



A Hole-In-One Story

at ORLEANS COUNTRY CLUB

it goes on & on & on!

By Tom Featheringham

Throughout the '90s I spent summers in Vermont restoring our 180-year old vacation/retirement house. My wife Tina would join me on her vacations and long weekends. She was due up in July of 1995 when I decided to get in a round of golf at Orleans Country Club. I called the Pro, Bobby Silvester, to see if he could squeeze me in and I got a slot with a threesome.

When I arrived at the first tee Glenn Lanoue, the starter, said the three hadn't showed yet. There was a foursome following my slot ready to go and three other guys waiting for their fourth member behind them. Glenn sent the foursome off and when they cleared the 150 marker he had me join the three and sent us off. The three were Tom, Martin and John. They were from Canada and spoke, to my ear, with British accents. They were quite pleasant and fun to play with.

We made the turn to the back nine. Hole ten is a long (205 yards) par three. The other Tom hit a five wood, dead on line and with a bounce rolled into the hole. What a shot! Paul Meehan, the assistant pro was on the adjacent putting green and Whooped as he saw it go in. Glenn was there as well and actually drove his cart to the green and pulled the ball out of the hole for Tom.

After the round was over, I was starting to leave when Tom insisted I join them for a traditional celebration drink. Tina was arriving for the holiday weekend, but my arm got twisted.

I was amazed that these three Canadians seemed to know nearly everybody that came into the clubhouse for the next hour. Tom bought drinks for them all. I'm sure the bill was approaching three figures.

We were about three rounds into the celebration when Tom says to Martin “I hope you have a credit card, ‘cause I don’t have any American cash”. I’m sure he was kidding, but what an uproar. The others accused him of being a skinflint, a miserly Scotsman, etc.

I chimed in to back up my new friend. “Hey”, I said, “I think he’s a pretty nice guy. He’s buying all the drinks, his name is Tom the same as mine, you say he’s Scottish and so am I, and”

John interrupted me;
“You’re Scottish?
What’s your name?”

Well, I replied “In the
Old country it was
Fotheringham”.

“Fotheringham!!!”

John replies **“That’s
that blokes bloody
name”!!**

So what are the
chances? Strangers,
one from Canada and
one from the US,
getting paired up by
happenstance on the
first tee, getting a
hole-in-one, and
having the same
name???? **GO**

FIGURE! It would be
a good story if our
names were John
Smith, but there are
less than a half dozen of us Tom F’s in the world.



Photo taken in 2016: Tom Fotheringham of Canada on left, Tom Featheringham of Orleans on right

Postscript #1.

Tom soon after got transferred to Toronto. So, a couple dozen of his friends put together a golf outing at OCC. It actually continued for six or eight years. One time his son Tom joined us from Scotland and a picture of the three Toms hangs above his bar today. **I am told that the hole-in-one story has been repeated quite a few times in Canada.**

Postscript #2.

A few months after the event, I was back in New Jersey playing golf at my regular club. **I was in the middle of telling the hole-in-one story when, amazingly, I scored my second ace!**

Postscript #3.

In August 2016 eight of the Canadians came down for one of their outings. After greetings, they had my threesome go ahead of them, for we were riding and they were all pulling carts. I was with Charlie Hawkins and Ted Landry. **Ted had never heard the hole-in-one story, so I told it once again.** Charlie complained that he'd heard it a hundred times.

Charlie had been trying to get a Doctor's appointment and got a call on the back nine confirming one for 2 pm. Having come together they were going to have to leave after the 16th hole, leaving me to finish on my own.

On the new, forward, tee box for Hole #13, I hit a sand wedge into the cup for my fourth lifetime ace! (It was the first one scored from that new Tee). Charlie and Ted duly left after #16, but not until I made them sign the card! I wasn't going to walk into the Clubhouse as a single claiming a hole-in-one!

For the last two holes I dropped back and played as a five-some with the Canadians. I bought them all drinks, but **they had to listen to one more hole-in-one story.**