VOYAGE OF THE DAMNED

Once upon a time (let’s call it last Sunday), a fearless trio representing our Match Committee donned suitable life-preserving gear and ventured forth into the aquatic wilderness that was once our golf course. Their purpose – to ascertain the playability of said course, initially for the scheduled Winger Mixed Open and possibly for years to come. Accompanied by a faithful guide, they undertook a voyage that was both perilous and revealing.

“We shall be damned if we do, and damned if we don’t” intoned the expedition’s courageous leader as the team pondered the fall-out from their decision to proceed with or cancel the day’s significant event. With considerable trepidation, their journey began with a relatively gentle lake crossing where once the first fairway lay in verdant splendour. Tossing their guide overboard to ascertain the playability of said course, initially for the scheduled Winger Mixed Open and possibly for years to come. Accompanied by a faithful guide, they undertook a voyage that was both perilous and revealing.

Return to base camp and viewing a flawless blue, sun-blessed sky, considerable discussion unfolded. Once having reached resolution on whose turn it was to buy morning tea, they turned their minds to the morning’s tee and the possibility of play. The vote was 3-0 and, despite this deadlock and any constitutional requirement to form a sub-committee and report back some time next month, the decision was made to immediately cancel the event and close the course for the day.

Those who choose to damn this decision as cowardly would be well outnumbered by those who viewed it as a wise precaution against unplayable lies, saturated shoes and general damning of a decision to play in conditions that were unfair to all. Choose your side as you wish – your Match committee anticipates much muttering from predictable quarters – but bear in mind that the decision was an informed one that realistically assessed the overall conditions and deemed the course in need of protection and time to absorb the immense amounts of water that, damn them, just won’t drain away.

BOUNDERS, ROTTERS, SCOUNDRELS AND RATBAGS – CHOOSE YOUR OWN WORDS

Being a family publication, we hesitate to use stronger language to describe the lowlifes that seem to fringe our society. Last week we saw the mindless efforts of some boofheads who chose to rip up our 9th green. Whatever did this some boofheads who chose to rip up our 9th green. Whatever did this...