

WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT ...

# Did Someone Say Perfect?

My best friend is always quick with the quip, especially on the golf course.

"Perfect, smerfect. You need a 'perfect swing' not a 'perfect club,'" he chided as I pulled The Perfect Club from my bag for the fifth time in our mid-September grudge match at Visalia's Valley Oaks in Central California.

I had yet to hit a bad shot with it — ever, in three weeks — and he was starting to tire of my incessant queries of "You know what club I'm going to hit here?" each time trouble lurked.

Yes ... The Perfect Club.

And trust me, I find a lot of trouble.

Nearly a month earlier, I hit my first Perfect shot from the red dirt of Southern Utah during a *Fairways & Greens* trip to Entrada at Snow Canyon. The Perfect Club picked it clean, sending it about 200 yards down the fairway and back into birdie contention on the par 5.

In fact, I fell in love with The Perfect

Club so quickly that Managing Editor Vic Williams — who loaned it to me in the first place after interviewing Peter Kessler — said, "You might as well just keep it in your bag for now."

Since then, I've hit it into long, windy 3-pars, used it to lay up in tight fairways, found the green on the long approaches at Las Vegas' Bali Hai and dug out of the rough to yet again close the deal on my mouthy friend.

Of course, there was one drawback early on: I had to adjust my aiming point to account for the subtle draw I was hitting with regularity.

I've yet to chip or putt with it, but after watching Kessler's infomercial, I think I'll give that a try the next time the situation presents itself.

The Perfect Club is bad news for my Callaway irons and TaylorMade 300 Series 5-wood. I've taken the 2-iron, 3-iron, 4-iron and fairway wood that used to rotate through my bag on a

regular basis and locked them away in the garage. Watch e-Bay for some good deals on used clubs.

The Perfect Club is so easy to hit, I'm going to recommend it to a group of my friends in Las Vegas who have trouble finding their balatas with both hands.

And it might be the "perfect" gift for Santa to bring my Dad, whose newfound love for the game was met with a stunning double-digit defeat by my Mom during a recent trip to the Lawrence Welk Resort north of San Diego (see Big Finish, Page 62).

As for me, I'll keep hitting "my" Perfect Club as much as I can, hoping Vic doesn't come to his senses and ask for it back.

**For more info about The Perfect Club, log onto [www.perfectgolfclub.com](http://www.perfectgolfclub.com) or [www.peterkessler.com](http://www.peterkessler.com) —Darin Bunch**