

# CHIP SHOTS

## IN STORE FOR 24

SOMETHING NEW? – Do not expect flying carts to be introduced this year. That time has not yet come. And, despite the prediction from the ghost of Christmas future, steaks and potatoes remain the main course at the Commissioner's Dinner. Last year, for the first time in Geneva history, a Skins game for the Scramble was implemented and appeared well accepted especially for the team of Don Jander-Tom Prunte-Tom Black-Tony McGuckin, who won the only skin with an eagle on No. 6. It will remain part of the competitive curriculum in 2024. A new innovation for this year is currently being discussed by the Competition Committee in regard to rewarding the individual who has the best three days at Geneva. A trophy that was manufactured during the Great Depression before Baby Boomers and Dick Plageman ever came into existence is being shipped to the trophy shop to be spit shined and ready for presentation. It will be a rotating trophy like the Gavin Cup and the Stanley Cup. Details on how to win this award are being hashed out. The theory of this magnificent piece of hardware becoming a reward to the individual with the best weekend has generated the most interest. If that is the case, then what qualifies as the "Best Weekend?" Will it be strictly for the golfer who earned the most money over the three-day outing? Do other factors come into play like a hole in one? Besides golf, maybe include a total weekend package, for instance spending hundreds of dollars on the Geneva Strip buying rounds of Jello shots. The ground rules have yet to be determined. I will pass them along once they are established. Earning the right to possess this sensational sculptured piece of medal for a year will add class to every living room as it stands sturdy and proud on the mantle.

FUN LUNCH – The Holidays seem so long ago. I hope the memories of the 2023 Christmas Season are positively lasting. Mine are just that. One of those moments was the lunch at the Gahanna Grill on Dec. 26. Eleven from the Geneva fraternity gathered. Joining me was Legends Vince Gatto and Fritz Ford. Others in attendance were Pat Dorn, Dick Plageman, Tim Black, Mike Pagnanelli, Ray Ballard, John Skunza, Mike Weilbacher, and Gary Metzger. According to my calculations, the total number of years on this earth added upwards to 770, that is

close to three times the length the United States has been in existence. Of course, this herd of old men delved into extensive chatter about aches and pains instead of the once dominated drooling over hot women. The Browns, grandkids, even golf was discussed. It was a nice two hours and then it was time for the old men to nap. My intention is to continue this tradition next year.

LAST MAN STANDING – I think many of us experienced times when slumber calls amid a good time. I am guilty of nodding at inopportune times. My wife often reminded me when such an occurrence took place while the family attended the circus. I was wide awake however when a man was shot from a cannon. That was great. Many witnessed me take sleep breaks at the Suburban or Milano's restaurants during dinner back in the day. I was tired. Do not ignore the fact this could and quite probably did happen to you. I have a unique catnap story to tell. Last July when most golfers left Geneva and returned home, the trio of Legend Fritz Ford, Bob Rutherford, and Mike Sachs remained for one more night. After dinner at a fine Geneva establishment, at least fine by Geneva standards, they stumbled back to Lumpy's Hideaway. The long weekend had taken its toll. Stamina becomes more of an issue with each passing year. Grabbing some quick zzzzz's before calling it a night would not be unusual. The way Lumpy accomplished the feat was. The three gathered at the bar preparing to pack and most likely drinking a final cocktail when lo and behold, it drew Doc's attention that Lumpy was sound asleep, standing on his feet. Ralph DiCarolus and I can vouch how hard it is to stay upright while sleeping. Fearing Lumpy may fall and hurt himself or, God forbid, break a table, Doc shook him awake and guided him to the recliner. His state of conscientiousness only lasted a few minutes and Lumpy was back to his old tricks. Reentering the room minutes later, Lumpy was back at the bar, drink in his hand, standing on his feet, snoring away. This time, Doc and Fritz did the smart thing and led him to bed. Some say Lumpy's golf game is a sleepwalk around the course. Next July, when I see Lumpy wandering around Geneva, the question will arise, "is he awake or napping?"

THE JOURNEY BEGINS – It is hard to be pumped about Geneva golf during these cold, wintry days. I would rather be whipping a driver any day than a snow shovel. My swing speed is the same with either tool, slow like molasses. Before we know it, however, the azaleas will bloom in bright colors introducing Spring. The dates for this year's extravaganza are July 26<sup>th</sup> thru 28<sup>th</sup>. There will be a practice

round on July 25 for anyone interested at Hemlock Springs, the site of Geneva's opening round. For those who played last year, we have rain checks to be used on Friday. If you do not return for this upcoming outing, I will try to make arrangements for a refund. One other point of business that may interest you, I am leaving room #12 at the Summertime Inn. The Geneva offices that weekend will operate at a cottage next door to Lumpy's Hideaway. This change creates a Geneva Open Village on Golf Avenue and opens a two-bedroom suite with four beds at the Summertime Inn. Anyone interested in occupying that lovely palace please contact me before July 1. If I have no takers, I will cancel my reservation. The vision of a Geneva Open Village fascinates me. Some ways, this quote from Teddy Roosevelt seems appropriate to end this entry. "Reach for the stars but keep your feet on the ground."