



THE THONG ADJUSTER



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FLOG!

By Frank Fitzpatrick
Philadelphia Inquirer Columnist



Flog.

Whenever I'm e-mailing friends to set up a tee time, that's the word I put in the message line.

It's golf spelled backward, and it's a much more accurate term for describing what I do on a golf course. A typical round goes something like this:

6 a.m. Arrive at course an hour early. This allows plenty of time for me to (a) clean the coffee spills off the shirt my wife gave me for Father's Day; (b) test the new r7 driver my son got me for Father's Day; and (c) sink a dozen 20-foot putts on the practice green, leading to the mistaken notion I will putt well when the round begins.

6:55. Sprint to first tee. Quickly scan area to make sure no one's watching. Before my playing partners have exited their carts, my r7 has sliced one of the \$4 Pro V1s my oldest daughter got me for Father's Day deep into the woods.

7:15. Total up score for first hole. Waive penalty stroke for out-of-bounds tee shot. Grant myself a mulligan for shot that skipped across a breakfasting condominium owner's patio. Three-putted thanks to 12 1/2-foot gimme. "Bogey!"

7:38. Out of Pro V1s. Dig deep into bag for a range ball I found while searching for my drive in an equipment shed alongside the fourth fairway.

8:32. I'm warming up now. Well-struck six-iron on seventh hole leaves me eight feet from the pin. Unfortunately, it's the pin on the adjacent ninth green. The four guys putting there, in particular the injured party, were not impressed. Once on

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What are the odds of making a Hole-In-One?

From Brent Kelley

Some people seem to make aces left and right. Other golfers go their whole golfing careers without one. Just how hard is it to make a hole-in-one? Exactly what are the odds?

The odds of making a hole-in-one vary somewhat, depending on the source and the numbers used for calculating the odds. One problem is that nobody knows the true number of aces made every year. There are numerous organizations that track holes-in-one, but not every ace that is made is reported. And, as we all know, not every ace that is reported was actually made!

In 1999, *Golf Digest* reported, "One insurance company puts a PGA Tour pro's chances at 1 in 3,756 and an amateur's at 1 in 12,750." That same issue reported that the "odds of an amateur making two holes-in-one in a round are 9,222,500 to 1." Ireland's National Hole in One Club puts the odds a little lower for one ace: "The estimated odds of acing a hole with any given swing are one in 33,000."

What about the insurance companies that sell "hole-in-one insurance" to tournament promoters? They must know the odds, right? One such company, SCA Promotions, says the odds of a golfer holing out from 150 yards is somewhere from 10,000 to 15,000 to 1.

But as close to an official source as exists on this topic is *Golf Digest*. That publication has provided "acer odds" since the 1950s, and in the year 2000 hired Francis Scheid, Ph.D., the retired chairman of the math department at Boston University, to calculate the odds using the latest and best information available.

The odds Scheid came up with were lower than any others cited above: 5,000 to 1 for a "low-handicapper," 12,000 to 1 for an "average player." If you are a low-handicapper and play 1,000 rounds in your life, according to Scheid, you have a 20-percent chance of recording an ace. If you play 5,000 rounds, your odds are 1:1.

The *Golf Digest* study provided many great nuggets of information, even breaking the odds down by quality of play:

- Tour player making an ace: 3,000 to 1
- Low-handicapper making an ace: 5,000 to 1
- Average player making an ace: 12,000 to 1
- Average player acing a 200-yard hole: 150,000 to 1
- Two players from the same foursome acing the same hole: 17 million to 1
- One player making two holes-in-one in the same round: 67 million to 1.

Golf rule of the Month

Q I found my “lost ball” in the cup, but after hitting a second ball. Which counts?

A Here’s the scenario: You play a shot into a green; maybe it’s a blind green, but at any rate, you aren’t able to see your ball come to rest. When you get up to the green, you can’t find your ball anywhere. You search, but eventually you are forced to declare a lost ball and take the stroke-plus-distance penalty.

So you put the second ball into play, and when you hole out with the second ball - lo and behold - there’s your first ball in the bottom of the cup. What is the ruling? Does your first ball - a hole-out - count, or does your second ball?

If your first ball counts, you might have just scored a hole in one, or perhaps even a double-eagle. If your second ball counts, you are likely bogeying, at best.

The answer is clear: The first ball (the one that was holed-out) counts. The very first rule in the Rules of Golf says this:

The Game of Golf consists of playing a ball with a club from the teeing ground into the hole by a stroke or successive strokes in accordance with the Rules.

“Into the hole” is the part we’re most concerned with; the very first rule in the rulebook says that the point of the game is to get the ball into the hole.

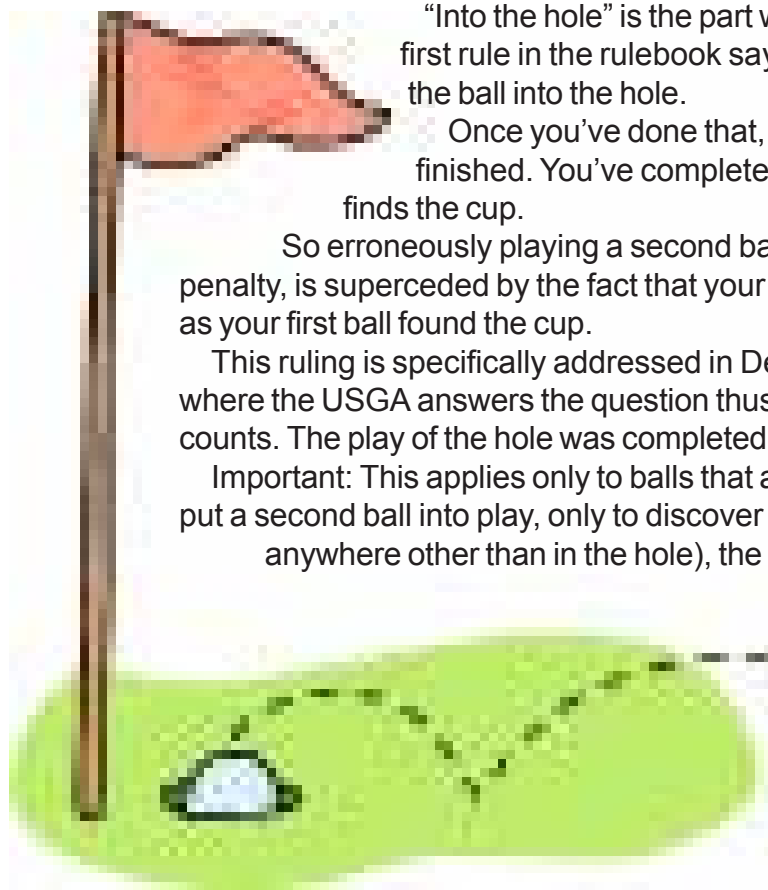
Once you’ve done that, your play of that hole is considered finished. You’ve completed play of a hole as soon as your ball finds the cup.

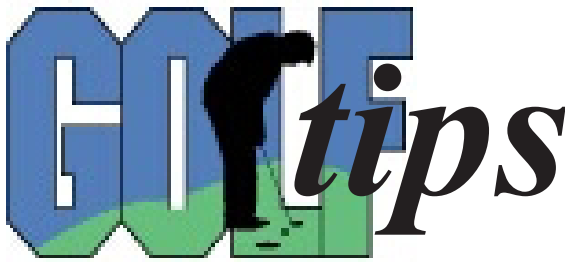
So erroneously playing a second ball, assessing the stroke-and-distance penalty, is superceded by the fact that your play of the hole was complete as soon as your first ball found the cup.

This ruling is specifically addressed in Decision 1-1/2 of the Rules of Golf, where the USGA answers the question thusly: “The score with the original ball counts. The play of the hole was completed when the player holed that ball.”

Important: This applies only to balls that are holed. If you declared a lost ball and put a second ball into play, only to discover your first ball in the deep rough (or anywhere other than in the hole), the provisions of Rule 27 apply. On the

About.com Golf Rules Forum, rules historian explained, “Once the first ball is lost according to the definition of ‘lost ball’ you cannot play it if you find it afterwards.”





What do the colored stakes mean?

From Brent Kelley

When it comes to colors on a golf course, the stakes are high. Crossing the line could cost you strokes. We're talking about the colored stakes and lines golfers encounter around a golf course - red stakes and red lines; yellow stakes and yellow lines; white stakes and white lines.

What do the colors mean? Let's find out:

White Stakes and White Lines

White stakes or white lines are used to indicate out-of-bounds. (A course can mark out-of-bounds in other ways, too; for example, a fence might mark the boundary along certain parts of a course.)

When stakes (or a fence) indicate out-of-bounds, then out-of-bounds begins at the nearest inside point of the stakes at ground level (excluding any kind of angled supports). When a line is used to indicate out-of-bounds, the line itself is out-of-bounds.

Out-of-bounds brings the dreaded stroke-and-distance penalty - a golfer must assess himself a 1-stroke penalty, return to the spot of the previous shot and hit it again. Of course, that's time consuming. So when a golfer believes his ball may be OB, it's a good idea to hit a provisional ball.

Rules governing out-of-bounds and provisional balls are covered in Rule 27.

White lines are also frequently used in bounds to designate ground under repair.

Yellow Stakes and Yellow Lines

Yellow stakes and lines indicate a water hazard. Why are indicators needed for a water hazard? Shouldn't a water hazard be obvious? Most of the time, yes, but sometimes a part of the golf course - say, a seasonal creek, or a ditch - might be designated a water hazard even though there is rarely (or never) water in it.

Golfers can try to play out of a water hazard, and sometimes that's easy to do. If a ball crosses the margin of a water hazard (designated by the yellow stakes or yellow lines, which are themselves considered part of the hazard), but is not actually in water, it might be easily playable.

If a ball is under water, however, it's almost always best to take the penalty and put a new ball into play.

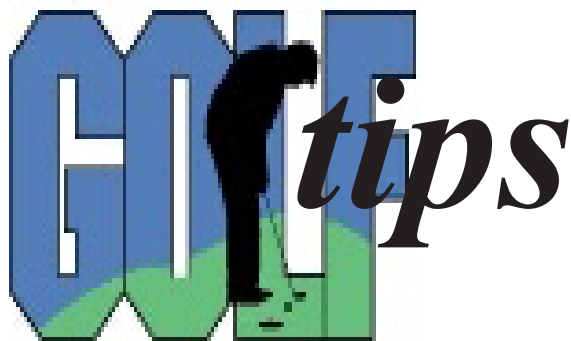
The penalty is one stroke. There are two options for putting a new ball into play. One is to return to the spot from where the previous stroke was played and play it again. The second, and more commonly chosen option, is to take a drop. When a golfer takes a drop out of a water hazard, he must drop behind the point where his ball crossed the margin of the hazard. The drop can be made at any point, as far back as the golfer wishes, so long as the point where the ball crossed into the hazard is kept between the point of the drop and the hole.

A ball is considered in the hazard when it lies within the hazard or when any part of it touches the hazard (remember, stakes and lines are themselves part of the hazard).

Rules covering water hazards can be found in Rule 26.

Red Stakes and Red Lines

Red stakes and lines indicate a lateral water hazard. A lateral water hazard is differentiated from a water hazard by the fact that it is, well, lateral. That is, it runs alongside or adjacent to the line of play, rather than across it.



Explaining red, yellow, white stakes, lines

Continued from page 4

Picture a typical water hazard, say, a creek that crosses the fairway or a pond in front of the green. If a golfer hits into such a water hazard, it's not problem to take a drop behind the spot where his ball entered the hazard.

A lateral water hazard, however, might be a creek that runs alongside a hole, or a lake to the side of a fairway that extends all the way back to the tee or beyond. Dropping *behind* such a hazard would not just be inconvenient, it would be unfair. That's why lateral water hazards are handled differently than "normal" water hazards.

And, by the way, different sections of the same body of water on a golf course can be designated a water hazard and a lateral water hazard. Picture a pond that runs alongside the hole, then fingers out into the fairway. That part crossing the fairway - which can be easily dropped behind - would be marked with yellow stakes and lines; that part alongside the hole would be marked with red stakes and lines.

As for dealing with a ball that has entered a lateral water hazard: Golfers have the same option to play from the hazard if they so desire.

More likely, a golfer will assess himself a 1-stroke penalty and take a drop. The drop can be taken within two club lengths from the point where the ball crossed the margin of the hazard, no nearer the hole. Or a golfer can go to the opposite side of the hazard and drop at a spot on the hazard's margin that is equidistant from the hole.

A ball is considered in the hazard when it lies within the hazard or when any part of it touches the hazard (remember, stakes and lines are themselves part of the hazard).

Rules covering lateral water hazards are covered in Rule 26.

White, yellow and red stakes and lines are common on golf courses. But there are other colors used, too. As we noted in the section on white stakes, white usually means out-of-bounds, but white lines are often used in-bounds to denote ground under repair.

Less common colors seen on golf courses include blue and green. Some stakes can even be multicolored.

Double Stakes, Yellow Stake Next to Red Stake (frequently tied together)

These denote the dividing point between a dual hazard, treated as a regular water hazard on one side and a lateral water hazard on the other side.

Blue Stakes

Uncommon, but they are sometimes used to denote ground under repair. (More commonly, GUR is denoted by a white line painted around the area.) Check with your head pro or starter for further information, if not shown on the scorecard or Conditions of Competition.

Green Stakes

Rare, used to denote environmentally sensitive areas (ESA). Check your scorecard or Conditions of Competition - ESAs should be prominently posted because entering such areas is often a matter of federal regulation.

Blue Stakes with Green Tops

Under a local rule, designates an ESA being treated as ground under repair with mandatory relief.

Red Stakes with Green Tops

Under a local rule, designates an ESA being treated as a lateral water hazard with mandatory relief.

A Luke Samuel Goodyear Mystery by Steve VanWert**MURDER ON THE 13TH GREEN****Chapter 14 -- A visit with Putts**

Roland Adena and his boys entered the big stretch Lincoln, Roland and one of the henchmen in the back, the other two in front. He rolled the automatic window down about an inch and unrolled a Cuban cigar. He puffed as his flunky lit it. It was an automatic move. "You know where to go," he said to the driver.

They drove slowly through Summitview until they came to a run-down section of town referred to as "Tracktown" because the rusty ribs of an un-used spur line run in a half-circle around the town side, efficiently marking its borders. There are only two streets, both dead ends within Tracktown. The big Lincoln rolled down the longest of the two, past cinderblock and stucco ranch houses displaying the tattered, faded and splintered signs of years of neglect. They stopped in front of a CBS house that seemed to hide behind a huge, unkempt and overgrown pepper tree on Owens Street. Roland and his men got out, looked around and, kicking pieces of broken concrete out of their way, walked up the deteriorating sidewalk. When they got to the door, they simply pushed it open and walked in.

"Hey, what the hell?" came a surprised voice from inside.

Two of the bullies pushed the protesting little man down onto a sofa cluttered with old newspapers, pizza boxes, and cigar wrappers. Roland walked up to them, the third man moving to the rear of the sofa.

"Well, well, Putts," said Roland, "long time no see'cho."

"Yea," replied Putts O'Shea, his head moving nervously back and forth between

Roland and his men, "how're tricks in Miami, boss?"

He was trying awful hard to sound nonchalant.

"I got no problems in Miami, Putts. But I got problems 'chere in this little dink town."

Roland gestured to one of his men, who immediately grabbed a kitchen chair, pushed the junk off it, whipped out a handkerchief and brushed the seat off, and placed it behind Roland so he could sit.

"Yea," he continued, "it seems I got some trouble right 'chere."

"H-here? What kinda trouble, boss?"

One of his men re-lit Roland's cigar. He took a long draw and exhaled a cloud of acrid smoke into the room. Amazingly, the room was already so dingy that the smoke didn't dim a thing. It just wafted up to the already tar-stained ceiling.

"It seems that I decide to set up a book 'chere, tryin' to expand my resources, and I send this tough-guy little weasel named Putts to run the operation, but what happens? I accept a large financial obligation, on his word that the odds are good, and someone plays Lucretia Borgnine on me. Would you call that a problem, Putts?"

Putts sat on the edge of the littered sofa. He wrung his hands. "Hey, boss, I never thought old Cash would do something like that, not in a hundred years!"

Roland rolled the cigar around in his mouth. "So ya think big-shot Cash Cassenberg knocked Benning off, huh? The police say it was your buddy, Tyler Braddock."

"Yea, yea, that could be true, you know? I

mean, I don't know who did it; I was as goddamn surprised as anyone else, I swear to god, boss, I was."

"So who knocked off Braddock? This Goodyear character?"

Putts thought wildly, trying to think of something to get back in Adena's good graces.

"No, boss, he didn't do it. I heard the two of 'em fightin' in the shack and waited until Goodyear left. Then I stuffed asshole Tyler in the acetone bucket. Shit, he was gonna call the cops and spill the beans about everything!"

Roland nodded. "Yea, that's what I thought. Why did ya leave the body for the cops to find?"

"I thought they'd pin it on Goodyear, boss, and we'd get rid of two troublemakers at one time. I-I called it in to 9-1-1."

"Nine-one-one."

Roland seemed to roll the words around in his mouth just like he rolled his cigar. He seemed to be looking at the smoke-stained ceiling. Then he transferred his gaze to Putts. "Where are the books?"

"The-the books?"

"Your gambling logs, where are they?"

"Oh, those books. I got him hid, so's they'd be safe. Goodyear's lookin' for 'em."

"Where are they hid?" Roland stood up.

"Th-they're safe."

Roland nodded, and the man behind Putts grabbed him by the shoulders. Putts immediately started whimpering. The two other men each grabbed a leg.

"Make a wish," said Roland.

"No, no don't do nothin'. I'll tell ya where they are!"

"Well?"

"I-I gave 'em to Cash Cassenberg for safe keepin'."

The expression on Roland's face went from anger to, well, deeper anger. He took a step over to Putts sprawled on the sofa. He reached inside his coat pocket and pulled out

a blunt-nosed .38 police special. He aimed it at Putts' crotch. Putts screamed.

"Putts, 'cho two-timin', sneaky little bastard, I want them books. You get hold of your buddy Cash and tell him to have them books at the match. And remember to tell 'em that I'm gonna be there, makin' sure that nothin' funny happens this time. Understand?"

"God, yea, yea, I'll tell him, boss, I'll tell him. I'll have the books on Saturday ... yessir, I will, boss, I will!"

His eyes were wide, staring at the gun in Roland's hand.

"Good," replied Roland, "cause next time, I won't miss." He pulled the trigger slowly, the shot exploding in the quiet room, the bullet tearing through the worn fabric of the sofa, just an inch away from Putts' privates. Putts fainted.

Roland laughed out loud, joined by his men. They were still laughing as they drove away.

Tuesday morning, Gabe Devlin, Horace Chamberlain, Jack McGarvey and Luke Samuel held another little meeting in Horace's office.

"Well," Luke said, sipping on a cup of black coffee, "we do have a plan, I hope?"

Chief Jack replied first. "I think so, Luke. I'm deploying as many of my men as I can to patrol through the crowd, looking for anyone acting suspicious."

Luke laughed. "Jack, you've only got two men."

"That's true, but I'm getting some help from the Funiak and Millstone police forces. They're both supplying two men, plus Jennifer Stubbs and the mounted sheriff's posse promised to have at least a half dozen or so to help. So, all together, we'll have about a dozen in the gallery."

Horace looked troubled and gazed out his picture window, picturing piles of horse crap lining Griffon Lakes' fairways like oversized tee markers. "Jennifer's guys won't be on horseback, will they?"

"I don't think so, Horace. But I never asked. I'll double-check."

Devlin spoke up next. "I've also arranged for 10 armed men to patrol undercover as part of the gallery, along with two more with cellular phones to call me at the clubhouse if anything happens."

"Won't you be out on the course?" Luke asked.

"Can't," said Devlin, shaking his head. "Can't take the chance that Roland Adena or one of his men will recognize me. I don't think they know I'm in town, but if they do, it'll really look suspicious if I show up on the golf course. But I'll be close."

"How about you, Horace?"

"Almost every member of the Griffon Lakes Irregulars will be there, watching the match progress. I asked them to take special note of anyone they don't recognize, and let me know if they suspect any spectator of carrying a concealed weapon."

Luke had this mental image of McGarvey's men watching Devlin's men, who were being watched by the Irregulars, while Cash and Roland pumped round after round into his poor, bleeding body. After all, Devlin's men were about the only ones who Jack's and Horace's men could classify as strangers. Was anyone going to be watching Roland and Cash, besides Luke?

Horace continued. "I've also arranged for some of the Griffon Lakes staff, the ones driving the water carts, to be equipped with two-ways, so if any of your men need to call here to Inspector Devlin, they'll know where to find phones. I'll also have one."

"The state police have been notified," added Devlin, "and are ready to set up road-blocks on Griffon Lakes Boulevard and, if necessary, on both county roads leading to the interstate and north to Alabama. If, by some chance, a murder is attempted and the perpetrator escapes the crime scene, he

won't get far."

Luke shook his head in admiration. "Well, if anything happens, we should have the bad guys boxed in. I don't know whether to hope we need the muscle, or not."

"Have you spoken to Hartly, Luke?" asked Horace.

"No, not yet. That's next on my agenda."

"Make sure you give him my message when you talk," Horace reminded him.

The meeting broke up, Devlin and McGarvey leaving for their cars, Horace and Luke heading for the kitchen. Just as they left Horace's office, Jack waved Luke over to him. "Luke, I've got some information here that confuses me. Maybe you can help. You know we've been tapping Cash's phones ever since the meeting, right? And we've also gotten copies of the phone logs for the last few months."

"Yea. What did you find interesting?"

"A number of calls have been made from Cash's to Bruce Benning's Realty. Quite a few, as a matter of fact."

Luke shrugged. "It probably doesn't mean anything, Jack. Cash and Bruce had a number of real estate dealings. They probably talked every now and then."

Jack shook his head. "Yea, but Luke, the calls have continued even after Bruce's murder. But Cash isn't making them, his butler is."

"Benny? Calling Benning Realty?" Luke was beginning to have a bad feeling about this.

"Yea, and he's also been making a lot of calls to someone at The Beast."

"The Beast? You mean The Beast Lounge? The topless bar out on 18 East? Who's he been calling there? One of the hookers, I mean, dancers?"

Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"Just keep listening, Jack. Maybe little Benny will answer the question for us."

Jack shook his head again. "I don't think so, Luke. Whoever he's talking to, well, the two of 'em talk Japanese."

Luke frowned again. "Keep listening, old buddy. Just keep listening."

Horace and Luke continued on into the lounge. While they sat eating some late breakfast, Ellen came in and sat down with them. "Hi, honey," she said.

"Hello, dear," Horace and Luke replied in unison.

She laughed at the impromptu chorus. "Why, thank you both. How are my two favorite men doing this morning?"

They both nodded, their mouths full of grits and eggs. Luke swallowed and said, "Fine."

Horace looked at both of them. "You know, I'm just a old man trying to keep his waning years interesting by hanging around with you youngsters, but I'm not blind, you know."

"Blind about what?" asked Luke.

"About you two and how much time you've been spending together, that's what."

Luke didn't know if Horace was complaining or merely stating a fact. He wasn't sure he wanted to ask for further clarification. But he did.

"Uh, I didn't think, I mean, did we have to, er, I never asked your permission or anything, but ..."

Horace laughed and slapped Luke on the shoulder, knocking a forkful of over-easy eggs onto the tablecloth. "Don't worry, Luke," he said, "I can't think of better company for either of you. I think you two make a great pair."

Ellen smiled and gazed lovingly at Luke, who was gazing at the spilled eggs. "A great pair, eh?" she said.

Horace nodded. "Yes. Luke has been avoiding female attachments ever since his divorce from Cassy, and you manage to scare

every eligible bachelor away as fast as they appear."

"Thanks, Daddy," said Ellen, sarcastically. "I'm not all that unattractive, am I?"

Luke looked up from his eggs. "You're not, Elle, not by a long shot. I think what Horace means is we're made for each other. Nobody else wants us."

They all three laughed and continued their breakfast. After a minute, Ellen remembered why she had come over in the first place.

"I've got a message for you, Luke. From Pauly. It seems that he was hanging around Tracktown late yesterday afternoon when our good friend Putts O'Shea had visitors."

"Really?" Luke asked. "Who?"

"Roland Adena and three friends. They went into Putts's, talked to him for a couple of minutes, then Roland fired a gun into Putts' sofa, scaring the holy poop out of him. They left and headed back toward Miami."

"Did Pauly get close enough to hear what they were saying?"

"Sure did. Roland wanted the gambling books."

"Did he get them?"

"No, Putts said that they're hidden at Cash Cassenberg's."

Luke put his fork down in disgust. "I knew it, I knew they were there. I just couldn't find them."

"Roland told Putts to have the books at the match on the 28th, win or lose."

Luke smiled. "Well, we may have some evidence for Devlin after all. Call Pauly and tell him to hang out at the clubhouse on match day until Cash and Cassy show up, then search their car. The books'll probably be in Cash's Mercedes sedan, but they might drive Cassy's convertible instead. Tell Pauly the ragtop is a champagne color and the license plate reads 'FASN8N.' He can't miss it. If he

finds the books, tell him to lift them and give them to Gabe Devlin.”

“Can he get into the car without alarms going off?”

“Elle, my love, Pauly Panishe can break into anything. If I were you, I wouldn’t start a diary. Oh, also ask him to see what he can dig up on Benny, the Cassenberg’s butler or whatever. You know, when he arrived in the area, when he was hired, who the hell he is, things like that. Also, ask him to call me ASAP with what he finds. I’ve got a job for him.”

Ellen left to call Pauly. As Luke and Horace were finishing breakfast, lo and behold, who walked in but Hartly Haroldson. Luke signaled to him to sit down with him and Horace. At first, Hartly pretended he didn’t see Luke, but after a minute, came over and sat.

“Late breakfast, Hartly?” Luke asked.

“Yea, I figured I’d grab a bite before going out to hit some balls. You gonna practice? You’ll need it.”

“I sure am, Hartly. A little later, though.”

“Fine,” said Hartly, not too friendly, but not as antagonistic as was his usual demeanor.

Horace got up and excused himself, and left the

table. Luke Samuel noticed a fresh bruise on Hartly’s cheek and the tell-tale signs of a cut lip.

“So, Hartly,” he said, “you run into a door, or what?”

Hartly looked at Luke, shaking his head.

“No, it wasn’t a door. It was that goddamn, greasy son-of-a-little pile of shit Roland Adena.”

“What happened?”

“The greasy little puke practiced his fuckin’ baseball swing on my face, that’s what. And I ain’t too happy about it.” Hartly reached up and gently felt the black-and-blue mark on his cheek. “The little bastard, I’ll get him.”

It was time to talk some plain talk to old Hartly. “You really want to win this match, don’t

you, Hartly?”

“You know I do, Luke. You know I got this balloon payment due to Cash on the first, and I ain’t got the dough to pay it. And I’m behind in my lot rent this month. August is a slow month for cars, so I ain’t sold shit. Besides, I wanna be course champ so bad I can taste it. I want that sign out in front of E-Z Motors.”

“Cash isn’t the only person who might be willing to loan you money, Hartly.”

“No? Who else?”

“I could speak to Rudy Rodriguez over at Summitview National Bank. He’s a member of the Irregulars, and a pretty good guy. You might be able to arrange to pay off Cash without the gambling money from Roland Adena.”

Hartly thought for a minute and looked down at his hands, seemingly studying the stubbornness of his fingers, or maybe the chewed-up raggedness of his fingernails. “You think so? I was always afraid to try to talk to Rodriguez. I don’t think he likes me.”

“Hartly, you don’t let any of us like you. As a matter of fact, you make it damn easy to hate your guts.”

The big redhead looked up. “Yea, I know, I know. You guys all piss me off. You’re always laughing and having a good time. I don’t know what to say when I see you guys. Shit, I get tired of being pissed off all the time, you know? It takes a lot of effort.”

Luke had a hunch that began, actually, after Bruce’s murder, that Hartly wasn’t that bad a guy. But he sure hung around with the wrong crowd. “You ought to give us a chance, Hartly. We’re really pretty good fellas all around. You need to change the aroma of the crowd you hang around with.”

Hartly laughed. “Aroma, huh? You saying that my friends stink?”

“Like perfume and money.”

Hartly laughed again. “Shit, Luke, I don’t want any part of Cash and his goddamn

money schemes. I didn't know he was planning to knock off Bruce for the gambling bet. Damn, you know how many times I've wished I'd have accepted that concession? Damn."

"Well," Luke continued, "that explains the 'money' part. How do you feel about the 'perfume'?"

Hartly's face softened. "You mean Cassy?"

"That's pretty high class perfume, buddy," Luke remarked. "Hard to turn down."

Hartly shook his head. "No, it ain't. Not really. I don't mean no more to her than a dick with a face on it."

"More like a dick with a golf club in its hand."

Hartly laughed. "Well, you know her better than me. You actually married her." Hartly leaned over, conspiratorially. "You know, I've never told anyone this, but I admire your constitution. I've only been banging that vixen for six months, and I'm already wore out. How did you do it?"

It was Luke's turn to laugh. "Hartly," he said, "I was only married to her for seven months!"

They laughed together, for the first time.

"What a ball breaker!" Luke said.

"What a fucked up family," Hartly agreed. "And you know what else? That goddamn butler is in the fucking way every time I turn around in there. He must be writing a book or sumpin', cause the little shit is always under-foot."

Luke put his hand on Hartly's mammoth arm. "Hartly, you can help put Cash behind bars, where he belongs."

Hartly actually looked interested. "And that bastard Adena, too?"

"Hopefully."

"How?"

"Let's talk about our match."

"What about it?"

"Wait a minute," Luke said, because he just saw Horace re-enter the room. "Horace," he called, "come here a minute, will'ya."

Horace ambled over and sat down. One of the waitresses in the kitchen immediately brought Horace a cup of coffee, and re-filled Luke's and Hartly's.

Luke turned to Horace. "Hartly says that he might like to help pin a murder charge on Cash. I was about to tell him what's planned, but I want you here to verify it. Okay?"

"Absolutely," replied Horace.

Luke knew he was taking a big chance letting Hartly in on the whole thing. If the big redhead wasn't honest about helping, he could run back to Cash with the plot. But Luke had a feeling Hartly knew he had gotten in over his head, and wanted out. So he took the chance.

"Hartly, you and I both know that I can't beat you on the course. At least, not very often."

"Very often? Why you couldn't beat me if I tied my left arm around my neck and putted with my dick, if I ..."

Luke winced. "Okay, okay Hartly, point taken, but we should play for a little money next time you plan on arm wrapping and dick putting."

Hartly actually giggled.

"So we're agreed that you're more than capable of beating me on the golf course," Luke Samuel said.

Hartly nodded.

"So Saturday, you've got to dive into the can."

"Huh?"

"You've got to throw the match. Lose on purpose. Let me win."

Hartly had a suspicious look on his face. "This isn't just some trick to get me to lose again, is it?" He looked suspiciously at Luke and then at Horace.

Horace spoke. "Hartly, if all goes according to plan, Cash and Roland will do something illegal, possibly attempt another murder. If you are winning, Roland stands to lose over a million dollars. We think he'll try to keep that

from happening. If Luke is winning, Cash stands to lose. We know he had Bruce killed over the same bet. We think he'll try it again."

"Okay, then you want me to win, not lose," said Hartly. "I don't want that bastard Adena to collect anything."

"No, we don't want him to, either," Luke answered quickly, "but we've got evidence to tie Adena into this gambling racket already. The police will arrest him when the match is over. We need to force Cash's hand. That can only happen if I'm winning."

"But I need the money," Hartly whined, "you know that."

"There won't be any money, anyway. The feds are gonna close up that book. No one's gonna get paid. And I promise to help you with that loan from Rudy."

"Not only that," interjected Horace, "this match has no bearing on the club championship. It's just a red herring. I've already sent Old Gruesome out to have your name engraved on it."

Hartly smiled. "Really? You guys wouldn't be shitting me, would you?"

Luke smiled and reached out his hand. "Would I shit a turd like you?"

Hartly laughed out loud, and took Luke's hand in his mammoth paw. "What exactly do you want me to do?"

The plan was finally starting to come together. It was up to Cash and Roland now, to act like the greedy little sons-of-bitches they really were.

Hartly got up and headed for the driving range just as Ellen hustled back in. She took the chair right across from Luke.

"Pauly said he'll check," she said. "And call you later. No problem."

"Great," Luke nodded.

Ellen chuckled. "He kids about everything. He asked if I've ever been in a 'menagerie de trois.' I laughed so hard I could hardly talk to him. Is he always like that?"

Horace seemed bewildered. "A what?"

Ellen smirked. "A menagerie de..."

"Hey," Luke interrupted, "isn't that some deviant canine sex act?"

Ellen's hand flew to her mouth and she tried to look shocked. "Lu-u-u-ke." She drew out his name for a full second. And then she giggled.

"That's my cue to leave you two alone, I think," said Horace, who got up, winked at Luke and kissed Ellen on the top of her head.

"Bye, Daddy," said Ellen, as Horace headed for his office.

Luke watched Ellen and knew she was the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen. Where in the world had she come from?

"Where in the world did you come from?" he asked.

"Me?" Ellen dropped her hand and idly picked up a napkin unused by Hartly. "Why do you want to know?"

Luke was embarrassed by his lack of tact. "I mean, I didn't know Horace had a daughter. Where have you been all this time?"

"Well, I told you I was away at school."

Luke nodded. "Right. But you're not a giddy young school girl just out of college. How old are you?"

Ellen tried to look angry. "I am too just out of college. Of course, it was graduate school. I might as well admit it. A big private eye like you'll find out anyway. I'm 30."

"You don't look 30."

"Thank you, but I am."

"But where have you been all this time?"

Ellen stopped playing with the napkin and reached out for Luke's hands. She took them in hers and rubbed the backs, making little circles with her thumbs. She decided it was time to be serious.

"When my parents' marriage broke up, I went to live with Momma in Atlanta. I was 17 and I thought it was the end of the world. I grew up without a lot of friends, and didn't

date much because I thought, well, it seemed to me that relationships were all doomed.”

She blushed. “I was very melodramatic back then. When I graduated from high school, I didn’t know what to do with myself, so I worked around the Atlanta area, mostly at temporary jobs for an administrative service. After a couple of years of vegetating, I decided to attend Florida State because I had decided to reunite with Daddy. He always sent me presents and birthday cards, but I hadn’t seen him in seven years.”

“That’s a long time,” agreed Luke.

“Yea. I thought he just didn’t care who I was, but it turned out I was wrong. Daddy’s quite a bit older than Momma, and I guess the age difference just kept pushing them further apart. They don’t talk at all, now. So after the divorce, Momma just wouldn’t let him see me. I found that out when I stopped in Summitview on my way to Gainesville the first time. Daddy and I had a great time. I stopped back during most vacations and even spent a summer here, let’s see, eight years ago.”

Luke was shocked. “But I was here eight

years ago. I didn’t see you!”

Ellen blushed again. “Yes, you did. But I kinda weighed 200-plus pounds at the time.”

“Two hundred plus what?”

“Another 20 or 30. I told you I was insecure. And I had pigtails. And braces. But I saw you.”

She laughed again. “You even said something to me once, while I was hitting balls on the driving range.”

Luke tried to remember, but just couldn’t. “I’m sorry, I just don’t ...”

“That’s all right, really. I’d rather you remember me this way.”

Luke smiled broadly. “How could I ever forget you? Incidentally, what did I say to you eight years ago this summer?”

Ellen lowered her voice an octave to sound like Luke. “Keep your head down, young lady.”

“Well,” Luke shrugged, “it was good advice.”

“You know why my head was up?”

“Why?”

“I was watching you.”

Next month, chapter 15: “Wednesday.”

A little creativity on the course, continued from page 1

correct green, four-putt for par.

9:03. Finish front nine with a 3-over 39, which coincidentally equals the number of balls I’ve lost. Run quickly into men’s room so partners will get stuck with bill for my hot dog and soda.

9:48. At 13th hole, realize I’ve somehow lost my pitching wedge, putter, four-iron and golf cart. Fortunately needed none of those on the short par-three. Hit eight-iron, nine-iron and sand wedge before three-putting with rescue-club. “Birdie!”

10:23. Win 16th hole for me and my partner. Our competitors protested but, hey, it wasn’t like I’d run over their feet on pur-

pose.

10:38. Not sure I deserved the lecture from that red-faced greenskeeper. Who did he think he was? Mr. USGA? As I told him, if they don’t want you to drive on the greens, they ought to post signs to that effect. What am I, a mind reader?

11:06. Finish with a 73. Would have matched par if not for those three balls I deposited in the lake on the 18th and the putt that lodged in a tire track. Tell my partners I’ll meet them in the dining room as soon as I buy another dozen Pro V1s and phone my attorney.