



THE THONG ADJUSTER



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STATS

What does it take to be a winner in the Iron Thong?

The new year is here already and it's time to look back at 2007. What does it take to be a winner in the Iron Thong?

We played 45 Saturdays in 2007 for a total of 648 rounds. The average low net winner shot a 65.5 and the average low gross winner shot a 77.5, but it was considerably higher when Eric didn't play.

The lowest net score of the year was shot by Darren Howard on Aug. 4 at Brackenridge Golf Course. He carded at net 59!

The lowest gross score was actually achieved twice, both times by Eric Lavigne. He shot a gross 66 on Aug. 4 at Brack and followed it with a gross 66 on Sept. 15 at Northcliffe Country Club.

There were two highest low net winners in 2007, and they all happened early in the year. Does that mean we got better as the year went along? Paul Garcia won with a 74 on Jan. 13 at the Maverick and Gary Muniz had a winning 74 on Feb. 17 at Woodlake Country Club.

The highest winning low gross score was a 92 carded by John Hernandez at Northern Hills on Feb. 3.

How about our tournament winners? Our first 2007 tournament was on March 10 at the Golf Course of Texas. Steve VanWert won with a net 69 and Jon Alvarez had low gross with a 78. The second 2007 tournament winners were Johnny Martinez with a low net 71 and Eric Lavigne with a low gross 75.



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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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Just 'fore' laughs



"If it wasn't for the 19th hole I would have quit this game a long time ago."



"Will you shut that thing off?
I'm trying to putt!"



FAQ

Frequently Asked Questions about Golf

FAQ. My ball struck overhead power lines - do I get to replay the shot?

A. This situation falls broadly under Rule 33-8a; it's specifically addressed in Decision 33-8/13.

Rule 33-8a states:

"The Committee may establish Local Rules for local abnormal conditions if they are consistent with the policy set forth in Appendix I." (Appendix I is the appendix that covers Local Rules.)

So, broadly speaking, your local course or club can enact rules specific to conditions at your course, as long as they do so in accordance with the guidelines set forth in Appendix I (covering Local Rules) to the Rules of Golf.

Luckily, Decision 33-8/13 makes the proper course of action when your ball hits overhead cables more clear. That decision states:

"Q. An overhead power line is so situated that a perfectly played shot can be deflected. Would it be proper for the Committee to make a Local Rule allowing a player whose ball is deflected by this power line to replay the stroke, without penalty, if he wishes?"

"A. No. However, a Local Rule requiring a player to replay the stroke would be acceptable."

Decision 33-8/13 goes on to suggest how such a local rule should read (see Rules of Golf and Decisions on the Rules of Golf on usga.com).

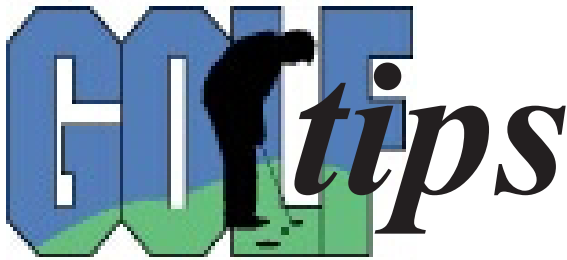
Note carefully the wording of the quoted passage above: "... to replay the stroke, without penalty, if he wishes?" "No. However, a Local Rule requiring ..."

The key to this Local Rule is that, if it is in effect, it requires the golfer to replay the stroke without penalty. There is no golfer's option. If your ball strikes a power line, and the Local Rule suggested under Decision 33-8/13 is in effect, you must replay the stroke without penalty (even if your shot deflected into the perfect spot).

Likewise, if such a local rule is not in effect, you may not replay the stroke (unless you are willing to declare the ball unplayable and take the resulting penalty). You must play the ball as it lies.

So the key, obviously, is finding whether a Local Rule covering power lines is in effect at a course where overhead cables cross the line of play. Check with the pro shop to find out.

To summarize: If your ball hits a power line or overhead cable, and the Local Rule covered in Decision 33-8/13 is in effect, you must cancel the stroke and replay it without penalty, as close as possible to the spot of the original stroke. If such a local rule is not in effect, you must play the ball as it lies.



New Year's Resolutions for golfers

By Donald Crawley
Director of Instruction at the Boulders Golf Academy

1: Keep it simple

Whatever method, system, theory that you employ with your game, keep it simple. The brain can only handle a couple of swing thoughts at a time. The swing only takes 1.2 seconds, so you have to keep those thoughts as modest and uncomplicated as possible, getting right to the point of what must be accomplished.

2: Set a golf goal

If you are a bottom line guy or gal, one that is results oriented, set a numbers goal. That might mean a low score mentality. I aim to break a 100, 90, 80 this year. Set a realistic one, not a distant dream such as "I'd like to play the PGA or Champions Tour" unless, of course, you are breaking 70 every time you tee it up. For most amateur weekend golfers aiming at improving five strokes per round would be an attainable goal. When you think about it, pretty incredible but it can be done.

3: Be more consistent

Let's understand what 'consistency' is. Hitting every shot perfect is perfection, not consistency. To be a more consistent golfer you have to practice and play on a consistent basis. How about one practice session during the week and one round every weekend? Improving your mechanics will produce more good shots and fewer poor ones, as you build a more consistent, repetitive swing action. End result: more consistency.

4: You've heard this before - build a routine.

If you build a repetitive, unswerving, recurring routine to hitting a golf ball, you will help yourself achieve resolution No. 3 above. Building a routine simply means you are following a set of pre-shot steps. Note how we are backing up resolution No. 1!

Visualizing the shot can mean no more than seeing, in your mind's eye, a shot airborne and going forward. Only at the top 'Tiger' level are we seeing a high fade falling 2 yards softly to the right at the end of a 220 yard high screaming 5 iron. That is Tiger, not you. Where you are concerned, aim the club face before you take your stance. Keep your posture tall and athletic. Plug in your one simple swing thought. Double check your personalized mantra.

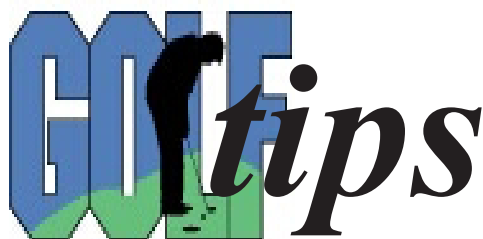
Pull the trigger, let the club swing. Piece of cake!

5: Evaluate your game

Break the game into four areas and then assess each one while determining where you need the most help, starting with getting the bag out of the trunk of the car.

It is necessary to take an honest look at your game. The four disciplines are: driving, fairway play, short approach shots around the green, and putting. Which needs the most help? Often, people complain of their score yet never work on their putting, that facet of play which contributes to 30-40 percent of the game.

Rate each area, by your own standards (being objectively fair), and find time to work on your weaknesses this year, striving to try and establish a more balanced game. If your game suffers



Get ready for the new year

Continued from page 4

because you can't get the ball in play off the tee, then get some help with your tee shot. How fundamental do we have to get? Sometimes it can be an equipment misfit and, quite possibly, you may need a driver with more loft, a softer shaft. Check with your club pro, the golf shop maven, someone that likely knows and can advise.

If you can hit the ball off the tee and advance it down the fairway but take five shots to then move the ball another 50-100 yards, change your practice habits and work on your short irons. Don't rush to the range and bash a bucket of balls with your driver before you play. Hit some chips and pitches from within 50 yards. Work on the weak link. Usually, it is your swing technique that needs to be tweaked to help your ball striking in all areas.

6: Get some help

Take a lesson. Very few good golfers are self-taught. To improve, you need another pair of eyes to help you see what is real, not just what you feel. To change your set-up or swing, you will need to see and feel a different move or perspective. Even Tiger has his coach watching, helping, tweaking the feel on a regular basis.

Make sure this 'help' is from a qualified professional and not the buddy who shoots 100+ and with whom you play every Saturday morning, the friend that tries to explain what he saw the pros doing the other day watching them compete on TV.

7: Be committed

Not into the looney bin, but be committed to every shot. Remember, you have a 50/50 chance over every shot. You could either hit it or miss it. It could be good or bad. Take a chance and infuse a positive committed attitude over every shot. Don't labor over it, just be more confident than you have been in the past. Practice will help that along.

Don't be wishy-washy. Make your mind up and go for it. You do not require 20 practice swings.

This is particularly good advice when putting. Pick the line, commit to it and don't second guess yourself when you stand over the ball. Put a good stroke on it and roll it on your line. No 'wishing' the ball in. Positive thought, committed and crisp stroke with authority.

Same on your drive. Pick a target, make a practice swing...just one, go through your set-up routine, keep the thought simple, let it go. Be committed and pull the trigger.

Select one of these seven resolutions, or all of them, and put it into practice as the year unfolds. You may be looking forward to your most successful golf season ever in 2008.

Donald Crawley is Director of Instruction at the Boulders Golf Academy at the Boulders Resort & Golden Door® Spa in Carefree, Ariz., and the President of GolfSimplified. Crawley, a veteran of 29 years of teaching experience, is a regular features contributor to The Sports Network that range from tips on improving your game to etiquette at the course. He has established 40 golf school sites in the United States since 1980, previously as vice president and director of instruction at John Jacobs' Golf Schools, consultant to the Greenbrier Resort in West Virginia, and presently at the Boulders Golf Resort in Arizona.

Crawley is recognized among the "Top 100 Teachers in America" by Golf Magazine and one of the "Best Teachers in Arizona" by Golf Digest. As both a Class A U.S. PGA member and a British PGA member, Crawley has been recognized for his outstanding teaching abilities. In addition to teaching over 60,000 students, Crawley has co-authored video instruction tapes with John Jacobs and BBC/ABC golf telecaster Peter Alliss.

A Luke Samuel Goodyear Mystery by Steve VanWert

MURDER ON THE 13TH GREEN**Chapter 19 -- The truth comes out**

Once all the hubbub died down, the ambulances having loaded the dead and injured, the authorities having arrested all the guilty, except Cassy, who had apparently disappeared, Ellen and Luke sat back in their chair at the VIP Lounge. Luke should have been happy, but he wasn't. He knew that the case wasn't closed, after all.

She looked down at him, and kissed him on the end of his nose. Luke wrinkled up the just-smooched snoze, and tried to laugh. "What a day," he said.

"I was scared to death," Ellen said.

"You didn't need to be," Luke said, off-handedly, "I was scared enough for both of us."

"When Putts started running at you, I almost wet my pants."

"Me, too."

The phone buzzed at the bar, meaning it was the intercom. Ski-Doo picked it up, listened, then hung it up again. "Luke," she said, "Horace wants you to come to his office."

"Shinola," Luke remarked, "haven't I earned a little peace?"

"How about a big piece?" Ellen smiled.

Luke patted her head as he got up. "Later, my insatiable one, later."

"Good," she murmured, stretching back in the chair, "you can read some poetry to me."

On the way over to Horace's office, Pauly ran up and grabbed Luke by the arm. Leaning over close, he gave him the information Luke needed, but didn't want. Luke gave him some instructions, and Pauly hurried away.

Luke opened the door to see Gabe Devlin,

Jack McGarvey, Horace Chamberlain, and, lo and behold, Cassy Cassenberg waiting inside. "Well, what a nice surprise to see you," he said to his ex.

She pursed her lips in a baby doll sulk. "It was more fun finding you by surprise," she said.

Luke coughed, and grabbed a chair. "Yea, well, um, where did you disappear to?"

Horace answered for her. "Ms. Cassenberg, it seems, stopped at her father's car during the match, and realized that a certain attaché case was missing. Being an intelligent girl, and realizing the jig was up, she walked right in here and surrendered to Inspector Devlin."

"Good choice," Luke said.

"Smart choice," she replied.

Devlin spoke up. "We've offered Ms. Cassenberg immunity if she'll testify against her father concerning the Benning murder," he said. "She has tentatively agreed."

"Tentatively?"

"Well, we're still discussing just how extensive the immunity will be," Devlin replied.

"Well, don't let her get you alone for a poetry reading while you're deciding."

Cassy pouted again, as Jack and Devlin each took an arm, helped her up, and escorted her to the door.

"See you in court," she said.

Luke Samuel took a deep breathe. This wasn't going to be easy. "Not so fast," he said. "I'm afraid things aren't over yet."

Devlin looked puzzled. "Is there something I'm missing?"

"Yea, I'm afraid there's something we're all

missing. I don't think Cash ever intended to kill Bruce at all."

Cassy looked at Luke. "Well," she said, smoothing the curls on her bleached-blond head, "I never said he did."

The trio walked back into the center of the room. Luke sat on the corner of Horace's desk and began to put into words what had been forming in his mind all day. "Cash didn't need to kill Bruce, just make him sick enough to lose to Hartly. Of course, he could have made a mistake and put too much poison in the bucket, but I don't think so. Cash is too smart to face a murder rap unless he thought it was necessary. And I don't think he got that desperate until today, on the 18th green.

"I don't think Putts did it on purpose, either. All he was getting out of the deal was money. All Bruce had to do was lose, not die, for Putts to be happy. He was more scared of Roland Adena than he was of Cash. I think he was pretty careful about the proper dose in that bucket.

"I don't think Tyler did it either. He kept the ball soaking in there as much as he could, but he also tried to force Bruce into losing the match long before the 13th hole. He had nothing to gain from Bruce dying. He had a bet on Hartly, too, and would have been in high clover if Hartly just won."

Devlin was looking annoyed. "Then who do you think did it? Was there anyone else involved, for Christ's sake?"

Luke nodded. "I'm afraid so. You see, Cash wanted \$1 million to use as a down payment on a loan from Summitview National Bank to purchase the Summit Airport property. I doubt if he cared who he paid it to, Bruce or his widow."

"Now wait a minute, Luke," interrupted Horace. "I thought you told me Suzi Benning didn't know about the property at all. Surely you don't think she might be a, er, a ..."

"Murderer?" Luke took a deep breath, and

continued. "Let's say Bruce never told her about the deal. Then how would she find out? First of all, I think she found the same envelope I did, although I don't know why she left it where I could find it. I guess she thought there'd be time to remove it before anyone looked. But even reading the letters in that envelope would only tell her a little. But she didn't have to know a lot. She had an informant."

Chief Jack spoke, smacking himself on the forehead. "Benny the Japanese butler."

"Right. Only Benny the butler is really Biehn Tran, a Vietnamese traveling on a diplomatic visa. His family's visa. He arrived here in Summitview just after Suzi first found out about the deal. He went to work for the Cassenbergs and reported what he overheard to Suzi Benning."

"You just can't find good help these days," said Cassy.

"At first I thought he was just calling his squeeze down at The Beast, a dancer named Mi Sin, whose real name I'm sure is something else. All those calls to her, and I got first hand verification they were having an affair, almost threw me off. Hell, they did throw me off for awhile. But there were calls from the Cassenberg's to Benning Realty, too, weren't there, Jack?"

Jack nodded. "Quite a few. And after Bruce's murder."

Luke continued. "After Chief Jack re-verified the calls, I realized that Benny had to be calling Suzi Benning, because the two of them were speaking in what Chief Jack thought was Japanese. But I also realized after Pauly did some checking on Benny that they weren't speaking Japanese at all, they were speaking Vietnamese to each other. It was Benny who told Suzi about everything that was happening at the Cassenbergs.

"Suzi probably tried to talk Bruce into selling the property for less money, but for

some reason he refused. She decided she was never going to get it. But then Benny told her all about Roland Adena, all about the bets, and finally about Cash's plan to make Bruce too sick to win."

Horace interrupted again. "But Luke, if Bruce had gotten sick and forfeited the match, and Cash had won the money and bought the property, then Bruce and Suzi would both have been millionaires. What did she have to gain by murdering her husband? You know how Bruce felt about her. He would have spent it all on her if she'd have asked."

Inwardly Luke winced at this sentiment, but before he could answer, someone knocked softly on the door. Chief Jack opened it. Pauly stood there, with Suzi Benning in one hand and Benny the butler in the other. Mi Sin, wearing considerably more than the last time Luke saw her, was standing beside Benny. Good old Pauly. Luke hadn't been sure Benny and Mi Sin were in the vicinity. But Pauly found them somewhere. Luke motioned for them to come in.

"Luke Goodyear," said Suzi indignantly, "are you responsible for this awful man forcing me here against my will?"

"I'm afraid so, Suzi. And your brother, too."

Suzi looked almost as startled as Mi Sin. "Brother?"

"Biehn Tran, your brother. The little short guy over there. You remember him, don't you? Your name is Sieul Diem Tran, isn't it?"

Suzi sent a panicked look at Benny. He struggled in Pauly's grip. She looked around the room at everyone there, and finally back at Luke. "Yes, so he is my brother. What does that matter?"

"Suzi, the one question I couldn't answer is the one Horace asked us a moment ago. Why would you murder Bruce if you were going to get the money anyway once the property sold? At first I thought you just didn't know about Cash's bet, but Benny, er Biehn, told

you, didn't he?"

She didn't answer, so Luke continued. "Once I knew that you knew about the bet, it also seemed logical that you knew about Cash's plot to make Bruce sick. Biehn saw to that, too. But why would you kill Bruce? Obviously, because he wouldn't sell to Cash for less money. I'm sure you tried to convince him to, but he refused, didn't he? After all, he had promised Cash's ex-wife, Annabelle, that he wouldn't. That was part of their agreement. How much of the \$10 million was to go to her?"

"Half," Suzi replied, quietly.

"Still a very generous business deal for Bruce. And you. But not generous enough. You wanted the whole \$10 million for yourself. When Biehn told you about Cash's little plot, you and your brother decided to improve on it. It wasn't hard for you to increase the amount of poison, was it, Benny? After all, it was tasteless, odorless and colorless. You did that part didn't you, Benny?"

Benny gave into the inevitable then. He looked over at Mi Sin and tried to say something to her. But he couldn't find words to explain to the woman who loved him that he was an accomplice to murder. He drew himself up as tall as he could, straightened his bony shoulders and replied in much better English than anyone had heard him speak before, "Yes, Mr. Goodyear, I did. And I would do it again. For my family. And my country."

Luke was hoping Benny would say something like that. Luke nodded his head and continued his spiel. "That is the final piece of the puzzle, I'm afraid, everyone. You see, Suzi didn't kill Bruce just to get the money for herself. She intended to use it to pay bribes and expenses to put her father, Ng Biehn Tran, the extremely very former president of Vietnam, back into power. Would \$10 million have been enough? Probably not, but you didn't see any better chance coming up in the

future, did you, Suzi?"

The only time Luke ever saw Suzi Benning cry was in the North Summitview County Hospital. Events had made him wonder whether her tears had been real. But the tears that started to leak from her almond eyes weren't crocodile ones this time.

"Yes, Luke Goodyear, it is true. My father needs the money to return to power. The United States will not help him. The ungrateful stooges from your great State Department will not help him. Even the most corrupt of powerful men in the Far East will not help him without many millions in bribes. And, my golfer husband would not help him, either."

She looked around at the quiet congregation. Her voice and even her facial features seemed to change, to harden. "You all thought I was a poor Vietnamese girl unable to understand what matters in this world. My husband, dreamer that he was, thought I was unable to comprehend how to acquire power. He told me to return to my crocheting. He told me to leave business to the business experts, to leave politics to the political experts. I was not an expert to him.

"And what was I to any of you? 'Isn't it wonderful,' you would say, 'how little Suzi has learned to be an American. How she has given up her quaint Oriental ways.' I am not an American. I am Vietnamese! I would not be American if held to the fire. You Americans are animals, dark, hairy, and ugly. You smell like the cheap perfumes you buy at Wal Mart and you eat food that has no taste, no nourishment. You puff on cigars as the rest of the world starves. You are not a great nation. Vietnam was a great nation once and my father will return it to its rightful place in Southeast Asia and the world.

"I did not love poor, foolish Bruce Benning, but my father wanted me to leave Vietnam and be safe from the fighting. I did as I was told, but I vowed to save him, as he saved me.

You say that my husband was a great man. But he was not. My father is the only great man I know, and he will someday make you pay for throwing him away once his usefulness was over. He will return to power, and Biehn and I will be by his side."

Her defiance hit everyone like lightning on a one iron. It was so quiet in Horace's office, you could hear a par break. Devlin and Chief Jack gently took Benny, Suzi, Mi Sin, and Cassy and started to take them away.

"I don't think Mi Sin had anything to do with the murder, Gabe," Luke said. "You don't need to take her."

Devlin hesitated, then nodded and handed Suzi and Benny to a couple of officers stationed just outside the door. Mi Sin followed them, along with Chief Jack. Turning, Devlin stuck out his hand. "I want to congratulate you, Goodyear," he said. "You did a fine job, even if much of it was against my better judgment. You showed a fine talent for investigation. I understand things got hectic on the 18th green. This was a hard one. I'm glad we got to work together."

Luke took his hand, and shook it, warm and friendly-like. "You're not such a bad guy, Gabe," he said, "once you get that government bible out of your ass."

Devlin smiled, an event not witnessed very often. "Have you given any thought to working for the DEA?"

Luke stared, glancing at Horace. "Shit, no!" "Glad to hear it," said Devlin, and turned and left. The recently crowded office now held only two.

Luke turned to Horace. "How's Hartly doing?"

"He'll be fine. It'll take more than one of those .44 slugs to stop him. But he might not hit a golf ball for awhile."

Luke got up. "Horace," he said, "thanks for letting me help with this one. You'll never know how important it was to me."

"Yes, I do," Horace answered. "Bruce was a good friend of mine, too. But what made you decide that Suzi had to be the one?"

"Well, it took a long time for me to see the forest for the trees. I mean, it was the only answer that fit all the facts, but I didn't want to believe it. Finally, I saw her name in Putts' gambling log, betting on the final match, and that kinda did the trick."

"Why did that make up your mind?"

"She bet on Hartly."

Horace nodded. "By the way, Nick Adena called me a little while ago and said he wanted to talk to me in private about a personal matter. He asked if Eloise could be here."

"Oh," Luke said. "What are you going to do?"

Horace smiled to himself. "I'm not sure. It depends on what they say, I guess. I'm not a vindictive man. Everything comes out all right in the end."

Luke reached the doorway. "There's one thing, Horace, that I'll have a hard time getting used to, though."

"What's that?"

"Having to drive by 'Haroldson Park' all year."

Epilogue

That's the story of the "Murder on the 13th Green." After all the legal maneuvering, Cash got a life sentence for killing Roland Adena and Bruce. Putts got the same for killing Tyler Braddock. Suzi and her brother were deported, Suzi happily giving up her citizenship to return to Vietnam. Mi Sin, unfortunately, returned to The Beast. Sadly, she's a full-fledged member of Marge's girls now. Cassy got off completely, Hartly was named Griffon Lake's Mens' champion, and Luke convinced Rudy Rodriguez to float a loan for Hartly that got him completely out of debt.

And he's proven to be a good risk, too. All his monthly payments have been right on time, thanks to the increased business his car lots have received since his sign went up. He's become an active member of the Griffon Lakes Irregulars and really mellowed out his act. Luke may have lost a best friend, one that will never be replaced, but he and the boys gained a new one in the deal.

Of course, nothing has come yet of the planned airport expansion, except some recent rumors.

Horace quietly gave Eloise an amicable divorce, and she married Nick a couple of months later. The three of them are fast friends now, somewhere more than amigos, somewhere short of lovers. Horace is thinking of retiring soon, and is training Nick in the details of managing the course.

Ellen and Luke got married, too, although there wasn't any particular urgency in the date. It was quite a ceremony, too, with Ellen in white taffeta, Luke in a sand-colored tux. Pauly Panishe was best man, believe it or not. He even went and rented a tux, but naturally, got a little confused and shelled out for a full set of tails, but hey, they went great with his scuffed brown-and-white saddle oxfords.

It was a lovely event, held at Griffon Lakes, of course, with a reception that got under way right after the golf tournament. Luke just wished Bruce could have been there.

There was one more thing about Bruce's murder that Luke knew, but didn't tell anyone. While Pauly was checking out Benny, Luke had also asked him to find out all he could about Annabelle Anjoulou Cassenberg. He was curious why she allowed Bruce to make all that money from her property. The answer was, sadly, that she and Bruce had much more than a professional relationship. Needless to say, Annabelle didn't expect her \$10 million to stray too far from home. But you know, Bruce is kind of a hero around

Summitview. A martyr who survived Vietnam's past, but not its present. Luke never thought it necessary to shit on his statue.

The Benning murder was probably the most excitement ever seen around Summitview. That is, until some scared young Walton Air Force Base airman stole a T-37 trainer jet and crashed into the 18th fairway a year or so

later. Everyone rushed out to the crash scene, expecting to find wreckage and carnage, but incredibly found the most amazing ... but, well, "The 18th Fairway in Flames," that's another story.

The End

For the golfer who has everything and wants everyone to know that he has everything: The Escalade golf cart

Anyone who has ever killed time on an airplane flight knows that the Skymall catalog is filled with items ranging from the downright cool and useful to the intriguingly useless to the completely bizarre to the ridiculously extravagant.

For most of us, the Escalade golf cart would fit in the latter category, unless you are Tiger Woods, and even then you'd prefer a Buick.

From Skymall: All Berline electric carts are built on a new Club Car chassis, hand-laid fiberglass body, marine-grade vinyl seats (choice of colors), custom paint (choice of colors), and chrome mirrors. Available options include: 15" Billet Rims/Tires, Alpine AM/FM/CD Stereo and Speakers, Custom Hard Top & Frame (matching color), Chrome Tilt Steering Wheel Column, Golf Bag Holder and Hitch, and Billet Grille (Escalade model only).

Yes, your new \$13,995 golf cart doesn't even come with a golf bag holder as part of the standard package. If you can afford a golf cart at that price in the first place, you can afford to hire someone else to drive a second golf cart around just to carry your clubs. The Cadillac of golf carts, literally.



History of Golf



Golf originated during the 15th century

Golf originated from a game played on the coast of Scotland during the 15th century. Golfers would hit a pebble instead of a ball around the sand dunes using a stick or club. After 1750, golf evolved into the sport as we recognize it today. In 1774, Edinburgh golfers wrote the first standardized rules for the game of golf.

Golf balls

Golfers soon tired of hitting pebbles and tried other things. The earliest man-made golf balls included thin leather bags stuffed with feathers (they did not fly very far).

The gutta-percha ball was invented in 1848 by Reverend Adam Paterson. Made from the sap of the Gutta tree, this ball could be hit a maximum distance of 225 yards and was very similar to its modern counterpart. In 1898, Coburn Haskell introduced the first one-piece rubber cored, when professionally hit these balls reached distances approaching 430 yards. According to "The Dimpled Golf Ball" by Vincent Mallette during the early days of golf the balls were smooth. Players noticed that as balls became old and scarred, they traveled farther. After a while players would take new balls and intentionally pit them. In 1905, golf ball manufacturer William Taylor was the first to add the dimple pattern using the Coburn Haskell ball. Golf balls had now taken on their modern form.

Golf clubs

Golf clubs have evolved from wooden shaft clubs to today's sets of woods and irons with durability, weight distribution and graduation utility. The evolution of clubs went hand in hand with the evolution of golf balls that were able to withstand harder whacks.

Carrying & caddies

During the 1880s, golf bags first came into use. "The beast of burden" is an old nickname for the caddie who carried golfers' equipment for them. The first powered golf car appeared around 1962 and was invented by Merlin L. Halvorson.

Golf tees

The word "tee" as it relates to the game of golf originated as the name for the area where a golfer played. In 1889, the first documented portable golf tee was patented by Scottish golfers William Bloxson and Arthur Douglas. This golf tee was made from rubber and had three vertical rubber prongs that held the ball in place. However, it lay on the ground and did not piece (or pegged) the ground like modern golf tees.

In 1892, a British patent was granted to Percy Ellis for his "Perfectum" tee that did piece (pegged) the ground. It was a rubber tee with a metal spike. The 1897 "Victor" tee was similar and included a cup-shaped top to better hold the golf ball. The Victor was patented by Scotsmen PM Matthews. American patents for golf tees include: the first American patent issued to Scotsmen David Dalziel in 1895, the 1895 patent issued to American Prosper Senat, and the 1899 patent for an improved golf tee issued to George Grant.