

A hole in one

A Hole in One

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Young Henry knew he was going to jail; the stolen chicken was flapping around as he held it tightly upside down in his right hand, while the policeman on patrol watched.

Henry Cow Young who grew up in poverty in Oakland's Chinatown district became a very respected and talented man.

His big break in life was when he stole a chicken to feed his family that was running lose in a neighbors back yard. The policeman on his beat saw the young Henry with the chicken and turned away and walked in the opposite direction. Henry never forgot that moment and never forgot that kind policeman. He never stole again and became a very honest man.

In World War 11 Henry was in the navy, he learned and later taught fencing to officers. He was very popular and became a well-known fencing instructor. His natural flexes were very fast, in competitions he never lost a match.

Henry became the top salesmen for Carnation Milk Company in the Oakland California bay area. There was a lot of unnecessary waste of products like milk, cheese, cottage cheese and others, poured down the sewer that could have been prevented. He grew up very poor with six brothers and sisters with very little to eat; it turned his stomach to see such waste, so he quit his job after twenty years and with the fifty thousand dollars he had saved over the years [a lot of money in nineteen sixty two.] formed his own milk company called Golden Cow, signing up the many Chinese markets, that sold lots of milk and other milk products, as partners, launching his Milk company. But before he could sell any dairy products, Carnation Milk Company on hearing of this, paid large amounts of money to

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the store owners to break up their contract with Henry's Golden Cow Milk Company.

Henry never had a chance; he went broke and lost all his money. He never recovered no matter how hard he tried other things but he still dreamed of a richer more successful life.

Henry was a very good golfer, so he taught others how to play, scratching out a living.

Winning Big

David Lam one of Henry's past golf students ran his hand over the fender and hood of the car he had just won, he walked around the beautiful shiny black and maroon Rolls Royce Silver Cloud that had just been driven onto the lawn next to the club house at the finish of the 1962 Lucky International Pro Am golf tournament, held at Lake Merced every year in San Francisco. Many pro-am golfers were present including the great pro golfer Che Che Rodriguez, and Gene Littler, who won the tournament. Also present were many celebrity's including singing star Bing Crosby. Everyone was applauding and congratulating Mr. Lam on his prize, after making a hole in one that morning.

Henry Young with his friend David looked at the car and thought it was the most beautiful car he had ever seen. Henry rode in the car while David stiffly drove home on the cloudy misty day, afraid that he might damage the car before he got to his house. David only thinks about how much money he can get for the car. When he got home he reluctantly let Henry drive the car around the neighborhood. While driving Henry was showing David the special features he discovered that the car had, beautiful walnut looking wood paneling, select calf hide leather upholstery, heated seats, automatic windows, air conditioning and so on.

"Isn't this a beautiful car? You can't even hear the engine running; there is not a sound anywhere. The whole car is quieter than the silent clock on the dash. Did you know that the clock is guaranteed to never lose time for the life of the car," said Henry.

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You would think Henry had won the prize, he was in his element. At that moment Henry dreamed the car was his.

“Is the engine running?” said David, nervously wanting Henry to drive the car to his house to a safe place.

With a high pitched laugh while jumping around in the driver’s seat “Huh! Ha-a, we are moving aren’t we? This is real class; I could drive this car all night, wow! What a car.” Henry’s big brown eyes popped out and lit up while he giggled with joy.

“I think we better take the car to my house before it gets all wet and dirty,” said David.

“Just one time around the block, we need to break it in a little, and then I can show you more about the car. It can go about one hundred thirty miles an hour and you would never know it. This is a smooth driving beautiful machine!”

“Can you please take me home, I am getting car sick.”

“You don't look too good!”

“I think I am going to throw up.”

“Stick your head out the window, we are almost to your house, don't ruin the upholstery!”

Henry tried to punch the automatic window button, but the doors locked instead.

“Just get me home, I’ll make it.”

Henry drove up the driveway of David’s house still trying to find the right button for the window. David jumped out of the car while Henry played with all the buttons.

“Ah! There it is.” [The window went up and down.] “So smooth and hidden.” Henry parked the car in the driveway. He fumbled around for a few minutes looking for the hood release so they could look at the engine.

“I think I found it,” Henry got out of the car, “David you O.K.?”

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“I’m fine!”

“Good! I want to show you the engine while it is still running; he tried to pull up the hood.

“The gas cap is open,” said David.

“Gee! I pulled the wrong latch.” He laughs; Henry got back in the car, he looks for three minutes. “Where is the god dam thing? Ah, I think I found it, it says hood.”

Henry gets out and partly closes the big car door, goes up front and feels around for the front latch to raise the hood.

“I can’t find the dam thing!” “David tries to help, he is hungry and he wants to fix and eat his dinner. Henry sticks his fingers in all the slits in the grill, pushes, grunts and pulls as David looks on while his stomach growls, he wants to get this over with.

“Got it!” He opens the hood.

“What a big beautiful engine, wow! All that chrome.” He explains to David the little bit he knows about the engine, but David doesn’t care or have any interest and won't remember a thing Henry is saying, he only knows his stomach is growling. His intent is to put an ad in the paper, as soon as possible, to sell it and put the money in the bank, where it will sit until he dies. Henry is excited; his dream of owning a car like this occupies his mind day and night; he is trying to get David as interested in the car as himself. He pictures winning a car like this in the near future.

“We need to put the car in the garage,” said David. He opens the double garage door.

“I’ll drive it in said Henry.”

“No! No! No! I take car out first.”

“It’s a two car garage there is plenty of room, I’ll just drive it in.”

“No! No! No! I drive out car, maybe hit.”

“Where are you going to put it?”

“I leave in driveway, it okay. You back up!” Henry backs up the Rolls so David can move his

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old car out of the garage and into the street. Henry drives the Rolls into the garage and there it sat covered up and secured in David's garage, to show and sell but not to drive.

Dreaming

That night at home in his dreams Henry had won the car, not David. He drove around and showed the car to all his friends. He had all the chrome plated with 24 carat gold. He built a new house to accommodate the car, and placed it in his large new living room where he could see it at all times. He would drive the car to a rotating electric hydraulic platform outside the living room and at the press of a button in the car, large glass doors would open into the house and a platform would move the car into the living-room for all to see.

In his dreams he drove the beautiful Rolls Royce to town, his girlfriend Millie sat next to him wearing a tiara made of diamonds and a beautiful light blue Chinese style silk dress, with white lace and sequins cut tight to her beautiful young slender body. People wanted to hear his golf story, so he was invited to many functions, but instead of talking he sang to them and became a famous recording artist enabling him to afford his new life style.

Good Friends

Henry Young was in his office of his three bedroom unit on the top floor of a triplex that he and his girlfriend Millie owned in Oakland California. With the down payment from her savings account they were able to purchase the building. It was a good investment. They rented out the two smaller units for additional income.

Henry was talking to his friend Bob Hartley. Henry was tall for Chinese about five feet eleven very handsome athletic, looked fifteen years younger than his fifty six years. He was a very good

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listener; he would listen and ask questions when the other person was talking, to clarify the facts so he could understand everything the other person was saying. Bob was six foot tall, twenty six, slender, blue eyes, brown wavy hair, fine features strong upper body and was not a good listener and talked a lot. So Henry listened and Bob talked.

Henry and Bob took singing lessons from well-known teacher, Judy Davis in Oakland who was a coach for famous stars like Frank Sinatra, Barbara Streisand, Kingston Trio, Peter Paul and Mary, and up and coming potential singers. Henry and Bob would spend hours singing in front of one another.

Henry liked Nat King Cole the famous singer; he sounded just like him. If he went into the other room and sang you would think it was Nat King Cole.

Bob was a good singer but Henry was better, his voice was very clear. He was a beautiful singer just like Nat.

Every year Henry would enter and usually qualify for the Lucky International Pro Am golf tournament in San Francisco, where famous celebrities, locals and pro golfers would show up to golf.

“I want you to meet a friend of mine, he won a Rolls Royce for a whole in one at the Lucky International golf tournament 2 years ago!” said Henry,

“A Rolls Royce! Just for a whole in one?”

“It’s very hard to do. I try to hit the ball with the right amount of power to make it happen but never made a hole in one yet.”

“Not even when practicing?”

“It’s very difficult. I’ll take you down to meet the guy who won the Rolls Royce, he works as a bar tender at the Kaiser Center here in Oakland, where my girlfriend works, she is the C.O’s. personal secretary. Let’s go!”

“I’ll drive,” said Bob. On the way as usual when they are together they sang to one another. Bob began, “Just in time, I saw you just in time, along before my time was getting

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low”-----Henry joined in.

Henry and Bob sang all the way as they drove to the Kaiser Center in Oakland in Bobs red 1962 Ford four wheel drive pickup that he used in his building construction work. Henry always takes the stairway no matter how far. Bob followed. They ran up the 7 flights of stairs and visited Millie. After chasing one another like a couple of kids laughing all the way back down the stairs; they walked to the lobby on the second floor through a large open room to a beautiful decorated large mahogany curved bar circled with large windows from the ceiling to the floor and beyond a dining room. Henry introduced Bob to David Lam who was tending bar.

Mr. Lam average size middle aged Chinese wearing a black armless jacket with a white long sleeve shirt, black cufflinks and black bow tie, was tending bar.

“Hey, Henry! How you doing? How’s your golf game?” Lam walks over to the rounded curved edge of the bar wiping his hands with a towel.

“Real good, I’m getting ready for the Lucky International next week.”

“Me too! Hope I make the cut. Say, maybe you can win that Rolls you always wanted!”

“That would be nice.” Henrys big eyes sparkled and almost popped out of his head at the suggestion. I want you to meet a friend of mine, we take singing lessons together. This is David Lam, who won the Rolls Royce with a hole in one.”

“Nice to meet you! Bob Hartley.” They shake hands. “Pretty neat, do you think you can do it again?”

“Maybe, nobody do before, I try, very difficult, I lucky.”

“Where is the Car now? You drive it much?”

“No have car! Sell, put money in bank.”

“Chinese like money more,” said Henry.

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Just then David gets busy. "I see you later said Henry."

"Yeah, on the golf course, at the Lucky International."

"Hole in one," said Henry excitedly.

"Hole in one," said David. They wave good bye. Bob and Henry walked across the lobby and ran down two flights of stairs to the garage under the building.

Winning Big

Two weeks later.

Henry plays three rounds of golf and shoots a high enough score to qualify for the tournament as an armature golfer. On the next day, the day of the tournament, there is a slight fog: Henry tees off with his pro partner. He wears light blue khaki pants, brown and white cleated golf shoes with a light blue vest over a green long sleeved shirt and a green baseball cap that says 1963 Lucky International. His caddy is carrying his light blue nylon jacket that he wears in the early mornings or when the air gets wet. He is excited and a little tense, but very sure about himself around all the celebrity amateur and pro golf players. He has been there many times before; he is a student of the game.

On the 7th tee box on the second day, 172 yard drive to the hole. [The same hole that David won the Rolls for the hole in one in 1962; a ten thousand to one chance.] Henry's pro partner tees off. Henry watches and studies the flight of the ball until it hits the green.

"Nice shot."

Henry selects his number four Wilson iron club, the club he knows will put him on the green from many practice rounds that he made with his three wood and four iron. He walks over to the tee box, picks up some fine dry cut grass throws it up in the air to determine the direction of the very slight movement of the air, examines the ball and carefully inserts the wooden tee in the dirt through the close

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cut grass with the ball on top. He moves his feet in position sets his club behind the ball and re -adjusts his stance. He looks up and can barely see the flag on the green through the slight fog, he squints his eyes readjusts his feet. He knows exactly where the hole is. He wiggles slightly looks up for the second time, moves his fingers a little to air out the perspiration in his hands, re-adjusts his feet, looks up, quickly wiggles a little more, sets himself firm to the ground and makes a nice smooth swing with just the right amount of power for the distance of the hole he is playing. The ball takes a high arc and disappears for a moment before he sees it bounce on the green. It is very quiet and then he hears an, ah —ah-h-h, and then a roar and clapping.

“A real winner!” said his pro partner. Henry looks at his caddy and smiles.

“Nice shot!” said the caddy; Henry hands him the club with his left hand and gives him a firm shake his right hand. The caddy wipes off the club and puts it in the bag.

“Maybe I’ll get an eagle? With all that noise I must be close to the hole?”

“Man that was some shot said the caddy, who has been Henry’s caddy many times before.

They proceed to the green. He hears a lot of clapping and assumes that he is very close to the hole, he is very happy; he knows he made a good shot. He walks up on the green, people start to clap. Looking around he doesn’t see his ball.

“Where is it?” he shouts to the caddy, thinking that the ball might have rolled out in the rough.

“A hole in one!” someone said.

For a moment he is confused. He walks over to the hole, sees a white ball, reaches down and retrieves and examines the ball, to make sure it is his. He reads the print on the ball Flight 3 and happily throws his hands into the air.

“Hole in one!!” shouts Henry.

“Hole in one!” said the caddy while pumping the air with his left fist.

Henry is ecstatic; he bear hugs his caddy, talking and laughing at the same time. [He feels so

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good that he later tips his caddy two hundred dollars from his limited income.]The game stops for 5 minutes as other players, his pro partner, the officials and a few other players pat him on the back and congratulate him. He walks over to the crowd of spectators and begins shaking hands with wide eyes almost popping out of his sockets and strands of black hair breaking across his face signing autographs. He feels like a celebrity and is excited about winning the big prize: a beautiful Rolls Royce. He feels rich.

“Wow! I can't believe this is happening to me. Wow!” There is a long line of spectators wanting for his autograph, but the officials announce for the game to continue.

Henry plays out the final 11 holes for the day, he has 2 more days to play; he is overwhelmed the crowd follows him around through the rest of the tournament, he is a celebrity, and he is happy and excited and positive. All afternoon and the next two afternoons the other players and friends congratulate him while he signs more autographs for the spectators. Many spectators and friends ask him about his new Rolls, assuming since the winner of the hole in one, Mr. Lam, two years before, won a Rolls, Henry would get one.

That evening he buys five of his golf friends including his caddy dinner with champagne. He is usually tight with his money, but after all, he just won a Roll Royce; he needs to splurge to celebrate his win. After the match is over in the next afternoon the winner will be announced. Henry's round finishes one hour before the final player finishes for the last day. He walks quickly to the club house, cleans up, combs his hair, buys a new light blue golf shirt and a light blue hat to match at the gift shop, that says 1964 Lucky International. He puts on the new hat and goes back to the finish line to watch the final players come in.

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David comes over. "You made it Henry; you take me for ride in new Rolls?"

"Sure and you can drive around the block twice."

"Hey I drive one hundred thirty miles per hour."

"That's O.K."

The winners are soon to be announced and the gathering for the winners is done outside the club house. It's a beautiful sunny day with a few high clouds. Henry gets excited and glances around the parking lot area for a new Rolls Royce. He walks around the building and grounds looking for the car.

The Golden Pig

Two months after the Lucky International Golf Tournament: Bob knocks on Henry's door. Henry opens the door at the same time he is arguing on the phone while walking around the living-room.

"That's too much money! Why you charge me so much? I can buy cheaper than that at the butcher shop! The god damned pig isn't worth that! I don't care what it cost you! Then keep the damned pig!"

"He slams down the phone. "I can't believe this crap! How can it cost more to raise a pig on the farm than you can buy in the butcher shop?"

"What pig?" Bob asks.

"They're screwing me! They think I'm a dumb China-man, so they charge me more money than the pig is worth!"

"Huh! What are you talking about?"

"The pig! The god damn pig! The one I won at the Luck International golf tournament. They gave me a damn pig instead of a Rolls Royce!"

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“I thought you were supposed to get a Rolls Royce if you made a hole in one? I don’t understand?”

“Lam got a Rolls Royce and I got a damn pig, a pig! A god dammed pig! So I took the pig to a farm to raise and breed.”

“What happened to the Rolls?”

“There wasn’t any Rolls. It was a joke! It means nothing to all those rich guy’s, they think it is funny because they have lots of money, and I went along with it.”

“What did you say when you got the pig?”

“Nothing! What could I say? I just laughed along with those silly asses!”

“And swallowed your pride. Where is the pig?”

“I took the pig to a farm in Modesto to raise and breed, and the god dammed farmer is screwing me!”

“Oh, I see, you were breeding your pig to make enough money to buy your Rolls.”

Bob starts laughing. “You want to be big in the pig business? Maybe you should put the pig in your back yard to breed, and raise lots of pigs. It would be cheaper! You could just throw them all of your scraps and collect all the neighbors’ garbage to give to them; you could call your place, Young’s Pig Farm.”

Bob keeps laughing.

“Henry yells, “Get out of my house! I don’t need this kind of crap! You’re supposed to be my friend! And you laugh at me.”

“It’s funny.”

“Get out!”

He pushes Bob out the door and slams it shut. Bob starts to walk down the stairs perplexed. He

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does not want to lose his friendship with Henry. He tries to be serious but in his silence, laughter over takes him; he walks down the stairs to his car. The friendship will be patched.