

## A TALE OF TWO CITIES

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(LITTLE EGG HARBOR TOWNSHIP, NJ) - It was the worst of conditions it was the best of conditions. Men pitted against sustained 30mph winds with 45mph gusts could only hold their nerve in the confidence that all concerned had the same dilemma. Saturdays wind and a course that needs accuracy into greens meant course management taken to its highest level. Paramount was the ability to play the knock down as well as low spin shots. The wind took no prisoners, kept no records and littered shallow graves along the fairways on this otherwise green and sunny day.

Only probability could salvage this tumultuous onslaught of body and mind. Somewhere in the one hundred a Spartan, a warrior, or perhaps an unconscious superhero would rise to the occasion and indeed they did. Pete Murray and Brad Bernardz led a stymied field of blistered souls to enter the clubhouse with the satisfaction of taming the invisible beast. There were formidable others who kept within striking reach including green jacketed Josh Rosen and the multi blazered Rob Delcorpo. With day two conditions forecasted as "mild spring", the likely hood of the lead staying in this leader pack seemed probable as the nerve piece of the equation had been previously solved. Sleep deprivation and alcohol consumption set aside, the cast was all but set. All needed now were the actors to take their positions upon the stage that was Master's Sunday.

A walk in the park?

Easy peazy, lemon squeazy should have been the path for our legion. A quiet peaceful morning with soft filtered light and the melody of migrating birds. Golfers enhanced the new serenity by sharing their previous qualms of the recent past. With pleasure they enjoyed their harmonious range and putting sessions. The exhalation was complete, a new day to contend with. A bad dream for most, now just a memory. It was time for golf tranquillity and off they went.

There may have been too much nerve extracted for some on Saturday as the serenity that followed had the baggage of bruised egos along with the collateral fallout of broken spirits. With most of the field in the clubhouse it appeared as a new face had surfaced among the leaders. Art Moeller had locked in a tie with Anthony Fieretti for the low net lead. With only the last group left to report it seemed likely that we were on the verge of a classic "sudden death" playoff. Leaders paced the floor of Ballamors 19<sup>th</sup> hole while onlookers watched from the perches of the clubhouse veranda. Where was our hero? Did he find his inner peace and connect his weekend with matching and winning results?

Rob Delcorpo performed such magic. He entered the scoring area with the air of a Zen master. His gate was even, and his voice was smooth. Let it be known that Delcorpo took the ownership of this 2019 GM masters low net championship with a respectful pride.

Anthony Fieretti was not to be denied and was crowned the low gross champ. Winning low gross will only be viewed as the true champion by some but when all the marbles were counted Mr, Rob departed with the heaviest of pockets.

