



THE G.A.S.P. GAZETTE

Volume: 22 Editor: A Four-Time Winner July, 2007

Results For 2007

Well, what can you say ... get on Darcy's team, and win the trophy. (At least that is what Lyle is spouting these days.) The race for second was far closer than determining the winner, but nonetheless, everyone had a great time and enjoyed the golf and the facilities. Here is the final "golf" tally for the weekend. (Note: It's not the final "financial" tally as we can't be certain that Radium Springs won't send us a bill for something else!)

Team	Score
Darcy, Lyle, Dave	300
Sean, Ron, Mal, Gary	322
Joe, Logan, Paul, Al	326
Doug, Brad, John, Kerry	326



Photo: GASP Champs of 2007.

Thanks to the organizing committee, which I guess is just Darcy. The accommodations were fantastic, and the courses were great (excluding those blood-suckers at Radium). It would be nice to go back again some year and play every round at either Grey Wolf or Eagle Ranch.

"If you watch a game, it's fun. If you play it, it's recreation. If you work at it, it's golf." - Bob Hope

Prize Winners For 2007

Day	Prize/Hole	Winner
Saturday	L.D./#3	Doug H.
	K.P./#4	Logan W.
	L.D./#13	Gary G.
	K.P./#17	Darcy G.
Sunday	K.P./#2	Brad P.
	L.D./#6	Sean C.
	L.D./#14	Kerry G.
	K.P./#16	Dave S.

A special thanks to all the fellows who brought prizes this past year. Your (and your company's) generosity is greatly appreciated. But let's face it, we all come out just to beat Lyle, so the big prize eluded everyone in '07.

You Know You're In Saskatchewan When ...

- You design your kids Halloween costume to fit over a snowsuit.
- You know someone who has actually shot himself accidentally.
- You sort your laundry into three loads: greens, whites, and green-and-whites.
- You've stopped by the local bar to cash a cheque.
- The bank teller asks to see some proof of identification, and you point to the arm patch on your slow-pitch jacket.
- Driving is better in winter because the potholes are filled with snow.
- You have enough ball caps to match every shirt you own, although you still insist on wearing only one so the others don't get dirty.
- You catch yourself "getting down" to the radio jingles for post-emergent broad-leaf weed control.

"I'm in the woods so much I can tell you which plants are edible." - Lee Trevino

Photo: My trip to SeaWorld in 2007.

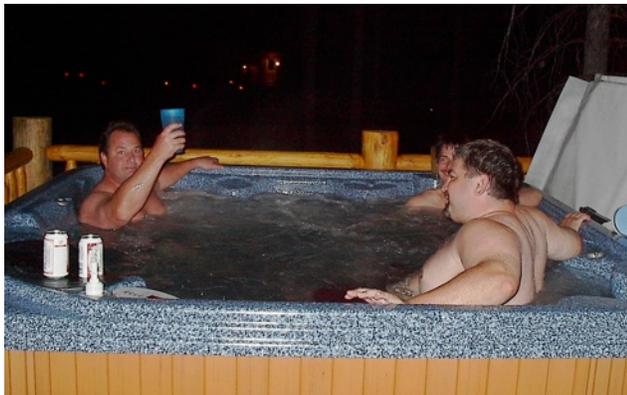


Photo: How to handle Pilsner beer.



We hope to see everyone back in 2008. 20 golfers have been too hard to deal with, so expect only 16 spots to be available. The organizing committee of Brad, Lyle, and Joe will be looking for our golfers for next year, so be sure to let them know, in advance, if you plan on attending. Early plans are for golfing at Kananaskis, with camping at Mount Kidd. For those who prefer life in condos, look for making your own reservations at the Kananaskis village, where beautiful, but expensive, accommodations await. For those who have experienced golf at Kananaskis and camping at Mount Kidd before, you know this will be a great trip. Something for everyone next year.

Be sure to bookmark our website for whatever updates need to be made.

www.geocities.com/Augusta/Fairway/4787

Photo: The golfers of 2007.



THE ULTIMATE GOLF POEM

In my hand I hold a ball
White and dimpled & rather small
Oh, how bland it does appear
This harmless looking little sphere

By its size I could not guess
The awesome strength it does possess.
But since I fell beneath its spell
I've wandered through the fires of hell

My life has not been quite the same
Since I chose to play this stupid game
It rules my mind for hours on end
And a fortune it has made me spend

It has made me scream and yell and cry
I hate myself and want to die
It promises a thing called par
If I can hit it straight and far

To master such a tiny ball
Should not be very hard at all
But my desires the ball refuses
And does exactly as it chooses

It hooks and slices, dribbles and dies
And disappears before my eyes
Often it will take a whim
To hit a tree or take a swim

With miles of grass on which to land
It finds a tiny patch of sand
Then has me offering up my soul
If only it would find the hole

It's made me whimper like a pup
And swear that I will give it up
And sit and cry to ease my sorrow
But the ball knows I'll be back tomorrow!!!!