



# Mornington Masters 2011

A Winter's Tale



## SATURDAY 4 June Moving Day



It was the third golfing pilgrimage to Mornington but with a twist – winter in Victoria. With showers, cold maximums and fresh winds forecast, you'd have to be daft to do it but nine were found that qualified.

Advance scout, Trooper Allardice Snr., brilliantly set the scene at base camp in unmistakable fashion . . . .



. . . . and then awaited the scattered arrival of the other daftes:

- ❖ Phantom, Macca and Snout survived the midnight horror and a 6-hour wait fighting off sleep deprivation – and it showed on the way to lunch . . . .



- ❖ Litts and Steve chose a more comfortable time, the President flying **First Class** while the club's Platinum Sponsor sat in cattle class;
- ❖ Little Master gave a scare – fogged in at Canberra and thought to be flying QANTAS. Unbeknown he preferred a Virgin and came just in time.

Lunch at the Royal Hotel morphed into a feast at **Milano's** at The Esplanade overlooking Brighton Beach where Ronaldo (with memories of 2009?) introduced the GBW equivalent of "planking" – **tagging**. Superior seals looking suspiciously like a debauched Presidential Seal were dispensed, Pinky anointed Judge and photo evidence essential.



After lunch, Macca (surreptitiously 'Tagged') and Walks also morphed . . . into the pokies room. At departure time, a tug-of-war between the bus Captain and the Pokies captain was intense until, after the umpteenth lap around the car park, the boys appeared just in time and we rumbled off to the Eastern Seaboard club house to be met by the Canberra Kid.



It was a great feeling to be back and looking forward to 6 days of relaxing, drinking, eating, sleeping, yarning, relaxing, gambling, eating, drinking, yarning, that unique group camaraderie and, oh yes, golf!!



Ronnie was soon into his usual first night bag of tricks . . . .



His creative mind produced a number of surprises including packets of Teddy Bear biscuits for Jacko's 63<sup>rd</sup> birthday, tags for golf bags, BIG medals for round winners, a small dig at the President, and individual 3D place mats.

Steve thanked Master Blaster for his entertaining input; the Prez made a presentation to Steve in appreciation of his 10 years as Platinum Sponsor; and everyone but Snout slagged the Handicapper.

Most slept well the first night except the Little Master, who couldn't get warm, realizing later he'd slept on top of the Doona; and Snout who sweated it out, oblivious to an electric blanket set to high by a helpful room-mate.

And the burning question . . . could Iron Man defend his 2009 title?



SATURDAY 4 June THE DUNES



It was an early start, but the boys on the bus were jolted to life by Macca's now classic (but misspelt) Handicap Chant. At a cold and breezy Dunes, Pinky joined us in the gloom. Steve got serious, a \$70 driver purchased on spec but, thankfully, never used in anger – yet he still won both long drives. While Steve was adding to his collection, Canberra Kid subtracted from his, a pitching wedge going missing.

Our celebrity status at Dunes was now confirmed, with our own official course starter, though his direction to the last group to play the 10<sup>th</sup> hole as the 18<sup>th</sup> set a precedent.



The re-direction didn't faze Snout who snuck in from big hitting Phantom and the defending champ with most hitting reasonably good scores.

After the rigours of a challenging course, particularly the lively greens, it was off to lunch at a favourite haunt – T'Gallant. Unheralded changes to the venue and the limited pizza selection left the impression of a Twas' Gallant.



Though a little disappointed that our lunch expectations weren't fully met, the amber and grape fluids softened the impact and we rolled

off downhill via our traditional scenic stop at Ron's (previously Arthur's) Seat.



Momentous issues were discussed at the evening debriefing with:

- ❖ Any handicap issues to be the subject of a High Course challenge;
- ❖ A "Grand Slam" title defined and up for grabs (Big Breezy is close to winning it);
- ❖ A "Grand Master" nominated but no method for determining decided – drinking and card playing taking precedence.

#### Results – The Dunes



Snout 38



Phantom 38



Iron Man 37

**NTP**

No takers

**LD**

Iron Man (x2)

**NAGA**

Pinky

#### SUNDAY 5 June ST. ANDREWS



It was an early arrival at the course leaving plenty of time to suffer the surly, unsmiling club pro and to putt/drink coffee/putt/drink coffee/etc.

The windy and wild conditions hinted at low scores, while the course was a far cry from the more parched layout in 2008.

The Captain offered to resign his position after wiping the first 4 holes. Meanwhile, Phantom scored a rare 5-pointer on a long par 4 and Pinky took to ricocheting golf balls off blades of grass.



Master Blaster hit his straps with a win (and both Long Drives) from Phantom who was developing as a specialist 2<sup>nd</sup> place-getter, while Pinky was showing signs of coveting the NAGA.



Our late arrival at Portsea Pub with its superb vista was greeted by a BIG meal, copious beer and fine wine behind plastic under heaters – it went down a treat.

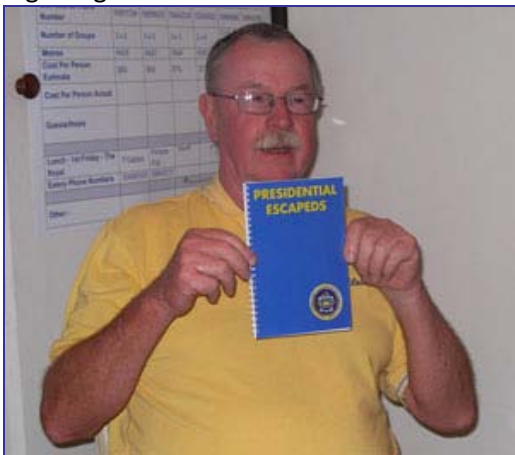


The night got busy after the Pokie twins returned from almost bankrupting the Dromana Pub:

- ❖ Pinky, suspected of taking bribes and discounting a tagged toilet seat lid, announced Iron Man/Little Master as the Tagging winning team, a decision greeted with copious booing and disqualification of the judge. The masterful “tagging” of the Prez’s can holder tipped the scales . . .



- ❖ Ronnie was back to his usual tricks, this time a bigger version of his little Friday night dig at the Prez . . .



The content of the book was obviously well received . . .






- ❖ Steve presented the magnificent “official” individual 3D placemats and metal memento plaques. **Brilliant Steve!!**
- ❖ Pinky launched into a memorable inductee acceptance speech which brilliantly captured the strong bond that exists in the group and the special regard in which each is held regardless of any positions of importance members may have in life outside the club.



- ❖ Pinky and the Canberra Kid were then initiated into the bosom of the club in that pagan club ritual . . .

*OOGA BOOGA GBW*



Results – St. Andrews		
		
Master Blaster 27	Phantom 25	Big Breezy 25
<b>NTP</b>	<b>LD</b>	<b>NAGA</b>
Iron Man	Master Blaster (x2)	Pinky



Lunch at The Baths with its magnificent views produced some reasonable food, cold beer and good wine served up by the St. Andrews pro's missus – surly and unsmiling.

The return trip was eventful:

- ❖ Australia' best vanilla slices were bought, and a cake for Steve . . . .



- ❖ Master Blaster must've played with only one eye open (19 points) and it was sore. The local optician fixed it, part of the cure being to keep his eyes shut. When complaining he might miss something, he was assured Macca would provide a running commentary.

The day concluded with:

- ❖ Handicaps being recalculated using the Duckworth-Macca system of collective dice throwing;
- ❖ A big question: "Will Steve produce a club Honour Board?"

## MONDAY 6 June **SORRENTO**



We'd dodged the rain 'til now and as we unpacked the trailer in a cold Sorrento car park under leaden skies and light rain, sipping warm coffee in the splendiferous club house looked far preferable to golf. But the weather gods smiled and we were off under clearing skies from the 10<sup>th</sup> tee (or was or the 1<sup>st</sup>?).

In a Sorrento Golf Club first, GBWGC redesigned the order of the holes. After finishing our ninth played hole, we were standing on the 17<sup>th</sup> green! We'd played holes 1,3,4,5,6,14,15,16,17. A bemused 'local' and a course plan got us back on track as carts whizzed in all directions to make up the holes and the time on a challenging course but not as threatening as some of the links courses. The score cards resembled a botched art class, but showed Snout and Iron Man returning to the podium together with a gallant Captain. Walks finally made the Long Drive list, reminding Master Blaster who he'd pipped that "You did hit the ball hard enough."

Pinky, who we were starting to rely on for the NAGA, sadly left us after an impressive 34 points. Macca slipped into the NAGA spot and was told to pull his sox up . . . instead going for the knee bandage . . . .

- ❖ More late night gambling to swell Macca's coffers . . .



The course looked flat and so it proved over the fairly uninteresting initial holes. It then settled into a more dunes-like course, undulations and challenging holes combining with a persistent strong breeze to make scoring difficult.



Results – Sorrento		
		
Snout 40	Iron Man 35	Little Master 35
<b>NTP</b> Snout	<b>LD</b> Iron Man Phantom	<b>NAGA</b> Macca



**TUESDAY 7 June 13<sup>th</sup> BEACH** 

Off to Barwon Heads on the Queenscliff Sorrento Ferry on a windy day with white caps on the bay.

A relatively smooth ride with the Prez conducting a Master Art Class – very art nouveau – though his impression of his own Presidential Seal was very suspect.



From Queenscliff, Satellite Sally went head-to-head with Jeff and the UBD, Canberra Kid the clear winner.

Big Breezy (well named this day) prevailed to win Gold while Phantom overcame eyesight problems (“ . . . that cow ahead on the fairway turned out to be a big bird”) to continue his Silver run.

Macca struck double trouble:

- ❖ A second NAGA, rating the course as very nice for someone else to go and play;
- ❖ Chastised by the ferry shop assistant for some “innuendo” involving the Captain and his medal.

A really interesting, different and enjoyable idea to drive-ferry-golf-ferry-drive.



There was only one issue on the trip home . . .



We gathered on the 1<sup>st</sup> tee of the Old Course under cloudy skies facing a strong breeze (yet again) with grey wigs and walking sticks for Little Master/Iron Man ensuring the entire group met the age or disability criteria for buggy hire.

The Old Course, a Trent-Jones design, was a stunner and quite daunting – undulating fairways brilliantly shaped from land so naturally suited to links design, some deep bunkers, deep valleys, water, slick greens and spectacular ocean views. They even had a backup clubhouse nestled away.

Results – 13 <sup>th</sup> Beach		
		
Big Breezy 28	Phantom 27	Little Master 27
<b>NTP</b>	<b>LD</b>	<b>NAGA</b>
Big Breezy (x2)	Iron Man Master Blaster	Macca



**WEDNESDAY 8 June NATIONAL**



There had been doubts about playing at National due to some unfortunate circumstances in Jacko's family. His 6.30 a.m. call to Master Blaster indicated that their situation had improved for the better and he and CoJack were keen to play.



No high scores expected today and so it proved – Snout (grabbing the second 5-pointer of the championship) fortunate in a countback win from Iron Man (27 points) with Master Blaster taking Bronze also on countback from Big Breezy (23). Little Master and Macca found the going extremely tough, tying for a new NAGA record (7 points), LM taking the honours on count forward. CoJack broke the Allardice monopoly winning both Long Drives.




The National Burger proved a hit at lunch where the President complimented Jacko and CoJack on their excellent hosting of the day – one we all eagerly look forward to playing.

Jacko was presented with a very impressively boxed bottle of Mosswood 2007 Pinot Noir to complement his Teddy Bear biscuits (all 9 packets of them) in celebration of his 63<sup>rd</sup> birthday.



The hankies were out as we waved off our Captain and his personal chauffeur CoJack. And then there were 7.

### Results – National

		
Snout 27	Iron Man 27	Master Blaster 23
<b>NTP</b>	<b>LD</b>	<b>NAGA</b>
Snout	CoJack (x2)	Little Master



THURSDAY 9 June

MOONAH LINKS

Sadly our last day of the Masters played at our now traditional closing course. Apart from Sorrento's brief morning shower and a closing shower at 13<sup>th</sup> Beach, we'd escaped the rain. And so it remained today on a partly cloudy but mostly sunny day with that ever-present breeze.

The sun was about to shine on Iron Man's fortunes . . . .



Moonah once again proved a great course – well presented, not as threatening, enjoyed by all (well almost all as the end result showed). It (8.8) and the National (8.9) were given the highest ratings of the 6 courses played.

Macca, Canberra Kid and Master Blaster made great starts and came home with their successes – MB cementing his Long Drive mantle (winning both); CK coming in with the Bronze; and Macca jumping back to his average 22 points/game.

Snout, with a 6-point lead, looked confident. However, Iron Man and Phantom carved up the first nine holes with more than 20 points each, and Snout looked forlorn. Big Breezy couldn't stoke the fires but almost made some putts! Iron



Man was devastating, playing THE round of the 3 Masters to amass 46 points. Phantom was no slouch either with 38 points, while Big Breezy and Snout never really fired a shot to join Macca in a 3-way tie for the NAGA.



Flowers were bought for Sue and it was off to Jack's Ridge for that superb hospitality and final presentations. It was the perfect way to end yet another magnificent Mornington Masters week, with talk of the next event being planned for early 2013.




### JACK'S RIDGE



Sue and Graeme have been extraordinary hosts during the three Mornington Masters



Their hospitality and many kindnesses are greatly appreciated by the boys, even if Ronnie attempted to put Sue off side this trip!

Results – Moonah Links		
		
Iron Man 46	Phantom 38	Canberra Kid 30
<b>NTP</b>	<b>LD</b>	<b>NAGA</b>
Iron Man Snout	Master Blaster (x2)	Snout

### MASTERS RESULTS



**Iron Man**  
(145 pts)

**Phantom**  
(131 pts)

**The Snout**  
(131 pts)



### A FEW MORE PICS



The **Northern Commander's** rank was duly recognized – a privileged position up front, personal chauffeur, and official vehicle sticker



The locals were not impressed



## EVENING DEBRIEFINGS



