

MIKEY AT THE TEE

[Editor's Note: Mikey at the Tee is the classic story of the contest atop the overall leader board of the 2004 Southern Pine Invitational, as four players vied for the Terrapin Trophy. The spirit of the contest was chronicled by the following verses in iambic pentameter from an onlooker who witnessed the epic first hand (with apologies to E. L. Thayer). Excerpted from the 2004 *Dimpled Orb Digest*.]



There was much anticipation among the WMBAC five that day.
Three were in contention with 18 more to play.
King was tied for first at ten. Moore was close behind.
Matlock could go all the way with a strongly played back nine.
On their shoulders rested all the hopes of a WMBAC win,
As only Cueball blocked their chance to reclaim the Terrapin.



Logue had long since retired as defending champion of all.
He knew the orb would no longer hang upon his office wall.
So on the tee he quietly spoke these words to Mikey King.
“We’re pullin’ fer ye Mikey boy--bring home the golden ring.”
So off they went with great fanfare as Moore poured it in for four.
King bogeyed number one but knew he could get more.

On they played through number nine where Moore tapped in for bird.
With eight points at the turn perhaps his game was truly cured.
But on the back with errant shots misfortune he befell.
His chances doomed by all the putts that simply never fell.
So with Moore along the wayside, and Matlock never in,
It fell to King to bear the flag and keep the Terrapin.



And so alone with steadfast play King fought along with flair.
Despite the whiff at fifteen he knew his game was there.
Sixteen’s par yielded two more points to bring the trophy home.
Two more lousy holes to play to win the golden dome.
At seventeen he let fly his drive and was at the fringe in two.

But an errant chip and putts that missed are shots that he would rue.
One more hole, the eighteenth one, Mid Pines toughest test.
Could Mikey find the glory here and prove that he's the best?
Just as before the spheroid flew and landed softly near the trees.
Again the second straight and true, nestling neatly near the green.
Another chip struck boldly on, to win the final points.
And now the putt, the toughest stroke, would it the champion anoint?



With wand in hand King deftly took dead aim upon the goal.
His aim was true; his stroke was firm; the orb headed for the hole! . . .
Somewhere breaking putts are drained. Somewhere drivers boom.
Somewhere spring is in the air. Somewhere flowers bloom.
Somewhere life is happy. Somewhere choirs sing.
But there is no joy at WMBAC. For Cueball is the King. ■

