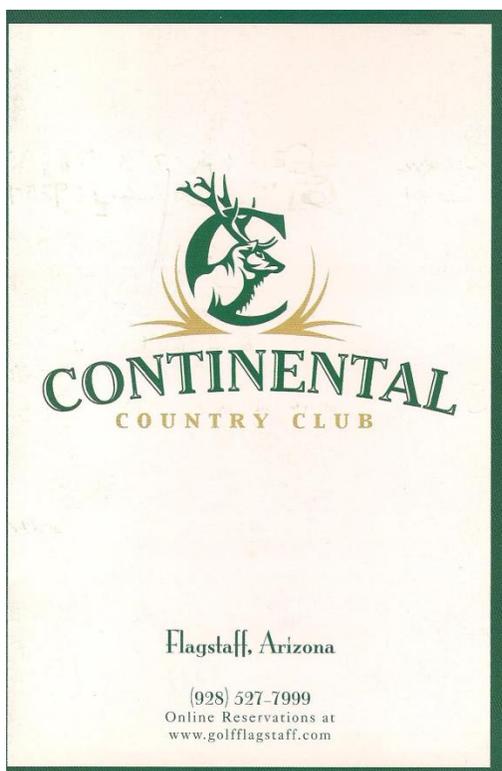
SUMMER 2005

6-27-05 SHANDIN HILLS G.C. (C 85, J 95) The course was pretty simple if you keep it in the fairway, but we already know that. The only difficulty may have been the trees separating the fairways. Of course the tunnel under the freeway being flooded necessitated our playing the front nine twice. Arrived at the Colorado Belle about 6 pm where I'd made reservations through Expedia. For the life of me I can't imagine how they could afford us staying there. The price was \$15 and this included the buffet for two. We did leave some chump change at the poker machines and the occasional beer, but please \$15, how can we help the economy at those prices.

6-28-05 CERBAT CLIFFS (C 91, J 99)
Left Laughlin and arrived in Kingman about 7 am. Although the highway is in Arizona it must have been paid for by Nevada to accommodate the gamblers driving comfort. We were able to get out about 8 am before the men's club. Pleasant people and the area appears to be a new retirement community. Course was in great condition for a high desert location. Temperature pleasant compared to Laughlin's high 90's.



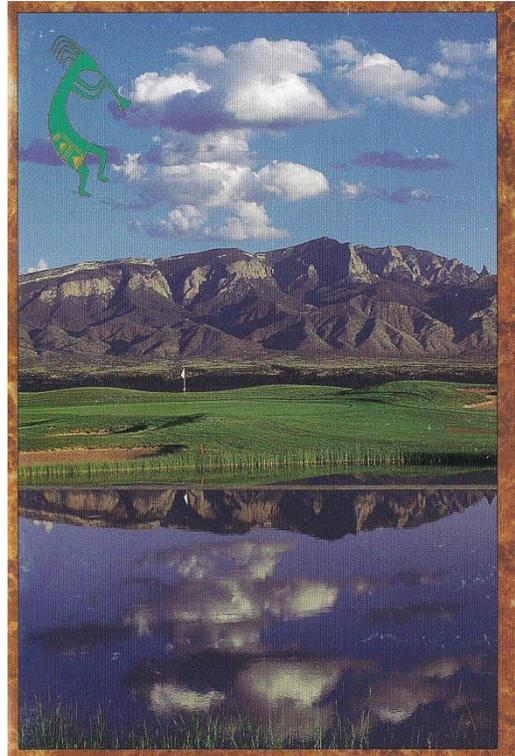
Only saw one long snake sunning himself on the cart path. Didn't care to determine the species so gave him a wide berth. Saw an adult book store and arcade beside the freeway. One pauses to wonder what sort of games you play at an adult arcade. I don't think I'd want the custodial job there. Matter of fact I'm positive about that. Passed through Williams and found out later they also have a challenging golf course which we'll have to check out next time through. Spent the night at Ramada Inn (coupon \$42) Very windy drove around old downtown Flagstaff.



6-29-05 CONTINENTAL COUNTRY CLUB (C 101, J 103) Got out relatively early as they had frost delay's with overnight temperatures of 33 degrees. We played with Charlie out of Boston and Peoria, Arizona. Fun course in that it wanders through the forest and it's a real pleasure seeing everybody's homes along the course. If the ball is struck well it goes an additional distance due to the elevation of Flagstaff. Not particularly tough but not flat by any stretch of the imagination. We were not on our A game today, greens were pretty slippery and they were very hard to read. Stayed at

some dive motel in Albuquerque. Went to Ruby's for takeout barbecue.

6-30-05 SANTA ANA G.C. (C 94, J 94) The Bernalillo exit is just a short way up the 25 from Albuquerque. Got out early again and were paired up with Randy and Gordon who have been friends to these past 50 years. A Very picturesque links style course. The whole course is in excellent shape. Great panoramic views of the Sandia Mountains. Twin warrior's course is adjacent, but very pricey. Club has a nice looking restaurant and pro shop and has three nine hole courses. We played Tamaya and Cheena. Our partners recommended Cochiti course just north. Saw it on line at golf.com, but made a coin toss for Santa Ana. Drove to our next destination, Pendaire's through Las Vegas, N.M. Small pine tree forest entire way on 25 after Santa Fe. The road into Pendaire's is through grazing pasture land and forest. The valley is undisturbed. So much so that we thought we must be in the wrong place. Had a beer at the club house and decided to play a round as we arrived pretty early (C 93, J 100). So that accounted for two rounds of golf in one day, which is a first for us. Watched a family of skunks cross the first fairway. Checked into the lodge which was quaint and had their salmon special and enchiladas. Went to the bar after dinner for gossip and to get educated on the area. Settled by Spanish, consequently the residents look more Spanish than Mexican.



7-01-05 PENDAIRES RESORT (C 92, J 105) Forested, tight fairways, particularly slow greens, beautiful panoramic views of forests, mountains with snow fields still not entirely melted at the start of July, meadows. The pines give off that pleasant aroma peculiar to evergreen forests in the summer. Must be partial to pine forests they all stir the memory. Of course with only two brain cells left there's not much to stir. Really felt comfortable here, regretted having to leave, but we needed to move on to further adventures. No shortage of buffalo here in northern New Mexico or for that matter bambi's by the gazillion grazing with them. Actually they are white tailed deer, according to my tour guide-driver. Toured downtown Trinidad an old coal mining town. Lunch at the Main Street Café and bakery. Honey wheat and sunflower seed bread was particularly sweet and fresh. Stayed at the Budget Host motel. There was a hail and rain storm that was impressive as well as the sound track the guy put together with it.

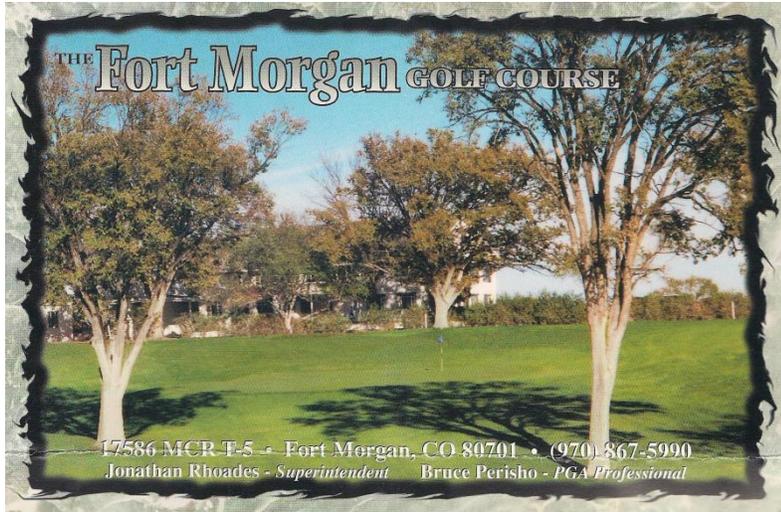
7-02-05 TRINIDAD COUNTRY CLUB (C 82, J 104) Second oldest course in Colorado, 1914, which the ancient trees will attest to. Got out early again and had the course pretty much to



ourselves. It's a nice nine holer that you play twice each time from a different tee box. Greens and fairway in excellent condition. Some really tough holes. Cheryl had an unconscious round. We think the starter lady was an Indian (American), not that I'm all that familiar with distinctive tribal features. But I did notice she did not have a dot in the center of her forehead. In any event she gave us a break on the rate so we reciprocated in kind. Later heard Trinidad is the sex change capital. Didn't make an appointment, but it sure is fascinating letting my sick voyeuristic mind wander through the myriad possibilities of how to get lucky. The tour of the Air Force Academy consisted of a drive in and out of the grounds a 15 minute film and the gift shop. A couple hundred more years and they'll be right up there with West Point and Annapolis. No disrespect intended, but the chapel from a distance puts me in mind of the blade of my hair clippers. Red Roof Inn.

7-03-05 GLEN EAGLE G.C. (C 97, J 97) We've played here before. The score card is an excellent tool to determine yardage location from the pin. Almost as good as GPS. Greens, fairways and tee boxes are in pristine condition. However the wildlife habitat, native prairie grasses are a pain in the ass to find your ball and then hit it out. Oh that's right you're not supposed to be in here in the first place. There are weather sheds every other hole with lightning rods. Guess I won't comment any more about mad dogs and Englishmen not knowing enough to come out of the noon day sun. We weren't the brightest sparks banging away in the rain, hail, thunder and lightning. Finally figured out their purpose. Stay dry and the hail doesn't sting quite so much when you're under cover and the chance of being struck by lightning is diminished. Another golfer commented on Colorado being the state having the second highest number of fatalities from lightning strikes. I began wondering if this might not be a good opportunity to prove God could really hit a one iron. I mentioned this to Cheryl for the just in cases. There are at least a half dozen blind shots either off the tee or dog legs going over hills and around corners. So it's kind of nice to know where you're going. Checked into Super 8 Ft. Collins and called the boys, Scott and Benji. They came over and drove us around Fort Collins. (designated drivers) The urban renewal committee has done an excellent job of restoration of the downtown. Because it's a college town there are an extraordinary number of bars, breweries, restaurants and boutique type shops. Had dinner at the Stone House Grill, where Scott works. For appetizers we had scotch eggs which are hard boiled eggs wrapped in crumbled sausage and deep fried in some kind of breading, Haggis, shepherd's pie, bangers and mash and fish and chips. This was of course after sampling the samplers at one of the local breweries. After dinner we went to an Irish pub where we were fortunate to be entertained by local Irish musicians who get together Sundays to practice. Very interesting rendition of Oh Danny Boy, solo, unaccompanied. We left, it was more of an ultimatum than anything else. Went by the kids house and saw old Ziggy. The house is in desperate need of a woman's touch, maybe even a mop, sponge and vacuum. Nice opportunity if Benji gets to buy the place. Drove by Colorado State University on the way back to the motel, or so I'm told.

7-04-05 FORT MORGAN G.C. (C 83, J 112) Left Ft. Collins heading east through Greeley "Go west young man". Not being young anymore I guess it doesn't apply to us. Passed a lot of folks headed out to various 4th of July parades. Paired up with Mark and Paul who was playing only his second round of golf. Small well maintained greens most of which sloped to the front. The idea is not to go over as most chips tend to run off the front. The roughs consisted of prairie grasses. Huh! Wonder where they got that?



Anyway, once again, it's a good idea to stay on the fairway. No bunkers or sand. The adjacent restaurant came highly recommended for dinner as was a course in Sidney, Nebraska. My excuse for an absolutely horrible round was that I'm a recovering alcoholic. I've no idea what Cheryl's reasoning for shooting another outstanding round of 83 could be. Liver and onions at the Village Inn in North Platte. The insulation at Super 8 must be terrific as we couldn't hear

any fireworks. Had a real case of the Monday morning beer fluffs. You know the sound Velcro makes when you pull it apart slowly? Well that's the sound my BVD's made pulling them out of my butt.

7-05-05 MEADOWLARK HILLS G.C. (C 91, J 115) Kearney has a western heritage museum spanning interstate 80, but Cheryl says it isn't anything we need to see. Everything about the course was green. Glen and his son Isaiah who looks like he will eventually be a guard at the University of Nebraska, were honored to share our company. Undulating hills that need to be considered for all shots. Great value for the money, \$57 for two. Drove on to Tim and Sue's in Omaha. Got in about 3 so we headed over to the ball field to watch Jacob play, but we were way too early. Tim has a terrific hat. "My wife says I never listen to her. At least that's what I think she said." Pizza and pinochle, poor Tim he gets me for a partner.

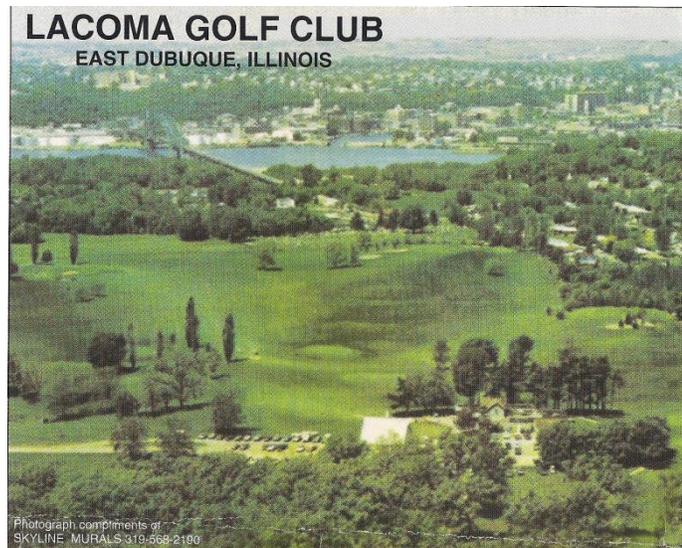
7-06-05 Omaha Took Sugar and Angie for the lake walk. More pinochle, walked downtown Omaha, Goldsmiths jewelry store where Sue had some rings converted into necklaces. Great pork tenderloin and homemade chips for lunch at Ricks right on the Missouri River. Found a used bookstore that is in desperate need of me spending more time there. No! No! more pinochle, barbecue, more pinochle.

7-07-05 Waterloo Up and on the road by 6:40. You've got to beat the Omaha rush hour. Har! Har! Har! You know leaving without gassing up can get exciting at times. You don't want to run out crossing the desert for instance. Then there's always chugging to a stop in Compton or East L.A. which can be equally dangerous. However, it is nothing to compare with the abject fear of running out while crossing Iowa. Don't ever get out of the car or the children of the corn may attack and drag you kicking and screaming into a corn field and consume you forthwith. This happens frequently, especially before breakfast or even before the second cup of coffee. Eventually got my coffee, cinnamon raisin whatever, gas and the earlier anxiety passed. Whew! That was close. Arrived at mom's safe and sound with lots of hugging and kissing.

RANDOM EXPERIENCES

We all piled in the Honda Pilot and drove down to Tipton to watch Tim (Guenther) race his stock car. I'm guessing Iowa has a significantly higher percentage of race car drivers than most other states. I particularly enjoyed the "A" modified event as it was really loud. So loud in fact you could feel the vibration of the combined engines. Just another great experience of what Iowan's do for entertainment of a summer's evening. Unfortunately Tim got a flat tire in the first lap when he hooked up with somebody else's stock car. You think maybe he was being a little aggressive with his driving? What with having an audience of family. In the night's final he went out with sparks coming out the bottom of his car. Somewhat disappointing after all the anticipation, to drive that far to see him race and only complete one lap. But we went back another time and he did quite well. Actually his pole position was fifth based on the entire season performance. I'm impressed being as it was his first season.

Nicole took us by a piece of property they recently purchased. It's got a lake full of snapping turtles and fish. The local town boasts the world's largest frying pan. The anticipation of seeing this colossus didn't disappoint. Several of the girl's climbed inside the frying pan and gave their rendition of sizzling bacon. But the world's largest ball of string all the way down in Missouri, now there's a sight worth crossing America to experience. Right up there with the world's largest hair ball!



Which is correct? Are they called lightning bugs or fire flies? Somebody cares? In any event the dance they perform gets one entranced with wondering where they will appear next. Does the light stay on in the refrigerator after you close the door? Sez you! Now does the lightning bug light up in the day light? Where does the light come from? Miniature solar panel cells? If you smash the bug's tail on a kid's forehead they make noises that can encompass the entire vocal range. From a glass shattering screech to a plain old ICH! But when you do it on all the kids faces they just stare in wonderment at each other's luminescent dotted heads and forget the bug stuff squashed on their own face. Than they can go back to the important stuff like collecting lightning bugs in mason jars for further study and to see who caught the most.

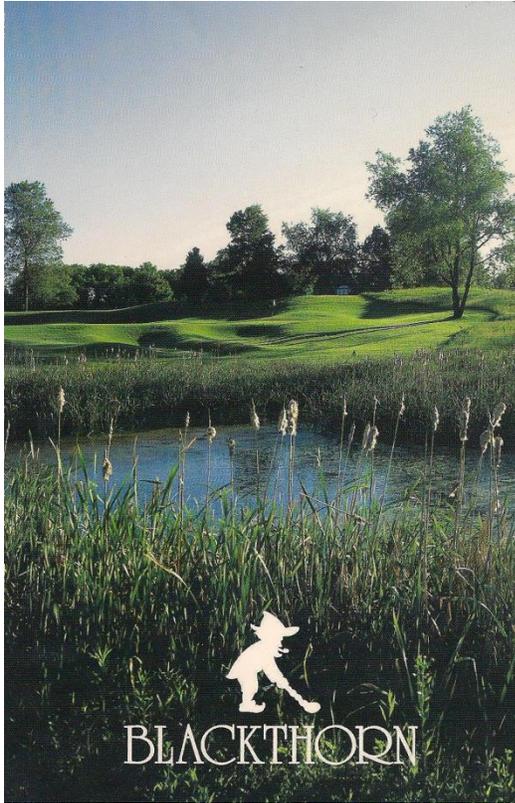
Speaking of Heaven! There's a spot just north of Dyersville where the movie "Field of Dreams" was shot. One of the characters asked "Is this heaven?" And the response was "No you're in Iowa". Once you set foot on the field you cannot resist using their loaner gloves, bats and balls. It's just not in anyone's nature to ignore them. You came all this way. You have to play catch, you're at the source. Crossing the base path and setting foot onto the infield is like passing through an invisible veil. It just can't be helped. What tourist goes to Lourdes and doesn't dip their finger in the holy water? Who goes to Blarney Castle and doesn't take the opportunity to kiss the stone?

Croquet at the lake. Once again I was the champion, Oh Yeah it was the first time. The course was coarse of course, bumpy that is for those of you uninitiated into the finer points of Iowa croquet. The wickets placed in precarious positions like in front of trees or along erosion sites. Something you would expect from a sadistic greens keeper placing flag locations.

Waterloo hosts Iowa's largest professional golf tournament. It was played simultaneously at Iry Warren, Gates and South Hills. A regular Chinese fire drill what with the professionals, amateurs and sponsors all intermixed. I have seen a pro take a six putt on the eighteenth which is something a keep trying to emulate but haven't quite mastered yet. Of course he was assisted by two strokes for aligning his ball without placing a ball marker. Those strokes were administered by his playing partners. Hey if you're playing for money all mulligans and bad habits are out the window.

"Oh Danny Boy" invariably brings a tear to my eye. It's the plaintive lament of a mother whose boy has gone to America. The probability of his ever returning is extremely remote. His duty was to leave Ireland and live, work, acquire wealth and make every attempt to help others of the family escape the famine. That was what the mother needed him to do. That one of her children could escape abject poverty and find a life that was not oppressive and give some hope of normalcy and the possibility of success. So the probability of a sons return was remote. But hope springs eternal and even if it doesn't happen in her time on earth she will know, because of her love, he will eventually come and kneel and say an Ave there. Maybe that's why we Americans make the pilgrimage, not understanding fully why we are mysteriously drawn by some force. It is to fulfill a promise to that mother whose heart was broken by never having her most passionate wish filled, made complete. When the tears flow it is because we know ultimately we will be unable to return or be near to soothe that pain when it is most urgent. That mother most probably let her boys go in the early morning. Making sure they were dressed warmly and as presentable as her means could provide. Whatever coin could be spared would be pressed into their hand. Provisions for the long walk. Not wanting to release that final clutching hug. As always the morning most likely was soft masquerading and adding to that unrestrained flow at the final passage. That's why I go back some mother of my predecessors loved a man, had children out of that passion and had to give them up. Some one of my fathers was unable to return, but I could in his stead and could imagine returning to my first love, my mother, and say an Ave there. That's why I cry. I miss my mother and have wishes that could have been fulfilled for her. "Oh Danny Boy" seeing my children off that final morning was more than a parting it was a fulfillment of a much earlier promise. It too was soft.

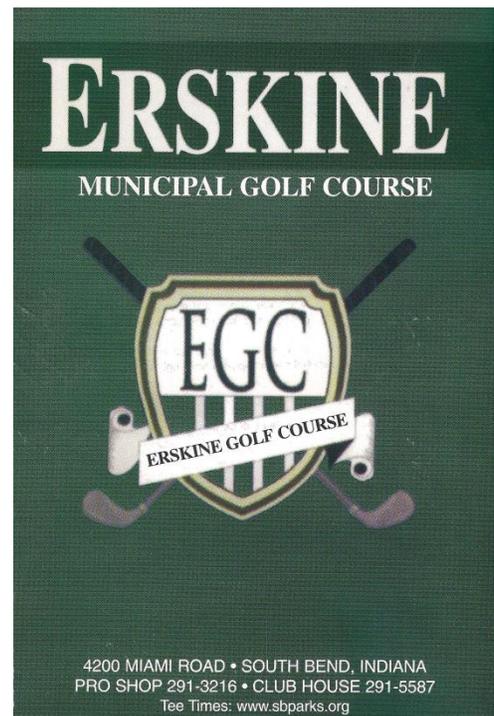
7-19-05 The view from the 14th tee box at BIG ROCK COUNTRY CLUB (C 96, J 92) in Fayette should completely dispel anyone of the notion that Iowa is flat and boring. The Volga River has sculptured the hills such that only the occasional corn field can be spied amid the endless oak forest. The spires of some ancient church's mark the towns where earlier settlers decided this is heaven and put down their own roots. Mariah and Brian now have Brandon in addition to the two black Labradors. That boy gets so excited about everything in his vicinity. A really happy and smiling lad whose mom and dad have provided every comfort in their own golf cart for him. Gnats! Drats! What a royal pain in the ass and not only that, but they're a distraction. Highly recommend Big Rock. Very hilly, many uphill shots requiring one to club down and some blind shots if you're not familiar with the layout.

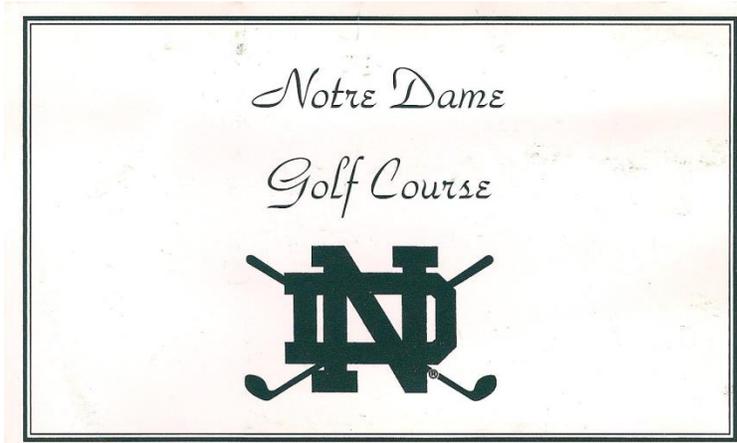


7-24-05 BLACKTHORN GOLF COURSE (C 98, J 99) South Bend My driver, Cheryl that is not Mr. Cobra, put in 360 miles, a veritable yeoman job. In any event it was a long drive. Blackthorn is a magnificent course, rolling hills through an unkempt forest. The temperature was 99, the humidity had to be comparable to a steam room and the weather folks said the discomfort index was 106. I do believe those people know what they're talking about. Man did we power the water bottle. Then there's the Kelly's! Met them at Super 8 just as we'd planned. They came well prepared or fortified as the case may be. Exchanged soaking wet hugs and kisses. It's not what you think. We were still drenched from the humidity and playing golf. It was a tough decision but we decided on a beer to replenish out fluid loss at the Michiwaga Breweries all bo'fum. On to someplace for dinner and one last beer. Next morning Kelly corners me over coffee and asks where we had dinner. Seem's Nora mentioned something about his dinner not being what he ordered. So he just shrugs and says something to the effect "Oh it was ok!" But guess

what? He forgot where we had been. So I reminded him of the gambling tables. Oh Yeah! Thanks! You could see the recognition cartoon light bulb came on. Of course being Mr. know it all I didn't mention the name of the place. That's right, I couldn't remember either, but you think I'm going to admit that to him.

7-25-05 ERSKINE MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSE (C 92, J 102) Rained out for our 9:50 tee time so we opted for the Studebaker Museum. A place of interest that is in desperate need of funding. Lunch at the Chocolate Café came highly recommended. Back to Erskine for our rescheduled tee time. A very green, well maintained, wide open course where you're guaranteed not to lose a ball. On to Corby's a student watering hole of note in the movie "Rudy". Kelly and I hoped to recapture the excitement of a post pep rally, pre USC — ND, abounding in barbecue, young nubile co-ed's, beer and the atmosphere of great expectations. As in life the only thing we got right was the beer. A block away were kayakers shooting the flume or whatever it's called just off the St. Joseph River. Really intriguing watching them run the water course. Then on to the bar with the big mugs. Another memorable experience I'm pretty sure, if only I could remember the experience.





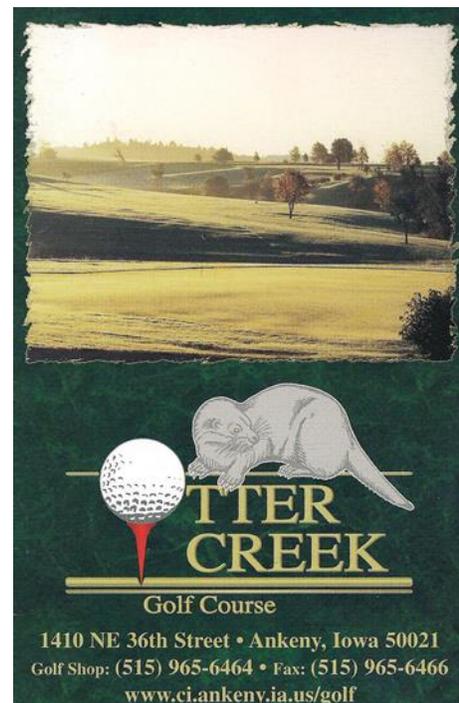
7-26-05 NOTRE DAME GOLF COURSE (C 45, J 51) Made a visit to the basilica so Skip could do a special intention for Harold Platt's wife who has a blood disorder and they're in a tough place. I told Skip I'd tell the Lord my special request was for him (Skip) to use, but that it might not carry too much weight as I'm not quite sure whether I stand in good stead with Himself. The administration building is entirely encased in scaffolding for renovation.

Probably sandblasting, tuck pointing and gilding the dome. Guess it's a little disrespectful, but maybe the chalices of the priests involved in child abuse could be volunteered for the project. Notre Dame's on campus course is a nine holer which we played twice, flat, ancient and the view is everything us Catholic's making our pilgrimage to the holy land come to expect. Hugs, promises, fought back tears all around and hit the road again. Whoa! We had lunch somewhere in there at the Chocolate Café again. It is right next to the College Football Hall of Fame if you're ever there.

Decatur! Man what a rain storm we had coming into Decatur. Visibility was as impaired as nearly our entire alcohol induced stay. I know we had a good time, but putting the events into any semblance of the order in which they occurred would have necessitated a film crew. Brought Scott some bottles of Canadian whiskey from Vons that he acquired a taste for while in California. Man is he a cheap date. Anyway we sat out in their back yard, gossiped, drank, watched Hank and the neighbor's dog. Oh Yeah! The neighbors back yard is called "Man land". Got its name because it's pretty much got men visiting on a constant basis. Bring their own talk a lot about work, crops, weather, bugs, women and gossip. There was a memorable conversation about peppers and chilis. This talk was prompted after everyone remarked about Chucks garden. You know those little peppers most humans can't consume? They cause crying, sweating, burning, indigestion, etc and everyone had to relate their personal experiences. Burning bowel syndrome predominated, but the most memorable was that you had to wet the toilet paper after a particularly violent episode so as to keep the paper from catching on fire. Hurry up you going to use that entire tube of Preparation H my hemorrhoids are on fire! Scott and Laura spent lots of time with us on the occasional weekends up from San Diego. So when his discharge eventually came due they extended us an invitation to visit if we ever got to Indiana. Little did they realize that South Bend is in



Indiana and what with being a Notre Dame fan they may experience more occasions of us visiting than they anticipated. Anyway Scott and Laura won a round of golf for two with cart at a Moose Lodge drawing which they generously gave us. So the first day they traipsed off to work we sped down to Geneva and took advantage of the gift certificates. You know how you're always losing things? And the wife invariably says "Is this what you're looking for?" It could be some instinctual thing, but I'm not entirely sure it's not an insidious plot on their behalf to hide shit so you've got to belittle yourself and ask for help. Anyway to make a short story long Cheryl found my lost drive. Instead of sliding my hips I should just drop my left shoulder. Duh! Anyway speaking of the Moose Lodge we had several opportunities to belly up to the bar. A very suitable place to meet folks where things are under control, not noisy, dark, smoky or intimidating. Went to the Berne days street festival which is an annual Swiss ethnic celebration. Guess you're asking "So John, tell us again how did you get stung on the tongue by a bee?" I can almost hear the snickering. What kind of ass hole gets stung on the tongue by a bee when there's an entire outside of the body to accommodate a bee? And wouldn't it be easier to spot and remove a stinger on the outside? Chomped into a cinnamon roll, thought it was a sliver of something in the roll at first, spit out the offending mouthful of fully masticated glop, in turn grossing out everybody in the vicinity. Seems I can't even get a bee sting on the tongue the way everybody else does here. Apparently it's a normal occurrence. Set your can of beer down, bee climbs in, take a slug of beer, bee not wanting to drown going down the old gullet grabs the tongue and stings the offender. The way to scare the crap out of an old man is to take him for a ride in the old county boy Pontiac Grand AM and blow the carburetors out. Zero to 100 in who knows what. All I know for sure is the brakes don't work on the passenger side. Probably goes a lot faster, but the approximately two lanes on a country road seem to get narrower the faster you go. And the Amish buggy down the road seems to close the distance at an alarming rate. Who knew horses could go that fast. Lots of road apples available for the picking. Maybe Einstein did have something going there with the relativity theory. He should only have rode with Scott and we'd be further along in the astral physics department. Visited with Justin and Jessica their lifelong friends. Interesting relationship that, what with all the punching and verbal abuse, must be a local custom. Pizza pouch for lunch at Chaffs. Drove across Indiana on 30 and then through Chicago, very tedious. Looked forward to a real bed after five nights on the hide-a-bed mattress on the floor. Tough on these old bones especially in the daily recovering alcoholic mode. We're proud of Scott and Laura, they're beginning adult life and have a fine starter home. The real estate prices are another topic of amusement throughout the mid-west. You could buy an even dozen homes for the price of our inflated property.





San Bernadino	Shandin Hills	6-27-05	Omaha	Benson Park	8-31-05
Kingman	Cerbat Cliffs	6-28-05	Grand Island	Indianhead	9-01-05
Flagstaff	Continental	6-29-05	Sidney	Hillside	9-02-05
Bernalillo	Santa Ana	6-30-05	Morrison	Red Rocks	9-03-05
Rociada	Pendaries Resort	7-01-05	Golden	Fossil Trail	9-05-05
Trinidad	Trinidad	7-02-05	Grand Junction	Tiara Rado	9-06-05
Colorado Springs	Glen Eagle	7-03-05	Fruita	Adobe Creek	9-07-05
Fort Morgan	Fort Morgan	7-04-05	St. George	Entrada	9-08-05
Kearney	Meadowlark Hills	7-05-05	Mesquite	Palms	9-09-05
Waterloo	South Hills				
Waterloo	Irv Warren				
Waterloo	Gates Park	7-15-05			
Waverly	Waverly	7-13-05			
Dike	Red Fox	7-18-05			
East Dubuque	Lacoma	7-16-05			
Fayette	Big Rock	7-19-05			
South Bend	Blackthorn	7-24-05			
South Bend	Erskine Muni	7-25-05			
South Bend	Notre Dame	7-26-05			
Geneva	Wabash Valley	7-27-05			
Waterloo	Red Carpet	8-15-05			
Waverly	Centennial Oaks	8-17-05			
Cedar Falls	Pheasant Ridge	8-24-05			
Dysart	Dysart				
Ankeny	Otter Creek	8-30-05			

