

The following article is part of a series of articles Huddleston Bolen lawyer Chris Plybon writes on golf and golfing around the world. It was originally published in *The State Journal*. For information on the publication, go to:

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### **“I Was Supposed to Caddy Forr Yerr Vice President But He Didna' Show Up, So I Got Yew”**

By Chris J. Plybon, Esq., Real Estate Lawyer, Huddleston Bolen LLP

This is the first in a series of articles on golf, golf travel and “other stuff” related to golf in areas on and off the beaten path.

To begin the series, I thought it might be helpful to provide a brief feel for the perspective from which these articles are being written. I am an avid (some say addicted) and reliably mediocre golfer. Regardless of the quality of my play or the weather on a particular day, I am always ready to go at least another 9. If I'm lucky I get to play once a week, resulting in a condition self-diagnosed as GDD (Golf Deficit Disorder). The only known treatment is a long golf weekend or a full-blown golf vacation. Self medication has placed me on courses in 43 states, 6 Canadian Provinces, and about 8 countries but still no cure.

My first overseas golf excursion was to Scotland. Being new to golfing in Scotland my brother and I decided to book the trip through a golf travel service. We wanted to go where and when we wanted, so we opted for the self guided/self drive package. There are pros and cons to this. If you prefer to be on auto pilot, fear driving on the left, prefer to be pampered or have a good sized group, you should consider the guided/they drive package. If you are of a more pioneering spirit, and are willing to put in the time and effort, you can let them book your trip on a self driving basis or you can go it alone, booking your own tee times at most of the courses in Scotland and delving into guidebooks and Internet for accommodations and other fun.

Our tee times were set (36 holes each day for 12 days, with driving and sightseeing in between). Our first course of the trip was the Prestwick Golf Club, the sight of the first [British] Open Championship in 1860. Our overnight flight landed at 6am local time, our tee time was around 8:30. It was gray and chilly – perfect Scottish weather.

Prestwick is a relatively short golf course with an unusual course routing and a large number of blind shots. We had been advised that taking a caddy was somewhere between a

good idea and a necessity because you often had no idea where, or really in which direction, to hit your next shot. Turns out this information was correct.

After checking in and walking just a few steps to the first tee, my caddy appeared. It wasn't crowded and at first look I took him to be the starter or a member concerned that these Americans were going to be in his way. He was rather small, hunched over and appeared to be "old". I was immediately concerned that I was about to walk around for several hours, in public, appearing to make my small, frail, grandfather carry my stuff while he yelled at me.

The first words out of his mouth (in an excellent, thick, brogue) were a gruff: "I was supposed to caddy forr yer Vice-President Bush today but he didna' show up, so I got yew..... Yourr line's the towerr". After asking a few questions about why Vice-President Bush didn't show up and vainly attempting to make small talk, I realized that I should just shut up and aim at the tower in the distance. I proceeded to actually hit my drive on the proper line down the fairway resulting in ---- silence.

After that we settled in to a truly enjoyable experience. The gruff grandfatherly gentleman warmed to us after seeing that we were respectful guests and played quickly. Still, a merely good shot was met with silence. A good to great shot merited a hearty "What a man, what a man...". A shot hit far off the intended line inevitably prompted a "that's dangerous... that's dangerous (pause)..... but we'll find it". Amazingly, if he said "we'll find it" he usually walked right to the ball, even if the shot had disappeared over a dune or wound up in the thick, sometimes knee high grass that composed the rough. In the end I even merited a wee smile and a double "What A Man" after holing a blind shot from a greenside bunker.

We'd read that Prestwick was quirky and delightful and it had certainly delivered. For the next 11 days we remained in golf heaven. For the rest of the trip and to this day a wild drive hit in my presence will invoke an almost involuntary "that's dangerous" in my best brogue. I may or may not be confident enough to add "but we'll find it".

For information about the Prestwick Golf Club, visit <http://www.prestwickgc.co.uk/>. The site has information about nearby lodging, directions, and a golfing map of Scotland.

### **About the Author**

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