

# Bookie's Week in Review

October 11-17, 2010



**It was a jam-packed and eventful week for the Slammers, and a difficult one to summarize. The theme for the first part of the week might be: Dead Man Winning.**

Our favourite corpse, KaDaver, really comes alive. First off he gives thanks at Predator on Monday and then takes the name of the course seriously as he mercilessly preys on the competition, finishing off all his matches by the 13<sup>th</sup> hole and even ten-holing one of his competitors. Taking no time to rest on his laurels, on the very next day he takes on Chef to vie for the Number One spot and also attempts to thwart Chef's efforts to better Chilly's unbeaten record. The K man succeeds and is (for the moment) the new top body on the Slammer Tour. He also has enough life in him to provide this in-depth report on how the match went:

Standing on the first tee, I turned to Malone and said "you must be licking your chops – you get to go after Chef, and if that doesn't work out, I'm your plan B to get to Number Two".

Although Chef struggled a bit with his putter; we were locked up for the first five holes, like two bucks on a mountainside. Of course I had twice as many points on my antlers. On six, he let me three-putt to drop my lead to one. On seven, I let Chef do the three putting followed by two solid pars on 8. The jousting was giving me a headache and we both "cracked" on nine – Chef OB right, me in no man's land left [ed. note: left on nine features grass thicker than Troy Polamalu's hair!]. Out of this mess, I emerged two up.

Declaring a new leaf was about to be turned, the young buck attacked on 10, only to hand over more money to the kids. Then on 11, I made my only putt of the day for par, to add another hole to my count. After 12 with another hole won, I looked in the mirror and had to admit, I was about to dirty myself – I have a chance to take Chef for only the second time. Five up and six to go. Tension continued to mount from my perspective. Chef took 14 with birdie following a remarkable iron shot to within a foot and a half, and I revisited the three-putt routine to hand the hole to the others. Fifteen saw the others take me to the cleaners. This led to mumbles from me on 16<sup>th</sup> tee about this pressure reminding me why I quit golf for 25 years. But the bogeys all around on 16 were good enough. And Chef reaches for my hand to offer congratulations.

And that's how it went. As Chef added, he didn't lose it so much as KaDaver won it with his stellar play.

Returning to the unbeaten streak I mentioned earlier, Chilly corrected my statistical reporting – the streak is actually 41 – 38 wins and three ties; ergo, 41. He also added these thoughtful comments:

I believe the record will be broken, and no one deserved that honour more than Chef this year and in a way I'm a little sad because when the record does fall I want to be there. What would have made this really special is it was Chef that came in and pushed me to become a better golfer to be able to compete with him on a regular basis. It would have been only fitting to have him break the record in a match against me; at least that's how I saw it happening.

As you see, the Slammer Tour is about more than competition. Moving along -- after such a momentous beginning to the week, as that famous Roman golfer, Tigrus Ciceronus, might have said: *sic transit gloria mundi* – i.e. fame fleeteth! Two events at beautiful Smuggler's Glen threw a royal catapult into the mix. For a brief moment in the sun, Malone found himself atop the Slammer world, defeating Mr. K – but only barely – one up. And oh so close was....Steamer. He too defeated KaDaver but lost out to Malone. But then, the *gloria* was even *transit-ter* – Malone gives up his Number One to Golf-O-Max's Dr. U; and Juice finds herself at Number Three! As Alice said: curiouser and curiouser – such is the Slammer Tour. Even Ruskie shares in the glory, going undefeated the whole weekend.

Meanwhile, there were events at Buckingham and Canadian. I would be derelict in my summarizing duties if I did not mention the sterling play of The Game, Chilly, Smitty, Pepilepu, ParBreaker and Canny Jack. I must also direct you to one of the most hilarious summaries of the year at Canadian – it seems to have been written up by some anonymous creator (perhaps he dare not take credit – blame?), although I do detect the handiwork of KidsClub? I don't know what was in the water or beer at Canadian, but I hope these guys have recovered by now! There is a season's worth of quotables – most, I suspect, by one Stevie Ray – I see his invisible hand in these.

I was gratified to get some responses to my question about the most ball-filled pond on the tour. Some suggested several par-3s: no. 2 at Arnprior; no. 4 at Champlain; no. 8 at The Marshes and no. 8 at eQuinelle. Also some par 4s: no. 4 at Falcon Ridge; no. 1 at Stonebridge; no 1 at eQuinelle; no 16 at Cedarhill.

But, as Cuba calls it, *The Wet Menace Award* has to go to Number Two at the Marshes. Several people brought this to my attention. I do think there's probably enough balls at the bottom of that lake to fund the greenskeeping at The Marshes for a year! The reason is that your drive, your second shot, your third shot, and, dare I say, your fourth shot (!) can all end up there. Mine certainly have.

And that was one tumultuous week on the Slammer Tour! Until next time.

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