



Couple's

NINE HOLE LEAGUE

January 25 - It was a beautiful day in the low 80's, a bit windy but a great weather day! We had four-foursomes and played our usual team scramble/best ball with alternating drives on the front nine.

1st Place - **Doug & Mauricia Buchanan & Bruce & Jeanne Gorman** with a **36**

2nd Place - **Don & Dianne Dearth & Bob & Diane Gove** with a **37**

Highlights:

Fred & Kristy Varn and Den & Janine O'Connor's team- birdied #7

Wayne Costa, Bede Johnson & Ron & Susie Snow's team- birdied #2 and #6

Don & Dianne Dearth & Bob & Diane Gove's team birdied #8

Doug & Mauricia Buchanan and Bruce & Jeanne Gorman birdied #3 & #6

Some great playing today!

- DIANNE DEARTH



LOVE IN THE ROUGH

When Mark and Linda left for their **Couples 9 Hole League** match, Baxter felt the sting of betrayal. And how quickly the new season had arrived! He'd watched them load up the golf cart with clubs and coolers, waving as if he were just another spectator in their domestic fairway drama. After an incident last year when Baxter shredded a plush Magnolia golf bag they'd offered him on the way out to League play one day, they decided to try a different approach: a doggie door to the back yard, though it came with a radio color to assure his compliance with the property lines.



As the door shut, Baxter strutted to the front window and took his lookout spot atop the sofa. The fairway shimmered beyond the pines; he could faintly hear laughter and the distant ping of well-struck golf balls. Typical. Humans chasing balls they don't seem to want to catch.

Then, something caught his attention, a flicker of movement by the Boxwood near the edge of the yard. A flash of white and brown fur. A wagging tail.

Baxter froze. *There she was.* The beagle *beauty* from down next door, a certain 'Piper', trotting out from behind the hedge confidently across the lawn as though she owned the neighborhood. She paused, sniffed the air, and spotted him in the window. Her ears perked. Her gaze locked.

Baxter leapt down, scrambled out the flap in the back door, and rocketed around the house towards the front yard. As he neared the boundary of the invisible fence, where the driveway met the side yard, he executed the 'Charge and Roll' maneuver his Husky friend Oscar had shared with him: he dropped a shoulder into a tuck, rolling through the unseen barrier and onto the concrete, slightly dazed from the maneuver and shock from the collar. He bounced up, no worse for wear from the jolt, bearable as it was under the circumstances.

Outside, the air was thick with the scent of cut grass and something else: freedom. Piper was trotting away, coyly, tail flicking like a metronome.

"Wait up!" he barked (in 'Dogese', of course).

Piper paused, gave a sly over-the-shoulder glance, and took off at a teasing trot toward the magnolia.

Baxter's short legs pumped like pistons. He caught up and she stared at his collar, wide-eyed.

Baxter was a brave, clever and worthy companion. After all, he'd just beaten a *collar*! She was happy to see that all she'd heard about the Russells was true! Together, they darted through sprinkler arcs and across the dew-slick fairway, two streaks of rebellion under a watercolor afternoon sky.

At the pond by the 8th green, they paused to catch their breath. Baxter, ever the gentleman, offered Piper a half-chewed tennis ball he'd found earlier, a romantic gesture if there ever was one. She accepted it, dropping it delicately at his paws, her eyes gleaming.

It was, Baxter realized, the perfect first date. They explored the edges of the 7th hole, darting between sprinkler heads and the water hazard where frogs croaked in lazy harmony. They paused beneath the magnolias, where the air was sweet and dappled with fireflies. Baxter, normally all jittery nerves and bravado, found himself oddly calm beside her. Piper tilted her head, nuzzled his ear. The hours flew by. By the time Mark and Linda returned home, Baxter was back inside, curled up amid an assortment of chew-toys. He looked up as they entered, tail thumping lazily.

"Oh, Bax," Linda sighed, "*There's our big boy!* Did you miss us?"

Mark laughed. "I'm sure he slept the whole time." If only they knew.

Baxter closed his eyes and sighed, not with loneliness, but with contentment. Out there in the fairway shadows, love had found him between the magnolias. Tomorrow, he decided, he'd be on the lookout; it was Mark and Linda's shopping day. Maybe Piper would be waiting.

After all, even a Jack Russell deserves his own nine holes of romance. And a secret admirer.

- STORY, PHOTO: EDITOR

