

❖ The Cruze Chronicle ❖

Double Digit Distribution

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Our first “Three-peat”

The 5th annual tournament is now history

The suspense is over. Art has the honor of being the first to “three-peat”.

Art won his third golf tournament with a blazing 91.

Art continually scrambled back from the rough, from the water, from behind a tree, and from wimpy drives. His new clubs not only came through for him, they also thoroughly intimidated the other players.



This year’s weather was hot but nothing like last year. Fans who braved the heat were treated to the most interesting tournament yet.

John, the new kid on the block, gave the “die-hard” regulars quite a scare, Roger lost his head, Greg crashed and burned, and Art showed us how to hit (by mistake) an 8 iron 170 yards over water .

On the 15th hole, it looked as though Greg might catch him. The pressure mounted when Greg unleashed a tremendous drive and Art barely made it to the woman’s tee.

Greg expected to gain as many as two strokes on Art. But not to worry, Greg hit his second shot into the woods (behind him). Then he hit a tree, two more “duffs” in the fairway, a long shot over the green, and finally two more to get the ball into the cup. **Greg showed us his classic “Crash and Burn”.**

Art took a “6” on the hole and instead of giving up 2 strokes, he extended his lead by 2. Greg, on the other hand, let the disappointment get to him and on the 18th, he posted his highest single hole score of all his tournaments. (He’ll have to tell you what it was).

Now it’s up to Greg, John, and Roger

Congratulations Art

“Heads you lose ...”

On the 9th hole, Roger had his “head” handed to him. (See picture below at right).

A poor drive and a “funny” feeling made Roger look at the head of his driver. It had been acting weird for the last two days and now it was dangling from the end of the shaft.

Composure was a serious problem for the next several minutes. All eyes were on him but not a word was spoken. The only sound you could hear was the wind blowing in the trees, a few birds chirping, and a truck far off in the distance.

Roger broke the silence with a simple, “Aww man, look what happened”.

✍️ Staff Writer

Art and John were “neck and neck” for the first few holes. Art was visibly stressed. (You can tell when he’s stressed because he talks a lot about everything).

Greg and Roger could only watch in disbelief at what was happening. While their lips were proclaiming there were many holes to go, their hearts were lower than a golf ball at the bottom of a lake.

John, you showed us a side we hadn’t



What’s left of the business end of Roger’s driver