



DIGEST

DAVID
OWEN

DAVID OWEN / STUFF I LIKE

MIDSUMMER MADNESS

An ordinary day of golf
that just happened to be
15½ hours long

ON THE SECOND-LONGEST DAY of the year, eight friends and I agreed to meet on the first tee at 5 a.m. to celebrate the summer solstice by playing golf until it was too dark to see. (The actual solstice fell on Ladies' Day—problematic for golf maximization.) The first player to arrive was Robert, a guest of mine, whom I met through my blog (myusualgame.com). He lives more than an hour away and, to join us, had to get up at 3:30 and endure critical comments from his wife. The last to arrive was me. I pulled into the parking lot at 4:58 and heard tee shots being struck as I humped my bag to the tee.

My course is a good one for a golf marathon, because, although it's hilly, it's quite compact: nine holes squeezed into 40 acres, a 5,535-yard, par-71 layout if you go around twice, from two sets of markers. It ordinarily gets so little play on weekdays that Connor, who works in the golf shop part-time, was thrilled when we asked him to make score sheets for us using a Sharpie to draw straight lines on some pieces of poster board that I'd brought from home. Our game was devised by Hacker (real name): a ringer tournament, five bucks a man, winner take all. In a ringer, your total score consists of your best net score on each of the 18 holes—a format that Hacker thought would

give an appropriate advantage to those who played the most holes. After our first 18, we ate scrambled-egg burritos at the coffee shop next to the post office, and after 45 holes we grilled hamburgers and hot dogs in the parking lot behind the clubhouse. (One of my club's best features is that it doesn't have a restaurant.) Other than that, we just played golf. For dinner, I had trail mix, granola bars and Diet Coke.

Robert had to leave after 27 holes because he had a conflicting appointment to play golf somewhere else—a rare instance of golf causing someone to play less golf than he would have otherwise. Doug, who's an English teacher, had to quit for a few

INSIDE EDGE
 GOLF DIGEST OFFERS AND EXTRAS

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Tiger Woods
Bubba Watson
Carl Pettersson
Ben Curtis
Jason Dufner
Rickie Fowler
Matt Kuchar
Zach Johnson
Dustin Johnson
Webb Simpson
Marc Leishman

(Includes winners from January – June 2012)

PGATOUR.com/Hyundai

DAVID OWEN		SUMMER SOLSTICE		COURSE RATINGS AND SLOPE		
1889		JUN 2012		White/Blue: 67.7/122 Red/Green: 69.8/119		
PGA		GCSAA				
FRAN HOXIE Class "A" PGA Golf Professional		GARY CLIFONE Superintendent				
White	291 330 182 430 364 453 125 336 262 2773	304 336 151 471 376 388 136 346 254 2762 2773 5335				
Handicap	12 6 16 2 8 4 18 10 14	11 7 15 1 5 3 17 9 13				
Par	4 4 3 5 4 5 3 4 4 36	4 4 3 5 4 4 3 4 4 35 36 71				
5:15 (#1)	4 3 3 4 4 5 3 4 4 34	5 5 3 6 4 3 6 3 3 5 40 34 74				
8:40 (#2)	4 5 4 5 4 5 4 3 4 38	3 4 3 5 4 3 5 4 5 4 36 38 74				
11:00 (#3)	5 5 3 5 5 5 3 4 3 38	4 4 3 6 5 6 4 4 4 40 38 78				
HOLE	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 OUT	10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 IN OUT TOT HCP NET				
7:05 (#4)	5 5 4 5 4 7 3 5 3 41	3 4 5 3 6 5 4 2 4 3 36 4 77				
4:55 (#5)	4 6 3 4 4 5 3 4 4 37	4 5 3 7 4 5 3 6 4 4 41 5 78				
7:05 (#6)	4 5 3 5 5 4 3 5 4 38	4 4 3 6 5 6 4 4 4 40 38 78				
Red	287 325 151 329 292 388 112 301 246 2431	291 330 130 340 292 323 125 336 254 2421 2431 4852				
Handicap	12 4 16 2 8 6 18 10 14	11 3 15 1 7 5 17 9 13				
Par	4 4 3 5 4 5 3 4 4 36	4 4 3 5 4 4 3 4 4 35 36 71				
Scorer:	4 8:27 AM					



From top: The author's scorecard; Robert, Doug (left), Hacker, Peter and Addison at 5 a.m.; David W., the author and Addison after putting out on the 101st hole, at 8:27 p.m.

cerned about hole count. After 54, however, David W., Addison and I realized that the three of us were on pace to break 100

before dark, as long as we didn't goof off too much: no practice swings, no fussing over yardages. We began our final 18 at 6 p.m. and—after replaying the first and 18th holes to take us over the top—putted out on our 101st hole of the day at 8:27. (David W. birdied it to go to 16 under par and win by one stroke, over me.) We had averaged less than three hours a round for the entire day, and we'd never touched a cart.

The only player who didn't walk the whole way, other than Stanley, was Hacker, who is 67. He carried his bag for the first 54 holes but then developed a mild case of the shanks and got a cart—a decision he regretted later. "I realized I'd squandered an opportunity to walk-and-carry my age," he told me the next day. So as soon as he catches his breath, he's going to go back and play 67 more holes, on foot. ♣

hours to play 18 holes with some kids on our course. (Hacker said he could count those holes.) Dr. Mike, a veterinarian, had to neuter a couple of cats in the middle of the morning, but he came back. Everyone else stuck around all day, and we even had a few drop-ins, among them Stanley, who organizes our senior competitions.

A golfer at our enemy club, on the other side of town, started at the same time we did. He ended up playing more than 300 holes (and raising money for charity), but he used a cart and he played by himself. Cart golf isn't real golf, and the whole point of having friends is thinking of interesting things to do with them. The group at my club was determined to play on foot, if possible, and to enjoy an ordinary day of golf that just happened to be 15½ hours long.

When we began, we weren't overly con-