

BLGC MGA 9-Holer Report for April 26, 2018

The weather today was our usual normal spectacular pre-summer variety, but the events were not normal, if there is such a thing for those BLGC MGA World Famous 9-Holers. Eight of The Herd were in the pro shop early for coffee and chattering. But noticeably missing was our trusty scorekeeper and rocket scientist, C.L. Newsome. So, about 8:15 someone called C.L. at home and woke him up! He said he was up and coming, but he didn't say when. At 8:30 Doug's ready to play, so I divided The Herd evenly with golfers, Tommy, Greg and Mac headed off first. Tommy had the score card which isn't the best thing since Tommy does like to win, but he was the only one who could write, even if it's some Oklahoman dialect. After all I have a universal dialect translator (Google).

After the threesome meandered down the #1 fairway, the second group of three golfers (John, Bob and me) and two putters (Ken and Don) were flailing away. Hole #1 is the toughest for the old guys – the sun is in their eyes, they're not warmed up, coffee splashing everywhere, and many of the worlds most pressing problems haven't been solved yet.

Here comes the weird for today (good thing we're 70 miles west of Austin). At the #1 green I couldn't see the threesome ahead of us. Absolutely no where in sight. Maybe E.T. had captured them? No such luck! Then when we got to the #2 tee box, here they come from the #7 green. Confusion reigns. So now all the Herd is playing together again on hole #2. Ken was so perplexed at the #2 green by all this that he "accidentally" ACED his putt. There were high fives and fist pumps and end zone dancing all around. Since we were all there, the entire Herd played #3 together. Then at the #3 green, there sits C.L. Newsome, finally almost awake with a borrowed putter and a borrowed golf ball.

So, the front threesome goes first on #4 and is never seen again until all make it into the pro shop later in the morning. Now the second group has three golfers and three putters making their way to the #5 green. The golfers are on the green, but it's C.L.'s turn to putt first and he's still sitting in the golf cart. A couple of loud yells later and here he comes and that's when the day became Austin Weird. Half way to the #5 green C.L. has a wardrobe malfunction and it's a major one. He's losing his pants and fast. He drops the borrowed putter and bends over to pull up the pants and he brings a new definition to the term "Full Moon." What else would you expect from a rocket scientist!

For the rest of the round none of the Herd stood **behind** C.L.!

With all the Herd in the pro shop the two scorecards were tossed into the 9-Holer Quantum Computer card shredder. MEDAL play routines were activated once the Oklahoman dialect was deciphered and results were computed faster than C.L. can pull up his pants. And now for the winners:

Putting Competition:

1st Place for \$3: C.L. Newsome, 19 putts (he only played 7 holes but had the low score);

2nd Place for \$2: Don Webb, 22 putts;

3rd Place for \$1: Ken Mayne, 23 putts;

Golfing Competition:

1st Place for \$5: Bob Westbrook, net 30 ½;

2nd Place for \$3: Tommy Atkins, net 31;

3rd Place for \$3: 3-way tie, Greg Kepner, John Moran, Paul Castiglione, net 33;

4th Place for \$1: Mac McConahy, net 36 ½.

That's it for another great day of 9-Holer golf at good old Blue Lake!

Paul Castiglione
9-Holer Herder