grade," my brother informed me. He wasn't lying. There was a reason why I had known some of the answers.

Late Friday afternoon, more fun and games: the parents came to a staff meeting at the Crimson. It was a discussion about a recently launched blog, about new media, about our coverage strategy, about demographics and philosophy and marketing—things that seemed remarkably important in our universe, in which Plympton Street loomed large. The parents sat together, squished on a couch in our conference room. One of them urged us to proceed as if they weren't there. Ten minutes later, they must have wished they hadn't and filed out, one after the other, leaving us sitting on our torn, black furniture. Out in the newsroom, somebody snapped a picture.

If there was a theme to parents' weekend, this was it. Somehow the presence of these adults, these outsiders to our little world, pointed us beyond its boundaries, making us aware of just how consequential some of the things are that consume our attention on a daily basis. Forced to imagine my college experience through my mother's eyes or those of the deans whose names, God willing, you never remembered afterwards. It's one of those places that, for me, has always felt like the beginning. And yet, there we were, talking about the end. The juxtaposition was jarring. But it wasn't unwarranted. At our blockmate parents' dinner, it wasn't hard to make the connection: there was only one event that would bring everybody together again like this, and it involved leaving with a diploma.

In a way, this was sad. Our parents came whirling in, bringing the flavor of the outside world to our insular little universe at the precise time when it seemed to be careening towards its final turn. The pace of college life, especially at Harvard, is never slow. As a freshman, this was the thing that most surprised me: how the days seem to slide by, scheduled to the brim with academic or extracurricular responsibilities, or with fun. Two years ago, I recalled, my classmates had filled online message-boards with excited chatter about concentrations and campus organizations. Now, those same classmates were leading clubs and preparing for theses. How disorienting it was, at the very moment when these things seemed most important, to confront the notion that in only 15 months, blogging technicalities, not to mention van Gogh paintings and Aristotle, would matter very little.

Not a comfortable realization, but perhaps a useful one: a reminder to savor a little more and stress a little less while we're here, to see the things that seem pressing now—the Lit and Arts B tests, the all-nighters, the internecine proof shifts at the paper—for the fleeting pleasures that they are.

Back at the Charles, the block-group dinner over, I started working on my mom to let my brother spend the night out with me—hitting a couple parties, maybe, and then sleeping over on the faithful futon back at Eliot House. When that failed, I tried to convince a friend's dad, a lawyer of some repute, to argue my case. (I seemed to be making some real progress before his wife put a stop to it.) Smiling me down, my mom held firm. Maybe, I thought later, that was for the best. College goes so fast as it is, and beyond that, who knows? Let the lad anticipate it while he can.

Berta Greenwald Ledecky Undergraduate Fellow Christian Flow ’09 is busy preparing for his Greek examination.

SPORTS

Class on the Grass

Golfer Emily Balmert keeps carding milestones.

The eighth hole at the Granite Links Golf Club in Quincy, Massachusetts, is an uphill dogleg right, a short par 5 at 401 yards. On May 8, 2006, Emily Balmert ’09 was playing it in the Warren Smith Memorial Tournament, a fundraising event named for the late coach who started the Harvard women's golf program in 1993. Balmert struck a good drive to the crest of a hill on the left side of the fairway. Blocked from sight of the hole, she hit a four-iron for her second shot. Director of golf Fred Schernecker ’89, playing in Balmert’s foursome, was standing on the right side of the fairway about 80 yards from the green when he saw her ball hole out for a double-eagle 2, three under par. He gave a shout, but Balmert didn't let herself believe what had happened until she reached the green and saw her ball “happily resting in the hole.”

Later that day, Balmert shared the exciting incident with her roommate Adriana Benedict ’09, who has scant knowledge of golf, explaining that double eagles are the rarest of golf scores, far scarcer even than holes in one, which are a possibility on any par 3. As luck would have it, Balmert carded her first hole in one the following season. Once again, she recounted the event to Benedict, who re-
Chasing Bogeys

www.chasingbogey.net), by Phil Fitzpatrick '67, may be the first. Fitzpatrick, an educator who began golfing "seriously" only in 2001, calls Duluth's Lester Park Golf Course home. The book refreshingly mixes a commitment to golf mastery with a generous dose of whimsy; allusions range from Zen to the Rolling Stones, from Phil Mickelson to Bob Dylan.

The author (whose two favorite golf books are the Bible and the Tao Te Ching) suggests exercises like putting blindfolded, and titles one chapter, intriguingly enough, "The Most Important Split Second in Golf." To Fitzpatrick, "bogey" means not only one over par, but Humphrey Bogart—gaining, with the capital B, overtones of "muscle and swagger." The title echoes the final scene of Casablanca, and Fitzpatrick's radically amateur approach suggests that most of us will do well to emulate Claude Rains and forge "a beautiful friendship" with the underappreciated bogey.

Emily Balmert

Few golf books have emerged from the unlikely golfing haven of Duluth, Minnesota; in fact, A Beautiful Friendship: The Joy of Chasing Bogey Golf (Calyx Press Duluth, www.chasingbogey.net), by Phil Fitzpatrick '67, may be the first. Fitzpatrick, an educator who began golfing "seriously" only in 2001, calls Duluth's Lester Park Golf Course home. The book refreshingly mixes a commitment to golf mastery with a generous dose of whimsy; allusions range from Zen to the Rolling Stones, from Phil Mickelson to Bob Dylan.

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At the Fresh Pond Golf Course in Cambridge, Emily Balmert ’09 of the women’s golf team—the first Harvard woman to win the Ivy championship—swings into spring. See page 58.