

The Junior Club Championship Playoff Collapse that Wasn't

By Paul Logothetis

“Oh, Scotty!”

Barb Armstrong's cry rose above the accumulated murmurs of juniors and parents encircling the 7th green. They watched Scott's chip skip across the putting surface, the crowd following it like a tennis ball traveling over the net toward its opponent. It settled into grass off the green opposite the hole.

Scott bowed his head, shaking it in disappointment – so it seemed to us – as he strode toward his shot. Mike, his hand over his mouth to conceal his own perceived delight at his opponent's miscue, evaluated his own position before squaring up to his ball. His chip was from a similar distance, also from off the outer edge of the fringe. The Junior Club Championship looked Mike's for the taking, all he had to do was to make a shot he'd taken hundreds of times over that summer. Stick it close and the Marshall Cup was his.

Instead, Mike's chip took a similar flight to Scott's, skidding across the putting surface before resting off the opposite side of the green. Steve Roy looked up in disbelief. Barb looked gobsmacked at the turn of events. Some of the gathered juniors smirked, others turned to look at one another in confusion or disbelief. My own eyes were bulging from my perch inside the starter shack.

Rod Armstrong was the only one outwardly smiling.



Best Buds

The 1993 Junior Club Championship came down to a sudden death playoff between Scott Laekas and Mike Roy, best friends off the course and the leading Class A Juniors on it.

Mike was the technical golfer with laser-like dedication to the sport. Golf was his world; one recent summer he had set a club record of playing 108 holes in a single day. Up before dawn, Mike (joined by his late cousin Jean-François for much of the day) didn't stop until the glow of light had receded, peeling off his socks at the end of the day to tend to oozing blisters.

While Mike modeled his summer months around the game, Scott, meanwhile, was the gifted athlete who picked up a sport and excelled when it suited him. Whether it was basketball, rugby or golf, Scott found joy in the distraction of sport and the camaraderie it provided.

Coming from different surroundings outside of Dunany, the golf club united the contrasting teens come summer. Scott, the rockabilly social animal that he was, left the distractions of the West Island for a liberating summer routine in Dunany. Mike,

meanwhile, couldn't wait to escape the monotony of Oka, where his bedroom walls were plastered with posters of Cindy Crawford alongside Fred Couples.

Those glorious summer days passed quickly, even the lazy days spent loitering in the starter shack between golf games and teenage shenanigans. When they weren't angling for free chocolate bars and Fantas, Mike and Scott were locking me out of the shack, forcing me to climb in through a window. I chased them with a single 5-iron from the lost-and-found knowing I could never catch them.

NAME	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	GROSS 18	HDCP. 36	NET 54	TOTAL 72 HOLES
	Geneviève Roy	9	6	8	4	7	5	8	9	8	64	8	7	10	5	6	5	7	14	8	70	114	134	248
Sarah Wilson	8	8	6	4	7	4	7	8	8	60	4	8	9	5	7	4	6	6	7	56	114	116	230	
Scott Laekas	6	4	5	7	6	3	6	10	6	53	5	5	7	3	7	4	5	6	5	47	92	100	192	
Mike Roy	6	6	5	4	5	3	7	7	5	48	5	4	5	5	6	5	5	6	6	47	97	95	192	
Bruce Macdonald	5	7	6	5	6	4	7	8	6	54	6	6	6	4	6	3	5	10	7	53	106	107	113	
Stephanie Logothetis	8	10	9	7	7	5	8	8	9	71											68	71	139	
Angie Wilson	9	7	9	7	6	6	7	11	8	71											70	71	141	
Nick Havill	10	8	8	5	9	6	6	8	8	68											60	68	128	
Kevin Havill	9	7	8	6	7	6	9	9	7	68											72	68	140	
Cheryl Glionna	9	7	6	5	10	6	7	5	7	68											62	62	124	
Jenn Armstrong	6	8	9	4	5	6	7	6	7	68											64	58	122	

Sudden Death

On Tuesday, August 10, 1993, the morning sun was staving off the rain knowing a new Junior Club Champion was to be crowned. I had won the previous edition after Scott's brother Ben had edged me one year earlier. Those Laekas boys could produce big shots in the clutch, making it look easy.

Scott led Mike by 5 strokes after the opening 18 holes. The lead stretched to 7 when he parred the 2nd and Mike double bogeyed. But Mike soon began to rally, making up three shots on the 4th after Scott's 7. Scott's 10 on No. 8 helped Mike pull even heading into the turn of the final round. It was back and forth between the two over the final nine holes, with Mike moving 3 up on Scott with six holes to play. But neither was able to seize any momentum and Scott's par at the 18th forced a playoff, which started on the 1st.

Both players hit clean drives down the middle of the fairway, short of the incline. It was their approaches that would set them apart: Scott's clipped the mound in front of the green, slowing it enough to settle to 15 feet from the cup. Mike's approach landed short and his subsequent chip left him an eight-footer for par.

Rod, meanwhile, was walking with the pair with his youngest son, six-year-old Jamie, who was cheering on his brother but was secretly a fan of Mike's. While Rod tried to stay out of sight, to Scott, having his father there may have been the extra boost he needed to become a champion.

"I thrived playing in front of him, even in rugby matches when he would come to watch. I remember it motivated me," Scott recalls. "The unique thing about it is Mike probably would have said the same thing – Rod was a big golf influence on Mike."

The extra motivation worked only for one of them on this day, however: Scott two-putted, parring the 1st for the first time that summer. Mike needed to stroke it in to prolong the playoff. Mike would go on to win a record 10 Men's Club Championships and, one year later, would edge Scott for the Marshall Cup by scoring a birdie on the final hole. But, at this moment in his young career, these putts were not his forte. This one rolled short.

Let's Put on a Show

Scott had won the Junior Club Championship. Looking down toward the 7th green and the mass of juniors and parents waiting to hear the result, the pair decided it was time to put on a show.

"I brought up the idea of having some fun for the crowd and we then we both ran with it. He was like '*good idea, let's have some fun*,'" says Scott after the boys decided to fool the waiting clubhouse crowd by "prolonging" the playoff to finish with spectacle.

"It was a testament to their friendship and to a level of sportsmanship that one couldn't help but admire," Rod recalls. "I also simply couldn't believe what these two were about to put everyone through."

With the gathered crowd around the green believing the playoff had been extended, Mike and Scott waited until they reached the green to play out their comedy of errors. Once they both finally landed their balls on the green, they made sure that putts raced past the cup, leaving onlookers in disbelief.

Mike appeared to close it out when he finally sunk a putt. The boys shook hands, smiling while still managing to conceal their glee. Steve was quick to extend his hand in congratulations to Scott before moving on to laud his son's accomplishment. But it wasn't to be.

“It’s over, I won!” Scott yelled.

Initially stunned, we were overcome with surprise, joy and laughter as the weight of the stunt settled in. Barb did not look amused but, to her credit, she can laugh about it today. Steve, meanwhile, is certain he can remember his own reaction.

“I might have given them *the look*,” says Steve, who’s death stare used to send shivers down our teen spines.

Steve knew the ploy wasn’t just Scott’s doing, that his son had played a hand in it. Mike wasn’t a stranger to mischief, he recalls, including one episode at the music fest near the Rec Center a few years later.

“I hadn’t told Mike I was coming and I showed up and settled back in the shadows. I can remember seeing Michael sitting there, with a girl on each knee, a cigarette in one hand and a beer in the other. He was having the time of his life. Then he looked back and spotted me. The smile went off his face quickly after that,” Steve laughs. “He knew my feelings from that *look*.”

I know this story well since Mike had told it – and many more – over the years. Today, one of Dunany’s brightest is no longer here to regale us with tales like the Junior Club Championship meltdown that wasn’t. And all this time Mike and Scott thought their joke was on us; it turned out to be on them for creating this folkloric piece of Dunany Country Club history.

A Dunany Country Club moment in time in celebration of its 100th anniversary (July 30, 2022)