



The Rileys' "accessory building," as classified by code, has porcelain wainscoting and floors. Civil War art lines walls; TV is on the opposite corner.

Make room for man time

Cigar, bourbon aficionado savors leisure time in his backyard "clubhouse"

By Kelly Fenley
Photos by Collin Andrew
THE REGISTER-GUARD

He smokes choice cigars, drinks fine bourbon and watches TV for the sports channels. He's got a Boston accent that won't quit, and his name is Jack Riley, as Irish as it gets.

So, why do you think he wanted a "clubhouse" retreat, as he calls it, in the backyard of his and wife Jan's second home in Eugene's university area?

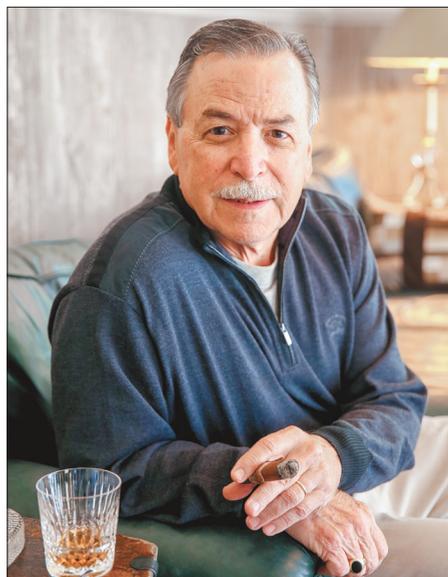
What, are ya kiddin' me?

Just look around: Kentucky bourbon for the waiting on a hand-forged stone coffee table. Who cares if there's a water ring?

High ceiling and remote fan for venting away cigar smoke.

Portraits of Civil War generals, North to one side and South to the other. Abe Lincoln, too, and largest of all.

A gas fireplace for heat "like you read about." Big glass windows overlooking an architectural courtyard with ornate garden, masonry wall and curved walking path.



Jack Riley in his clubhouse.

And best of all, mounted high on a corner wall, the crown jewel of this man-time domain.

"I've got the TV right here," Riley

resounds, only the "here" sounds more like "heah."

"I've got the power of the universe right here. I can do anything I want here. Yeah, I've got anything man: I'm watching golf on Sunday afternoons ... and the football, it's awesome."

Riley got the idea for his clubhouse soon after he and Jan bought their French eclectic home, built in 1938, about three years ago. He was standing by the back door, trying to stay dry from the rain and wishing for a better place to smoke his cigar.

"I said, 'Hey, man, I need to get something where I can go have a smoke and hang out.'"

Single room retreat

The Rileys, who also have a summer/fall home "Down the Cape" in Massachusetts, turned to Rainbow Valley Design & Construction in Eugene for Jack's clubhouse.

Designers nicknamed it the "Riley Cigar Shack."

On the outside, it's a cute, single-room, green stucco cottage, designed

by Scott Felsher for character akin to the Rileys' main French eclectic house. White-paned wood windows, a pitched roof, and timber-frame entry with angle braces belie spans of time.

But inside, the 267-square-foot "accessory building," as it's classified by the city, allows for nothing beyond leisure space. Strict building codes and neighborhood rules prevented plumbing, cooking areas or any other amenities for secondary dwelling space.

"Jack was going for a seasoned wood look inside the building, which is popular in vacation houses on the East Coast," Felsher says.

Porcelain tiles in a grayish-brown wood grain run halfway up the walls for wainscoting below walls painted in medium-gray. Large-format tile floors, also made of porcelain in a brownish stone pattern, allow for easy upkeep.

"We talked about doing wood, but actually this (porcelain) is better," Felsher says. "You can clean it, and it doesn't absorb the smoke as much. It's a beautiful hard surface, and durable."

Likewise, green leather furnishings handle spills OK.

"There's nothing here you can damage," Riley beams. "I don't have a rug down, I don't have to worry about the walls ... I don't even have a cloth couch. Nothing. And nothing pretty?"

He laughs about his clubhouse "not being pretty enough," in the words of an interior decorator. "I said, 'no-no-no, this ain't that.' I want this stuff — I want it all roughed out and everything."

New lifestyle

For years the Rileys booked extended stays in Eugene to be near their son, Dave, a music professor at the University of Oregon, and his family.

The couple finally decided to buy a home here after Jack, a native of Cambridge, Mass., retired and sold his financial investments software company (he was the first computer science major at Boston College).

The Rileys migrate to Eugene each December and stay through spring. Mild winters, they say, give way to glorious springtimes in a league of their own.

"There's a lot of action going on here in the spring, with all of the sports and stuff," Jack says.

Sitting in his clubhouse, he can hear the roar of crowds at Hayward Field and Jane Sanders Stadium. He affectionately calls his three grandsons here "little hoodlums," and lives for their baseball games.

And there's never a day, Jack confesses, when he's not in the clubhouse.

"It's exactly what I wanted," he says. "Exactly what I wanted."

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