

Once upon a time near the dawn of time when man learned to walk upright and found he could use a stick for a club, I was a 10 handicap golfer. Thirty years later, my handicap has doubled and my driving distance has been cut in half. So it's a cause for celebration when I end up on the winning end of any tournament.

"Bartender, another Geritol please!"

I just wrapped up my annual Spring Swing through Florida, covering local chapter events. From March to May, I got to tee it up almost every week or two from Jacksonville to Naples. Throw in trips to FarmLinks Golf Club in Sylacauga, Ala., and Pinehurst Resort and some people think I'm trying out for the Champions Tour.

Trust me — age is the only number I have that qualifies me for that group.

I can sum up my current golfing ability by quoting a friend who once said of my game, "I've seen better swings on a condemned playground."

But the golf gods have been smiling on me lately. In January, I won a set of new clubs from Razor Golf in the 2009 "Pick Your Pro" contest by the International Network of Golf (ING), a golf media-based association. Razor Golf sponsored the contest and makes a line of high-quality, mid-priced clubs proving golf can be affordable to the masses.

But no golf club manufactured can help me when forced to play from the blue tees in all of these events. With my 20-plus handicap, my drives become useless in scramble events and even worse is the sheer humiliation of not reaching the fairway cut or clearing the forced carries over golf ball-gobbling hazards.

In early March, I was down to my last two golf balls in a tournament and in danger of not being able to finish the round. But things were about to change. The following week, I provided the lucky ball marker to help our team to a third-place, low-net finish. With the \$60 gift card from Callaway Golf.com, I was able to buy four 15-ball boxes of Top-

## This Silver Fox Still Has Some Game

BY JOEL JACKSON



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Flite Super Long, Super Straight, and Super Soft and Feel golf balls. How can I go wrong now? (By the way, you can get these same balls at Walmart, another victory for more affordable golf.)

Two weeks later, I was on my own. Tapped to play for one chapter against the other in their annual joint meeting Ryder Cup golf match. I think the host chapter figured I would be a certain loser to their guy.

Thanks mainly to my younger opponent's superior swing and distance, he kept hitting it into trouble and the Silver Fox rallied for a 4 and 3 victory. Prizes for match winners were six Titleist Pro V1 golf balls. So the golf bag is full and I'm now thinking about selling balls at the flea market on the side.

Two weeks later, playing with my tri-focal glasses, I personally had a double eagle and 11 birdies, but, alas, that was on my bird-watching list. Golf-wise, my team only shot one under. However, we never missed a beer cooler and were six for six in that category. Not a personal best but very, very close.

My last outing was at a golf media conference at Pinehurst, and even though we didn't play the venerable No. 2 course, we loved walking in the footsteps of golf history at the resort. My team came in second, and I scored another dozen golf balls. Plus I got to visit with Pinehurst's Bob Farren and meet Ben Crenshaw as a bonus. So I've got that going for me.

Ladies and gentlemen: In golf, some days you're the club and some days you're the divot.

Golf is my game. What's yours?

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*Certified Superintendent Joel Jackson is Executive Director of the Florida GCSA.*