



THE THONG ADJUSTER



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A word from the editor

First, a big Iron Thong welcome to our newest members, Bill Turner and Rudy Castenada. Get me those bios, boys!

And now, for some actual golf news from San Antonio.

Renovations to close Brackenridge

It didn't take long for Arlington-based course architect John Colligan to make an impact on San Antonio's golf landscape.

Shortly after being retained to oversee renovations to the weathered city-owned layouts, Colligan spurred the community's newly formed Municipal Golf Association to make a significant decision.

The storied Brackenridge course will be closed for at least eight months, beginning in February.

In a makeover that will cost nearly \$3 million, aggressive work will be done on the facility's fairways, greens, bunkers and irrigation system. As part of what former City Councilman Chip Haass has termed a "wow" initiative, the entrance also will be redone.

Specific plans for the course will be revealed in coming weeks.

"It has to be closed," the nonprofit organization's director, attorney Reid Meyers, said Wednesday. "This is a whole new ballgame."

While Brackenridge is closed, golfers loyal to the historic layout will be offered incentives to play other municipal tracts.

See ya'll on Saturday,
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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Rules Quiz

1. A player may not stand out of bounds to play a ball that lies in bounds.

- a. True b. False

2. A forecaddie is one who is employed by a player to search for and indicate the position of balls during play.

- a. True b. False

3. Prior to his shot, a competitor lifts a towel covering a fellow-competitor's bag to determine what club the fellow-competitor used for his stroke. What is the ruling?

- a. There is no penalty for lifting the towel.
b. There is no penalty for lifting the towel providing it is replaced before the stroke.
c. There is a two-stroke penalty for obtaining such information through a physical act.

4. In which instance may a player touch his line of putt without penalty?

- a. With his towel in removing a loose impediment.
b. With his club in removing casual water.
c. With his club when tapping down spike marks.

5. In match play, what is the penalty if the players fail to determine one another's handicaps before starting a match?

- a. There is no penalty.
b. They are disqualified.
c. The Committee must decide.

6. Which is correct regarding loose impediments?

- a. A large tree not attached to its stump is not a loose impediment.
b. A player may break off a piece of a large loose impediment.
c. A live insect may not be removed from a ball lying through the green.

7. A player's ball comes to rest in a tree where it is visible but cannot be recovered or played. What is the ruling?

- a. If he can identify his ball, it may be declared unplayable.
b. If he cannot recover the ball, it is lost even if it is identified.
c. If he cannot identify the ball, it must be declared lost or unplayable.

Golf rule of the Month

Q Do the rules of golf prohibit changing balls during a round? What is the “One Ball Condition?”

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 .”

8. Which is correct regarding placing or replacing a player's ball?

- a. There is no penalty if his ball moves as a direct result of removing the ball-marker after replacing the ball.
- b. There is a penalty if a player's partner replaces a player's ball that had been lifted by an outside agency.
- c. There is a penalty if he replaces his ball and positions the trademark so that it aligns with his line of play towards the hole.

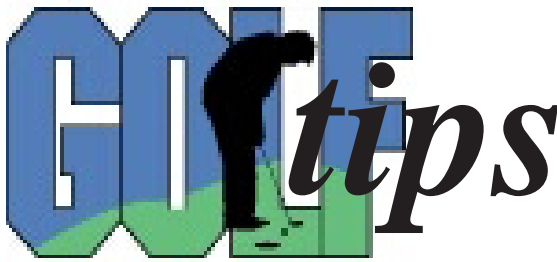
9. In stroke play, a player accidentally steps on and moves his ball-marker. What is the ruling?

- a. There is no penalty.
- b. There is a one stroke penalty.
- c. There is a two stroke penalty.

10. A fence lies out of bounds but part of it leans onto the course over the stakes defining out of bounds. What is the ruling?

- a. The entire fence is an obstruction since the fence is an artificial object.
- b. The part of the fence leaning onto the course is an obstruction.
- c. The fence is not an obstruction since it lies out of bounds; however, the player may push the fence back into an upright position.

Answers: 1-b, 2-b, 3-c, 4-a, 5-a, 6-b, 7-a, 8-a., 9-b, 10-b



Holding the handle -- 3 primary grips

From Michael Lamanna, Director of Instruction, The Academy at La Cantera

Light Grip Pressure

The hands must work together as a single unit when striking a ball with power. There are three common and fundamentally sound grips from which to choose, which are pictured on the following pages.

In addition to the type of grip you choose, another characteristic of a sound grip is light grip pressure. Gripping the club too tight can cause thin, weak shots that slice. A lighter grip enhances wrist hinge - a vital power source in the swing. This light pressure also increases the amount of clubface rotation, thus improving your chance of squaring the club at impact.

On a scale of 1 to 10, where 1 is light and 10 is tight, I recommend a pressure of 4 or 5. This allows the club to be swung with power and control. At address, feel relaxed and tension-free in your hands and forearms.

Sam Snead said, "Hold the club as if you had a little baby bird in your hand." This pressure, combined with the proper placement of the hands on the handle, will give you your greatest chance to produce longer, straighter shots.

Vardon Overlap Grip (a k a Overlapping Grip)-- photo #1

The Vardon Overlap, sometimes called the Overlapping Grip, is the most common grip among great players. Harry Vardon popularized this grip around the turn of the 20th Century. This grip places the club in the fingers and is the grip most likely to be taught by golf instructors.

To place your hands on the handle using the Vardon Overlap, take the little finger on the trailing hand and place it between the index and middle finger on the lead hand (for right-handed golfers, the lead hand is the left). The lead hand thumb should fit in the lifeline of the trailing hand.

Interlocking Grip -- photo #2

The next most common grip is called the Interlock, or Interlocking. This grip is very popular on the LPGA Tour and has been used by many top male players including Jack Nicklaus and Tiger Woods. This grip literally locks the hands together, but the golfer also runs the risk of having the handle stray into the palms of the hands. People with small hands, weak forearms



How to rip that 460cc driver

Continued from page 4

and wrists, and beginners in many cases prefer this style of grip.

To use the Interlock grip, take the little finger on the trailing hand (the trailing hand for right-handed golfers is the right hand) and intertwine it with the index finger on the lead hand. The lead hand thumb should fit in the lifeline of the trailing hand.

Ten Finger Grip (a k a Baseball Grip) -- photo #3

The Ten Finger grip (sometimes called the Baseball Grip) is the least preferred grip among teachers. It does, however, have its advantages. Hall of Fame Member Beth Daniel, PGA Tour members Bob Estes and Dave Barr and Masters Champion Art Wall Jr. have all used the Ten Finger grip. Teachers often suggest this grip to beginners as it simplifies early instruction. People who experience joint pain, have arthritis or small, weak hands often benefit by using the Ten Finger grip.

To position your hands properly using a Ten Finger grip, start with a perfect lead hand grip, then place the little finger of the trailing hand close against the index finger of the lead hand. Cover the lead hand thumb with the lifeline of the trailing hand.



A Luke Samuel Goodyear Mystery by Steve VanWert

MURDER ON THE 13TH GREEN**Chapter 13 -- Sunday**

Sunday afternoon at 1:00, the VIP Lounge was filled to capacity. Horace and Eloise Chamberlain were there, as well as all the members of the Griffon Lakes Irregulars, Ellen, Luke Samuel, Nick Adena, Hartly Haroldson, Putts O'Shea, and, last but not least, Cash and Cassy Cassenberg, along with about 20 interested bystanders, including Chief Jack McGarvey and Inspector Gabriel Devlin.

Luke also noticed various representatives of the media were present, including Scoops Bryant from the local Summitview Griffin, along with unnamed reporters from as far away as Pensacola. He was glad to see Scoops there; Luke had been trying to get him out on the golf course for years.

Ski-Doo was busy popping tops on long-necks, and the show was about to begin.

Horace walked to the center of the room and cleared his throat. "Hu-hu-hu-umm," he coughed, "please let me have your attention."

The room quieted down amazingly quickly.

"As you all know, the club championship match between Hartly Haroldson and Bruce Benning ended tragically just a week ago, with no one declared the winner. It is my duty, as tournament director and owner of the Griffon Lakes Golf Course, to determine a fair and equitable course of action regarding a new club champion."

Luke could see Hartly begin to fidget, either nervous about the outcome of Horace's decision, or just plain apprehensive about the delay. Cash and Cassy were still standing at the bar, smiling, not a worry in their murderous little world.

Horace continued again, "To be fair, I decided to check with the Association of Golfing Professionals, Club Division, as to what the proper procedure should be. I am told that in this case, since the match was all even at the time of Bruce's sudden demise, there cannot be a winner declared."

The smiles evaporated from the Cassenberg's collected mugs like acetone in August on a metal club head. A fascinating montage of emotions swept over Hartly's face, ranging from disbelief to fear to anger. He got kinda stuck on anger, though.

"Therefore," said Horace, "we will treat this situation just as if Bruce had passed away between his semi-final and final match; that is, his semi-final opponent will play in his place."

The room's assemblage began to stir, some turning their heads to look at Luke, some still staring at Horace.

"I therefore rule that the final match will be played here on Saturday the 28th, since the Women's' Championship Match is already scheduled for that Sunday, at 10:00 in the morning. It will be played between Hartly Haroldson and Luke Samuel Goodyear. Are there any questions?"

No one said a word. For at least one one-hundreds of a second, until Hartly spewed out "Goodyear? Shit! You said I was the winner, you two-faced, pruned-up, senile old man. I have to win!"

"Then you'll have to win on the 28th," replied Horace, amicably.

Luke laughed out loud. "And you'll have to beat me, Hartly." Luke looked directly at Putts. "On your own. There won't be any

forfeit. I'll carry the right number of clubs. You'll have to win on the course."

Hartly put his hands on his hips. He looked like Superman with a sunburn. "This is all just a goddamn plot to delay the inevitable. You couldn't give me a good game on your best day, you, you, you ..."

"Sterling fellow?" Luke interrupted.

"Asshole," Hartly added, and headed for the doorway. He stopped before reaching the hallway and turned around.

"I'll see you on the course, puke. And stay away from my girl!" He stomped out.

"What did he mean by that?" asked Ellen, jabbing Luke in the ribs.

"Oh, who knows? He's just paranoid, that's all, and not very inventive when it comes to insults," Luke answered, hoping like hell it sounded natural.

Cash and Cassy also started to leave. "Is that all, Horace?" asked Cash.

Receiving confirmation, they, too, exited. But as they passed by Ellen and Luke, Cassy stopped and reached into her red purse. She pulled out a small red paperback book and handed it to Ellen. "Here, dear," she said sweetly, "it seems you and my ex have been seeing each other quite a lot lately. I thought you might enjoy this. It's one of Lukie's favorites."

She smiled again, winked at Luke, and left with her loving poppa. Putts shadowed them out the door. One glance at the book cover sent chills down Luke's spine. Ellen turned it over in her hands. "Collected Verse," she read out loud. "Why, Lukie, I didn't know you liked poetry. I'm learning so many nice things about you. How nice of her."

"Yea," he said, "she's just a peach."

Horace sat down at the nearest table, wiping the accumulation of nervous sweat from his forehead. Everyone except the news media sorta congregated around him, except Ellen and Luke. Scoops and his cronies

headed for the evening edition.

"Well," he said, "that's that."

Chief McGarvey and Devlin were leaving. Luke tossed them a casual wave as they disappeared. Chief Jack nodded. Rudy Rodriguez raised his beer. "Here's a toast to the new club champion, Luke Samuel Goodyear," he declared.

All Luke's friends cheered and drained their glasses.

"Yea, thanks," Luke acknowledged, "but I think that was just a stunt to coerce me into buying a round." He motioned to Ski-Doo, and everyone cheered again.

"You still sure you want to go through with this?" asked Horace. "It could be dangerous as hell."

Ellen put her arms around Luke's neck. "Of course he does. He's gonna win, too." She kissed him on the ear. "Why should it be dangerous? Hartly's not that bad a loser, is he?"

Luke explained the plan, in skeletal form, to Ellen. Afterward, she wasn't quite as enthusiastic. Luke motioned to Nick to come over. "Nick," he said, "are you going to be in your office a little later? We need to discuss a matter of mutual concern."

Nick took a quick glance at Horace, and answered, "Sure, sure, Luke, when do you wanna talk?"

Luke stood up and grabbed hold of his arm. "How about now, Nick?"

"Fine," he said, as they began to walk.

Once they were in Nick's office, Luke closed the door behind them and sat on the now empty sofa. He tried not to think of what had happened there the last time he was in the office. Nick sat at his desk.

"Yea," Nick said, "what do ya want?"

"Well, first, Nick, I'd like you to caddie for me next Saturday. I don't trust any of the caddies from the shack, but I trust you. Any problem?"

Nick smiled happily. "No, no problem, Luke. I'd be glad to caddy for ya. Anything else?"

"One more thing. This match isn't just for the club championship. I'm sure you know that Inspector Devlin, Chief Jack and I are still trying to prove that Cash Cassenberg is responsible for Bruce's murder. And Inspector Devlin is especially anxious to tie your big brother into the gambling end of the whole deal. This match is part of the whole plan. And you're going to help us."

Nick frowned. "Help you do what?"

"You're going to pick up the phone and make a friendly call to your brother, Rollie, and discuss world affairs, especially Griffon Lakes affairs. I figure the only way Roland knows what the true odds are on this match is to find out from someone he trusts, someone like you. Putts is gonna try to convince him, but I want you to tell him first."

"Tell him what?"

"That the same 10-to-one odds that were on Bruce should be on me. Understand?"

"But you can't beat Hartly even up, let alone at 10-to-one."

"Thanks. I appreciate the vote of confidence from my caddy. But the important thing is that your brother doesn't know that. It's important that the odds stay the same for this match, and Roland continues to cover Cash's bets. Got it? Can you do that?"

Nick frowned again, the lines on his tanned face deepening even more. "You want me to lie to my brother?"

"Through your teeth."

"But what if he finds out?"

Luke leaned over to look Nick in the eye. This was important. If Nick didn't do this, then the whole plan was shot. "What if Horace finds out?" he asked.

Nick stared at Luke, indecision written all over his swarthy face. He was weighing the odds in his mind, Roland versus Horace, Eloise versus Roland, Roland versus Luke,

and so on. Finally, he gave a helpless shrug. "Okay, okay, I'll call him."

Luke jumped up from the sofa, glad at least that he didn't stick to the naugahyde and slapped Nick on the shoulder. "Make it convincing."

Luke returned to the lounge to find it nearly empty. Only the regulars remained. Ellen moved over in what was rapidly becoming "their" chair and handed Luke a cold one. While he had been gone, she had been skimming through the haunted book of poetry. Luke sat down and watched her face as she read. Every now and then, she'd make little "oohing" sounds in her throat.

"Oh, shit," he thought to himself each time. "I should have burned that book when I had the chance."

"Ooh," she murmured again, cuddling a little closer in the seat.

Luke shook his head and drained his beer in one gulp. "Empty," he exclaimed, and jumped up to get a replacement. At that moment, the phone rang.

"It's for you, Luke," said Ski-Doo.

The nervous PI picked it up and sat at the end of the bar. "Goodyear here."

"Pauly here," came the answer, "how's it going, champ?"

"You know, Pauly," Luke ruminated, "some women are just like hemorrhoids. No matter how long between attacks, they always end up a pain in your ass."

"That's why I ain't married," said Pauly.

"Pauly, you haven't had a sex life since they kicked you out of the Home for the Nasally Impaired," Luke laughed.

"That job had great fringe benefits," he answered.

"Pauly, what did you find out?"

"Well, just as you suspected, Putts went straight from the club to the Cassenbergs. He's in there now. I'll let you know when he leaves. Ten-four."

"Carry on," Luke said.

"Carry Nation," Pauly replied.

"Carry Back," Luke said, continuing the routine.

"Cary Grant."

"You're getting carried away."

"Carry me back to old Virginy."

"Good-bye!" Luke hung up the phone.

He had just started to sip the suds off the top of his glass when the phone rang again.

"Hello," Luke said.

"Luke, this is Jack McGarvey."

"Right, Chief, what's new?"

"The taps we put on Cash's phones are working fine. And we have a hit already. He just received a call from Roland Adena with an invitation to meet to discuss the match. The plot thickens. Talk to you soon."

As they say in those serious-type, literary mystery stories, "The game is afoot!" Sherlock Holmes would have enjoyed this one. If old Sherlock had only taken up golf, he'd have never got involved with that seven percent solution thing. He'd have been too busy trying to get rid of his slice. It's surprising Sir Arthur Conan Doyle never thought of that.

It was almost another hour and two Michs before Pauly called back. He reported that Putts had just left the Cassenbergs and headed back toward Griffon Lakes. After all, it was Sunday and he was supposed to be working. Luke ordered another beer. He and Ellen stood at the bar and proceeded to order a couple more, too. It was kinda "party today, because tomorrow we die" philosophy. Anyway, Ellen finally drove him home, his attentive little designated driver. The last thing Luke remembered was laying on his covers watching Ellen as she read that damn poetry book.

The next day, and a few miles away, Benny the butler opened the heavy double doors of the Conandria estate. A short, dark, heavy-set man entered, followed by three taller,

heavier-set goons in trench coats. Who else beside gangsters wear suits and trench coats in Florida in August?

The foursome were shown into the now familiar sitting room and sat. Cassy entered first.

"Why, what a pleasure," she cooed, as she went to the shortest one and daintily gave him her hand to kiss. He shook it instead, not nearly as daintily. She continued on. "Mr. Adena, I'm so glad to see you. My father has said so many wonderful things about you." She smiled and batted her adorable eyes at him. "Do you need anything? Are you comfortable?"

He looked at her the same way he looked at all women, dark or fair, short or tall, plain or fancy ... with lust. "Yea," he said, "I'm just jake, thanks. I've heard a lot of good things about'cho, too."

He was speaking to her face, but looking at her tits. "Oh," Cassy blushed, "you're too kind."

"That's what I heard about'cho," he said.

Cassy reached down to the coffee table, letting Adena get a quick look at her cleavage, picked up a cigarette and holder. "Can you light me?" she asked.

"Shit yea," he said, "just bend over this here table."

His men laughed out loud and Adena looked at them, smiling. He sure thought he was clever. Cassy gave Roland Adena a smile that could melt Mount Rushmore. "O-o-h, Mr. Adena, you do make me blush."

She picked up the table lighter and lit her cigarette. "I'll just light myself, if you don't mind," she said, then sat down on the loveseat, crossed her legs and leaned back, showing more thigh than her red silk dress had been originally designed to accomplish.

The sexual tension in the air was broken, however, by Cash's entrance into the room. He also strode over to Roland Adena and

held out his hand. "Mr. Adena, how gracious of you to visit," he said.

Adena took Cash's manicured hand and covered it with his own mitt. He shook it roughly and let go. "Yea," Adena said, "how goddamn gracious of 'choo to knock off that Benning guy. You think ya can cheat me, huh?"

Cash stepped back, bumping his leg on the coffee table. "Well, you certainly get down to business in a hurry, don't you?"

"I don't see no reason to fool around."

Cash sat on the loveseat next to Cassy. "I see that you are laboring under a misconception, Mr. Adena. I had nothing to do with Mr. Benning's unfortunate demise. Why, I was in the gallery with my lovely daughter, watching the match in clear view of at least 200 people at the time."

"Yea, right," Adena nodded. "I've been lots of places in front'a lots of people when things happened, too. I think ya killed the guy, even if ya never touched him."

Cash waved his hand in front of his face. "Mr. Adena, Mr. Adena, you have me all wrong. I was just discussing this case with our local gendarme and was informed that a caddie named Tyler Braddock is under suspicion, not me."

Adena's eyes narrowed. "Yea? Tyler? I know the lug. Why would he knock off Benning?"

"I understand he bet heavily on Mr. Haroldson to win. He arranged for a forfeit by doing something out-of-the-rules with Mr. Benning's clubs, but Mr. Haroldson, being a sportsman, wouldn't accept the win in that manner. So Mr. Braddock was forced to kill Mr. Benning instead."

"Ya think that's the way it happened, huh?"

Cassy crossed and re-crossed her legs, making sure Roland caught a glimpse of the promised land. "That's what the police believe, Mr. Adena," she cooed. "I'm afraid my ex-husband is under suspicion for killing Mr.

Braddock in retaliation for his best friend's murder." She dabbed the corner of her eye with her red silk handkerchief. "It's all been a great shock to us, I assure you."

Roland Adena sat quietly, thinking. Cash was the first to break the ice. "Mr. Adena, I requested your presence here today to discuss the financial arrangements we had agreed upon concerning the un-finished match."

Roland looked up. "Yea."

"Are you aware that the Griffon Lakes tournament director has declared it a no-match, and has decreed a new championship match should take place?"

"Yea."

Cash shuffled a bit in his seat. "Well, I would like to discuss the continuation of our arrangement, with only minor deviations, if possible."

"You wanta keep your bet?"

"As does everyone else who has a similar arrangement."

Roland stood up. "I thought'cho might. So I checked with Putts, who tried to tell me this Goodyear character is just as good a stick as Benning was. What do you think?"

Cash looked at Cassy in surprise. "Well, I am no handicapper, Mr. Adena, but Mr. Goodyear is certainly a fine golfer. He holds the same handicap as Mr. Benning did, I believe."

Actually, Cash knows shit about handicaps.

"Yea, well, just to be sure, I spoke to my brother, Nick, who knows about these things. I asked him about the odds, just in case you and Putts are trying to put one over on me."

Cash swallowed. "And-and what did your brother tell you, Mr. Adena?"

"He verified. So I guess I'll still cover your bets. But there better not be any foolin' around, ya understand? I'm gonna be there, watching ya this time."

Cash tried to regain his composure. He cleared his throat. "Still at 10-to-one, Mr.

Adena?"

"Yea, but I'd like to sweeten the pot a little." He smiled and looked at Cassy. "I'd like to enter into a private wager with your daughter here."

Cassy acted as if she were embarrassed. "Why, Roland, honey, I already have some money on Mr. Haroldson, you know. What did you have in mind?"

Adena walked over, put his considerable palm on her knee, and looked her dead in the eye. "Look, babe," he whispered, "ya don't fool me none. Your type wants it as much as me. After the match, we'll discuss paying off in more interesting currency, understand?"

He patted her knee, leaned over and roughly covered her partially opened lips with his own. He pulled away quickly and smiled. "After the match, doll," he said.

Cassy seemed as if she were enraptured. "Mr. Adena, how you carry on! What's a young girl to think?"

"Think about this," he replied, grabbing his crotch in his right hand. His men laughed again.

"WHAT'S SO FUNNY IN HERE?" a loud voice boomed.

Everyone turned to see Hartly standing in the doorway. He'd seen the exchange between Roland Adena and Cassy, and didn't like it a bit. "Keep your goddamn greasy hands off her, you short little puke, or I'll tear 'em off your arms and stuff 'em up your ass!"

He started walking toward Adena. But he didn't get very far. Two of Adena's men pinned Hartly's arms to his side, and held him secure as the third punched him, hard, in the stomach.

"Uh-g-g," Hartly groaned, "let me go, you fuckin' gorillas."

The third man hit him twice in the same place. Hartly slumped over and groaned again. Roland himself walked over and looked at the big, dumb red-head.

"Haroldson," he said, "cho got terrible manners." He balled up his fist and drove it into Hartly's jaw. Blood began to run down Hartly's cheek. He hit him again, this time left-handed. "Just practicin' my switch-hittin'," he laughed. He turned to Cash and Cassy. "We'll be leavin' now," he said. "See ya on the golf course."

The burly henchmen threw Hartly down on the already distressed area rug. He lay there, bleeding. Roland tipped his hat as the four of them left the room.

"Shit," said Hartly, wiping blood from his cheek. "Goddamn little asshole. If I ever get him alone, I'll kick his ass all the way to ..."

"Oh, shut up, Hartly," said Cassy. "You're always doing the wrong thing. Did you hear what Adena said? He's covering all the bets. At 10-to-one! The stupid shit. We're going to be rich!" She wrapped her arms around herself and enjoyed a mini-orgasm. Hartly stood up.

Cash did, too. "Providing, of course, that you can beat my ex-son-in-law on the 28th."

Hartly made a derisive sound in his throat. "You got to be kiddin'."

Cash looked him in the eye. "No, I am most certainly not."

"Well, don't worry. Goodyear couldn't beat me on his best day." Hartly turned to head for a bathroom to clean up. He looked back over his shoulder before reaching the hallway. "And don't you try to slip Luke a loaded Gatorade, neither. I'll win on my own."

Cash smiled. "Of course you will," he said.

Hartly left the room and Cash turned to Cassy. "He'll win, one way or the other."

A frown settled on the sensuous blonde's flushed face, drawing creases over her perfectly plucked eyebrows. "But I don't understand why Nick Adena would tell his brother to cover at 10-to-one. He must know Luke can't play that well ..."

Cash waved his manicured hand. "How

many times do I have to tell you, my dear? They're all idiots. Who knows why they do what they do? Who cares? The bets are covered. Circumstances are finally favoring us. This time we're going to prevail!"

Cassy smiled and kissed him on the cheek. "I think I'll go help Hartly clean up," she said. "All this talk about money has made me horny as hell."

After showing the Miami mobsters to their car, Benny the butler headed back to his room in the servants' wing. He closed his door, walked to the night table by his single bed,

and picked up the telephone receiver. He dialed a number he knew by heart. He sat on the bed, reached into the drawer of the night table, picked up a thin, black cigarette and lit it with an old Bic. He took a long drag as the phone was finally answered.

"Yes."

"This is Benny. I have some amazing news. You will never guess who just left here."

"Not in English, Biehn. Just in case."

"Oh, yes, sorry." The pair of them proceeded to talk quietly in their native tongue.

Next month, chapter 14: "A Visit with Putts."

Amazing but true golf anecdotes

Oops!

In the 1932 Walker Cup, legendary Cambridge Blue Leonard Crawley hit a wayward shot into the 18th green which resulted in hitting the actual Walker Cup trophy, putting a dent into it.

Big Hitter

In the 1992 Texas Open, at San Antonio's Oak Hills C.C., journeyman pro Carl Hooper ripped a drive that wound up hitting a cart path and continuing on for 787 yards. After returning to the fairway by hitting a 4 iron and then an 8 iron, Cooper took a double bogey 6, and missed the cut.

Big Field

The 1978 PGA Colgate Championship had the largest field for a European Tour event with 398 players having teed it up. Seven years later, in 1985, all European professional events were limited to 144 players.

Slow Down Boys!

Mark Calcavecchia and John Daly were both fined by the US Tour for playing too quickly. They completed the final round in the Tournament Players' Championship in 2 hours and 3 minutes. Daly fired an 80 and Calcavecchia an 81.

Watson Did What?

The sets of clubs with which Tom Watson won the 1975 Open Championship, 1977 USPGA Championship, and 1977 Open Championship were later deemed not to conform to R&A and USGA rules and regulations. Fortunately, for Watson, no disciplinary action was taken