

2022 SCRAMBLE WRAP UP

HOT LIKE THE GENEVA HEAT

The Saturday thermometer climbed close to 90. Just as Captain Morgan's most often chums with Coca Cola, humidity sidekicks with the heat. This atmosphere brings medical warnings to stay hydrated. With the Geneva field, hydration is not a problem except often we attempt to hydrate drinking the wrong beverages. By Scramble time, energy is zapped from our bodies. The mind is willing, but the body needs nourishment. Weather plays a part in any outdoor sport. Enough of the weather report from this wannabe meteorologist. Let's talk golf.

Perhaps these conditions played a significant role in the Pat Dorn-Richie Heskett-Jared Boling-Tom Prunte team winning the Scramble. I do not believe they drank less than everyone else. It is not their nature. But an incident Friday could have been instrumental in the outcome. After overindulging Thursday night/Friday morning, and consequentially ignoring his medication, Shawn Dorn needed a nurse on Friday. Proving a responsible parent, Papa Pat Dorn donned his scrubs, sat bedside, keeping a wet cloth over the patient's forehead until his son's fever broke. While the rest of the field competed on the Chardon Lakes tract, Creature was forced to withdraw from the Gavin Cup and miss the Skins competition. It was a sacrifice of Biblical proportions.

Fast forward to the Scramble. Having just completed 36 holes in two days under the penetrating heat and humidity of a Mississippi style sun, the Geneva field scattered for air-conditioning, rest, and lunch, hoping to recharge their batteries before the Scramble. The newfound energy could not be retained for the entire 9 holes, except for Pat Dorn. Remember, he did not play golf on Friday, and his frustration brought extra determination and more than likely a little more speed and whip in his swing. When needed, Creature received help from Doobie Brother Richie Heskett, who is moving to Florida to soak year-round in the blazing sun, hunt gators, and play golf. Contributions from Jared Boling and Tom Prunte also proved instrumental in the team finishing 6 under and atop the field. This group split the \$240 purse for first place.

I had the opportunity to play with Nick Boggess, Tommy Black, and Jacob Davis. Records show Nick is the best Scramble teammate of the time. He won three of the last four Scramble Tournaments. His game was a little off this year and I believe the cart girl serving his refreshments played a huge role. He apologized over and over for his play. One Frank Alexander should be the apologist. I do not recall contributing one shot the entire round. Ernest Hemmingway said, "I don't need to swim in a river of snot to know it is snot." I played like slimed in a quart of my own mucus. I am sorry team.

Playing in Nick's group means we were the last foursome in the field. Nick loves for the spotlight of the crowd on the hill witnessing him create his magic. Last year, he delighted the gallery making a 35-foot putt to win the Scramble. Nick the wizard had no such witchcraft this year and the spectators sensed it. Were they burned out from the heat or aware Frank was in this group and Frank can bring any partner to his knees? I heard Jacob Davis beg "Make it stop hurtin." Many years the Scramble takes extra holes to crown a winner which lifts the fools on the hill to lynching mob fever. Pat Dorn, Richie Heskett, Jared Boling, and Tom Prunte were as hot as the weather and dashed any playoff action with their scolding play.