

Bookie's Week in Review

November 1-7, 2010



*No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease;
No comfortable feel in any member;
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds – No-venber!* Thomas Hood

Well obviously Thomas Hood never met a Slammer. Otherwise he would have had a much more positive opinion of poor old November. For this week the Slammers embraced November as though it were high July. With four well-attended events, the Tour demonstrated that golf is alive and well in Canada. Nine – yes, NINE months of the year.

The race for Number One heated up. On Wednesday at that great course, Rideau View, Chef made a serious run for the crown. In the entire match with Malone no one was more than two-up at any time. But Malone did prevail to retain the title on the 18th. Also notable at this event was the match between Smitty and IttyBitty for the B-class TC Championship. The match was often all square, but IttyBitty won the fourteenth to go one up, and then they tied the rest of the holes. Tough loss, but congrats to IB, the new B champ!

That same day at Falcon Ridge, Ticklar picked up another four wins. That's right – a rare fivesome. Boomerang, Hammer, PointZero, and T-Bone were his victims as he recorded a sub-80 round, just like most B-classers... uh...right! A bit disconcertingly, he also gathered in five skins with two birdies, two pars (!), and a bogie (!!)

With the weekend came cooler temperatures, but no snow. As long as there's no snow, the Slammers play. At Arnprior, Suds, Chef, and DeeJay all had perfect days – no losses – as did KidsClub, even with a triple-digit score. That's what's so great about match play – you match up against your peers.

DeeJay is known to light up a few cigars on his rounds. I'm not sure if he smoked any at Arnprior; but I do know that he smoked one of our best players by ten-holing him. My condolences to a guy whose nick in no way reflects his ability. (I won't actually name him, but, congrats to DeeJay.)

Finally, on Sunday, the Slammers basked in the sunny, windless environs of Prescott – a day which could easily have been mistaken for one of those late September days that seem to have been mislaid this year. Number One was again on the line. Early on, Chef challenged Malone but bailed, claiming to be scared of Malone. I don't believe it one bit. I have it on good authority that that was just a cover for a secret mission to Paris to fill in for the chef en chef

at Maxim's who had an assignment with a very important lady on the Champs Élysées.

Too bad, Chef, because as it turned out Malone was a little vulnerable, going 0-3. He was in a high-calibre group, though, composed entirely of Slammers who have all taken the top spot at one time or another: Chilly, KaDaver and Smitty. In five of the six matches in the foursome, the lead changed hands over the course of the round with KaDaver finally winning out and returning to the head of the pack. The final person he had to beat was Chilly, whom he bettered on the 17th.

Speaking of Chilly, we must add that he had a hole-in-one!
I asked Chilly to tell me how he did it:

First you have to understand that it is very difficult to remember all of the details, but I'll give it my best shot. It was 4.7 degrees under clear skies, barometer was 101 and falling, humidity 30%, there was a 10% pop and the winds were less than 5kph out of the southwest. After an intense discussion with my caddy we pulled the trusty 7-iron and went for a three-quarter swing to control the spin. After having expertly struck the ball and holding my finish position (somewhere in between that of Boomer and Rulz), I gazed into the heavens to find my ball, amazingly, exactly where it was supposed to be.

I knew at that instant, beyond a shadow of a doubt there would be no need to hit a provisional. Landing inside the dog ball, the ball clearly lipped out, coming to rest on the lip after completing what to me was the slowest 180 degrees of rotation in my life. In the first seconds after my heart restarted, and knowing how close I just came to my first ace. I spun around in disbelief, crouching down with my head buried between my hands.

It was then, while wallowing in the moment that KaDaver broke the awkward silence by announcing "It's in, it's in!" Sure enough, when I stood up and spun around my ball was gone. After a series of three-and-a-half-fingered fist pumps with Smitty and Malone and a non-romantic hug from KaDaver, everything snapped into sharp focus. It was then when I became fully aware that I just became a member of a very exclusive group of golfers who are well within their rights to act like a moron on the tee and put a 1 on a scorecard.

What does it all mean today? The moment is gone, the ball is gone, the scorecard is gone, even the bill for my \$108 grilled cheese sandwich is gone – but the memory and the feeling will always remain.

I should add that this most likely this will be the only hole-in-one ever to be recorded on that hole. It was hole number two at Prescott, which is normally a par four. But due to some major repair work being done in the fairway, the hole had been temporarily converted to a par three.

At the same event, it was nice to see the return of several Slammers we haven't seen much of lately: PinSeeker, Burnsy, and yes, that elusive Slammer who, like a puppetmaster, pulls all the strings in the Tour: Rulz, aka The Commish. Unfortunately, the bossman's return was a bit spoiled by the sterling play of PizzaMan who included Rulz in his 3-0 day.

This week – another full slate of events on the docket. KaDaver attempts to defend his top ranking against Chef on Tuesday at Falcon Ridge.



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