

# Bookie's Week in Review

October 4-10, 2010

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**The Slammer Tour: this week colour it blue – or rather Blue. Not the blue skies of October, not the blues of going 0-3 (although of course there was plenty of that!), not my dog Blue of song – no I refer to Blue, the rookie. Read on.**

It began at Outaouais on Tuesday. With two birds, four skins and excellent scoring, Blue captures first-star honours. But we mustn't ignore the way Chef keeps cooking, adding three more wins to bring his total unbeaten string to 36 – really threatening Chilly's record of 38. Remember when a few summaries ago, I indicated that 38 was way out of reach.....well how wrong I was! It could all be resolved one way or the other at Stonebridge on Tuesday (perhaps by the time you read this) when Chef takes on none other than Chilly. Not only can the kitchen-master overtake the cool one for the unbeaten record but also for the finals of the TC Open Championship. Stay tuned!

As we zip through October, weather begins to be a factor. No more so than at Cedarhill on Wednesday. Shortly before tee-time, the rain came down in buckets. Of the twelve Slammers slated to play, four bailed but eight Slammers soldiered on, defying the elements. It turned out to be worth it, especially for Cuba and Grumpy who got the first and second stars....and for Blue who took the third star.

The following day, at Falcon Ridge, the weather again threatened, but the skies were filled with those harmless autumn black clouds that make a big show but couldn't put out a cigar butt. Certainly it takes more than that to keep Slammers off the course. Although it looked like there would only be only six participants, Shades signed up at the last minute, making the skins official. Good news for ParBreaker who managed to grab four of them en route to his first-star performance. Reports are that he was making 'em from everywhere!

Meanwhile, PJ and Bookie vied in the finals of the Super Senior TC Championship. Bookie was trying to defend his title from the previous year. He gave away the first three holes with lousy play but somehow got things even on the back nine. With three to play he was two down when PJ put his ball well outside him on the par-three sixteenth – about 40 feet away. There was still hope. But as often happens in

match play, PJ shut the door decisively, slamming home the putt into the middle of the hole and closing out the match and the championship. Well-done, PJ and congratulations as the new champ of geezer-world!

On Saturday, Slammers had the luck to be able to play at Brockville again; truly a great course. Brockville is no pushover at the best of times; but with rough looking like it had been imported from Wales, it was downright beastly! And the greens played like Augusta. Putting right off the green was not uncommon. Over half the field didn't break 100 and only one player broke 90. But of course it's match play – so everything is relative. In this case, it was a matter of, in the inimitable words of Stevie Ray, who sucked least! Well there was one guy who stood out – with two dogs and a skin (and one of the dogs on the very demanding number 3), Blue gathers in his third star of the week. Congratulations, sir!

Now although some Slammers may have been feeling a little blue from their play, their spirits were lifted when local Brockville member, Potter, presented all present with free passes for another round at the course. Thanks, man – even your namesake, Harry Potter, couldn't work that kind of magic! I should mention that Dyke ensured that we would not have to finish in the dark: his yellow Day-Glo pants would have kept us going long after sundown.

Not everyone could make it to Brockville on Saturday. The five that couldn't showed up at Casselview. Besides the normal event, there was a chance at \$25,000 if anyone made a hole in one. Uh, sorry to report no one made it.

Sunday proved that you don't need a large crowd to have a great event. For some reason (Thanksgiving?) only four players were enticed to come out and play at The Marshes. But according to Chilly, everyone had a great time. Check his summary.

Here's a question for y'all: What water hole at a common Slammer courses has the most number of balls sitting at the bottom of its waters? I nominate number 17 at Falcon Ridge. Unlike par 5s where you have to risk the water in order to get home in two – say number 8 at Canadian – here you have to somehow get over in two (or go around to the left) just to get home in three. While it is quite possible to do so, the intimidation factor often results in poor, plopped shots – especially among my B, C, and D brethren and sistren. If you can think of another hole that results in a ton of water balls, let me know about it.

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