

as I did yesterday. It just comes down to who makes the putts. Today, he made a couple and I missed a couple.”

Although most junior events are stroke play, Lovemark proved match play fits his game. “I consider myself a good match play player,” he said. “I try to make people make birdies and not let them win holes with par. I’m very aware of the strategies involved in match play.”

Making your own birdies helps, too. In his morning semi-final match against List, Lovemark made four birdies on the front nine to take a 3-up lead at the turn, and birdied the par 4, 422-yard, 16th to notch the 3 and 2 victory. Against Wilson, he birdied the first hole to take a lead he never lost.

Wilson advanced to the championship match by edging New Zealander Brad Iles, 1 up, in his morning semifinal. Wilson took a 1-up lead on the second hole against Iles and built the lead to 3-up through 13 holes. Iles scratched back, winning the next two holes to cut Wilson’s lead to 1-up, but Wilson managed to halve the last three holes, sinking an 8-foot, uphill par putt on the par 4, 421-yard, 18th to seal the win.

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30 Year Return at 103rd Western Amateur

By Scott Sullivan

I admitted I was powerless over golf 30 years ago.

There were relapses. Now and then I would whack a bucketful with my old steel-shafted clubs, tune in telecasts to inflame the sense of transport the sport gave me, even play rounds of mini-golf to see if my only gift — for bouncing balls off the spinning windmill blade — had deserted me.

But play real golf? View a tournament firsthand? The thought triggered memories of 12-step programs and 12-stroke holes. There are only recovering golfaholics.

“If you start me up, I’ll never stop,” the Rolling Stones sang ... and keep singing. Same with me and golf. Visions of myself clinging to a mashie, like Mick to a microphone or Keith to his sunburst Gibson till we are all older than Methuselah were, ewww ... Don’t make a grown man cry.

Still, 30 years? Surely I had licked this. So when the chance came to view the 103rd Western Amateur at Point O’ Woods Golf and Country Club July 30, I decided to prove golf had no more grip on me. It was only a

Tiger Woods drive from home, the sun was shining, the weather perfect. This would be a watershed, not my Waterloo, I felt sure.

My confidence began withering upon entering what designer Robert Trent Jones called “perhaps my best American golf course.” One minute you’re cruising the Red Arrow Highway near Benton Harbor, the next you’re in Wonderland, where fairways are like greens, greens like magic carpets. Bunkers, shaped like amoebas or Rorschach ink blots, hold sand so white it has to be manufactured.

Sentinel trees dwarfed two-man armies — golfers and caddies, advancing on pins — framed by mirror ponds and hallucinatory blooms that seemed to radiate their own light.

God grant me the serenity ... Cathedral silences were broken by twittering birds as lean-jawed athletes under ballcaps addressed balls aggressively, swung and, CLINK!, sent them shooting rocket-like toward feathery, soft-plunk landings.

I was one with the gallery, whispering/murmuring speculations and second-guessing golfers whose toenails held more talent than I could hope for or even

dream of, unless they cared to consult me on hitting windmill blades.

This was rapture. Rats. I had not worn a hat just in case this happened, thinking frying my brain would chase me back to the clubhouse, my car and life as a golf teetotaler — Tees! — free of pin-place-ment palpitations, compulsions to count dimples on my Dunlops and other obsessions that 30 years ago had plagued me ... but no such luck.

“The mind is a terrible thing to lose,” said Dan Quayle, a better golfer than politician. But to give up a game you love — Davis Love! — because it is driving you nuts, is crazy.

I accept this thing that I cannot change. Golf has a Vardon grip on my jugular. I stayed till the 22-hole match I had been following was complete, shadows swallowed paradise, and mowing crews came on to shave stray-grass whiskers and prepare the next day’s perfection.

Why fight that?

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Kelly Cavanaugh Makes Michigan Women’s Open Her First Win

By Michael Patrick Shiels

Kelly Cavanaugh, a 22 year old from Palos Verdes, California, made the 12th Detroit Newspapers Michigan Women’s Open her first professional victory Wednesday at Crystal Mountain Resort. The touring professional, who confessed to not having won any tournament since playing junior golf, shot a final-round 68 on Crystal’s 6,150-yard Mountain Ridge course, which, added to her first two rounds of 71 and 70, gave her a 209 (7-under-par) total and the \$5,500 first-place check.

“It feels great,” said Cavanaugh, who began the final round a shot behind LPGA veteran Tracy Hanson. “I played one shot at a time and tried not to pay attention. I just wanted to see what would happen without forcing anything.”

But Cavanaugh forced the issue by making three-straight birdies on the 10th through 12th holes, holing putts of six, 24 and 21 feet to push her way in front of Hanson.

“She played a really solid round of golf today. Three birdies in a row

definitely gave her some momentum. I made par putts, but I couldn’t get the birdies to go in,” said Hanson, 33, who spends her summers in Holland, Michigan and has played 11 years on the LPGA Tour. Hanson did hole a 20-foot birdie putt on the par-three 17th to put the heat on Cavanaugh, who was then forced to hit her tee shot on the 18th with a tenuous one-stroke lead.

“I was so nervous, but I decided to go for it and hit my driver. I’d been doing it all week,” said Cavanaugh, who turned professional in 2003 and has been cherry-picking mini-tour events wherever she could qualify. She was rewarded with a closing birdie while Hanson, forced to play aggressively, double-bogeyed to close with 73 and slip to third place.

“I’m going to phone my grandfather Gene Parana, back in Palos Verdes. He got me into golf,” said Cavanaugh, who was also congratulated with cheers and hugs from her fellow mini-tour players behind the 18th green.

“I’m working really hard to get