



# THE MOUNTAIN INVITATIONAL

THE THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT - MAY 2025

\$25.00

## PLAYERS' PROGRAM

SCHEDULE, RULES, PLAYER PROFILES,  
PRIZE PAYOUTS AND OTHER BULLSHIT NOT FIT FOR PRINT



**YOUR 2024 CHAMPIONS**  
**DAVE RANDALL & DONNIE "THE FIXER" DEGEORGE**

PROUDLY SPONSORED BY



**RANDALL DRUG CO.**  
OH WE TRYIN' TO KILL YA

-THE THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT-

# THE 2025 FIELD

TEAM	MEMBER	GUEST	HANDICAP *
1	Joe Essa	Gavin Isaacs	14.4 / 10
2	Mark Platt	Ed Turnquist	3.3 / 8.3
3	Joe Scott	Scott Platt	7.6 / 1.1
4	Marc Wilkinson	Marshall Golden	6.3 / 8.3
5	Jeff Berke	Hunter Berke	4.5 / 8.9
6	Guy Langlais	Russell Sloan	15.8 / 0.6
7	David Randall	Donnie DeGeorge	12 / 13.9
8	Duane Helkowski	Bobby Cordaro	12.3 / 17.5
9	Steve Kaplan	Jeremy Anderson	9.1 / +0.3
10	Erik Eisenberg	Mark Eisenberg	0.4 / 16.5
11	Frank Arone	Jeff Smith	10 / 3.6
12	Andrew White	Tom Delibassis	4.5 / 17
13	Rick Schnider	David Bondurant	16.1 / 5.4
14	Marc Bingham	Jeff Olander	7 / 8
15	Jack Miller	Sam Bonner	2.6 / 4.1
16	Steve Capp	John Capp	9.5 / 7
17	Dave Espinosa	Victor Espinosa	4.2 / 13
18	Mike Holmes	Marty Bradford	11.1 / 15.2
19	Bo Crawford	Mike Hines	1.1 / 8.1
20	Ken Pinsky	Grant Niehus	10.7 / 6.7

**\*Members playing at 100%. Members with Members at 90%.  
Guests playing at 100%.**

-THE THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT-

## OFFICIAL SCHEDULE

DON'T SCREW IT UP! SET AN ALARM!

WEDNESDAY  
APRIL 30TH

PRACTICE ROUND \*  
 MAKE YOUR OWN TEE TIME  
 SKINS GAME - \$50 PER TEAM \*  
**4PM - 6PM DRINKS AFTER GOLF**  
 MAIN CLUBHOUSE  
**7PM DINNER AT T-BONES**  
 BRING A BOTTLE OF WINE PER TEAM

THURSDAY  
MAY 1ST

TOURNAMENT DAY 1: 2-MAN BEST BALL (NET)  
 TEE TIMES START AT 12:00PM  
 TEAM SKINS GAME  
 CLOSEST TO PINS / LONG DRIVE 5TH HOLE  
**4PM - 6PM DRINKS AFTER GOLF**  
 MAIN CLUBHOUSE  
**7PM DINNER AT KAPLAN'S HOME**  
 BRING A BOTTLE PER TEAM / **\$100PP CASH**

FRIDAY  
MAY 2ND

TOURNAMENT DAY 2: 2-MAN BEST BALL (NET)  
 TEE TIMES START AT 12:00PM  
 TEAM SKINS GAME  
 CLOSEST TO PINS / LONG DRIVE 5TH HOLE  
**4PM - 6PM DRINKS AFTER GOLF**  
 MAIN CLUBHOUSE  
**7PM DINNER AT THE CLUB**  
 RED ROCK COUNTRY CLUB

SATURDAY  
MAY 3RD

TOURNAMENT DAY 3: 2-MAN BEST BALL (NET)  
 TEE TIMES START AT 10:00AM  
 TEAM SKINS GAME  
 CLOSEST TO PINS / LONG DRIVE 5TH HOLE  
**4PM - 6PM AWARDS / DRINKS AFTER GOLF**  
 MAIN CLUBHOUSE OUTDOOR FIREPLACE



**-THE THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT-****DAILY TEE TIMES****THURSDAY, MAY 1 ROUND 1 - SHOTGUN 12:00PM**

Hole	Player	Player	Player	Player
1A	Arone	Smith	Schnider	Bondo
1B	Essa	Isaacs	White	Delibassis
2A	M. Platt	Turnquist	Randall	DeGeorge
2B	Helkowski	Cordaro	Pinsky	Niehus
3	Berke	Berke	Eisenberg	Eisenberg
4	Langlis	Sloan	Kaplan	Anderson
5A	Miller	Bonner	Hines	Crawford
5B	Capp	Capp	Bingham	Olander
6A	Scott	S. Platt	Golden	Wilkinson
6B	Espinosa	Espinosa	Holmes	Bradford

**FRIDAY, MAY 2 ROUND 2 - SHOTGUN 12:00PM**

Hole	Player	Player	Player	Player
1A	M. Platt	Turnquist	Golden	Wilkinson
1B	White	Delibassis	Helkowski	Cordaro
2A	Arone	Smith	Bingham	Olander
2B	Kaplan	Anderson	Randall	DeGeorge
3	Essa	Isaacs	Scott	S. Platt
4	Espinosa	Espinosa	Hines	Crawford
5A	Berke	Berke	Miller	Bonner
5B	Holmes	Bradford	Eisenberg	Eisenberg
6A	Schnider	Bondo	Langlis	Sloan
6B	Pinsky	Niehus	Capp	Capp

**DAILY TEE TIMES**

**SATURDAY, MAY 3 ROUND 3 - TEE TIMES**

Time	Player	Player	Player	Player
10:00 AM	White	Delibassis	Berke	Berke
10:08 AM	M. Platt	Turnquist	Arone	Smith
10:16 AM	Randall	DeGeorge	Helkowski	Cordaro
10:24 AM	Essa	Isaacs	Kaplan	Anderson
10:32 AM	Schnider	Bondo	Golden	Wilkinson
10:40 AM	Langlis	Sloan	Bingham	Olander
10:48 AM	Miller	Bonner	Eisenberg	Eisenberg
10:56 AM	Hines	Crawford	Scott	S. Platt
11:04 AM	Pinsky	Niehus	Holmes	Bradford
11:12 AM	Espinosa	Espinosa	Capp	Capp



Duane with the Long Island Fro - circa 1982



Donnie the Fixer - circa 2023

## -THE THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT-

# CASH PAYOUTS

NO SHOP CREDIT. NO FREE BATTERY INSTALLS FROM FRANK.  
NO COUPONS. NO "WELL DRINKS ONLY" HAPPY HOUR.  
NO STOCK TIPS FROM PLATT. NO 2.5% COMMISSION FROM JOE.

**THIS TOURNAMENT IS CASH PAYOUTS ONLY!**

## DAILY PAYOUTS:

1st:	\$800
2nd:	\$600
3rd:	\$400
4th:	\$300
5th:	\$200
6th:	\$100

Closest to Pins:	\$100
Long Drive:	\$100
Gross Skins Pot:	\$500
Net Skins Pot:	\$500

## Overall Champion:

*(Total Best Ball Net for 3 Days)*

<b>1st:</b>	<b>\$1,400 per team*</b>
<b>2nd:</b>	<b>\$1,100 per team</b>
<b>3rd:</b>	<b>\$800 per team</b>
<b>4th:</b>	<b>\$600 per team</b>
<b>5th:</b>	<b>\$500 per team</b>
<b>6th:</b>	<b>\$300 per team</b>

\*1st place team also receive  
Champions Jacket

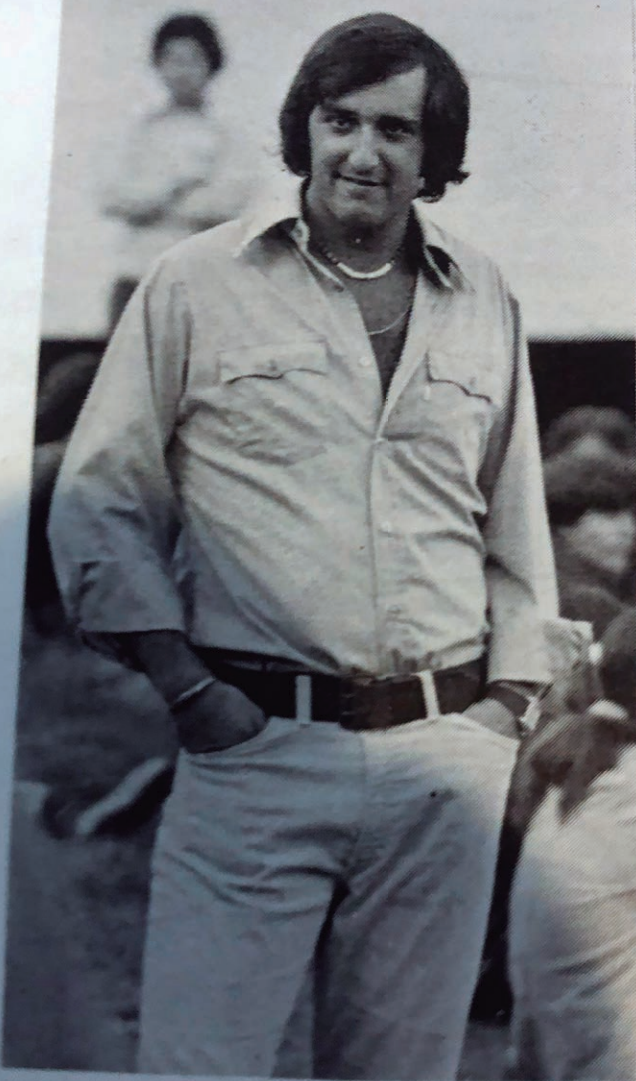
\*\*payouts may be revised as necessary



BROUGHT TO YOU BY SUMMERLIN'S FINEST OPTIONS TRADER:

**MARK PLATT & CO**  
INVESTMENTS FOR IDIOTS

# PAGE 7 CHEESECAKE



Don Juan

**WE WILL USE THIS PHOTO EVERY GODDAMN YEAR!**

GODDAMN THIS IS A GREAT GOLF TOURNAMENT!

# SO YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO?

**YOU THINK WHITO AND  
FRANK DO NOTHING ELSE  
BUT PLAY SCRABBLE  
TOGETHER OVER ICE-COLD  
ARNOLD PALMERS?**

**GENIUS COMES FROM THE  
MOST UNEXPECTED PLACES.**

Welcome, distinguished degenerates, to the third annual Mountain Invitational! Prepare for a spectacle that's grown more legendary than Trump's comb-over and more exclusive than Taylor Swift's dating history.

This year, we're packing 40 players into a tournament so prestigious that Augusta National calls us for tips. It's the golfing extravaganza where hopes soar higher than inflation and shots drop faster than Elon's Twitter

**PROUD SPONSOR OF THE 2023  
MOUNTAIN INVITATIONAL**



**Wilky's Sidewalk  
Concessions Inc.**

DAY OLD HOTDOGS AT INFLATED PRICES PLUS PLUS

## -THE THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT-



*You know, clubs, bags, shoes...*

**SPREAD SOME CASH AROUND  
IN THE PROSHOP, PLEASE!**



**KINDLY TAKE CARE OF THE CART  
GIRLS. NO, NOT IN THAT WAY!**



**KELLY IS THE MAN.  
LET HIM KNOW IT!**

**BY PETE MOSS** WHITO'S A.I. ASSISTANT

stock. HELL, we even invited Bondo again, proving we truly believe in third chances!

Let's be crystal clear from the first tee: this isn't some random charity scramble where you win a Costco gift card. This is an invite-only affair meticulously curated for a group of friends who somehow possess more delusion about their golf abilities than politicians do about their approval ratings.

You see, these distinguished members belong to Red Rock Country Club, where the grass is always greener, the drinks always stronger, and the pace of play slower than government efficiency. And still, absolutely no one rakes the fucking bunkers. Clutch your overpriced drivers, because our pairings this year would make even the strangest Netflix reality show contestants look compatible. One member of Red Rock Country Club was actually allowed to pair with another member!!

Yes, we're talking about Wilky and Marshall, the dynamic duo with the combined handicap of a Boeing 747 and the subtlety of a nuclear explosion. It's a partnership guaranteed to bend more rules than Congress and cheat their way to another victory. Don't worry, the committee will dock them more strokes than there are conspiracy theories in Rick Schnider's insurance sales pitch... And what about our glorious venue? Nestled among mountains so majestic they

**THE BAR AT ARROYO CLUBHOUSE:**

IS USUALLY MANAGED BY OUR GREAT FRIEND GINA. LET GINA KNOW WE APPRECIATE ALL THE EFFORT SHE GIVES TO US!

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**-THE THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT-**

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make Mount Rushmore look like a speed bump, this tournament unfolds in scenery that would have Bob Ross adding “happy little golfers” to his paintings. It’s so beautiful you’ll barely notice your ball sailing into another dimension. And you better believe our cart girls will be circling our six tee-times each day like hawks around a battlefield. They’ll need an emergency resupply of those horrible little Fireball bottles that Bondo consumes like they’re the elixir of youth. Hey Bondo – you’ve been mentioned three times now! That’s more appearances than most streaming service originals get before cancellation. As you flip through this program, crafted with more sarcasm than a Reddit thread and more golf puns than a drunk commentator, remember it’s all for camaraderie and the love of a sport that’s simultaneously the most frustrating and addictive activity known to mankind. The Mountain Invitational is where friendships are tested, livers are challenged, and

everyone pretends their swing doesn’t look like they’re fighting off a swarm of bees. So tighten those gloves and loosen those inhibitions for an experience more memorable than whatever that cryptocurrency you invested in was called. If the worst thing that happens is buying drinks for the buddies who somehow beat you with a swing that resembles a drunk octopus – well, that still beats another Zoom meeting in your home office. And perhaps, just this once, we can all try to go four days without unleashing an unending torrent of complaints about the club? Frank? Hello? Well fuck. There’s zero chance he’s read this far. Maybe if we run this program as a ticker on Fox News while Tucker Carlson’s replacement rants about woke golf balls... how else will Franky get the info? Probably from the same place he gets his political takes – that guy in the locker room who’s always naked for suspiciously long periods of time.



**SURVEY - IS THIS HELKOWSKI'S OR RANDALL'S BALL?**

# SHUT THE F\* UP!

CHATTY CATHY'S IN YOUR  
FOURSOME THIS WEEK?  
SIMPLY GRAB ONE OF  
THESE AND SLAP THE  
SUMBITCH UPSIDE HIS  
HEAD!



NEED SOME EXTRA CASH  
THIS WEEK? HEAD OVER TO:

# red rock

CASINO • RESORT • SPA  
Las Vegas

GIFT IDEA FOR FRANK:



PROUDLY SPONSORED BY:



## TEAM 1: JOE ESSA AND GAVIN ISAACS



Joe. Always pretending to be fucking nice.



Gavin on the casting couch

# BITCH PLEASE! : JOE AND GAVIN

THESE TWO OLD FARTS MAKE GOLF FUN. THEY BRING CASH AND BUY DRINKS. DO THEY HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO WIN THIS WEEK?

## CHIP SHANKINGTON

Joe Essa and Gavin Isaacs are living life inside a 'bro's movie'. Think Will Ferrell and John C. Reilly - only not funny or good looking... Whether they're telling tall tales over scotch and cigars, or jetting to Scotland for some action on the links - you'll find them laughing at each other's lame jokes and false tales of conquest. On the golf course, it really

is no different. But these two mid-handicappers aren't just sneaky good. They're bloody criminals. "Another 4 for 3 for me Joe" shouts Gavin as you're in mid-backswing on your putt to tie the hole. But don't put it down as gamesmanship or lack of awareness - Gavin just plainly doesn't fucking care. He's a cold-blooded killer and will show you the knife before he sticks it between your ribs. And Joe will just laugh through

the blood and gore. With a smile as practiced as his putting stroke, he'll distract you with charming Vegas tales while Gavin marks his ball two inches closer. Winning is all that matters and these two could both use a free new snazzy Champions jacket. After all, what's another victory between friends who define "golf integrity" more loosely than Congress defines "inflation control"?

## TEAM 2: MARK PLATT AND ED TURNQUIST



WHAT IS WITH THE CROCODILE  
DUNDEE HAT?



THE "I REALLY FLEW ALL THIS  
WAY TO PLAY WITH PLATT?"

# PAYING PLATT: WILL BIG ED CASH IN?

**LOBBYING FOR LAST MINUTE RULE CHANGES. 28 CLUBS.  
THE FAMOUS "FASTIDIOUS SWING". YES WE ALL FEEL BAD FOR ED.**

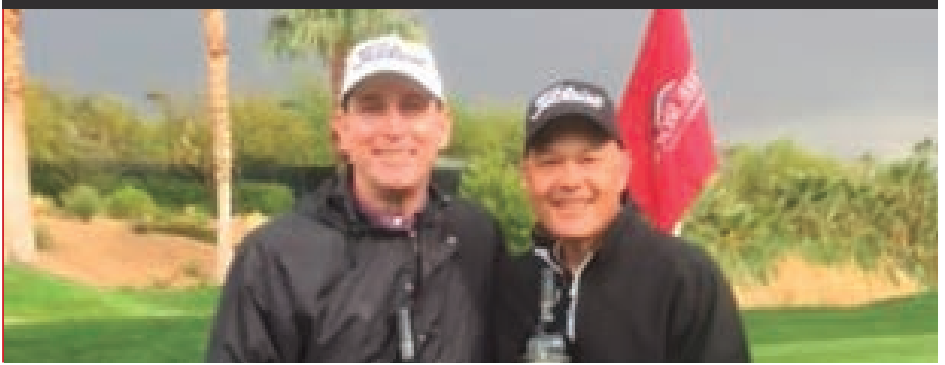
## BUCK SANDBAGGER

Brainiac Platt has recently convinced himself that he's fat, and has been one healthy motherfucker for the past few months. He needs to get drunk. Turnquist, on the other hand, is on a 24-week bender that would make Hunter Biden look like a teetotaler. Mark insists on never being further than 10 feet from one of his 40 attorneys on retainer. Ed will surely

be carrying a briefcase full of yellow legal pads to capture all of his partner's ramblings. Platt, the definition of "headcase," has been switching putters every two holes for the past 3 years. Count his clubs! Somewhere in his bag is probably the prototype for a NASA-engineered flatstick that violates at least six USGA regulations. Meanwhile, Turnquist's swing remains as consistent as gas prices—unpre-

dictable and painful to watch. Ed and Mark could just be the IQ leaders in the clubhouse. But there are plenty of players on the course, boys. Settle down. Between Platt's legal empire and Turnquist's mysterious ability to always have the perfect Scotch, these two might actually be dangerous if they could remember which end of the club to hold. God help us all if they accidentally shoot their handicap.

## TEAM 3: JOE SCOTT AND SCOTT PLATT



LOOK AT THESE TWO PRICKS GLOATING OVER A PAST WIN... REALLY? WE COULDN'T HAVE A PICTURE OF YOUR BALL IN THE ROCKS?

# I'M NOT WRITING A GODDAMN NEW THING!

HONESTLY, YOU SUCKERS ARE GETTING THE SAME LOUSY WRITEUP YOU GOT LAST YEAR. SUCK IT.

## MAC McPUTTERSON

Oh, let me regale you with tales of the dynamic duo that is Joe Scott and Scott Platt, the epitome of charm, kindness, and golfing prowess. Joe Scott, a former North Carolina farmer turned Las Vegas realtor, knows a thing or two about planting seeds of friendship and watching them grow like mighty oak trees on the

fairway. His gentle demeanor and soothing drawl have been known to calm even the most irate golfers who have just sent their balls into the neighboring water hazard for the umpteenth time. Even Whitto.

And then we have the nice Platt, a sales executive hailing from the land of 10,000 lakes, Minnesota and younger brother to Marky. With a golf swing

as smooth as butter and an uncanny ability to find the green from the most treacherous of lies, Scott is a force to be reckoned with on the golf course. Rumor has it that his golf bag is lined with magnets, effortlessly attracting birdies, eagles, and the occasional stray squirrel that mistakes his golf balls for acorns.

Together, this dynamic duo

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forms a golf team that strikes fear into the hearts of their opponents, or at least, mildly entertains them with their unique blend of friendliness and mid-handicap golf skills. Their conversations on the fairway are a delightful mix of Joe Scott's tales from the farm and Scott Platt's Minnesota-nice humor, creating a harmonious symphony of country twang and Minnesota nice-niceties.

Alright, enough of the bullshit. These two pricks cheated their way to a victory in The Rock Member-Guest a while back. We've had quite enough of their crap and some has to beat them this week.

The thought of this 6'-4" hill-billy winning another tournament with Steve Platt's favorite son is simply too much to take. I mean Joe spends as much time hoofing it through the desert as he does lining his hips up on the tee box. Somebody stop them!

Four fingers of Blanton's before the first tee is a great strategy to take Joe of his game. A fishing knife across Scott's Achilles might be what it takes this week to keep him down.

Drinks to buy them:

Joe: bourbon and more bourbon

Scott: some snobby IPA

Vegas Odds: -360



**GALLERY MEMBER LOOKING FOR JOE'S BALL ON 17.**

## RELIVE THE ROAST

**YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT IT ON HOWARD STERN AND "LATE NIGHT" YOU MAY HAVE BEEN THERE.**

**RELIVE THE NIGHT HERE:**

**<https://youtu.be/07J0TATGwy8>**



## TEAM 4: GUY LANGLAIS AND RUSSELL SLOAN



**CAN'T SKATE. CAN'T SHOOT. CAN'T FIGHT. SHOULD HAVE PLAYED ROLLER HOCKEY.**



**BIG RUSS ALREADY REGRETTING SAYING 'YES' TO GUY.**

# THE WANKER AND THE RINGER

**PERENNIAL CHEATING LOWLIFE SCUMBAG SANDBAGGER LITTLE GUY TRICKS HENDERSON ACE INTO PLAYING.**

## JIMMY MCWHIFF

Guy Langlais, the human embodiment of a dad joke with a driver, has somehow convinced ace Russell Sloan to partner with him. It's like watching a Ferrari being driven by someone with a learner's permit. Langlais approaches golf with the same bewildering confidence he brings to his Hawaiian shirt collection – bold, misguided, and impossible to look away from. While Guy spends more time

in the trees than a squirrel with separation anxiety, Russell glides down fairways with the effortless precision of a surgeon. Sloan tries to calculate his handicap while Langlais is still trying to calculate which club to use for a simple 150-yard approach. “What do you think, Russ? 5-iron or should I just throw my wallet at it?” Guy's pre-shot routine takes longer than the average Netflix series. Langlais and Sloan represent the ultimate golf odd couple

– talent paired with whatever the opposite of talent is. Their team photos required panoramic mode: not for the width, but to capture Guy's score on one end and Russell's on the other. Watch for Sloan carrying this team like Atlas with the world on his shoulders, while Guy contributes nothing but colorful commentary and the occasional lucky bounce off a cart path. “That's how I planned it, Russ!”

## TEAM 5: JEFF AND HUNTER BERKE



Will the fruit of his loins help  
Mr. Focus this week?



Do I smell bourbon?  
Where the hell is Kelly?

# THE BOOZE BROTHERS

**THESE BOYS MIGRATED FROM MONTANA. WILL THEIR MOUNTAIN TOUGHNESS HELP THEM IN THE MOUNTAIN INVITATIONAL?**

## AUGUSTA GREENSIDELY

Jeff Berke, the original model for “golf dad who peaked in 1997,” has dragged his son Hunter into this dysfunctional golf circus. The Berke boys approach the tournament with the same genetic stubbornness – Jeff still adjusting his grip like it’s 1999 and Hunter pretending not to hear his father’s unsolicited swing advice every three minutes. Their cart conversations alternate between awkward silence and Jeff saying, “When I was your age...”

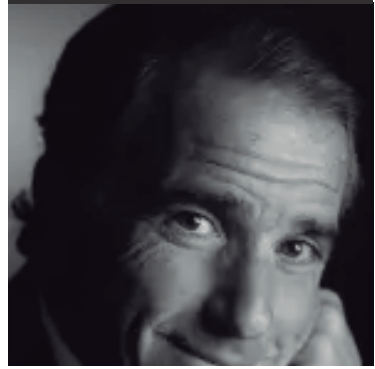
for the thousandth time. While Jeff meticulously lines up putts like he’s diffusing a bomb, Hunter scrolls through TikTok between shots, occasionally glancing up to witness his father’s elaborate pre-shot routine that hasn’t improved his game since the Clinton administration. Jeff’s swing has more moving parts than the Congressional approval process, while Hunter effortlessly bombs drives and then three-putts with impressive consistency. The Berkes represent golf’s

circle of life – Jeff desperately hanging onto his glory days while Hunter shows flashes of brilliance between bouts of indifference. Watch as Jeff gives Hunter the exact same lecture about course management that he’s given at every tournament since Hunter was twelve, and Hunter responds with the practiced eye roll of someone who could probably beat his old man blindfolded but still lets him win on Father’s Day. “Nice shot, Dad” might be the most frequently told lie in their relationship.

## TEAM 6: MARC WILKINSON &amp; MARSHALL GOLDEN



**WILKY GRABS ANOTHER MEMBER TO TRY AND WIN.**



**WHAT THE ABSOLUTE FUCK IS THIS PHOTO?**

# WILKY AND MARSHALL

**CHEATING CUNTS. YEAH, I SAID IT.**

## TURD FERGUSON

Marc “Wilky” Wilkinson, who runs a lemonade stand with the same intensity Gordon Gekko brought to Wall Street, has somehow convinced Marshall Golden to be his partner. Wilky approaches each hole like he’s negotiating a hostile takeover, plotting every shot with spreadsheets and profit projections. “It’s not just lemonade, it’s liquid gold,” he’ll explain while marking his ball with a commemorative coin from his “Wilky’s Premium Lemonade” summer IPO. Meanwhile, retired radiologist

Marshall Golden brings the same sexy confidence to golf that he once brought to reading X-rays. While Wilky frantically calculates risk-reward scenarios, Marshall calmly assesses each shot with the cool detachment of someone who’s seen thousands of broken bones. Golden’s smooth swing is the perfect counterbalance to Wilky’s herky-jerky motion that resembles someone fighting off a swarm of invisible bees. The Wilkinson-Golden dynamic is golf’s oddest pairing since persimmon woods and titanium balls. Watch as

Wilky obsessively realigns his lemonade-branded tees while Marshall casually drains 30-footers between reminiscing about that “fascinating femur fracture from ‘09.” Together they form a team that’s equal parts anxiety attack and meditation retreat – Wilky constantly adjusting his grip while Marshall maintains the same heart rate whether he’s in a bunker or birdieing the 18th. “Relax, Marc,” Marshall will whisper, “it’s just golf, not a hostile lemonade merger.”



SPONSORING BONDO FOR 10 YEARS AND COUNTING

## TEAM 7: DAVE RANDALL &amp; DONNIE DEGEORGE



**JESUS DAVEY - EASY ON THE OLD POLIDENT, HUH?**



**DONNIE "THE FIXER" HOLDING IN A FART. AGAIN.**

# CHEATING CHAMPS.

**FROM LADYBOYS TO LUXURY CIGARS, DONNIE 'THE FIXER' SURE FIXED UP THIS TEAM'S HANDICAPS LAST YEAR FOR THE TROPHY...**

## SHITZ MCGEE

Dave Randall just returned from Thailand with more than just exotic souvenirs – he's smuggled back a handicap so fake it makes election conspiracy theories seem plausible. While showing everyone photos of "temples" on his phone (just scroll past quickly, folks), he's somehow convinced the committee that his twenty-stroke improvement happened naturally. Meanwhile, his partner Donnie "The Fixer" DeGeorge maintains the same poker face whether he's hitting a hole-in-one or explaining to Omaha authorities why those

weren't technically bribes. The Omaha duo brings Midwest charm and big city corruption to every hole. Randall approaches each tee box like he's still jet-lagged, swinging with the coordination of someone who spent two weeks riding elephants and "sampling local cuisine." DeGeorge, true to his nickname, casually fixes their scorecards with the subtlety of a man who's "resolved" more municipal contract disputes than the Omaha city council has had meetings. Watch as Randall desperately tries to live up to his imaginary Thai golf prowess while DeGeorge works his magic ensuring their team somehow

finishes just under the radar. "Another bogey for me," Randall will announce after clearly hitting triple, while DeGeorge nods approvingly, already calculating how to "adjust" their scores at the turn. Their caddie needs an accounting degree just to keep track of their creative mathematics. When questioned about his suspicious improvement, Randall just smiles and says "Amazing what those Thai golf gurus can teach you" while DeGeorge quietly slides the rules official a gift card to Ruth's Chris.



**WHEN YOU'RE IN OMAHA STOP BY  
THE FIXER'S CIGAR BAR: COPA CABANA**

# QUIET NIGHT OUT?

When you're in Vegas,  
sometimes you just  
need some  
time to yourself.

You need the Rooster.



## TEAM 8: DUANE HELKOWSKI AND BOB CORDARO



**CALENDAR-BOY D-WAYNE.  
IN ALL HIS GLORY.**



**BUFFALO BOBBY DRESSED UP FOR  
CHURCH. OR CADILLAC SHOPPING.**

# PRETTY BOY AND FLOYD

**FELINE ENTHUSIAST DEEWAYNE AND "A FRIEND OF OURS" BOBBY LOOK TO MIX UP SOME CONCRETE IN THE DESERT.**

## **RUSTY BEDSPRINGS**

Duane Helkowski, the self-proclaimed Casanova of the country club, swings his driver with the same confidence he uses to deliver his tired pickup lines at the clubhouse bar.

While lining up putts, he's simultaneously scanning the horizon for cart girls, his attention span divided like his hairline. Meanwhile, Bobby Cordaro strolls the fairways in his tracksuit, addressing his golf ball with a thick New Jersey accent that mysteriously appears the moment he crosses the clubhouse threshold. When Helkowski isn't adjust-

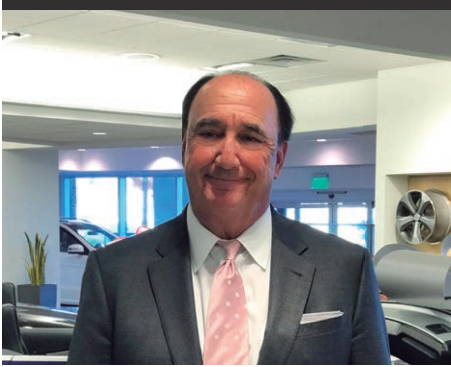
ing his hair plugs or practicing his "Blue Steel" pose for the tournament photos, he's giving unwanted dating advice to the beverage staff. "Trust me, ladies love a man who can read a green," he'll insist while three-putting from ten feet. Cordaro responds to every bad shot with an ominous "fuggedaboutit" while glancing around as if someone might be wearing a wire, his golf gloves always one size too tight over his pinky rings.

The Helkowski-Cordaro partnership brings together two fantasies competing for dominance - Duane's delusion

that he's God's gift to women and Bobby's commitment to his mob boss persona. Watch as Duane attempts to impress the gallery with stories that always end with "and then she gave me her number," while Bobby mumbles about "taking care of business" when he really means his insurance paperwork.

Together they form a team united by their shared ability to live completely within characters they've created, making their actual golf abilities entirely secondary to their performances.

## TEAM 9: STEVE KAPLAN AND JEREMY ANDERSON



THE MAYOR. THE BOSS. MR. COOL.  
DID SOMEONE SAY **SANDBAGGER?**



FORMER P.A. ANNOUNCER FOR  
WOMEN'S VOLLEYBALL. THAT'S IT.

# RECLAIMING THE CROWN

WE'D GLADLY GIVE THESE TWO CLOWNS THE TROPHY IF IT MEANS RANDALL CAN'T HAVE IT AGAIN.

## POPS APLENTY

Steve Kaplan, the Mercedes mob boss of Las Vegas, approaches every hole like he's closing a dealership takeover. With his perpetual country club tan and a phone that never stops buzzing with "special offers," Kaplan intimidates the ball into submission rather than actually striking it well.

Meanwhile, Jeremy Anderson, former UNLV golf star, tries to maintain his composure while partnered with a man who negotiates with the course like it owes him protection money. While Kaplan rolls up to the first tee in a golf cart more

luxurious than most members' primary vehicles, Anderson quietly reminisces about his glory days when his biggest worry was NCAA regulations, not whether his partner's "business associates" are watching from the trees.

Kaplan marks his ball with a Mercedes hood ornament, while Jeremy uses a worn UNLV ball marker that's seen better days.

The Kaplan-Anderson dynamic brings Vegas high-roller energy to every hole. Watch as Steve loudly discusses his latest real estate acquisition while Jeremy calculates ap-

proach shots with the precision of someone who once had a promising PGA career. "Make this putt and I'll throw in the premium package," Kaplan jokes to his former college star partner, who responds with the practiced smile of someone who's heard every car sales pitch in the desert.

Together they form a team that's equal parts flashy Vegas showmanship and faded athletic brilliance – the perfect Sin City story.

## TEAM 10: BO CRAWFORD AND MIKE HINES



THIS PHOTO WAS ON PURPOSE.  
NO, REALLY.



MIKE AT SOME DOG-SHIT  
PUBLIC COURSE

# A COUPLE OF NEW FUCKS

**MONEY MONEY MONEY. JUNK LOAN BOSS AND HOTEL GURU TEAM UP.**

## SLICE TEASY

Bo Crawford, loan financier extraordinaire, approaches each shot with the same meticulous analysis he gives to interest rates, calculating risk factors while everyone else has already hit their balls.

With a handicap lower than most mortgage rates, Bo swings with mechanical precision that makes his playing partners wonder if he's actually human or just an AI designed to drain putts. Meanwhile, Mike Hines surveys each hole like he's planning to build a boutique hotel on it, muttering about "location value" and "aesthetic potential."

While Crawford discusses amortization between shots, Hines negotiates with the beverage cart like he's acquiring a new property portfolio. "I'll take the entire inventory at cost, plus a reasonable 12% markup," he'll offer while Bo calculates the ROI on another round of Tito's. Crawford's pre-shot routine involves more spreadsheet consultation than actual practice swings.

The Crawford-Hines partnership brings together financial scrutiny and hospitality flair on every hole. Watch as Bo declines a gimme putt to "maintain statistical integrity" while

Mike critiques the clubhouse design flaws between bogeys.

Together they form a powerhouse team that treats the tournament less like a game and more like a merger acquisition – methodical, strategic, and with absolutely zero emotional investment beyond the bottom line.

## TEAM 11: FRANK ARONE AND JEFF SMITH



I'M IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE  
FOR THE SHAPE I'M IN.



YOU KNOW WHAT? SIMPLIFY.  
JUST BRING ME FOUR BEERS AT A TIME.

# MINNESOTA FATS...

## AMERICA'S GUEST JOINS MINNESOTA SKINNY ASSHOLE

**GERRY MONTIEL**  
SPECIAL TO THE PROGRAM

Frank Arone, former golf pro who recently shed 100 pounds, swings with half his previous mass but double the intensity. With his new svelte physique, Frank now blames his bad shots on “recalibrating my center of gravity” rather than the extra weight that once served as his favorite excuse.

Meanwhile, Jeff Smith, fellow Minnesota pro turned amateur, approaches each hole with the stoic determination of someone who’s survived more brutal winters than most people have had hot meals.

While Arone obsessively calculates his new calorie burn per hole, Smith silently judges his partner’s newfound health fanaticism with the passive-aggressive excellence only Minnesotans can master.

“Oh, you’re having a salad? That’s... interesting,” Jeff mumbles while ordering his third Jucy Lucy of the round. Frank’s swing has more technical adjustments than the Minnesota Vikings’ defensive playbook.

The Arone-Smith partnership brings pure Midwest golf pedigree to each hole. Watch as

Frank lectures everyone about his revolutionary diet while Jeff nods politely, waiting for his moment to remind everyone about that junior tournament he won in ‘92.

Together they form a team fueled by nostalgia for their glory days and just enough passive-aggressive competition to keep things “Minnesota nice” on the surface while silently plotting to destroy each other’s confidence one backhanded compliment at a time.

## TEAM 12: ANDREW WHITE AND TOM DELIBASSIS



CEASAR'S HAS THE OVER UNDER  
ON WHITO CLUB TOSSES AT 9



FRESH OFF THE "NO FLY" LIST,  
TOMMY IS QUITE SMUG.

# TURKISH AND TOMMY: CHASING A DIAMOND

GUY RITCHIE BASED "SNATCH" ON THESE TWO CANADIAN-AMERICAN DUFUSES. CAN THEY FIND A SEQUEL AT THE MOUNTAIN?

## JOHNNY LARUE

WINSTON CHURCHILL once joked that British and Americans are two people separated by a common language. Sometimes it seems the same with these two Guy Ritchie fanboys.

Although they've now memorized more cockney rhyming slang than actual golf rules, these two proper geezers still seem like they're speaking a different language to many Americans.

It is a bit like watching "The Gentlemen" without subtitles. You catch every third word and nod politely while they describe their approach shots as "proper tasty" or their bogeys as "a right proper cock-up."

These two average film buffs are even less average golfers.

And they are teamed up in The Mountain 2023.

The first one can stink it up on any course, calling his slice a

"Barry White" for reasons nobody understands, while the second has had enough rounds on the Mountain to know where to hit it, but it's more likely that he'll be stepping over cacti and snakes all week while muttering something about "getting medieval" on the ball's posterior.



## TEAM 13: RICK SCHNIDER AND DAVID BONDURANT



DOES CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN  
MAKE MENS GOLF SHOES?



ANOTHER MEMBER PRETENDING TO  
BE A GODDAMN GUEST

# GLUTTONS FOR PUNSHMENT.

**YOU MAY AS WELL PUT RICKY'S NAME ON THE DAMN TROPHY. BONDO IS HERE AND WHO THE FUCK LET HIM PLAY WITH SCHNIDER AGAIN?**

## SLICE TEASY

Rick Schnider, Red Rock CC member and walking insurance policy against having fun, approaches each hole with the same meticulous dread he brings to explaining deductibles.

With a swing analysis longer than most insurance contracts, Rick manages to overthink every shot while simultaneously underhitting them all. Meanwhile, Dave "Bondo" Bondurant treats each round like it's the last party before prohibition, his golf

bag clinking with more Fireball bottles than actual clubs.

While Schnider calculates risk factors between shots, meticulously logging each stroke like he's filing a claim, Bondo creates more divots with his erratic cart driving than his actual swing. "I've got coverage for that," Rick mutters as his partner's wild tee shot ricochets between three cart paths and somehow lands on the green.

Schnider's pre-shot routine

requires more paperwork than most mortgage applications. The Schnider-Bondurant dynamic brings together Red Rock's most unlikely pairing – pure caution meets pure chaos on every hole.

Watch as Rick pulls out a calculator to determine optimal club selection while Bondo drains a bottle of Fireball and somehow drains a 40-footer immediately after. Together they form a team that proves golf, like insurance, is all about managing catastrophic risk while occasionally getting incredibly lucky.

## TEAM 14: MARC BINGHAM AND JEFF OLANDER



**YOU FUCKERS KNOW I'M BETTER  
LOOKING THAN ALL OF YOU.**



**LONG TIME PAL JEFF IS BACK  
AT RRCC TO VISIT HIS INITIATION.**

# PARTY LIKE IT'S 2015.

**BIG HITTER JEFF O DRIVES NORTH TO TEAM UP WITH OLD PAL BING.**

**KEVIN LIM**  
SPECIAL TO THE PROGRAM

Marc Bingham, whose golf swing has more moving parts than the U.S. tax code, approaches each shot with the confidence of someone who's never actually seen his own swing on video. With a pre-shot routine longer than most Netflix series, Marc somehow manages to take three practice swings that bear absolutely no resemblance to the actual catastrophe that follows.

Meanwhile, Jeff Olander maintains the stoic expression of a man who's made peace with his terrible partner choice.

While Bingham calculates wind variables that don't exist, Olander silently debates whether to feign a hamstring injury by the 5th hole just to escape this partnership. "I think it's breaking left... no, right... actually, maybe straight?" Marc ponders aloud on a perfectly flat three-foot putt as Jeff contemplates how many more holes before he can ethically start drinking. Bingham marks his ball with a lucky coin that clearly hasn't been lucky for several decades.

The Bingham-Olander duo brings together desperation and resignation on every hole.

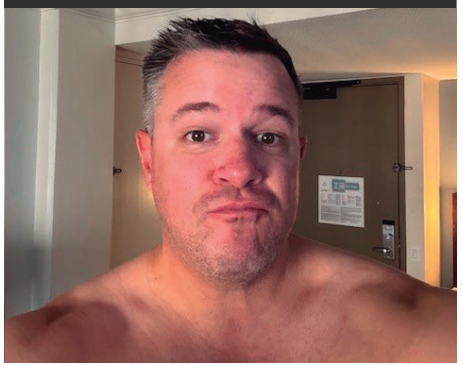
Watch as Marc explains his innovative new putting grip (his seventh this month) while Jeff nods with the practiced patience of a kindergarten teacher on the last day of school.

Together they form a team that proves golf, like bad relationships, is all about lowering expectations and finding comfort in shared mediocrity.

## TEAM 15: JACK MILLER AND SAM BONNER



PRETTY IN PINK.  
JUST IMAGINE HIS THONG.



WHO THE FUCK DID HE SEND THIS  
SELFIE TO?

# THESE TWO IDIOTS. AGAIN.

**FAMOUS SPANISH TRAIL JACKASS - I MEAN JACK - CARRIES HIS BAG TO RRCC AND FINDS OUT THE GRASS IS BROWNER ON THIS SIDE OF TOWN.**

## SLICE TEASY

Jack Miller, Spanish Trail's resident pretty boy whose hair product budget exceeds his annual golf expenses, approaches each shot like he's posing for a golf magazine that nobody reads.

With a swing that looks better than it performs, Jack spends more time adjusting his designer sunglasses than reading greens. Meanwhile, Sam Bonner plays with the chaotic energy of someone who learned golf from watching Happy Gilmore on re-

peat and considers it "just a suggestion" when the cart girl says he's had enough.

While Miller meticulously color-coordinates his outfit to his golf balls, Bonner shows up in whatever didn't fail the sniff test that morning. "Is this sand trap exfoliating?" Jack asks while taking selfies in a bunker, as Sam simultaneously attempts to hit a flop shot with a 3-wood.

Miller's practice swings are performed exclusively at angles that showcase his jawline.

The Miller-Bonner duo brings Spanish Trail's most baffling partnership to every hole. Watch as Jack applies lip balm between putts while Sam uses his golf towel for purposes no manufacturer ever intended.

Together they form a team that proves Spanish Trail's membership committee needs an immediate overhaul – beauty and the beast on a golf course, united only by their shared ability to find creative ways to break every unwritten rule of golf etiquette.

## TEAM 16: STEVE CAPP AND JOHN CAPP



DOESN'T EVERYONE CARRY  
AROUND HEADSHOTS LIKE THIS?



JUST LOOK AT MY IDIOT BROTHER.

# CAPP PATROL.

**GODDAMN THIS SUCKS. THESE TWO BROTHERS ARE JUST PLAIN NICE AND I DON'T HAVE ANY JOKES. WHERE THE FUCK IS DUANE?**

## TITS MCGEE

Steve Capp approaches golf with the same analytical precision he brings to his CFO spreadsheets, treating each hole like a quarterly earnings report that must be optimized.

With a swing as rigid as his company's expense policy, Steve meticulously calculates risk-adjusted returns on every shot. Meanwhile, brother John proudly sports his infamous golf sandals, wiggling his toes in defiance of both conventional fashion and the club's dress code.

While Steve arranges his tees by exact length and color-codes his scorecards, John strolls the fairways with the casual indifference of someone who discovered that socks are optional. "According to my calculations..."

Steve begins, as John interrupts by loudly adjusting his velcro sandal straps during another player's backswing. Steve's golf bag is organized with military precision; John's contains three different types of beef jerky.

The Capp brothers partnership brings together corporate America and rebellious com-

fort on every hole.

Watch as Steve conducts a cost-benefit analysis of laying up versus going for the green while John leaves mysterious toe prints in every bunker.

Together they form a team that proves DNA is the only thing these two share, as they navigate 18 holes with approaches to golf as different as their approaches to footwear

## TEAM 17: KEN PINSKY AND GRANT NIEHUS



MAKE THE FUCKING PUTT, GRANT.



GRANT BRINGS HIS SMOOTH SWING WEST FROM FLORIDA

# KENNY AND GRANT

**WE'RE JUST GETTING TO KNOW GRANT. WE ALREADY KNOW KENNY IS A GIANT PAIN IN THE ASS. JUST THE WAY HE LIKES IT.**

## SLICE TEASY

Ken Pinsky, Chicago's most meticulous CPA, approaches each hole with the same tedious precision he brings to tax season, treating par like an audit threshold that must never be triggered. With a swing as consistent as the IRS penalty schedule, Ken meticulously logs each stroke with a special golf pencil he brought from his office.

Meanwhile, Florida's Grant Niehus plays with the relaxed demeanor of someone who specializes in "creative accounting" and

considers mulligans just another form of deduction.

While Pinsky mutters about "depreciation of swing value over time" and "deferred shot liability," Niehus casually suggests they "round down" their scores like his clients round down their reported incomes. "According to section 7.1 of the USGA rules..." Ken begins, as Grant interrupts with "In Florida, we have a special exemption for that." Ken's golf bag is organized by club loft angle; Grant's somehow contains a receipt for every golf expense since 2015.

The Pinsky-Niehus partnership brings together Midwest accounting prudence and Florida financial flexibility on every hole.

Watch as Ken calculates the exact tax implications of each lost ball while Grant creates offshore putting strategies no IRS agent would understand. Together they form a team that proves CPAs from different regions are as distinct as their approaches to "reasonable" deductions.

## TEAM 18: ERIK EISENBERG AND BIG DADDY MARK



2024 RRCC CLUB CHAMP.  
WHAT WILL I WIN NEXT?



AM I IN OR OUT, SON.  
WHAT THE ABSOLUTE FUCK?

# TRIPLE 'A' DOUBLE 'E' CALLS IN POPS

CLUB CHAMP ERIK ON GOOD BEHAVIOUR THIS WEEK.

## DURT E. BALLS

Erik Eisenberg, big wig with the Las Vegas Aviators, approaches each golf shot with the same confidence he uses to sign minor league talent – absolutely convinced of future potential despite all evidence to the contrary. With a swing as unpredictable as baseball free agency, Erik alternates between impressive drives and putts that look like failed suicide squeezes.

Meanwhile, lawyer dad Mark analyzes each hole like it's a contract dispute, finding

loopholes in the course layout that no one else notices.

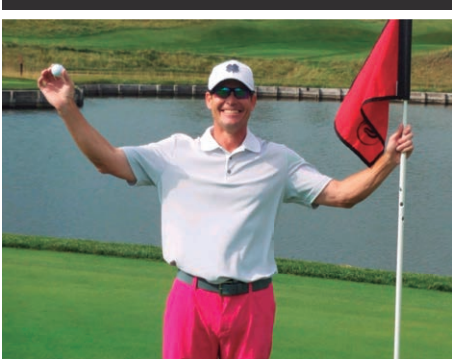
While Erik discusses ballpark promotional nights between shots, Mark quietly builds a legal case for why his son's ball "clearly crossed the hazard line" despite landing squarely in the lake. "I've got a prospect with a swing just like that," Erik claims after slicing into another fairway, as Mark responds with, "I'll prepare the affidavit for the drop." Erik's golf bag contains more Aviators merchandise than actual golf equipment.

The Eisenberg dynasty brings together sports management bravado and legal precision on every hole.

Watch as Erik tries to recruit the caddie for an Aviators try-out while Mark reviews the tournament rules for potential precedent-setting interpretations.

Together they form a team where baseball meets jurisprudence, united by shared DNA and an unshakeable belief that rules are more like guidelines when you have the right connections.

## TEAM 19: MIKE HOLMES AND MARTY BRADFORD



I CHIPPED IN FOR AN 8



MARTY LOOKING THRILLED ABOUT HIS PARTNER'S BULLSHIT

# HOLMESY GETS HIS OWN TEAM

**NO LONGER STUCK WITH THAT SLOW-WITTED LANGLAIS, MIKE SETS HIS EYES ON THE PRIZE**

## SLICE TEASY

Mike Holmes approaches each shot with the enigmatic confidence of a man who either played on the Tour or just discovered golf last Tuesday – nobody's quite sure which. With a swing that defies both analysis and physics, Holmes navigates the course like a man with either secret professional training or tremendous beginner's luck. Meanwhile, Marty Bradford brings an equally mysterious presence, his golfing background as unclear as his handicap, which seems to fluctuate more

than cryptocurrency values.

While Holmes mutters cryptic advice that sounds either profoundly insightful or completely made up, Bradford nods knowingly as if they share some secret golfing language. "Remember the Tucson approach," Mike suggests vaguely before a shot, as Marty responds with "Just like '08," leaving everyone wondering if they're referencing a tournament or tax strategy. Neither carries a conventional golf bag, just oddly customized equipment that raises more questions than answers.

The Holmes-Bradford partnership brings together golf's greatest unknowns on every hole.

Watch as they communicate in half-sentences and knowing glances while somehow coordinating their strange but occasionally effective strategy. Together they form a team shrouded in such mystery that tournament organizers are still trying to figure out who actually invited them – but they're here now, and their golf games are just unusual enough to be either brilliant or terrible, depending entirely on the hole.

## TEAM 20: DAVE ESPINOSA AND VICTOR ESPINOSA



ESPO DOING WHAT HE DOES  
BEST. PIE.



VICTOR. THINKING ABOUT  
BROTHER DAVE'S PIE.

# THE PICKLES IN THE CUBANO.

THAT'S RIGHT - THESE TWO BOYS ADD SOME ZIP  
TO THE MOUNTAIN INVITATIONAL!

## Bitch Pleaz

Meet Dave and Victor, the dynamic duo of Cuban descent who are basically the pickles in a Cubano sandwich. Because, let's be honest, a Cubano without pickles is just a boring ham and cheese sandwich – much like how life without Dave and Victor's antics would be, well, dull.

They add that extra zest and crunch, reminding everyone that you can't have a true Cuban experience without a

little bit of tangy mischief! Dave approaches each golf shot with the same perfectionist flair he brings to his beignets, meticulously calculating the flour-to-oil ratio while everyone else has already moved on to the next hole.

Meanwhile, Victor swings with the reckless abandon of someone who believes golf balls, like pastries, improve when violently whacked. "It's all in the wrist, like folding dough," Dave explains while Victor attempts to drive the green on a par 5.

The Cuban brothers bring sal-

sa energy to every staid golf tradition.

Watch as Dave single-handedly transforms the beverage cart into a mobile café con leche station while Victor convinces the caddie that golf clubs work better when dusted with powdered sugar.

Together they form a team that proves golf, like Cuban cuisine, is best when it breaks all the traditional rules and adds a generous helping of spice.



# ARE YOU A HOSER?

**TOQUE:** Keeps you head warm in winter and your beer cold in summer.

**EARMUFFS:** Makes your ears look furry and hides your headphones.

**COAT:** By Canadian Fog.

**MOUSE IN BEER:** Good trick for getting refund so you can get free beers.

**PLAID:** The favorite color of hosers.

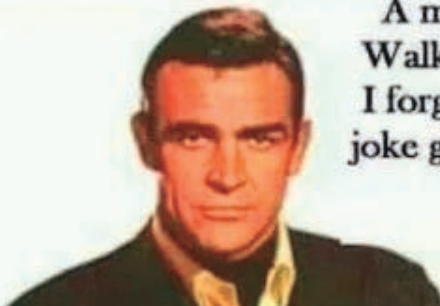
**POCKET:** Good for holding extra beers and keeping them cold.

**JEANS:** For the discriminating Hoser.

**PADDED KNEES:** Because.

**BOOTS:** Good for keeping hoser feet protected.

**BROKEN SHOELACE:** You can tie it in knots and then it's as good as before...but shorter.



A midget and a lesbian  
Walk into a bar together...  
I forget how the rest of the  
joke goes, but your Mother  
is a whore.



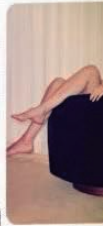
drink smart™

Canadian Club® Blended Canadian Whisky, 40% Alc/Vol (80°) Canadian Club Import Company, Deerfield, IL

JUN 65

# YOUR MOM WASN'T YOUR DAD'S FIRST

He went out. He got two numbers in the same night. He drank cocktails. But they were whisky cocktails. Made with Canadian Club®. Served in a rocks glass. They tasted good. They were effortless. **DAMN RIGHT YOUR DAD DRANK IT**



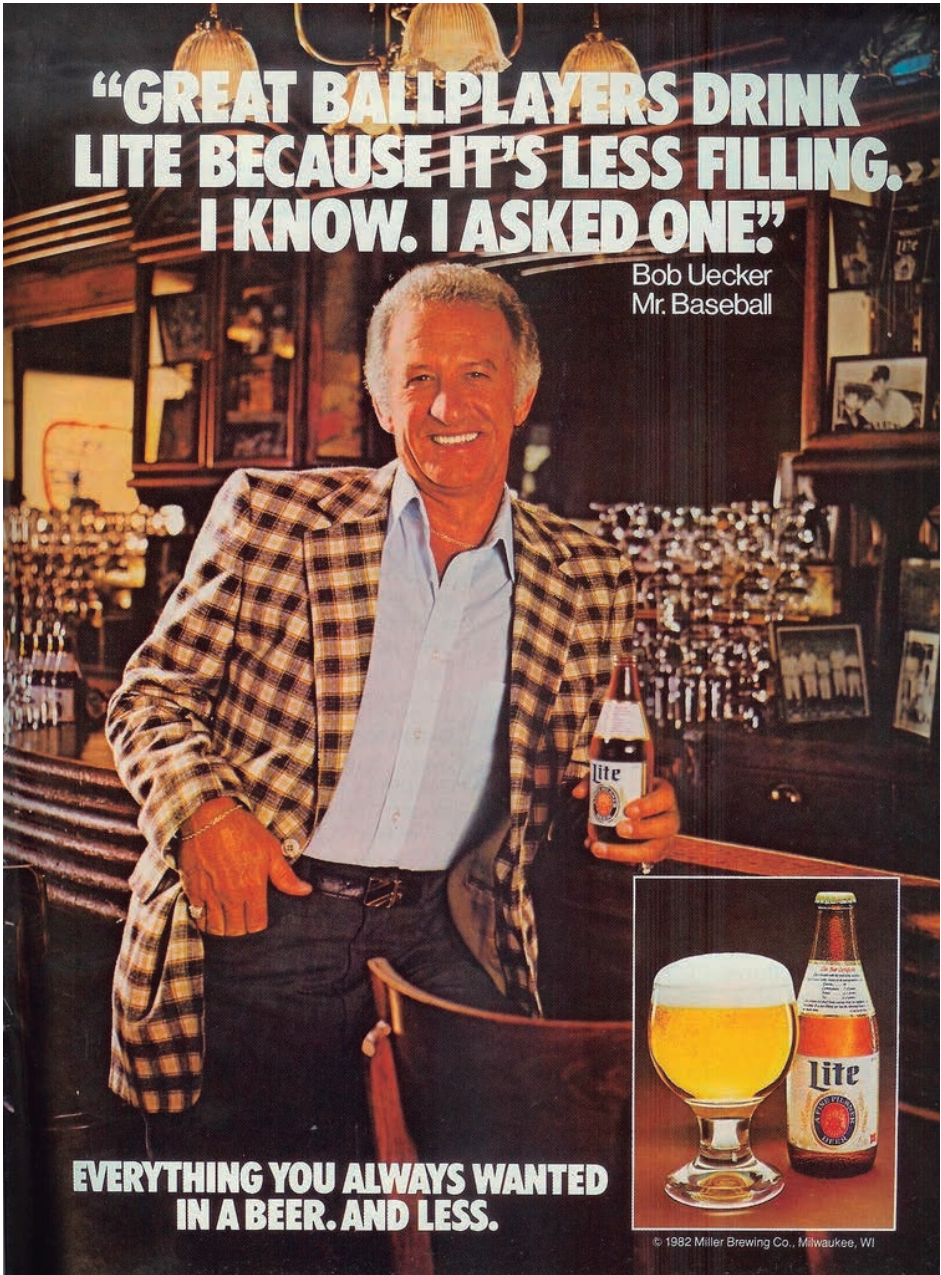
*Canadian Club.*



**BROUGHT TO YOU BY WHITO AND ALL YOUR CANADIAN FRIENDS. SURE, CC IS CHEAP. THAT'S THE POINT.**

**“GREAT BALLPLAYERS DRINK  
LITE BECAUSE IT’S LESS FILLING.  
I KNOW. I ASKED ONE.”**

Bob Uecker  
Mr. Baseball



**EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED  
IN A BEER. AND LESS.**



© 1982 Miller Brewing Co., Milwaukee, WI

**BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE MILLER LITE HALL OF FAME DRINKERS  
MR. EDDIE BOWERS AND MR. JEFF SMITH. SLOW IT DOWN BOYS.**

# WHAT WE'RE PLAYING FOR!

**THIS BESPOKE ITALIAN WOOL MENS JACKET IS FINELY TAILORED AND INCLUDES THE MOUNTAIN CHAMPION PATCH.**



-THE THIRD ANNUAL TOURNAMENT-



Syosset High Baseball Team 1982 starring DeeWayne



2024 Champs Randall and the Fixer

**28**  
JUNE 2024



# **NATURAL BORN RANDALL**

**THIS IS CLEARLY THE WORST MOVIE TO EVER BE RELEASED.  
JUST LOOK AT THE FUCKING POONAM ON THIS GUY.  
AND HE PAID SOMEONE FOR THAT HAIRCUT.**

GRAPHIC RIVER AND POSTER AND RAINY AND FULLY EDITABLE AND GRAPHIC RIVER  
PRO-GH AND GRAPHIC RIVER AND DESERT AND

