

# BST 2014: Return to Mesquite

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## Many have said it, few have honored it:

*"I shall return" – Douglas MacArthur, sometime in the 40's*

*"I'm bored, I'm broke and I'm back" – John Riggins, sometime in the 70's*

*"I'll be back" – Terminator T-800 Model 101, sometime in the 80's*

*"I'm never going back to my old school" – Steely Dan, sometime long ago*

*"I'll be home for Christmas" – Bing Crosby, sometime longer ago*

*"If they are going to call it the friggin' Buffet Experience they need to have a damn buffet" – Paul Valvo, Mesquite 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012*

After 107 straight years of Harry Reid's leadership, the town of Mesquite was suffering severely. There was only one craps table, two black jack tables and one restaurant "The Desert Rule Sushi Restaurant and Casino" (note: this was Bob Langley's favorite because they had a Groupon for \$1.50 off any sushi more than 3 day's old). The Jack in the Box was boarded up and even Donnie and Marie refused to make an appearance. Seven straight years without a damn Buffet was one year too many.

Given these dire conditions and under extreme pressure from the BST crew to never go to Mesquite again, our fearless leader cratered. Women and children were crying in the streets thinking they'd seen the last of the BST Boys. (Before you read this next bit cue up some dramatic music from "The Last of the Mohicans") As we rode south to Vegas, Tim Bayles, our leader looked back with a tear in his eye, winked, blew a kiss and whispered softly to Imogene Weisberger, the 87 year old madame of the famous Mesquite brothel, The Saggy Boob, "I will find you". Unfortunately, Imogene is no longer with us (God rest her soul), her dying wish was that BST would one day return to Mesquite.

So, despite saying we would never return to Mesquite again, our fearless leader cratered. (For this next bit cue Thin Lizzy "The Boys are Back in Town") That's right, this year marks the triumphant return of BST to Mesquite. As soon as word got around that we were coming back they held the biggest party Mesquite has ever seen (see picture below). The local hotties partied like it was 1999 (see picture below). Now, I'm not saying we are going to be welcomed like the Allied forces in

France during World War II (The Big One), but this could be your chance to finally score with the local ladies (see picture below).



*Mesquite 2014: BST Celebration Party*

Many of you thought you were signing up for 4 days in Vegas with great shows, great restaurants, and beautiful babes. Right? Well we can't have that now can we? No we are going to spend half our time in Mesquite (median age 97.3 yrs).

The good news is that on the way up we can make a stop at our favorite Indian Liquor Store. (As an aside, ask them what they think about this Redskin team name bullsh!t. I know I'm pissed off about it.) For you new guys this place is like the Walmart of liquor stores. Need whiskey? – got it. Need beer? – got it. Ammo? – got it. Cigars and cigarettes? – got it. Firecrackers? – got 'em. Slim Jims? – got 'em. CCL? – get it there. Laundry done? – you're in the right place! BBQ? – you guessed it. Toothpaste? – What kind do you want? It's about halfway between Vegas and Mesquite on the right. Don't miss it.

## The Accommodations

**Mesquite.** So this year we are staying at the Eureka Resort and Casino. You regulars remember it as that place where they have the ham steak, but never have the buffet. You know, it's that place we always said, "Man, I'm glad we're not staying here. What a sh&t hole". I think a couple of us gambled there one night because they gave us a sleeve of Pro V's. Supposedly they fixed it up, I'm sure it will be fine. They do have free oxygen tanks if you spend more than \$10 at the slots.

They also have a great pool party with happy hour every day from 3 to 4 PM. Here's a snapshot. Don't miss it.



*Eureka Resort and Casino Poolside Happy Hour. Why is that women on the right topless?*

**Vegas .** OK, now we're talking. Halloween in Vegas. Every boy dreams about this. Here are a few snapshots of the Vegas Halloween scene to compare and contrast with Mesquite.





*Vegas Halloween Bash*



*Vegas Halloween Poolside Party. (Does that chick on the right have a spit cup?)*

Not sure where these photos were taken or where these parties were, but rest assured, we are not staying there. Tell the wives and girlfriends not to worry.

We will be experiencing Fremont Street. There are fat dudes dressed like Elvis, fat dudes dressed like Kiss, fat chicks dressed like vampires. Also, I think there may be a NASCAR race there or they must sell NASCAR jackets cheap because damn near everyone there is wearing one. There are bands playing and you can walk around outside with a beer so what's not to like?

## The Golf

**First Stop: Conestoga.** Don't remember much about it other than they have a bunch of broken wagon wheels laying all over the place. Oh yeah, they do have a clubhouse. I think Bayles and I had a couple Double Bloodies in there, but I can't really remember.

At this point, that fat wallet you arrived with has thinned out a bit. It's all good. Sitting on a fat wallet leads to back pain, back pain leads to bad golf swings, bad golf swings lead to bad golf scores, bad golf scores lead to Crown Royal, Crown Royal leads to happiness! Happiness leads to the casino, casinos lead to thinner wallets, thinner wallets lead to Crown Royal, Crown Royal leads to happiness! Doesn't everything lead to Crown Royal? It's like the circle of life.

I forgot to mention, we will do a group picture and the putting contest here. Get there early (that means no "Livin on Tulsa Time" for you Oklahoma boys). Every year it's worth \$100 to win the putting contest. That is until the year I won where for some unexplained reason it dropped to \$50. They had to keep it at \$50 ever since to keep up appearances. Mark my words, if Bayles ever wins it (and he won't because he's a crap putter) for some unexplained reason it will go back to \$100.

Here's my advice for Conestoga, just hit a long straight drive, smooth an iron onto the green, then roll it in the hole. Everything breaks towards the ocean. Stay the h#ll out of the desert.

**Second Stop: The Chase at Coyote Springs.** Who the h&ll names a course like that? Seriously. Are you supposed to remember that? Sounds kind of fancy for a place that doesn't have a clubhouse. How the h@ll do you not have a club house anyway? Maybe they should name it Lost Clubhouse in The Middle of Friggin' Nowhere. For our sake I hope the same cart girl is there. She claims to remember us. For her sake I hope she's not.

The course is a Jack Nicklaus design. Apparently he likes sand. Friggin' desert surrounds the place and he builds a course with 34,678 bunkers. What the h\$ll is that all about? It's OK he makes up for it by having really fast greens.

You may be running a little low on cash at this point. Don't fret it, we are heading back to Vegas after the round where you'll have a chance to win it all back. Everybody does. If not, they got ATMs at all casinos. There should be plenty of cash in the ATMs should you need it because nobody ever loses money on these trips.

Here's my advice for Coyote Springs, just hit a long straight drive, smooth an iron onto the green, then roll it in the hole. Everything breaks towards the ocean. Stay the h^ll out of the desert.

**Final Stop: The Lexington Course at The Revere.** Here they go with those names again. South of Vegas on a ridge over looking the city you will have a chance to reflect back on the last few days. As you look into your wallet on that final morning gazing back across the city, you will say this, trust me you will really say this, "Mother friggin' effer! I only got \$20 bucks left? What the h\*ll happened to all my friggin' money? Maybe I better go practice some chip shots so I can win it back today. Then I will use it as seed money tonight at the casino where I will win everything back!" The only thing that disappears faster than money out of your wallet at BST is the lap dancers at "Big Bob's Boobie Shack" when they find out you are out of singles.

Here's my advice for The Severe, just hit a long straight drive, smooth an iron onto the green, then roll it in the hole. Everything breaks towards the ocean. Stay the h%ll out of the desert.

## A Short Note on Handicaps

Many of you know that Rick "McCrown" McFarland will not be joining us this year and has temporarily handed over handicap administrative duties to me. That makes me the most powerful person on this trip and more powerful than a Russian customs officer. Anyone familiar with the term "baksheesh"? Look it up.

In the past handicapping has been a black box, this year I am going to be completely friendly and transparent with the process. Here's how it's gonna work:

1. You losers need to educate yourselves about handicaps. It's not based on average, it's not based on recent crap play, it's based on your potential and not your potential to blow up. It doesn't matter if "My wife hasn't let me play

since last year” Wah, friggin’ wah. It’s a reflection of your best golf. That’s why they have ESC. Any of you shankers know what ESC is? No, I didn’t think so.

2. If you have a GHIN I will pretty much honor it, but I reserve the right to reduce it, based on the fact that you probably don’t use ESC and you likely only enter your worst scores. It’s not that I think poorly of you guys, but then again with \$5.47 on the line everyday who wouldn’t sandbag?
3. If you sent me a bunch of scores, I will carefully analyze them and run them through an App I developed for the iPhone called “Sandbag”. It takes your name, your submitted scores, goes out on “the cloud”, stops and lingers a bit over the nude photos of Kate Upton, then calculates a legitimate handicap. Then it goes back out to the cloud and lingers over the Jennifer Lawrence naked photos, then my iPhone freezes up.
4. If you landed in the top 3 in the last 5 years, your handicap will be reduced. If you are new, your handicap will be reduced. If your name is Bayles or Rosas or Black, your handicap will be reduced. If your name is Buckley, well then I just feel sorry for you.
5. To ensure consistency and fairness, I will use the following formula to adjust the final BST Indexes:

$$Multiplier = \sqrt[4]{Age} * \sum_{n=1}^{\infty} e^{-i\omega t} * \sin^{-1} \emptyset \frac{\lim_{n \rightarrow \infty} \left(1 + \frac{1}{n}\right)^n}{\int_{x=0}^{x=\infty} Slope * Rating * Adjusted Score}$$

Where,

n=number of Crown Shots,

t= how long I have known you

∅ = severity of hangover

6. Alternatively, Section 37.3 of the BST Handicapping Manual stipulates: “Handicaps will be adjusted upwards 20% for every \$100 received by the handicap committee. For example, Player A submits a 16.7 index, along with a \$200 payment to the handicap committee. Player A’s BST index is “adjusted” to 23.4. On the other hand, Player B submits a 24.8 index, along with a bunch of whining and complaining to the handicap committee. Player B’s BST index is “adjusted” to 12.4.”

Any questions? I didn’t think so.

## Ten Tips for Better BST Golf

Because I like you guys, I will offer up my ten best tips to better golf at BST.

1. Linger in the past. Forget that stay in the present crap. If you just took 3 quads in a row why should you put that out of your mind? Mull it over, cuss yourself. Throw a club! As you tee up your next shot and ready yourself to hit, keep thinking, "Don't take another quad".
2. Be indecisive. Or should it be decisive? I'm not sure. Should I take a shot of Crown or did I already have one? As you approach that 175 yd downhill par 3 with a 100 yd elevation drop and a green surrounded by rocks and water, understand that you do not have the right club. No one can club it right. Step forward and swing like a man with no confidence.
3. Get ahead of yourself. Always be thinking about your total score and where you stand in the tournament. Staying in the moment is for mental wussies. BST winners think like this -- "It's only the 2<sup>nd</sup> hole, but if I can par the rest of the way out I can finish 4 over." Besides after Day One you'll be out of it anyway, then you can kick back and enjoy it.
4. Plan out the entire round. Let's see, if I start out with two double bloodies I should be fine as long as I see the cart girl by the 3<sup>rd</sup> tee box. And again on odd holes on the front and even holes on the back. This leads me to the next point.
5. Learn the course. You may want to pay a few extra \$\$ to get the course map. I'm not talking about the one with hole layouts and yardages, that's boring. You don't know how far you hit any of your clubs anyway. Get the one that shows where the concessions are and has the route and timing for every beverage cart. You have to know these things.
6. Be a resource for your competitors. Golf is a gentlemen's game afterall and these desert courses are challenging. Be sure to offer advice, especially to the newbies. "You've probably never played a desert course before. I know that looks downhill, but that's a desert illusion. You really need to take two extra clubs." On blind shots, it's probably best not to mention to them where the trouble is. It will only make them uptight.



7. Don't bother warming up. Has it ever done any good? Think about it. Have you ever looked back on a round and said, "I'm damn glad I warmed up!" Seriously. The best thing you can do is grab a couple breakfast tacos and a few double bloodies. No one has ever looked back on a round and said, "Son of a bitch. Wish I didn't drink during that round." See what I'm talking about.
8. Pick a target. This is really important. Pick a target that is not trouble. A lot of golfers screw this up by picking a safe place to hit. That's completely wrong. You are much better off thinking about what to avoid. Stand behind the ball and notice all the trouble. Forced carry, desert right, desert left, thick rough, narrow fairway, no cart girl. If you put nothing but negative thoughts in your head it will leave room for a positive result. It's a Zen thing, universal balance and crap like that.
9. Visualize your shot and develop a strategy. This is really important. Take a look at the hole, does this set up for a butter cut or a soft high draw? What yardage do you want for your approach? If you are thinking along those lines you got lost and entered the wrong tournament. What you really need to visualize is "Where will my ball go when I smack this drive off that boulder in the desert? When I pull hook into the canyon, I should be able to blade the next one back into play."
10. Swing thoughts. This is really important. Suggest you stick to half a dozen or so. That will free you up to swing unconsciously. Or is it subconsciously? Doesn't matter you will be unconscious most of the time anyway. Here are a few of my favorite swing thoughts. Please feel free to use all of them or choose your favorites. They do work best in the order listed.
  - a. Take a strong grip
  - b. Don't fall over
  - c. Yank the club back forcefully
  - d. Why didn't I split those 8's?
  - e. I feel like I'm going to pass out
  - f. Why did I drink all that Crown?
  - g. Am I aimed right?
  - h. Where's the cart girl?
  - i. I wonder where this ball is going to go?
  - j. Crap do I have enough golf balls to finish the round?
  - k. Yank the club down forcefully

After you've hit, look up and say, "Anybody see where my ball went?"

## Final Thoughts

Looking forward to seeing everyone again and meeting the new folks. Sorry that we will be missing some of the regulars from the past. Thanks again to Tim for setting all this up and being a good sport.

For me BST is a little like Christmas when you were a kid, it takes forever to get here and then is over in a minute. Or maybe that's the Crown Effect.

Here's a little teaser photo of Coyote Springs to close.

