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Main menu

OPEN LETTER TO RORY MCILROY

Kevin O'Hara: Dear Rory McIlroy, I'll be your caddie



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Rory McIlroy of Northern Ireland, right, walks up the fairway with his new caddie Harry Diamond on the ninth hole during a practice round at the PGA Championship golf tournament at the Quail Hollow Club Wednesday in Charlotte, N.C. Rory McIlroy and longtime caddie J.P. Fitzgerald parted ways late last month. (AP Photo/Chris Carlson)

AP

Posted Wednesday, August 9, 2017 6:18 pm

By Kevin O'Hara

Dear Rory,

I just learned from The Golf Channel that you're searching for a new caddie. Well, me lad, look no further because I'm your ticket. I'm 68, sure, but in good health. In fact, my doctor assures me I'll live another 20 years provided I consume my daily ration of three pints of Guinness a day. Easy duty, that!

I figure that scores of top-flight caddies are currently vying for the privilege of toting your lucrative bag from Dubai to Pebble Beach. Knowing that I'll be competing against these touring veterans who, I imagine, are clamoring around you like penniless drunks at last call, I offer my humble resume below for your consideration.

ONE: I caddied at the Country Club of Pittsfield from 1963 through 1967. During those formative years, I shagged balls for Bobby Jones the Third (yes, son of the great Bobby Jones, Jr.), placed a 7-iron in Goldner Lipsey's hands before he aced our Par Three 9th hole, and was on the bag when Mrs. Louise Sullivan—a dear lovely woman—broke 100 for the first time (99). During that time, I also captained our losing-but spirited--St. Joe High golf team.

TWO: In 1970, after my return home from Vietnam, (by the way, I'm a bit of a war hero—I never got caught), I continued to pursue The Greatest Game Ever Played by taking a job at Baker's Golf Range. Mr. Baker, a kindly gent, allowed me to hit as many balls as I wanted after work, saying, "You hit `em, you pick `em up." When I clocked out that first day, I hit 2,000 balls, and only stopped after developing a blister on my thumb the size of a tomato. That same decade, I shook hands with "Mr. 59" Al Geiberger, at the Hartford Open, though he probably doesn't remember me.

THREE: I'm a two-time Senior Club Champ at Pontoosuc Lake Country Club. Okay, granted, I was the only one who entered my division (but it still wasn't easy for me to sleep on a four-stroke lead). On April 19th, 2012, I scored my first career ace on our long Par Three 8th hole, and still have the ball to prove it!

FOUR: I'm known around town as being a funny guy, and have zillions of golf stories that will keep you laughing from tee to green. Here's one: "I play with a golfer who's so small that he yells "Two!" instead of "Fore!" I'm also knowledgeable about the various grasses that cover championship golf courses, such as bent, creeping bent, and Bermuda. Heck, I even know a little about Maui Wowie, if you're so inclined.

FIVE: I've spent considerable time in your native Northern Ireland. So when you say things like, "He's a buck eejit, or "stop yer gurning," or "houl yer whist," or even "up to high doh," I'll know what you're talking about.

Now, I'm afraid I know what you're thinking -- my credentials are "beyond brilliant," but you're left with one nagging concern -- my senior citizen status. Poppycock! If given the job, all we need is to make a few subtle changes. I mean, do you honestly need a golf bag that weighs more than a Franklin stove? And why 14 clubs? I only carry seven and can still break 90. And, please, let's leave the umbrella, ball retriever, two-dozen golf balls, wet weather suit, water jug, bananas, and your unabridged hardcover of the USGA rule book, back at the blooming clubhouse!

So, Rory, I've made my best pitch, and the ball is now in your pocket. If you enjoy hearing the deafening roarr-yy of the gallery, and still have that unquenchable desire to win more Waterford trophies, just give me a call, night or day, and I'll be honored to carry your "wee" user-friendly 7-club cloth Sunday golf bag to victory for years to come.

`Til we share our first pint from the venerable Claret Jug,

Kevin O'Caddie

P.S. I'll even carry an extra pair of socks with me, just in case you get a hole in one! Ha, that's a good one, ain't it?

Kevin O'Hara is a contributor to The Eagle.