

December 31 2018

Good old Tufuga ripped the course apart on Saturday. The smiling assassin shot a wonderful 75 off 9 handicap to post a superb 42 points which saw him pick up the Radius Care player of the day and jump up to 5th in the Property Brokers Shootout standings. With 2 qualifying rounds to go it really is heating up at the top of the leaderboard. The flying dutchman sits well out on top with 84 points and to rub it in his other 2 rounds would leave him in 2nd place as well. With a four round average of 41 points I am sure the handicappers shears are ready for a big snip. At present 75 points just sneaks you in to the top 19 but unless we have two weeks cancelled it definitely will not keep you there. I still reckon you will need a solid 78 points to make the final, as there are quite a few players on forty plus from only playing one round. You have the next two Saturdays to pull a big score out of the bag, so pop down and give it a nudge.

The Jolly boys Weedons trip was another great day out, with 16 boys travelling up, and a couple of lovely ladies making their own way there, can't understand why they didn't fancy going in the bus. The story of the day has to go to the wonderful Mr Sparrow. Good old Greig entered the putting contest, where you paid for 3 balls to putt before the game, if you got a ball in then you were in the final, which would be held after the round was finished. So Hamish, Terry K and Greig all got into the final. The scene was set, everyone was outside on the practise green to watch the putt off, a hole was chosen and markers placed with the finalists facing a 10 metre swinging putt. The organisers lovely blonde assistant stood next to the hole measuring the nearest putt. Terry K had a go, good line but a bit strong, a dozen locals tried, no one holed and about 8 inches was the nearest. Hamish had a go, weak and short, so was his putt. Then up steps Greig, full concentration in his golf jandals, beautiful stroke and the ball hits the back of the cup and drops in, off goes old Spud punching the air running around the green, high fiving the roaring crowd to the tempo of his jandals slapping his feet. It was then he noticed the roaring from the crowd was laughter, as he had sunk the put in the wrong hole, some three metres way from the correct one, where the blonde assistant stood, hands on hips shaking her head. Oh well Greig, I'm sure it will never get mentioned again.

Hope everyone has a wonderful new year and Good Golfing for 2019.