



THE THONG ADJUSTER



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The Putter speaks

A word from the editor

Welcome to the February issue of TheThong Adjuster. A few of our guys got their thongs adjusted pretty good at The Golf Course of Texas in January. The sun was shining, but the wind sure was blowing! A lot of our shorter hitters (like me) had some difficulty hitting into a two-to-three club headwind, but we all survived.

The wind was so strong that half the players couldn't hear Paul Garcia talking, at least when the wind was blowing the wrong way. That's a first.

By the time you read this, the Board of Directors and the officers will have met once again, primarily to decide on the dos and donts for our next tournament. There will be a couple of committees being formed. If Ron or one of the other officers asks you to participate, I urge you do do so. We need everyone's help to keep this great golfing gang going.

We're still looking for bios. Thanks to Gary and Eric for sending in theirs, but we need everyone to stand up and be counted.

Now that Spring is coming, I expect to see more of you out on the links!

Steve





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Go to <http://www.IronThongGolf.com> to view the current issue.

Articles, including for sale items, can be submitted at any time. Send them to the editor at stevevanwert@hughes.net.

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Jokes of the Month

1 Off the seventh tee, Gary sliced his shot deep into a wooded ravine. He took his eight iron and clambered down the embankment in search of his lost ball.

After many long minutes of hacking at the underbrush, he spotted something glistening in the leaves. As he drew nearer, he discovered that it was an eight iron in hands of a skeleton!

Joe immediately called out to his playing partner, "Jon, I've got trouble down here!"

"What's the matter?" Jon asked from the edge of the ravine.

"Bring me my wedge," Gary shouted. "You can't get out of here with an eight iron!"



2 A couple of women were playing golf one sunny Saturday morning. The first of the twosome teed off and watched in horror as her ball headed directly toward a foursome of Iron Thongers playing the next hole.

Indeed, the ball hit Jesse, and he immediately clasped his hands together at his crotch, fell to the ground and proceeded to roll around in evident agony.

The woman rushed down to Jesse and immediately began to apologize. She explained that she was a physical therapist: "Please allow me to help. I'm a physical therapist and I know I could relieve your pain if you'd allow me," she told him earnestly.

"Ummph, ooooh, nnooo, I'll be alright...I'll be fine in a few minutes", Jesse replied breathlessly as he remained in the fetal position still clasping his hands together at his crotch.

But she persisted, and Jesse finally allowed her to help him. She gently took his hands away and laid them to the side, she loosened his pants, and she put her hands inside. She began to massage him.

She then asked him: "How does that feel?"

To which Jesse replied: "It feels great, but my thumb still hurts like hell!"

Golf rules of the Month

Q Do the rules of golf prohibit changing balls during a round?

A There is nothing in the Rules of Golf that prevents a golfer from changing to a different golf ball (i.e., from a Titleist to a Maxfli) on every hole on the course - so long as the change is made between the play of holes.

However, there is something in the Rules of Golf that says a tournament committee can impose such a rule.

It's called the "one ball condition" (in the rulebook, it's in Appendix 1, Part C). As you probably know, all Tour events are played under the "one ball condition." And any rules committee may adopt the "one ball condition" for its competitions.

The "one ball condition" requires the player to use the exact same brand and type of ball throughout the round. For example, if you tee off No.

1 with a Titleist Pro V1x, then that's what you must play throughout the round.

If the "one ball condition" is not in effect, however, golfers may swap out different types of golf balls at any point in a round of golf, so long as the change is made between holes rather than during the play of a hole.

Rule 15-1 states: "A player must hole out with the ball played from the teeing ground ..."

Q The wind moves my ball at address. Is it a penalty?

A No matter how unfair it may seem, the answer is yes. Once a player is at address, he is responsible for the movement of the ball, no matter what actually causes that movement. It's right there in Rule 18-2b: "If the player's ball in play moves after he has addressed it (other than as a result of a stroke), the player shall be deemed to have moved the ball and shall incur a penalty stroke."

So once you're at address, a gust of wind can come up and blow your ball off its original spot, costing you a stroke (the ball would be replaced to its original position). This happened to Phil Mickelson in the 2003 British Open.

The exception is if an outside agency causes the movement of the ball (an outside agency being a referee, forecaddie - but not a caddie - observer, etc., not part of the match).

But the rules explicitly state that wind and water are not considered outside agencies.

So when the wind is blowing hard, be prepared to get over the putt and pull the trigger quickly.

On the other hand, if the wind moves the ball before you've addressed it -- say, as you are standing near the ball preparing to take your stance -- it is not a penalty. You simply play the ball from where it comes to rest with no penalty.

GOLF tips

Develop a good putting stroke

From Mel Sole
Ritson-Sole Golf Schools

Putts between 4 and 6 feet are ones that we expect to make most of the time. But research tells us that touring pros make only about 50-percent of their 6-foot putts, so the average golfer should not get too frustrated when their percentage is lower.

However, with intelligent practice, we can do something to increase our success rate on this length of putt.



How to practice

Take 10 balls and line up a straight putt of about 4 feet as I am here in picture No. 1:

It is important to practice a straight putt, because then you need only focus on the stroke and not on the break.

Obviously, if you miss a straight putt you will know that you made a bad stroke; if you miss a breaking putt, you might have made a good stroke but just had the wrong speed. So it's important to pick a straight putt for this drill.

Now, start putting these putts

1. Make sure the putter head is going straight back as in picture No. 2 ... with two objectives: ... and straight through as in picture No. 3.

2. Make sure your putter face is square to your line at all times (also noted in picture No. 3).

This is the most common fault with poor putters and takes the most work and concentration, but will pay off

huge if you have the determination to get it right.

Set yourself a goal for the number of putts that you can hole in a row. Gradually increase this goal until you can get up to 50. Remember, if you miss one you have to start at one again!

This teaches you how to putt under pressure, because as you reach 45, 46, 47, 48 -- you don't want to start at one again -- so you must make a good stroke.

The secondary benefit of this practice method is to your subconscious. As you hole putt after putt at this distance, your confidence escalates and you have less and less fear of these putts.

If you don't have time to go to the course, remember - you can practice this at home on the carpet. This drill is a great way to work on your putting stroke.

Continued on next page

GOLF *tips*

Develop a stroke Continued from page 4

About Mel Sole

Mel Sole is a former South African Tour player with about 30 years of teaching experience in South Africa, Canada and the U.S.

He is the co-founder of Ritson-Sole Golf Schools, which is rated by "Golf" magazine one of the 25 best golf schools in the U.S.

Mel's home course is Pawleys Plantation in Myrtle

Beach, S.C. Other Ritson-Sole Golf Schools are located in Wilmington, N.C., Atlanta, Blue Springs, Mo., Harrisburg, Pa., and San Sebastián de Amola, México.



Amazin **G**olf



A Luke Samuel Goodyear Mystery by Steve VanWert

MURDER ON THE 13TH GREEN**Chapter Eight -- The caddieshack**

Monday morning is always quiet at Griffon Lakes. Pauly didn't have any trouble finding a parking place for his beat-up old Ford Pinto near the caddieshack. He slammed the door, and then bumped it hard with his hip to make it latch. It was an automatic move, he'd done it so often over the years. He put his right hand into his soiled trouser pocket, just above the .38 police special he kept hidden there and began to stroll to the shack.

The caddieshack was a single story, rectangular wooden building built on the 10th tee side of the parking lot. It housed a central room with a portable TV, a couple of benches and end tables, a worn vinyl couch, an ugly avocado refrigerator and two stand-up ash trays permanently filled with a disgusting mixture of cigarette and cigar butts. On the right end was a locker room boasting half a dozen dented metal lockers, an open rest room with a sink, toilet and urinal. Leaning all around the perimeter of the locker room were member's golf bags, waiting for the caddies to clean the clubs and return the bags to the main clubhouse members' locker room.

On one wall, there was a big metal sink filled with acetone and cleaner, with soiled towels hanging from the outside. The caddies just had to dip the clubs in the acetone mixture, wipe and replace them in the bag. It was Putts O'Shea's invention. On the other end of the shack was Putts' office. It was the only room in the small building that had two doors, one on the far end of the building that led to the outside. The interior door opened up into the middle TV room.

Pauly climbed up the two wooden steps, opened the central entrance door and looked in. Tyler Braddock was lounging on the brown naugahyde couch. He looked up as Pauly entered.

"Yea, what do ya' want?" asked Tyler.

"I'm a private investigator and I'd like to talk to you about the Benning murder."

Pauly was always so subtle. Tyler sat up. "You look more like the fuckin' garbage man. Get the fuck out of here."

Pauly walked over closer. "Just answer my goddamn questions, okay, tough guy?"

"I don't know a fuckin' thing," mumbled Tyler.

"You got a shit-hot vocabulary, you know that?" said Pauly. "Why don't you use it to tell me what happened?"

Tyler stood up and put his hands on his hips. "I answered all the questions the goddamn cops asked me last night. I got nothin' more to say, especially to you. Who the fuck are you, anyway?"

Pauly and Tyler were now standing nose to nose, jaw to jaw, almost. Tyler was about eight inches taller, but Pauly did his best to be intimidating. "I told ya, pea-brain, I'm a PI and I'm workin' this case. Now tell me what you know."

"I don't know shit."

"You're probably right."

The posturing pair stood there for a few seconds, then Tyler shrugged his skinny shoulders and sat back down. "Fuck off," he said.

Pauly shook his head back and forth and remarked, "What a goddamn waste of skin and bone you are."

He looked around the room and spied the closed door of Putts' office. Pauly headed for it like a coon dog after, well, raccoon, I guess. He pushed it open without knocking and found Putts sitting at his desk, taking a healthy pull from a liter bottle of Jack.

"Kinda early in the day for that, ain't it?" Pauly asked.

Putts wiped his lips and stared and quickly stashed the bottle in an open desk drawer. "You

born in a barn? Knock on the door next time, will ya'?" Putts looked at Pauly with suspicion.

"Well, what do you want?"

"My name's Panishe, and I want to ask you a couple of questions about the Benning match on Sunday."

Putts' eyes narrowed to slits. He nodded. "I know who the fuck you are. You work for that free-loader Goodyear. Well, you're in the wrong place. No one here knows shit."

"Ah, you'll have to use a different damn colorful phrase than that, Putts. Braddock already beat you to that one."

"Look, Panchese, or whatever your name is, the cops already asked us about the damn thing, and we answered all we're gonna. Get your info from them."

Pauly decided to pour on his own peculiar brand of charm. He leaned over close to Putts and breathed on him.

"GOD DAMN!" exclaimed Putts, leaning back dangerously in his chair "you smell like something died in those clothes. When's the last time you washed, you creep? You ever brush your fuckin' teeth?"

Pauly smiled. "Tell me what I want to know, or I'll kiss ya. On the lips."

Putts reached behind him to the wall and grabbed a rusty five iron conveniently leaning there. He stood up and waved it at Pauly. "Get out my office, you fuckin' pervert!"

He tried to swing the club at Pauly's head, but Pauly caught his arm in mid air. Pauly might be small, but he has a big grip.

"Don't do it. Or I won't love you anymore."

"Shit, you're crazy."

Pauly smiled again. "I'll be back. You two lovebirds be ready to sing, understand?" Pauly ripped the club from Putts' grasp and tossed it aside. "Later," he repeated and left Putts alone with his bottle.

Tyler ignored him as Pauly passed the couch on his way out. Just for emphasis, Pauly rapped him on the top of the head as he walked by.

"Ow-w-w," exclaimed Tyler.

"I'll be back," Pauly replied, in his best Arnold Schwarzenegger voice.

Later that day, Luke Samuel drove out to Griffon Lakes. He wanted to report to Horace and

also ask him for a favor. He found Horace in his office, reading a Golf Illustrated. He looked up as Luke entered.

"Anything good in there?" Luke asked.

Horace tossed the magazine down on his desk. "Alas no," he said, "if I could do what they tell you to do in that magazine, I'd have been poisoned instead of Bruce. Have you found out anything?"

"Quite a bit," Luke said, as he sat down on the corner of the desk. "Bruce left some information for me that strongly suggests that the motive for his murder had nothing to do with the course championship. But before I can dig any deeper, I need to search the caddieshack. Any chance of you loaning me the master keys so I can check the place out late tonight?"

Horace frowned. "You think Putts is involved in the murder?"

"I don't know. But it looked kinda suspicious to me that he was palling around with Cash and Cassy during the match Sunday. When did they get to be buddies?"

Horace opened the middle drawer of his desk, found the master keys, and tossed them to Luke. The PI turned to leave. As he reached the door, Horace called out to him. "Who do you think did it?" he asked.

Luke turned and shook his head. "I don't know who did it, but I have a strong suspicion that Cash Cassenberg arranged for it to be done. It might be that Putts was just trying to make sure he covered all the bets placed on Bruce and Hartly. Plus, I still haven't figured out where Gabriel Devlin fits into all this. He's DEA, you know."

Horace whistled. "DEA? Drug Enforcement?"

"Yea," Luke agreed. "It's got me baffled, too."

Just as Luke was passing through Horace's door, Ellen walked up and playfully punched him in the stomach. "Hey, big guy," she said.

"Careful," Luke replied, "there's nothing in there but donuts and cold coffee."

"Pauly's on the phone in the VIP Lounge," she said. "I'll get you a sandwich from the kitchen."

It looked to Horace as if his private investigator and his daughter were on the verge of investigating each other.

Luke hurried into the lounge, closed the door,

and reached for the phone sitting on the end of the bar. It was the cellular, so he picked it up, walked over to his favorite chair, and sat down.

"Yea, Pauly," he said, "what's new?"

Pauly snickered. "You got some real class friends over at that caddieshack," he remarked. "They got arms and they got legs, but they ain't got mouths."

"They won't tell you anything, huh?"

"Not a peep. They're either scared to death or stupid as hell. I'd bet on scared to death, but stupid as hell's a close second. I tried a little charm, and tried a little arm, but neither one worked. I don't think they liked me much."

"Who'd you talk to?"

"That skinny smartass Tyler Braddock and his asshole caddie master, Putts. You sure he don't spell his name with a 'z'?"

Luke laughed at that one. More than two years and that had never occurred to him. "Have you learned anything else?"

"Yea, I got a friend in the coroner's office, and I managed a peek at the autopsy report. It ain't gonna be released anytime soon."

"Tell me."

"Bruce Benning died of massive ingestion of an unnamed poison."

"Unnamed?"

"You got me there. It ain't exactly got a name, just a series of letter and numbers, like in a chemical equation. It's a synthetic poison. Man-made. In a lab somewhere. Bruce ingested enough of it to kill an African bull elephant. They found residue not only in his system, but also on his lips and on the tips of the fingers on his right hand."

"Just his right hand? Not his left?"

"Just his right. And there were no needle marks or nothin' anywhere. He ate or drank the shit. And within a half-hour or so before he died, too. It's fast acting stuff."

Luke thought for a moment. What did Bruce eat or drink on the back nine? He tried to remember what had happened. They had given him cold water on the 13th tee box, but everybody was drinking the same water. He didn't eat anything, unless it was at the break between nines. Luke closed his eyes and pictured Bruce

coming to the 10th tee after the short break. He pictured him playing the 10th, the 11th. He pictured him on the green, waiting to putt.

Suddenly, he could see it in crystal clear focus: Bruce Benning on the green. With his golf ball in his mouth. The same golf ball Tyler Braddock kept submersed in that strange blue bucket.

"Pauly," Luke said, "did the report say whether the poison had any taste?"

"Tasteless, colorless, and odorless," he replied.

"God damn," Luke exclaimed, "I know how he was poisoned! When you were in the caddieshack, did you see a small blue bucket, about six inches long, with a foam rubber top?"

"No, but I wasn't lookin' for one, neither."

"Thanks, Pauly. I'll keep in touch."

Now Luke had motive, opportunity and weapon. But he still had to tie Tyler and Cash Cassenberg together to make a case. Maybe he'd find the answer in the caddieshack that night.

Luke waited impatiently all day for something new to happen. He didn't hear from Pauly and didn't get harassed by Devlin. He went out to the driving range and tried to hit a few balls, work on his game, calm his nerves. But the whole time he was out there, he kept glancing over at the caddieshack, knowing there might be a murderer inside. Luke went back to the VIP Lounge, slumped down in front of the big screen TV, and drank a Mich. Light. And waited.

Finally, night fell. Luke made a big show of having dinner at the lounge with the guys, going through his usual routine. About seven o'clock or so, he left to go home.

He laid down on his single bed and tried to catch a few winks. He set the alarm for two a.m. and closed his eyes. The problem was that his mind was showing the first part of a color feature. Over and over again. Luke could see poor Bruce popping his poisoned golf ball between his cheek and gum. But instead of the ball displaying a "Titleist" logo, it had a big red skull and cross bones.

Luke got up about 1:30 a.m., rubbed his eyes, picked up the master keys from the top of the

dresser and left the house. He drove to Griffon Lakes with his heart pounding in his chest. Even the car stereo couldn't drown it out. The clubhouse was dark, except for outside security lighting. The caddieshack didn't even have that. Luke did his best Bogart imitation and crept to the wooden building. One of the master keys fit perfectly. He turned it, and the door opened on squeaky hinges. Luke flicked on the flashlight he had with him, dropped the keys into his pocket, and looked around the middle room. Quickly, he shuffled to the windows and drew the blinds. Once that was done, he turned on the lights.

Luke blinked for a second, then took a closer look. There was nothing to see in the lounge area but shabby furniture. He started turning everything over, checking in the lining of the couch and chairs, even opening the fridge and looking at the skeletal remains of a family pack from The Chicken King on Foster Road. But Luke didn't see anything even remotely resembling a small blue plastic bucket.

He did the same thing in the locker room, opening the lockers and checking the contents. It was interesting to him that Phil Philo had left a change of clothes when he flitted out, but Hartly could have that kind of effect on a person, he guessed. There was nothing in the toilet tank. There was nothing stuck inside any of the dozen or so golf bags left in the room.

Luke passed back through the middle lounge and entered Putt's office. After shutting his blinds and turning on the light, Luke sat at the desk and started opening drawers. He found a half-empty liter of Black Jack. He found a nearly full box of cheap cigars. He found a magazine that was definitely not Golf Illustrated. Luke made a face as he realized that some of the pages were stuck together. Holding it with just the tips of two fingers, he dropped it back into the middle drawer in disgust.

There was a four-drawer filing cabinet behind the desk. Luke started at the top and worked his way down. The first drawer was crammed with old Styrofoam coffee cups, used plastic forks, crumpled napkins, and soiled bags from every fast food joint in Summitview. There were some blank bag tags, and a box filled with golf pencils.

In the second drawer Luke found some partially rusted tools, screwdrivers, wrenches, a small hammer. The third drawer was empty. The bottom drawer was filled with reams of blank paper, unopened. He stared at them for a minute, not sure what was wrong, but something didn't look right.

Luke reached in and removed the paper and looked again. It still didn't look right. He opened the third drawer and, taking a ream of paper as a measuring guide, put his finger on the paper where it met the top of the drawer. He did the same thing to the bottom drawer and, lo and behold, his finger sat a good two inches above the edge. The bottom drawer had a false bottom! Luke felt around for some kind of latch, but couldn't find one. Finally, he just pulled the whole thing out of the cabinet and carried it to Putts' desk. When he turned it over, the latch was easy to find. With trembling fingers, Luke opened the false bottom and looked in. It was full of pads of yellow lined paper. Luke took them out, set the drawer on the floor, sat in the chair and began to read. It was illuminating reading, to say the least. The pads were detailed logs of Putts' gambling books.

Luke Samuel had no idea Putts could be so organized. Each page was dated and annotated as to what the sports event was, what the odds were, where the event was played, etc. It became apparent very quickly that Putts' book wasn't just "local money," as Nick had called it. Many of the names had out-of-state phone numbers next to them, with red checks when the bettor either got paid or paid up. Amounts ranged from five and 10 dollars to \$500 and \$1,000. This was no small operation.

Luke kept turning pages, the dates on the top right of each sheet becoming more and more recent. Finally, he came to the Griffon Lakes men's course championship. Bruce was listed as a 10-to-one favorite. He started reading down the columns, seeing familiar names, including Putts' himself, next to bets ranging from \$10 to \$100 to \$200 dollar bets. There were names like Chamberlain, Adena, Rodriguez, and even Goodyear listed. He saw that poor Phil Philo had plunked down a sawbuck. Even Ski-Doo had put

a Jackson down. There was one familiar name he noticed, but in his haste to read, didn't remember until later.

Then Luke stopped. And stared. About two-thirds of the way down the second page of Benning-Hartly bets was Cash Cassenberg's name. The next column had the amount bet. Luke looked away and then back again, just to make sure he was seeing right. Cash Cassenberg had plunked down a \$100,000 dollar bet! On Hartly. At 10-to-one, he'd collect \$1 million! There was a red star marked in the margin next to Cash's name. An arrow pointed to the bottom of the page and the notation, "Okayed by R.A./will cover." Who was R.A.?

Luke jumped up quickly as he heard a squeak come from the middle lounge. His first thought was to grab the books and haul ass out the side door, but instead, flicked off the light and slowly gazed into the TV room. He didn't see anything, but not wanting to take any chances, he walked through the door and looked around. There wasn't anywhere a person could hide, unless he could stuff himself into the refrigerator. Once again, he should have grabbed the books and high-tailed it out, but instead, decided to check the locker room. As Luke leaned through the open doorway, someone hit him hard on the back of the head. He went sprawling into the middle of the room, sliding along the linoleum. Before he could get up, Tyler Braddock was on top of him, punching as hard as he could. Luke covered up with his left arm and tried to grab Tyler with his right.

"You son-of-a-bitch," Tyler yelled at Luke, "you're gonna fuck this whole thing up! What are you looking for? What did you find, you puke?"

"I found your momma under Putts' desk, you asshole," Luke replied.

Tyler yelled something Luke couldn't understand, stood up quickly and started kicking Luke in the side as hard as he could. Luke's head was pounding, his ribs ached, there was sticky red blood matting his hair, the inside of his mouth was bleeding. Luke was getting pissed. Next kick, Luke grabbed Tyler's foot and twisted as hard as he could. Tyler flailed around for a second, trying to keep his balance, then fell hard

just to Luke's right. Luke rolled over, plunged his elbow in Tyler's solar plexus as hard as he could and ground his right fist in Tyler's eye. Tyler started wailing and pounding his feet on the floor.

Luke straddled him and grabbed him by the lapels. "All right, you piece of crap, I know you killed Bruce and I know how. Where's that goddamn blue bucket?"

Tyler stopped fighting and just lay there. He began to cry, real deep sobs, tears running down the sides of his face and filling his ears. "I-I didn't mean to kill him, honest," he moaned. "He was only supposed to get sick and forfeit the match. I even left that extra club in his bag so he could lose without having to get sick, but fat ass Hartly wouldn't buy it. Fuck his ego! I didn't mean for Mr. Benning to die!"

There was no reason to keep holding him down. Luke stood up and looked at him. "Who gave you the blue bucket? You didn't do that on your own, did you?"

Tyler shook his head "no."

"Who?" Luke repeated.

"Putts O'Shea gave it to me. But it wasn't supposed to kill him."

Luke brushed himself off and tried to wipe some of the blood away from the corners of his mouth. "If you tell Inspector Devlin the truth, it won't be you in the gas chamber, it'll be Putts. You stay here and I'll call the police. Don't move."

There was a pay phone on the wall in the TV room, but Luke didn't have any change. He hadn't wanted to take a chance on the coins rattling around in his pocket, making noise while he prowled around, so he'd left them at home. The only other phone was just an intercom to the clubhouse. Luke couldn't call the police from there. Besides, it occurred to him that Devlin wouldn't be too happy to find out he'd broken in and searched this place, even if he did hand Devlin the murderer on a platter. It never occurred to Luke to see if Tyler had a quarter, dumb shit that he sometimes is.

Luke went back in. Tyler was still lying where Luke left him, whimpering. "Tyler, I'll make a deal with you. I don't want the police to know I was here, so I'm not going to call them right now. I'll

let you do it. But if I don't hear that you turned yourself, and Putts, in by noon, I'll take my chances and make that call. Got it?"

Tyler nodded. Luke knelt down on one knee and looked Tyler dead in the eye. "Bruce was my best friend, Tyler. It's not you I want; it's not even Putts. It's the guy who planned this whole thing. If you don't call Devlin, I'm calling Cash Cassenberg. And you're as good as dead. Aren't you?"

Tyler nodded again, a puzzled look on his skinny, tear-streaked mug. Maybe he didn't know about Cash's part in all this. But at that point, he'd have agreed to just about anything. Luke got up quickly and ran out of the caddieshack, fully confident that he'd put the fear of God in poor Tyler. Things were going so good that he just had to fuck up something. Luke Samuel forgot to pick up Putts' books.

As Tyler Braddock heard Luke's car start, he pulled himself up and limped to the main door. He watched Luke drive away. "What am I gonna do now?" he said aloud. "Shit! I better do what Mr. Goodyear said."

"The fuck you will."

Tyler turned around and saw Putts standing in the doorway of his office. He'd come in while Tyler and Luke were fighting, listened to the whole thing, and hidden in his office while Luke tried the phone. He saw his yellow pads out on his desk, heard Luke's orders to Tyler, and knew the whole damn party was over.

"Putts, man," Tyler cried, "am I glad to see you! That goddamn Luke Goodyear almost killed me! We gotta do something. We gotta get out of here!"

Putts walked over and put his arm around Tyler's waist. "Would you like to disappear, like Philo did? I

can arrange it, Tyler. Then I'll take care of things here."

Tyler was so happy. "Oh, yes, Putts, please. I'll disappear. I don't even want any of the money. Just let me disappear."

They walked slowly to the center of the locker room.

"No problem, Tyler," said Putts. "You just disappear."

Suddenly, he grabbed Tyler in a full nelson and pushed him toward the sink full of acetone. Tyler started screaming and flailing his arms in a vain attempt to dislodge the stronger man, but Putts held on as tight as he could. He plummeted Tyler's head under the acetone and held it there until Tyler stopped squirming. Just to be safe, he held it there for a moment more. Tyler was dead. Drowned. Putts let the lifeless body go, the head and shoulders still under liquid.

"Now we'll see who gets a ticket to the gas chamber, Mister Smartass Goodyear!"

Putts gathered up all his yellow pads of paper and ran out of the caddieshack. He loaded them into the trunk of his car parked by his office door, and hurried back inside. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a quarter, stuck it in the pay phone, and dialed 9-1-1. The phone rang at the Summitview police station.

"Hello," Putts said, "I'd like to report a murder."

Next month, chapter 9: "Tuesday."

Natalie Gulbis

Love the
PGA **At**
play



At
work

Jesse Flores

Iron Thong member profile

Name: Jesse Flores

Nickname: Jesse

Handicap: 17.9

Clubs in the bag: Wilson Ultra's Irons, Nike Ignite Driver, The Perfect Club Fairway Wood, Nike 56' Wedge, Infinity Putter.

I have been playing Golf for about 9 years. I was influenced by the Tiger Woods video game, after playing the game at Big Johns house one night. I figured this was an easy way to spank Big John on the links. I have played Golf on great courses. In Dallas, California, Horse Shoe Bay, Cabo San Lucas Mexico, and all around the San Antonio area.

I guess one of my greatest Golfing moments was when I got 3 Birdies in 4 consecutive holes. Other great moments is when I spanked Sammy Pierce 5 Rounds of Golf in a row, and took \$50.00 of his hard earned dollars. I believe Big John went down those 5 same rounds, but there was no money involved so I didn't pay much attention to that.

What I like about being a Thonger is all the Bullshit you get to hear from all the other Thongers.

The best part of my game I guess would be my putting game.

The worst part of my game is the approach game.

I enjoy playing Golf simply because there is nobody to blame but yourself if there is no win. Playing with all the Thongers is great cause I have seen quite a few players get better at their game, which in turn makes me want to play better also.

The competitiveness is fierce when you got Pierce, and then there is Rhino (aka) Paul Garcia, and of course all the other Thongers that make it tough to win skins.

I suggest we keep a close look on the guys that consistently win. Ha Ha Ha ha

