

# President's Column

by David Campbell



*Irish blessing: May your home be too small to hold all of your friends.*

**E**ach year for the last five or six I have traveled to Oregon at the end of April and played in the Oregon Coast Cluster. This year was no exception, and I traveled from Portland ME to Portland OR on an early morning in late April. **Roy Hofbauer** picked me up at the airport and whisked me back to the Hofbauer homestead.

For anyone who has ever thought about a new tournament they would like to go to, I strongly suggest you start planning a trip to Oregon next year. The Oregon Coast Classic in Lincoln City yearly is held at quite possibly one of the most beautiful settings on the Tournament Trail.

Each year **Jeanne and Roy** have kindly invited **Lana Newhouse** and me into their home, and this year was no exception. I stayed overnight and headed off the next morning in Roy's truck to Waldport OR. This new tourney was run tremendously. Upon arriving I met with my roommates for the week, **Julie and Rick Pierce** and **Erik Locke**. The next morning the main tourney started, and I was lucky enough to lose in the third round to the eventual winner **Roland Hall**.

The tourneys over the next four or five days became the Roland and Erik show. Both won multiple tourneys and ended up playing each other in the finals in the Dean Bauman Memorial. What exactly Roland

found for his lucky streak I am not sure, but I am quite positive Erik borrowed all of his roommates' luck over the next few days as each of us had horror stories on how we just missed qualifying daily.

On Friday Lana made her way to Oregon and was picked up by **Jason Hofbauer** and delivered to Lincoln City. As usual, everyone was treated to a wonderful tournament hosted by Jeanne and Roy and **Bernie and Sophie Nelson**. Here I was lucky enough to qualify again and ultimately lost in the fourth round to one of the classiest gentlemen I have met throughout my years in the ACC, **Rollie Heath**. It was a pleasure as usual to get the opportunity to spend an hour or so with this great man, win or lose.

With the tournament over, we ate at the casino buffet, with plans to make our way back to the Hofbauers and see the cats (inside and out) and raccoons and surely do something fun on Monday. Past experiences included waterfalls, mountains, and farm stands.

The meal completed, we decided to meet everyone at Spirit Mountain and gamble for a short time to break up the trip home. Lana and I left the casino an hour later than the others. With my phone nearly dead and not charging, I received a message from Jeanne saying they had arrived home and would be asleep when we arrived. On our way through Portland I had to make a side trip to use a bathroom.

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But because Portland does not have public restrooms in convenience stores and gas stations, what I thought would be a five- or ten-minute side trip turned into nearly an hour.

Ultimately, we arrived at the Hofbauers around 2a. We unloaded our luggage and made our way in. Lana tried to open the door and said it was locked. The door sometimes opened hard, so I figured it was probably the cause. I tried and reached the same conclusion—the door was indeed locked. My phone had around three percent battery left, and Lana's phone was dead. I tried to call Jason to see if I could rouse him but failed as my phone died.

We ultimately spent the night in

Jeanne's car and were waiting at the door when Roy woke around 7a. Roy got a kick out of what had occurred and decided to wake Jeanne and share our adventure with her. During the night, upon seeing one of the outside cats, I told the cat: "Now we know how you feel. You're an outside cat, and tonight we are outside people."

What happened is that Jeanne arrived home, exhausted after running a tournament for three days; she fed cats, texted me, and then did what she had done every night for years—lock her door before going to bed.

Everything worked out fine, and now I have a story I can tell for years about some of my closest cribbage friends! **CW**