

## Battleground Windsor

*By Dennis Knight*

**Dateline Denver.** Your intrepid correspondent files this report as dusk descends on the battlefield of our beautiful Windsor Gardens. Bunnies come out to play in the grass; squirrels chatter, doves coo, owls hoot, and the sounds of critters over on the Highline fill the air. The nine o'clock news will soon be on, and for most of us, time for bed.

It was a far different scene earlier this morning. I was under a massive poplar abutting the golf course but facing away from it. In the shade of the same tree was a sand trap, and on the other side of that, the sixth hole. A startling roar filled the entire space; powerful enough to be a lioness, but in the language of a human female. "I found it Charlie!" she shouted, "Here it is! Bring your sand wedge Charlie!"

The answer came from the fairway. "Yes, Ruth." His voice didn't match her bellow, and it suggested this game of golf might not have been his choice. I probably even know Charlie and Ruth, but I wasn't about to reveal myself to find out. The story continued. There was a quiet pause, the swish of a golf club, an impact, and Charlie mumbling under his breath.

"Charlie! You pounded the stupid ball down in the sand! Get out of the way!" I sensed six or seven violent swings of the club and sand rained down on both sides of the tree behind me. I believe Ruth was the hacker, but I couldn't come around to see.

"Forget it, Charlie! Get a new ball and put it up there on the green. Get it lined up close, you're way over par!" I heard a putter, that most inoffensive of clubs, whip forcefully in an arc, meeting the ball in something that exceeded a friendly putt. Charlie the Meek must have had dear Ruth on his mind.

"You knocked it clear over to the seventh tee box, Charlie! Forget it! Just keep going!"

"Yes, Ruth". They were soon out of earshot and I emerged from my bunker. I thought about a safer place in the clubhouse, but that was Ruth's destination, so I escaped evasively from tree to bush, around buildings, through parking lots and finally into the canopy of the Highline Canal.

I took a breath and strolled along the trail. I saw couples walking, sometimes together, but others separated by eight or ten paces in an obvious conflict of personalities. Forced marches are another sad part of war.

Today's report is about a single skirmish; there may have been others. As a journalist, I have no stake in the outcome of this conflict, and I must avoid conjecture of who is winning, or who should be winning the battle of the sexes. That's for the editorial section, but I can tell you from my position down here in the trenches it's dangerous and I am staying out of it.