

Best Shots of 2010!

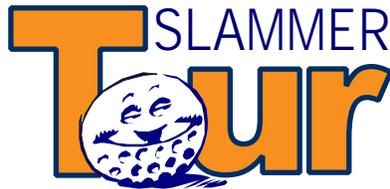
The Entries Are In!

#1. When I was just a young boy, my father told me: "Son, hold this golf club here, now go have some fun".

Ten years later down at Smuggler's, I played some golf and drank. Thanks to beer, scotch and whiskey, the next day came the shanks. EXCEPT for this one shot... 18th hole, and we all know how treacherous it can be. At the Golf-O-Max Smuggler's Glen Get-Away, I had 250 yards across the pond to the flagstick, no wind, just IronMaiden, PizzaMan, Ruskie and of course my trusty 2-iron. With nothing to lose, I lasered the ball straight at the stick. 250 yards - all over water - and it landed one foot from the cup and rolled to the back fringe. To top it off I made the eagle which secured The Office Doctor Cup! *Malone*

#2. On October 30th at eQuinelle, having positioned strategically to challenge for #1, I had my chance.

Malone, # 1 at the time, was crooning from mid fairway, being two-up after 11. By 16 we were even; he was one-up after 17. A tie would salvage my aging dignity. On 18, a par five, I was playing David vs. Goliath, Weir vs. Woods, Watson vs. Nicklaus, an amateur senior against a professional golfer. I was 40 feet short of the green in three while Malone was closer after two shots. Using "the warrior", a beloved and loyal sand wedge I built myself 20 years ago, and knowing it was the last shot I would ever hit with it, as it was being retired to comply with the new groove rules, I stepped up to the ball. Several practice swings gently clipped the grass as "the warrior" sighed stoically and whispered, "I'm ready". Event summary notable: "Cuba chips in on 18 for birdie!" (Malone's contest entry will not feature his putt for birdie). *Cuba*



#3. The wind was buffeting even the most oblong of frames that mean Saturday at eQuinelle. Sunny stood in the puddles of what was once the 18th fairway, with water on his brain. And in his shoes. And all along the left side. For a lefty fader with a close match afoot, it left

the cruelest of all mental gymnastics. The lift-clean-and-cheat rule made going for the green more tempting. Would he play the hero or the fool? Instead, he drew the nine-iron and buttered a lay up to 50 yards. Up and down for par. Was he a hero? I think so! Sunny had made his only smart golf shot of 2010. No trophy, but it cost Rulz the sweetest of beers. *Sunny*

#4. It was a cold and stormy night. There was an ill wind blowing, cold, the kind of cold that would put an Alaskan king crab fisherman shaking in his goulashes. There was only one question troubling me: would the Slammer event be cancelled? Hell no, it was a go. It was so cold it froze one of the balls off my two ball putter. Playing in a tough group with Chilly, Ticklar and Ruskie, I knew I would need both balls to even have a chance so, in MacGyver mode, I improvised and inserted a Gatorade pull top into the missing hole and my two ball putter was whole again. On the next tee, a par-three, I pulled my shot leaving a snakey, 60-foot downhill triple braker. But with my new prosthetic putter, I was a new and confident man - a man with two balls is just more *complete*. I hit the putt. Through the biting wind and the extreme cold the ball snaked left then right, and all it needed was enough speed to make the last downhill break. I hear the crowd ooh, but it was just Chilly realizing he was on his last beer. The putt made the last break and stopped just past the hole. An easy Slammer gimmie. *Eeeyore*



Go to page #2

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The Entries Are In!

#5. Sat May 8th. I'm sure our foursome looked like an odd combination as we headed out that day: Shrek (The Game), a donkey (Eeyore), sir Farquaad (Linksy) and the girl, Fiona (me), were set to play on this day but it was my match with long time nemesis Eeyore that was on my mind. I started out going up on Eeyore but we were all square after five and remained so through 11, and then after some back and forth, we were all square again going into the par-three #17. Eeyore was first up and stuck it six feet from the pin! A dagger through the chest! I hit a straight shot... but the wind took it straight down and plunked in the rough 15 yards short. I took my eight-iron and with a smooth putting stroke connected with the ball and the chip went up. Two bounces, a roll and plunk! It hits the pin and drops! A bird! Eeyore misses his birdie so I go into 18 one-up where we both take a boggie... and I take the match. Slammer fun at its best! *IronMaiden*



#7. My Worst Shot. It was getting late. Late in the year, that is. There I was languishing in the 60s on the Slammer ladder, rungs below where I wanted to be. So I was very much looking forward to this Prescott event where I would face PizzaMan, Rulz and Stevie Ray.

All three of them were in the top 20 and I think Rulz was even in the top ten. This was my chance to levitate to the upper ether! As we came to the 14th, the beautiful par-five with the Saint Lawrence as its backdrop, I envisaged glory in my future and stars in my crown. I was all square with Rulz and one-up on Stevie Ray. (I was already toast with PizzaMan) Following a win over both on the previous hole, I hit a fairly long drive to the right, just to the left of the trees – certainly a clear shot for my second. Rulz pushed his tee shot far to the right deep into the trees. SRR put his tee shot out of bounds on the left and his second tee shot was a pop up, well short of mine. Rulz just got free of the trees in two and then he hooked his third to the left, almost O.B. in the rough. Meanwhile, SRR put his fourth up the fairway – but he was lying four, eh! Lying just one, I was already seeing myself collecting ten big ones and was further encouraged by my second shot that ended up about 140 yards from the pin. Rulz hit a nice three-wood just right of the green and chipped above the hole just off the green in the fringe. SRR put himself near Rulz but was lying six. Just one little eight-iron, my most dependable club, and I'd be there just a little under the hole, lying three. With visions of glory dancing in my head, I carefully lined up my shot, aimed for the centre of the green and took a mighty swing. I looked up to watch my ball sail to the pin (well that was the image I had in my head), but instead it careened left. And left. And left! Yup – in the hazard. I took a drop, lying four. Then I chunked a chip; still short. Finally on the green, lying six but ten feet short of the hole. All Rulz had to do was get down in two for a seven and I'd have to make my putt to tie. Well, at least I'd tie SRR who was, as you remember, lying six just off the green. But no, he chips it in the hole for a seven! My putt for seven stays right and I go down to both Ryans. From that point on, with drained confidence, I go right down the tubes! I've thought about that eight iron shot and wondered what I did. I guess staying in the moment is easier said than done. I know you're supposed to forget these things – electroshock anyone – but I did redeem myself somewhat the next week when I wedged a 100-yarder hole-high and almost birdied the thing. Of course, by then it was too late. Oyvey! Such is golf. *Bookie*

#6. It was a beautiful Saturday at Cedar Hill. My father (Prozee) and I were in our Parent-Child TC semi-final match against Sunny and SunnyBoy. Knowing that they were going to put up a tough fight, we knew that we had to get off to a good start. However, things started a little rough. It was on number four, the hardest hole on the course, that our luck changed. With my drive just clearing the water and bouncing 50 yards off the cart path, I had only 112 yards left to the pin. I took out my pitching wedge, as I knew from previous holes that the ground was firm and everything was releasing. When I hit the ball, it came off the club face so crisply that I knew it was going to be close. Landing just on the front of the green, my golf ball crept towards the hole and finally dropped. It was an eagle two! Just the break we needed and the TSN turning point in our TC match. *Baldee*



Go to page #3

Best Shots of 2010!

The Entries Are In!

#8. My memorable shot for 2010 was a putt. It was for a birdie and it won me the 2010 Tour Championship in the Super Senior Division. Here's how it went. The 2009 defending champ, Bookie, and I were matched in the final round at Falcon Ridge October 8.

I had taken an early three-hole lead, but Bookie had clawed his way back to all square by the 13th hole. I went one up at 14 and then two up at 15 so I was two up with three holes to go coming to the par three 16th. Although I had a lead, I knew I couldn't let up as Bookie just kept coming at me all day. I had honours and hit my tee shot onto the front of the green. It was safely aboard, but about 40 feet away from a middle pin. Undaunted, Bookie hit a great shot to about 12 feet from the hole – a two-putt dog for sure, and maybe a bird. "I've got to make this putt," I said to myself. "If I get it in and Bookie misses, I'll win the match." I read the putt as slightly uphill, with a small left to right break. It had to be firm to hold the line. I stroked it firmly and it started out exactly on my intended line but at about three feet from the hole, it started to fall off to the right faster than I expected. Luckily, I had hit it firmly enough that it held the line and slid into the cup. It was in! And when Bookie's birdie putt just missed, my forty-footer had won the hole, the match and the 2010 Championship. *PJ*

#9. I have two shots I would like to nominate from the 2010 season. Both were amazing in their own right and resulted in spectacular results. Casselview, June 19, 2010 Hole number one, par five. Long drive ended up in the fairway about 230 yards from the pin. I hit a four-iron ending up four feet away and made the putt for eagle. This was from the *10th fairway* and a long line of very tall trees stood in the way, which required a high draw. I never saw the result until many minutes later but knew it was near the green somewhere. Happy had just made a birdie and was, well, very happy. I casually and calmly made my eagle and walked away in silence, until now. The second shot was the 2nd hole at Cedar Glen on Nov 11, 2010. Playing with Chef and KaDaver, I hit a 122 yard wedge that landed in the cup on the fly, hitting the stick dead centre and dropping in for my second eagle of the season. It was a blind shot over a big lipped bunker. KaDaver saw it and confirmed The Eagle Had Landed. *Boomerang*



#10 Boomer is my inspiration – although I only had half his eagles, I must report on mine. It was the biggest highlight to my golf career. Yes it was the first ever! We were at the newly opened Gateau on June 22nd.

Started on the 15th hole, followed by the par three 16th, and then #17, a short par five {a mere 450 yards}. On the tee box was Wee Willie who had already sprayed his tee shot right, I hit my drive 275 yards using the Titleist 905R that was newly loaned to me by Stevie Ray. Next up was everybody's favourite Panty Wasted Half-Man. Then Mapper hit last. I was oblivious to the creek that flirts with the front of the green and took out my Hybrid {won at the Slammies the year before, as Biggest Contributor}. Hit it cleanly and WOW, it landed about 18" from the hole {175 yards} and ran a couple of feet. My first eagle was obtained with a five-foot putt. In my sophomore year as a Slammer, I came to realize that nobody wants to hear all of the details at the 19th. Ours was at the Aylmer BBQ. The secret was well kept until the skinmaster made his report. Not wanting to gloat I paused when mentioning the 17th hole eagle, but my threesome all yelled it out in unison to a much shocked crowd. The next day on a congratulatory phone call from Malone, he asked me to describe it all and it is still ingrained. And what would a golf story be if it didn't contain a TICKLARism? Well my first career eagle was a skin – a \$13 skin – the same that Ticklar received for his par skin. He and TeeDub cut each other off the following week with their own eagle on the same hole. *Grumpy*



Go to page #4

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#11. 6:15 am. Pine View, I'm late - must catch two-some ahead of me. Hole #one, par five, catch them on the green. They wave me through. Hit my third close, they watch as I miss my downhill birdie from the fringe. Race to next hole, par four.

My second flies over the green and lands on the steep downslope. The pin is downhill about half way on the green. Tough shot, pick out the landing area. Flop, hit it dead on, ball releases – in the hole! Birdie. Got the giggles, shouldn't have made that shot. Pine View hole #3 par-three, shot 200 yards over the green. Damn, sloping lie again. Pin in a similar spot downslope – tough shot. Deja-vu, flop – long release, hits the pin – birdie! Laughing out loud, shacking my head, hope the guys behind me don't think I'm crazy. Two chip-ins in a row! Hole #4, par-four, second shot, over the green again. Impossible, slope lie, rough, pin at the front, absolutely no green to work with. What to do? Flop shot to fringe. Take the shot, perfect flop to fringe, release... and... in the hole!!! Birdie! Minus three after four holes! Uncontrollable laughter, three back-to-back-to-back birdie chip-ins! *PointZero*



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