



THE THONG ADJUSTER



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The unofficial online magazine of the Iron Thong Golf Gang

The Thirteen Rules of the Gentlemen Golfers of Edinburgh

In 1774, the first standardized rules of golf were written and used for the first golf championship, which was won by Doctor John Rattray on April 22, 1744 in Edinburgh, Scotland.

1. You must tee your ball within one club's length of the hole.
2. Your tee must be on the ground.
3. You are not to change the ball which you strike off the tee.
4. You are not to remove stones, bones or any break club for the sake of playing your ball, except on the fair green, and that only within a club's length of your ball.
5. If your ball comes among water, or any watery filth, you are at liberty to take out your ball and bringing it behind the hazard and teeing it, you may play it with any club and allow your adversary a stroke for so getting out your ball.
6. If your balls be found anywhere touching one another you are to lift the first ball till you play the last.
7. At holeing you are to play your ball honestly for the hole, and not to play upon your adversary's ball, not lying in your way to the hole.
8. If you should lose your ball, by its being taken up, or any other way, you are to go back to the spot where you struck last and drop another ball and allow your adversary a stroke for the misfortune.
9. No man at holeing his ball is to be allowed to mark his way to the hole with his club or anything else.
10. If a ball be stopp'd by any person, horse or dog, or anything else, the ball so stopp'd must be played where it lyes.
11. If you draw your club in order to strike and proceed so far in the stroke as to be bringing down your club; if then your club shall break in any way, it is to be accounted a stroke.
12. He who whose ball lyes farthest from the hole is obliged to play first.
13. Neither trench, ditch or dyke made for the preservation of the links, nor the Scholar's Holes or the soldier's lines shall be accounted a hazard but the ball is to be taken out, teed and play'd with any iron club.



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// Quotable Golf //

"I'm waiting for the Senile Skin Games." – Bob Hope, on golfing at the age of 86

"You know you're getting old when all the names in your black book have 'M.D.' after them." – Arnold Palmer

"I'm getting so old I don't even buy green bananas anymore." – Chi Chi Rodriguez

"Getting my first Social Security check." – Gene Sarazen, golfing legend, who was asked what his greatest thrill was at the age of 72.

"His nerves, his memory, and I can't remember the third thing." – Lee Trevino, on the three things that go on an aging golfer.

"He hits the ball 130 yards, and his jewelry goes 150." – Bob Hope, on playing golf with Sammy Davis Jr.

"Of course, he's still got it." – Dave Marr, hearing that legendary cheapskate Sam Snead got only \$500 for winning the British Open in 1946.

"If you could get the digging rights to Sam's backyard, you'd never have to work again in your life." – Doug Sanders, on Sam Snead.

"Isn't it fun to out on the course and lie in the sun?" – Bob Hope, on cheating in golf.

"You might as well praise a man for not robbing a bank." – Bobby Jones, on penalizing himself a stroke that cost him a championship.

"I have a tip that can take five strokes off anyone's golf game. It's called an eraser." – Arnold Palmer

"Golf is a game in which the ball lies poorly and the players well." – Art Rosenblum

"I have too much money invested in sweaters." – Bob Hope, on why he will never give up golf.

"My wife hates to cook, so I've started cooking a little more. I'm a great microwaver." – Ken Green, pro golfer.

"It was a friendly divorce. She left me the piano and the lawn mower. I couldn't play either one." — Lee Trevino

"If you drink, don't drive. Don't even putt." – Dean Martin

"The first time I played the Masters I was so nervous I drank a bottle of rum before I teed off. I shot the happiest 83 of my life." — Chi Chi Rodriguez

"Look, if Larry ever dreamed that he beat me, he'd apologize when he woke up." – Lee Trevino, asked if he were scared that Larry Ziegler was leading him in the first round of a tournament.

Golf rule of the Month

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

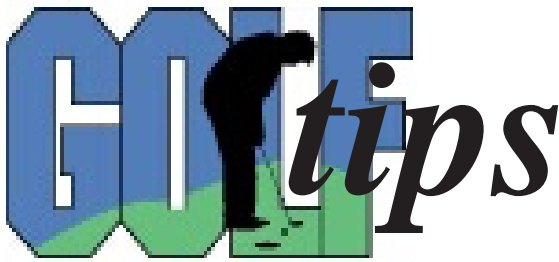
A No matter how unfair it may seem, the answer is yes.

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. This happened to David Toms at the 2005 Masters - his ball was resting on the crown of a ridge. He was taking his practice strokes and was about to get into his stance when the ball began rolling; it rolled down the ridge and off the green. In this scenario, you simply play the ball from where it comes to rest with no penalty.



The golf grip -- How to place your hand on the handle

From Michael Lammana
The Phoenician

The Lead Hand Grip

The grip is your only connection with the golf club.

Placing your hands properly on the golf club helps you better control the position of the club's face at impact. During the swing your body turns to create power. Since the body is rotating, the golf club must rotate at the same rate. In other words, the body and the club must turn together as a team.

A fundamentally sound grip helps you create power and feel at the same time. Wrist action is a power source and gripping the club too much in the palm of your hand reduces wrist action.

The fingers are the most sensitive parts of our hands. Placing the club more in the fingers rather than in the palm increases the amount of wrist hinge, which results in longer tee shots and more feel.

One of the most common errors among golfers is a weak lead-hand (left hand for the right-handed golfer) grip that is too much in the palm. This produces a shot that slices and lacks power.

To grip the club properly for power and accuracy, use this simple procedure outlined and illustrated in these photos.

Follow the Dots - Photo #1

The dots on the glove in photo number one show the position the club should take in the grip. The club should be held more in the fingers than in the palm.





Get a grip!

Continued from page 4

Connect the Dots - Photo #2

Hold the club about three feet in the air, in front of your body. With the club face square, place the club at an angle through the fingers, following the line of the dots pictured in Step 2.

The club should touch the base of the little finger and rest just above the first joint of the index finger (along the line of the dots).



Thumb Position - Photo #3

With the club at an angle and in the fingers, place your left thumb (for right-handed players) toward the back side of the shaft.



Check Knuckles and "V" Position - Photo #4

In the address position, looking down at your grip, you should be able to see the knuckles of the index and middle finger of your lead (top) hand.

You should also see a "V" that is created by the thumb and forefinger of the lead hand, and that "V" should be pointing back toward your right (for right-handed players) shoulder (the 1 o'clock position).

*A Luke Samuel Goodyear Mystery by Steve VanWert***MURDER ON THE 13TH GREEN****Chapter 11 -- Thursday**

After finally getting a decent night's sleep, one without police calls, phone calls, or Cassy calls, Luke rolled over in the sack and tried to focus on the alarm clock. "9:00" glowed red in the moody morning mustiness of his bedroom.

"Shit," he said to himself, "this case is screwing up my golf game."

Luke sat up, scratched, and wandered off to the john for the three-s's. That's an old military phrase for "shit, shave and a shower," if you didn't already know. By the time he came back to the bedroom, he was beginning to actually feel human. He opened the window just to verify that it was another scorcher outside, grabbed a green-and-yellow striped Griffon Lakes golf shirt, threw on a pair of light tan gabardines, loafers, and topped it off with a white Ben Hogan cap, and locked the door behind him.

Luke's basic plan was to go hit a few balls at the driving range, and after that he had no idea. This case seemed to be driving him instead of the other way around. But as soon as Luke closed the door on his Ford Escort (GT, though), he changed his mind and decided to stop by the downtown office first.

Luke unlocked the door, relieved to see that nothing had been disturbed since last time nothing had been disturbed, or if it had, at least it'd been done by a professional, and sat down at his desk. He was quietly looking at Bruce's eight-by-10 when the phone rang.

"Yea, I mean, Goodyear Investigations."

"Mister Luke Samuel Goodyear? You may have already won 10 million dollars in our

special 'Who's Got the Clue?' Sweepstakes," a falsetto voice informed him with mock enthusiasm.

"Good morning, Pauly," Luke said, "what's the good news?"

Pauly laughed that incessant bray again. "Can't fool you, huh?"

"Not like that. Have you got anything new?"

"You ready? The 'Fasten your seat belts' sign has just been lit up by our captain. Please return your stewardess to an upright position."

"Feeling pretty good about yourself this morning, aren't you, Pauly?"

"You bet. I did some checking and found out that the poison that killed Bruce is only manufactured in six different locations in this country. Five of 'em are out of state, but the sixth is a pharmaceutical plant in Saturn Springs named Chem-Morrow Inc., about 200 miles east of here. They produce the poison as a pesticide called 'Verminite.' They're located in a business park just off the interstate."

He paused.

"Yea," Luke said.

"In a building leased from Conandria Development Company," he added.

"Bingo."

"We have a bingo," Pauly yelled, "hold all cards!"

"Down, boy," Luke cautioned. "You done good. There'll be a little something in your next check. Chem-Morrow, huh?"

"Yup. Hey, I didn't know I was getting a next check."

"What the hell," Luke said, "Horace is gonna give me one."

"Well, hot shit. In that case, I'll tell you the rest."

"You have more?"

"I did a little roust job on Hartly Haroldson's main office and discovered that old Hartly doesn't own his lots. He's leasing them. From guess who?"

"Conandria Development?"

"You got it. In addition, I found a tidy little personal note for \$25,000 that Hartly owes Cash Cassenberg."

"A personal loan?"

"Yup. With a balloon payment due in full on the first of next month."

Luke clapped his hands. If Hartly didn't have the moolah to pay up, Cash might very well be coercing him into doing a little something illegal. Luke loved it.

"You doing anything this afternoon, Pauly?" Luke asked.

"Nah, if you don't count taking a scenic drive down the interstate."

"Toward Saturn Springs, maybe?"

"Maybe. I'll keep track of mileage."

Luke hung up the phone, grinning.

You may be wondering why, if Luke was the PI in this case, he let poor Pauly do a breaking-and-entering to get information. You may be thinking that, being out on bail on a murder charge, Luke would think twice about such hanky-panky, but that's not the reason.

Actually, he's just no good at it. If he has a master key, Luke can sneak around and turn a place as quick as the next guy, but if the door's locked, the only way he's getting in is to bust the sucker down. That usually drastically limits his time to conduct a thorough search.

But Pauly Panishe can get into any place, and out, without a scratch. He's phenomenal. There isn't a lock that he can't pick. There isn't an alarm that he can't silence. And there

isn't a guard dog that he can't out-odorifirize. He's the best. So Luke closed up the office and headed for Griffon Lakes.

About three-and-a-half hours later, Pauly exited off the interstate, drove down the access road for about a mile, and located the entrance to the Saturn Springs Business Park. He drove slowly down the quiet macadam street until he spotted the chain link-enclosed parking lot of Chem-Morrow Inc.

He had called earlier and learned that the company was closed on Thursdays and Fridays. "Please call again during normal working hours," the answering machine had said. Unbelievably enough, the gate was open to the parking lot. His rusty Pinto sputtered through the gate. He parked behind a convenient row of dumpsters on the left side of the macadam, and looked around.

"Piece of cake," Pauly said, as he opened his door, got out and hip-bumped it closed.

There were no other cars in the lot. The building was just as nondescript as any other in any other business park in any other neighborhood. Chem-Morrow was two stories on the outside, but with only one inside, with a loading and shipping dock around the left side. There were no windows except right in front by the main entrance, just in the lobby and front administrative offices.

Pauly walked up the steps, cupped his hands on the glass door and gazed inside. Sure enough, there was a waiting room and a counter. On the counter there were two signs. One read "Information." The other read "All inquiries regarding shipping and ordering will be handled in the Shipping Department located in the rear of the building."

"Well, ain't that nice?" thought Pauly. "They tell me right where to go."

He retreated down the steps, turned on the sidewalk and headed for the Shipping Department. He followed the sidewalk until it ended at the blacktop drive, turned right, and

followed that past the series of closed warehouse doors. Soon, he came to a single metal door with a sign reading "Shipping."

He smiled and studied the lock. Pauly selected a well-worn pick from his case, inserted it and a straight wire, fiddled a few seconds and heard the lock "click." Without opening the door itself, he put his tools away and ran his fingers around the inside molding, feeling for alarm wires. He found none. He glanced around the outside of the building for a tell-tale box, but saw none. Shrugging his shoulders, he slowly pulled open the door.

Nothing happened. No sirens, no lights, not even a ferocious Doberman glaring at him. He looked around quickly at the interior wall around the door and still saw no alarm.

"Well, Pauly," he said out loud, "either it's a silent alarm and you already tripped it, or these people don't know shit about security."

Shrugging his shoulders, he walked inside. Pauly looked around again. He was standing inside a huge warehouse. Six corrugated metal doors stood on the wall to his right. Directly in front of him, hundreds of unopened boxes sat neatly on pallets, banded and ready to ship. Off to his left, a 20-by-20 foot room had been constructed of wood and drywall. It held a single door and one large window. Sure enough, the sign read "Office".

The office door didn't even have a lock. Pauly turned the knob and pushed his way into the room. There was nothing but rows of empty desks and filing cabinets to his left and right. The window opened to serve as a counter during "normal business hours."

He began systematically, at the left rear. Pauly went through all the desks, each with its own filing cabinet. But none of it seemed very organized. Each worker had certain accounts, apparently, but they weren't alphabetical or chronological, just assigned completely by random. As a result, it took nearly an hour for him to finally locate the shipping orders for

Verminite. He grabbed the June, July and August folders and sat down to read through them.

He hit pay dirt right away. An order for 10 ounces of Verminite, along with 10 gallons of acetone, was shipped to Griffon Lakes Golf Course in beautiful, peaceful Summitview, Florida, on July 13th. The name in the "ordered by" block was "Pernell O'Shea." The order was signed for by nefarious old Putts on the 15th. Pauly reached into the depths of his Emmett Kelly pockets and extracted a tiny flash camera. He quickly took a half-dozen shots of the invoice, stuffed the camera back into the grimy depths and returned the invoice to file. He looked around, making sure everything looked just as it did when he entered, and quietly left the office.

Pauly chuckled to himself as he pulled the door shut behind him. "This is the easiest place to burgle in modern America," he exclaimed out loud. Shaking his head in amazement, he stretched his right arm over his head and pumped it once toward the heavens. "AW-W-W-RIGHT!" he bellowed.

The yell reverberated around him, bouncing from neatly packed box to freshly painted wall, echoing into the distance. "... RIGHT ... RIGHT ... right ..."

His smile faded, however, as his ears picked up the ever-louder sounds of scurrying feet mixed with his own ever-fainter echoes. He froze in place. Slowly turning his head, using his oversized ears as twin conning towers, he soon recognized where the noises were coming from.

"Oh shit," he murmured, as his eyes spotted the biggest Rottweiler in the northern hemisphere galloping toward him through the wide, concrete corridor to his right. "Jesus," he said, "is that a dog or a freakin' bear?"

A rumbling bark from his left made him turn his head in that direction as well. His eyes widened as yet another Mesozoic Rotty bore

down on him from the other corridor. His head swung right, then left again. It seemed each time he turned, another giant beast joined those already sprinting toward him. Turning his head again, he quickly located the outside door and calculated the time it would take to reach it. Not enough. In a near panic, Pauly flattened against the wall behind him, his fingers frantically searching for the door-knob. Finally, he grabbed it, turned it, pushed the door open and fell back into the office. As frantically as he had opened it, he shut it, just as hundreds of pounds of canine fury slammed against it.

It buckled once. Pauly leaned all his weight on it. It buckled again. But it held. The warehouse was filled with the anguished barking of a dozen frustrated devil dogs from hell.

"Damn. No wonder they don't have an alarm system. I may never get outta here in one piece!"

Pauly slid sideways down the wall until he was at the big double window. He turned and tried to glance casually down the hallway. One of the Rottys spotted him immediately and lunged for the window. Pauly ducked swiftly and found himself sitting on the floor, his back to the wall. He looked up toward the window, but all he could see was spittle splashing on the outside, smeared in disgusting circles by rapidly scratching black-and-brown paws.

"Yu-u-u-k," he grimaced, "that even makes me sick."

Closely resembling an unkempt crab, Pauly scuttled on all fours to the exact geographic center of the room. He stood up gingerly, finally settling into a swivel chair. Outside, the 12 canines of the apocalypse began howling. "Christ," he exclaimed, covering his ears with his hands, "another few minutes of that howling and I'll goddamn give myself up!"

Pauly had to think of something. He looked around the room, searching for something to

help him escape. All he saw were desks. And filing cabinets. And more desks. And a few cardboard boxes stacked in a corner.

"Right. Maybe I can box 'em up and leave 'em for the shipping department on Monday."

He sat there for a few minutes. Nothing brilliant came to mind. He sat there for a few more minutes. His eyes scanned the interior of the Spartan office again and again in vain.

Finally, he looked up. "What the hell? This room ain't got no ceiling."

Sure enough, when Chem-Morrow built the office, they just put up walls, no ceilings. Pauly's gaze followed the rows of neon lights suspended from long lengths of conduit from the warehouse ceiling. He noticed with glee that one whole row ran just inside the length of the outside wall, the one with the door. He stood up in a hurry, pushing the chair behind him. It slid on plastic wheels until it hit the closest desk with a bang. Frenzied barking replaced the howling outside.

"Gimmee some peace so I can think!" he screamed.

Spotting the cardboard boxes stacked in a corner, Pauly ran to them and started searching inside. The third box down yielded a length of nylon rope, bright yellow. "Hot damn!" he exclaimed, "now we're gettin' somewhere."

He sprinted to just in front of the closed office door. To his left, a desk sat directly beneath a suspended light. Pauly climbed up on the desk and tried in vain to reach the fixture. "Shit." He was only inches away from a plan. He hopped down, ran to the door and tied one end of the nylon rope to the door-knob. As quietly as a petrified mouse, he turned the knob a silly millimeter at a time until he felt the bolt release from the doorjamb. He let go as if it were an atom bomb, leaving the door still shut, but actually unlatched.

On the way back, he grabbed the nearest chair, plopped it on top of the desk, and

attempted to clamber up on it. The swivel wheels immediately gave way and he and the chair plummeted to the concrete floor. The barking reached an even louder crescendo. "Shit again!"

He rubbed his head and his left elbow, watching the door carefully. All the canine Gestapo had to do was push on it and he was Alpo. "Slow down, stupid," he said to himself. "Think."

This time Pauly stacked the chair on top of the desk with its arms down. He cautiously stepped up on it and found that with a little patience he could balance. Barely. Cutting the rope so that there was only about 10 feet of slack, he looped one end of the rope, making a slip knot, and carefully slipped it over the neon light fixture. Slowly he descended, replaced the chair on the floor and gazed at what he had done. "Well, you big shithead. It's Tarzan time."

He climbed back on the desk top. Taking a deep breath, he jumped for the light fixture, catching it just above the rope and shinnied on up. "Just like gym class," he muttered.

He stood on the top of the fixture. Leaning down, he grabbed the rope in his right hand and untied it. Still holding it tight, he began to swing the fixture. "Just like on the playground," he urged himself.

As the fixture swung back and forth in longer and longer arcs, Pauly started yelling at the dogs. "Hey, you mangy piece-of-shit imitation godzillas, I'm up here!"

At the apex of his swing, he yanked on the rope and the door swung open. A snarling black and tan army leapt into the room, surrounding the desk, snapping jaws just out of reach. "See ya later, suckers!" he yelled, and as the light fixture reached the height of its swing nearest the wall, Pauly launched himself toward the open warehouse beyond. He cleared the wall with a foot to spare, and still clutching the rope, landed with a thud on

something soft enough to cushion his fall.

Not waiting to see what the fortuitous cushion was, he clambered to his feet and ran to the office door. The speed of his swing had put just enough force on the rope to slam the door shut again. Quickly he looped his end of the rope around the doorknob, pulling it tight so it acted as an amazingly efficient lock. This time the dogs thundered on the other side of the door. Pauly smiled. They were locked inside. And he was out.

As he turned around, letting a long sigh escape his lips, he saw, amazingly enough, what had cushioned his fall. Apparently, Andre the Giant's big brother was a security guard at Chem-Morrow and had been aroused from his Saturday hibernation by all the barking. He'd come to the office to help nail whatever was causing all the fracas. Fortunately, Pauly/Tarzan had landed right on him, knocking him stone cold, or worse.

Pauly walked slowly over to the squashed sasquatch and poked him gently with his foot. The flattened security guard didn't stir a mammoth muscle. He looked like a World Wrestling Federation souvenir bath mat. Only room size. As Pauly was mopping his brow with his left sleeve, he noticed something that made him shudder. Clapsed tightly in the battered behemoth's beefy left fist was a rope. Pauly followed it for about 20 feet to the corner of a stack of pallets. It was attached to a dog collar. With a Rotty in it.

"So close," Pauly sighed, beginning to back up toward the raucous office behind. But something was different. The dog didn't leap at him and tear out his throat. The dog didn't growl and snap its ferocious jaws at his face. It just sat there, waiting.

Pauly looked cautiously at the Rotty, expecting to see his fate staring him in the eye. But the dog was almost, well, smiling. "Why, you're just a puppy," he said.

As if in answer, the dog raised up on its

back legs and pawed the air.

"Hell, I can see that you wouldn't hurt no one," said Pauly, quickly reaching down to grasp the rope before rigor mortis set in on the still prostrate gargantua. "No wonder you're tied, you might just lick somebody to death!"

The dog jumped up as Pauly drew near, then lay down on his back, all four legs in the air, his salubrious snout spraying saliva in all directions.

"Hey, big guy, turn off the fountain, will'ya!"

Pauly reached down and untied the rope from the Rotty's collar. He started rubbing the panting junior guard dog behind the ears. The Rotty groaned in pleasure. Soon they were wrestling on the concrete floor. They played together for a while longer, and then Pauly stood up. The not-so-ferocious animal sat in front of him, his tongue out and his stub of a tail thumping the floor.

"That was fun, but I gotta go," Pauly said. "Maybe we'll do it again sometime."

Pauly stroked the broad black head and started to walk to the door. The dog followed.

When Pauly opened the outside door, the dog squeezed through with him. By the time they got to Pauly's old Pinto, he'd given up. "Okay, get in," Pauly said, "you're not bad company, I guess. And my cover's already blown."

The dog did so, and they drove out of the lot, together.

In the years Luke Samuel has known Pauly Panishe he's had three dogs, all acquired in about the same way. When it comes to dogs, Pauly is the canine Pied Piper.

"Well," said Pauly, "I wonder if you have a name." He reached over to the dog's collar and turned it until he found a tag. He looked at it and laughed. "Your name is 'Killer?' Some killer! I think I'll call you 'Maynard.' Yea, after my favorite TV star."

All three of Pauly's dogs have been named Maynard. They accelerated onto the interstate and headed for home, Maynard looking out the perpetually partially opened passenger side window, drooling happily down the glass.

Next month, Chapter 12 -- "Practice with Hartley."

Now that's what I call a golf cart!

