



THE THONG ADJUSTER



Vol. 1 No. 2



August 2006

The unofficial online magazine of the Iron Thong Golf Gang



Page 1

The putter speaks

Page 2

Golf jokes of the month

Page 3

Golf tips: Hit and Hold to become a better putter

Pages 4-8

Chapters 1 and 2, Murder on the 13th Green

Page 9

Iron Thong member profile
Hershel Krigbaum

The Putter speaks

A word from the editor

All you Iron Thongers, welcome to the second issue of the Thong Adjuster, our monthly news and feature online magazine.

July was a busy month for The Iron Thong Golf Gang. We held our first semi-annual golf tournament, with Steve Moring and Dan VanWert coming out the big winners. Everyone had a great time, and everyone won something, even if it was only a goodie bag. Speaking of the goodie bags, we send a big "thanks" out to AT&T, Bud Gentile at Lackland Air Force Base Gateway Hills Golf Course and Troy Gann at Randolph Oaks Golf Course for their generous donations. Our thanks also go out to the Golf Club of Texas, who filled in admirably on short notice. You guys really helped us adjust our thongs big time!

I hope everyone is enjoying our online magazine. This issue has a new feature -- Golf Tips -- that hopefully will help you sink a few more of those nasty three-footers.

The old stand-bys are here, as well -- golf jokes and golf rules, and a member profile, so take a minute and read through your own Thong Adjuster.

I'd like to start a "For Sale" page, so let me know if you have anything (golflife) to sell. We can put in golf items "wanted," as well.

Email me at stevevanwert@hughes.net.

Just a reminder. Golf dues were due in July. If anyone has yet to pay up for the second half of the year, get hold of any of the officers next Saturday and pay your \$20. We not only have to raise money for the next tournament, but we also need to get funds together to pay next year's USGA fees.



- Steve VanWert



The Thong Adjuster is published online monthly for The Iron Thong Golf Group members.

Go to <http://www.3n-out.com/IronThong/main.htm> to view the current issue.

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

Iron Thong board of directors:

President:

Vacant;

Vice-President:

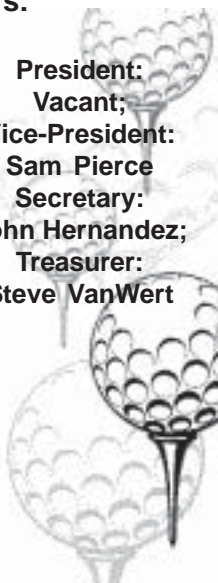
Sam Pierce

Secretary:

John Hernandez;

Treasurer:

Steve VanWert



Jokes of the Month

1 John Daly just finished golfing and went to the 19th hole for a drink. He sat down at the bar next to a rather attractive woman. After a few sips, he looked to the lady and noticing how lovely she is, started talking to her. Soon, they end up in his hotel room, and were having a rather nice time in bed. After they finished, Big John got out of bed and walked over to the phone and picked it up.

"Who are you calling?" the lady asked.

John answered, "I am calling room service my dear. I thought I would order wine."

The lady shook her head. "That's not what Sergio Garcia would do."

John asked, "What would Sergio do?"

The lady smiled. "Get back on for another round."

John then hung up the phone and returned to the lady in bed and they went after it again. About an hour later, he got out of bed again and staggered to the phone and again picked it up.

"Who are you calling now?" she asked.

John said, "I am calling room service again. I'm hungry."

The lady said again, "That's not what Sergio would do."

John asked again, "What would Sergio do?"

"He would get back on for another round."

So John put the phone back down and returned once again to the bed and climbed back in. After another couple of hours, John drooped from the bed red faced and sweaty, and crawled to the phone.

After he picked it up, she again asked, "Who are you calling this time?"

John quickly answered. "I'm calling Sergio. I wanna know what the par is on this hole."

2 Big John staggered into a hospital emergency room, badly battered and bruised. A nurse and a doctor rushed over to help him to an examining room

How did you receive these injuries?" the doctor asked.

"I was playing golf with my wife," Big John replied.

The doctor was incredulous. "How could you possibly have been injured this severely playing golf with your wife?" he asked.

Big John explained what happened. He and his wife both hit their tee shots on the first hole off line. "I hooked mine into the woods, left," Big John said, "while my wife hit a huge slice that flew into a cow pasture on the right side of the hole."

After Big John found his ball and hit it back into the fairway, he explained, he went to help his wife locate her tee shot.

"I was walking around amongst the cows," Big John explained, "when I spotted something white on the backside of a heifer.

I went over to it and lifted its tail, and sure enough, my wife's ball had lodged right in the heifer's posterior!

"So I pointed at the heifer's backside and yelled over to my wife, 'Hey, honey, this looks like yours.' "



GOLF tips

From Mel Sole, Ritson-Sole Golf Schools

‘Hit and Hold’ to become a better putter

I play most of my golf with friends, students or members of Pawleys Plantation, and the most common cause I see for missed putts is movement. Golfers (including myself sometimes) are too keen to see where the ball is going and thus we “come out” of our original posture.

The photo to the right (#1) clearly demonstrates what I see every week while taping students during the putting class. They are unaware and amazed at how much they move during putting. As you can see by my shoulder position, this “coming out” or “straightening up” makes the shoulders open up too soon, causing the putter head path to move to the left and resulting in a closed clubface. Most putts are missed on the left.

Go to the practice green and consciously be aware of your posture position as you line up your putt.

About the Author

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 Sebastian de Amola, Mexico.

Visit the Ritson-Sole Web site for many more tips from Mel.

After you have struck your putt “hold” the follow through (as in the photos marked #2 and #3) for at least six seconds to give you time to check the following factors:

1. Is your body still in its original address position?
2. Is the putter head path still on line to the target?
3. Is the putter face still square to your target?

If any of these three things are not present you are losing shots due to missed putts. This “hit and hold” position will help you check if all is well with your putting stroke. Remember: no movement!

(You can see what I’m talking about by paying attention to the professionals next time you watch a pro golf event on television.)



#1



#2



#3

*A Luke Samuel Goodyear Mystery by Steve VanWert***MURDER ON THE 13TH GREEN**

Chapter One - Prologue

The engraved sign on the mahogany and leaded-glass door reads "VIP Lounge." Just beneath the sign there's an engraved coat-of-arms, almost a foot wide, green and gold, with a mean-looking eagle's head sitting on top of a lion's torso, with cartoon wings spread out on either side. In his paws "Old Gruesome" holds crossed golf clubs.

The poor griffin just doesn't look happy. Of course, it serves the medieval duffer right for going out with only two clubs, both of 'em woods, one of 'em left-handed.

Beneath the coat-of-arms another sign reads "Griffon Lakes Golf Course."

There should be another sign that reads "Luke Samuel Goodyear, Private Investigations," because the VIP Lounge really is Luke's office, even though he pays rent on a 10-by-10 walk-in downtown. But as far as Luke's concerned, it's too damn far from the first tee. Luke Samuel Goodyear has only two passions in life, and golf is both of them. Good golf and bad golf, doesn't matter a bit. He's played in all four phases of the apocalypse one time or another. And got some poor sucker to give him too many strokes each time.

Luke Samuel grew up in the wind, cold, and snow of the Atlantic seaboard, where the weather let him play maybe four months a year and dream about playing the remaining eight. He's played with florescent balls when it was too dark to check his grip and with frozen balls on days it was too cold to feel his grip!

But not since Uncle Sam and the U.S. Air Force stationed him in warm, sandy, Adventures-in-Paradise Florida about 10 years ago. Now that he's a civilian, he plays every day, unless he's dead. And he's not dead very often.

Luke Samuel. Thirty-eight years old, not in too bad a shape for his age. He can still walk 18 at a brisk rate, carry the bag, hit the ball 70-80 times, drag himself into the lounge, drink a brew ... and take an electric cart out for 18 more. And still stay awake for an occasional stake-out.

He's about 5'10", pushing 200, has all his teeth and just about all his brains. Doesn't wear glasses, yet. Sturdy Irish stock. Brown hair. Hazel eyes. And he's still looking for that delicious damsel who knows

the difference between an over-lapping and an interlocking grip.

She doesn't have to know which one is a Varden. After all, neither did Mrs. Varden.

Unfortunately, there isn't enough investigative work in quiet little Summitview to keep even a lazy PI busy, so Luke can't make a living at it. Luckily, he doesn't have to. Thanks to the generosity of the Griffon Lakes Golf Course Governing Committee, headed by owner Horace Chamberlain and his second wife, Eloise, Luke has a lifetime membership and doesn't pay dues. And thanks to the legally-enforced generosity of his former wife, Cassy, he receives an indecent monthly stipend to live on.

The two main sources of Luke's income are products of the same situation, an onerous and diabolical plot by the blond bimbo and her filthy-rich father, Carl "Cash" Cassenberg, to buy out Griffon Lakes, bulldoze it flat and build condos or single-family-zero-lot-line-all-look-alike-cookie-cutter-cut-as-many-corners-as-you-can-and-make-as-much-profit-as-the-law-and-his-nonexistent-conscience-would-allow homes or something equally odorous.

That was five years ago. Luke Samuel managed to be in the wrong place at the right time and blew that greedy little pipedream to hell. Cash hates him. Cassy doesn't really hate him, but she was angry enough to immediately divorce him in such a fury that she agreed to absolutely ridiculous alimony payments just so she could wipe her dainty little fingernail-painted hands of his carcass.

Now she gets to hate him once a month, when she signs the check. Conversely, Luke gets to sorta like her once a month, when he cashes it.

Of course, Horace and Eloise love him, as do all the other retired and as-good-as retired duffers, hackers, gin-rummy and penny-ante poker players who call the Summitview golf course home. Luke's secured a corner of the VIP Lounge as an unofficial official office, where he conducts what little business comes his way; detecting business that is.

Pretty sweet set-up. Speaking of set-ups, let me tell you what happened during a recent course championship, the one where Hartly Haroldson became club champion when Bruce Benning couldn't survive the final round. Literally. Everyone refers to it as the "Murder on the 13th Green."

Chapter Two – The match matters

To understand why a simple golf match could result in a murder, you need to understand why the Griffon Lakes course championship is so damn important. Summitview, Florida, is a small town. Nothing much exciting happens.

Walton Air Force Base is about 40 miles away, just far enough that base activities don't extend all the way up Route 85. Also just far enough that not many active duty families have taken up residence in this sleepy hamlet. Most of the hot-shot flyboys buy houses and condos, and rent apartments around Sandimar Beach, the resort area about 20 miles south of the base. Not here. Which is jake by most Summitviewers. Which is also what makes the Griffon Lakes golf championship such a big deal.

Griffon is the only golf course within commuting distance of Summitview, if you don't count the Walton Base course, where you have to be in the Air Force to play. Over the last 10-to-12 years, the place has become the hub of the area. Old Horace holds everything from Friday night dances for the high school kids to full-blown cotillions for the higher-falutin' members of the community to bingo on Sundays to bake-sales to yard-sales to, well, you get the picture.

A lot of Summitviewers even play a round of golf now and then.

The winner of the golf championship every year gets more than his name engraved on one of the ugliest trophies in the western world, plus a \$100 gift certificate at the pro shop. He also gets the royal treatment from the townsfolk, starting with a 10 percent discount on all merchandise purchased from members of the Chamber of Commerce.

He gets a reserved parking space in about 30 different establishments, including Griffon Lakes. He gets a big outside sign erected either at his place of business or home that reads "So-and-so, Griffon Lakes Club Champion." Even the quaint town square in front of City Hall is re-named in honor of the winner. It's been called Benning Park for the last three years.

In other words, being club champ is more than just bragging rights. It's king for a day for a year. The winner's business profits go up just because Summitviewers want to reward him for being special.

The women's champ gets all the same goodies, except for the town square. But the women's championship hasn't produced any murders, at least not yet.

The best golfer ever seen in the Summitview area was Bruce Benning. In the three years he was Griffon Lakes Club Champ, his realty business boomed. He

sold more property than any realtor in town, and Benning Realty displayed his winner sign for all to see. Which would have made it easy to dislike the guy, but you just couldn't. Bruce was undoubtedly the most modest, unassuming, caring guy in the state. You felt lucky just to bask in his warmth.

Luke had played golf with Bruce for 10 years and enjoyed every minute. Even when Bruce sunk a 12-footer to take Luke's last dollar. After all, he was just as likely to use it to buy his friend a cold one at the lounge. Bruce could have run for mayor and won by a landslide, at least before the fatal 13th hole.

Bruce had gotten his realty license just before separating from the Air Force. He had saved his money for years, did some smart investing, and had enough to purchase a home large enough for him, his wife and his business. The realty office was in the front. It didn't take Bruce long to convince his new friend Luke Samuel to move to Summitview and join Griffon Lakes.

Unfortunately, Luke met Cassy at one of the Griffon Lakes social to-dos. She was tall, blonde, rich, blue-eyed, built and ... did I mention rich? But the whole thing was doomed from the start ... she thought golf was for wimps.

"Why do you hit that stupid little ball and then chase it all over the place?" she used to ask. Cassy had other, more esoteric things to occupy her time.

Her old man was, and is, Carl "Cash" Cassenberg, an entrepreneur, stock-market manipulator and a man who never earned an honest dollar in his pampered life. He got his bucks from his father, Commodore Cassius Cassenberg, steel magnate extraordinaire. To be fair, old Cash has amassed quite a fortune in the last 30 years on his own, but not on the up-and-up. He buys property. He tears down what was lovingly built on that property. Then he constructs over-priced and under-quality condos, business parks, strip shopping centers, etc.

Cash owns a lot of Summitview and the surrounding area. Unfortunately, a lot of that surrounding area is below the water line and he can't do much building on it. Periodically, he tries to influence (read that "buy") enough votes on the county zoning commission to build commercial on residential, residential on agricultural, or both. Sometimes he succeeds. Most of the time, he doesn't.

Most of his successes have occurred in other parts of the state, but he has this dream of building "Cassenberg Heights" overlooking the green ruralness of Summitview. The only area high enough to overlook

the town happens to be occupied by Griffon Lakes Golf Course.

Cash has another distinction. He's one of only two men in northern Florida to have disliked Bruce Benning. It seems Bruce refused to get involved in some shady land deal a few years ago. Bruce turned the old man in to the ICC, the FBI, the IRS, the ASPCA, and every other initialed governing body he could think of. Nothing official came of it, but Cash hated him ever since.

There is one other person who disliked Bruce. Hartly Haroldson. Loud. Overbearing. Big, red-headed, greedy, not too bright ... he wasn't on anyone's list of A-number one joes.

However, he was also a fair country golfer with a 3-handicap, but playing to just about scratch. He was probably the second best golfer in Summitview, after Bruce. And that's why Hartly hated Bruce so much. Pure, unadulterated jealousy. G-R-E-E-N. Envy.

Hartly operates a series of "E-Z Finance Auto Sales" lots in Summitview and as far south as Sandimar Beach. He sells high, but finances high to make up for it. He'd had given his right arm to put that winner sign up in front of his main lot. Maybe his left one, too.

That year, the club championship was down to four players: Hartly, Bruce, Skipper Lodge and Luke Samuel. They'd each played two matches and advanced to the semis. Since Hartly and Bruce were in separate sides of the draw, Skipper had to play Hartly, and Luke got to play Bruce.

Neither Skipper nor Luke was going to win, but at least Luke got to spend a pleasant Saturday afternoon with a friend.

Bruce and Luke teed off the front, and Skipper and Hartly teed off the back.

The first hole at Griffon is a short, 370-yard par four. There's no danger on either side, so after Luke won the coin toss, he grabbed his Big Bertha and tried to crunch the ball. Naturally, he over-swung and hit a low hook that just clipped a finger-width sapling in the left rough and fell straight down about 240 out. Bruce hit a three wood that started down the right side and drew back to the middle, a good 20 yards past Luke's.

But Luke had a good lie, swung a full eight, and hit the green about 20 feet to the right of the cup. Bruce punched a half-wedge that landed just inside Luke's on the same line. After Luke left his putt short, he looked over at Bruce.

Bruce Benning had the strangest habit ever seen on a golf course. He carried his golf ball in his mouth. A lot of golfers might inspect the ball, lick it to clean

off a green spot the caddie missed, but Bruce actually plopped the sucker between his cheek and gum, like it was a dimpled chew.

"Short," Luke said.

"M-m-mph," Bruce agreed, placing his still-wet ball in front of his mark. He lined it up, made the putt, turned to Luke and said, "Sure was lucky I could watch you putt first."

One hole. Luke was one-down. They played the next three holes even and stood on the fifth tee ready to play the number one handicap hole on the course. Number five is a 552-yard, par five with out-of-bounds left. It doglegs right around a pond about 200 yards out with its bottom layered with errant golf balls. It takes a mammoth drive with a 280-yard carry to find safety on the other side.

Once past the water hazard, you have to either lay up short of the creek that guards a heavily-bunkered green, or go for it by playing a fairway wood right of the sand.

"Well, Bruce," Luke said, "what's it gonna be? You gonna play safe, or give me a chance?"

Bruce smiled. "Luke," he replied, "this is your lucky day." He teed his ball all the way to the right side of the tee box, took his stance and started his swing.

Bruce Benning had the fastest swing in the history of golf. His back-swing was only minutely slower than his follow-through, both of which required highly sophisticated, closely calibrated scientific equipment to register the speed at all. More than once Luke had blinked and missed the swing completely. This was one of those times. He heard the crack of persimmon, that is, titanium spanking suryIn, but never saw the ball rocket off the clubface.

"Where'd you go?" Luke asked.

"Heading for the water," Bruce replied. "I don't know if I carried it or not, but I hit it pretty good. Never did see it bounce, though."

"Did ya see it splash?"

"No."

Luke shook his head. "Now I've got no choice."

He teed up and took his usual, controlled swing. Lo and behold, he hit the ball somewhere near the sweet spot! It shot through the air, aiming right at the water. It kept climbing until the two could barely see it silhouetted against the afternoon clouds. It started to come down just as the wind kicked up. It dipped. The wind blew.

"Carry, you son-of-a-bitch!" Luke yelled. He watched as the ball fell, but couldn't tell whether it cleared or not.

"Didn't see a splash," said Bruce.

When they reached the water, it was clear that Bruce's ball was sitting up in the short rough about 35 yards past the water line. He had to have hit the damn thing about 315. Luke's ball was no where to be seen.

Tyler Braddock, Luke's caddie for this match, walked the shoreline slowly, tee side first. "Here's a ball, Mr. Goodyear," he said, pointing into the pond and smiling just a tad too wide.

Sure enough, Luke was wet. After taking a drop, laying up for his third shot, and watching Bruce rifle a five wood a mile high into the air, and less than a dozen feet from the pin, Luke conceded the hole. Five holes and two down. The two friends soon finished the front nine with Bruce three up.

They stopped at the clubhouse for a quick soda and detour to the men's room. As they walked back out, Skipper and Hartly were just teeing off on number one, having made the turn. Luke sent Tyler over to ask how the match stood. Hartly had only lost one hole, so Skipper was six down with two holes even.

Skipper, who had a nice, easy swing and was sneaky long, hit a controlled fade down the left side of number one. But Hartly damn near drove the green.

"Damn," Luke said to himself, "that guy's more brawn than brain." He and Bruce headed for number 10.

The rest of the competition was uneventful. The match closed out on number 14. Bruce beat Luke, five and four. He walked over to his defeated friend and put his arm around his shoulder while they shook hands. "You hit 'em good today, buddy," he said. "You made me play hard."

"Right," Luke laughed, "the only way you'll lose this championship is to drop dead."

He regretted the remark later, of course.

They signed their cards and headed back to the clubhouse. Tyler and Skinny Stan, Bruce's caddie, headed to the caddie shack. Out of the corner of Luke's eye, he saw Putts O'Shea, the caddie master, pull Tyler kinda rough-like into the shack, but he and Bruce were more interested in the clubhouse and a cold beer. Luke fully expected Hartly and Skipper to be there already, their match already over, but they weren't. Bruce bought Luke a Mich. Light. Luke Samuel is always watching his weight.

"Let's go out and see what's up with our favorite sportsman," Bruce said.

They grabbed an electric cart and headed out. They finally found the gallery, well, all dozen or so of them, surrounding number eight green. Luke saw Nick Adena, the Griffon Lakes golf pro, standing off to the side and gestured him over.

"Isn't this match done yet?"

Nick shook his head. "Not by a long shot. Skipper's caught fire."

Bruce was amazed. "What happened?" he asked.

Nick explained, quietly, as one of the players was standing over a putt. "Hartly was six-up after 18, but Skipper holed out his second shot on number one for an eagle. It shook Hartly up so much that he hasn't been in his groove ever since."

"Holed out?" Luke said. "Damn."

"After that," Nick replied, "Skipper's won every hole except the par threes, and he's halved both of them. Hartly's got him stymied, though, two up with two to go."

They hurried to the green, getting there just as Hartly spun out a two-footer to lose the hole.

He turned to look at Bruce and Luke. "How am I supposed to putt with you two moving around?" he yelled at them. "Get the fuck out of my line!"

Luke looked at Bruce, who looked back. They both just smiled at Hartly, who had to walk right past them on the way to number nine tee.

"One up with one to go?" Luke asked him.

"Fuck you," Hartly said.

"I've always admired your grasp of the English language, you stupid mug," Luke replied.

Hartly stopped and glared at him, growled, and headed for the tee box.

Bruce patted Luke on the shoulder. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you didn't like that big pile of shit," he said.

Number nine is a straight-away, 403-yard par four with absolutely nothing to get in a golfer's way.

Skipper hit his patented fade down the left side about 240. Hartly teed his ball. As he straightened up, he shook his driver at Skipper. "I'm not going to tell you again to stand still, Skippie. The next time you as much as blink, I'm going to accidentally let go of this club and heave it down your fucking throat."

Skipper, eyes wide open and fear outlining his suddenly sweating face, stood stiff as an oak tree. Hartly hit a low screamer that rifled down the right side of the fairway hit about 250 out and ran like a scalded gopher for another 60-or-70 yards. It was the longest drive anyone in the gallery had ever seen. Hartly turned to Bruce, who was standing beside Luke. "I heard you won your match, Benning," he said, "but beating tread-head there and beating me are two different propositions."

Bruce just shrugged. The gallery got to Skipper's ball first, of course. He was still at least 160 out. He decided on a five iron, to be safe. Number nine's green is raised a bit, so he wanted to make sure he

got it to the putting surface. The crowd quieted down and Skipper began his take-away. Just as he started his down-swing, Hartly's tournament-sized golf bag flew out of his caddie's hands. It crashed to the ground with a loud "thud," clubs spilling out onto the fairway. Skipper jumped two feet in the air, hit about six inches behind his ball, and dumped it about a hundred yards down the fairway. He turned to Hartly in disbelief.

Hartly put his hands up in the air and shrugged his massive shoulders. "Damn," he said, "I'm sorry, Skippie. It's not my fault this good-for-nothing caddie can't hold on to a man's bag." Hartly reached over and slapped his caddie hard on the top of the head. "See what you did," he yelled at him, "you made my opponent fuck up his shot, you clumsy asshole. Give me that bag."

Phil Philo gathered up the scattered clubs and handed the bag to Hartly. Hartly grabbed the bag,

hoisted it to his shoulder, and shoved the caddie out of the way. "Go tell Putts you're fired," he said. He turned to Skipper, who was shaking again, but this time in useless rage. "I'll just carry it myself the rest of the way, old buddy," Hartly said, and started walking.

It was the most brazen example of cheating on a golf course anyone had ever seen. But when Horace Chamberlain, the tournament director, went from person to person, no one was sure enough of what happened to make a statement. The only person who knew for sure was Hartly's caddie, Phil Philo, and he was too scared to talk.

In almost an anti-climax, Hartly won the last hole, setting the stage for the fatal match between Bruce Benning and Hartly Haroldson for the Griffon Lakes club championship.

Coming next month, chapters three and four of "Murder on the 13th Green."

Golf rule of the Month

Q. What does "keeping the point between you and the hole" mean?

A. When a golfer dunks his ball into a water hazard (as differentiated from a lateral water hazard), one of his options is to drop behind the water hazard. The rules, specifically Rule 26-1b, describes the procedure for the drop:

"Drop a ball behind the water hazard, keeping the point at which the original ball last crossed the margin of the water hazard directly between the hole and the spot on which the ball is dropped, with no limit to how far behind the water hazard the ball may be dropped."

Many golfers fail to understand exactly what this means, specifically "keeping the point at which the original ball last crossed the margin of the water hazard directly between the hole and the spot on which the ball is dropped." What does that mean - keeping the point between you and hole? What direction are you supposed to be going? On what line, exactly, are you allowed to drop?

It's really very easy to understand once it's visualized correctly. But before we visualize that line, let's make clear what this rule does not mean.

"Keeping the point at which the original ball last crossed the margin of the water hazard directly between the hole and the spot on which the ball is dropped" has nothing to do with the direction your ball was traveling when it entered the hazard.

Let's repeat: the line of flight of your original ball does not matter. You might have sliced or hooked it, pushed or pulled it, or hit it dead straight. It does not matter. OK, with that out of the way, here's how to visualize the line on which you're allowed to drop behind a water hazard.

Take a look at the flagstick. Now look at the point at which your ball crossed the margin of the hazard. Now imagine drawing a line extending straight back from the flagstick to that point. Now imagine that line continuing to travel straight back, from the flagstick to the point where your ball crossed the margin, and continuing straight back hundreds of yards. That is the line on which you must drop.



Iron Thong member profile

Hershel Krigbaum



Average Handicap:

Uhhhh, 16.8 right now

Nickname:

“Hersh”

Average drive length:

280 Straight, 250 Right, 150 Left. Let’s just say my average is where ever the ball lands.

In the bag:

Callaway X12 Big Bertha Irons (my secret weapons).

I started playing golf around the age of 28. I ran into a great deal, getting free lessons from a retired golf pro who worked part time for my wife in Sacramento Calif., while stationed at Mather Air Force Base.

Well, it’s been about 16 years and I decided to try to put these lessons to work. Yeah right, it’s time to take some more lessons, Hersh!

I moved to San Antonio, Texas, in June 2004. I just started golfing again a few months ago after maybe getting in two or three rounds per year for about four years. My goal is to golf about three to four times a week and start golfing in tournaments.

I got hooked up with the Iron Thongers thru Mike Linares. We ran into each other at a birthday party for my neighbor about six months ago. We were stationed in Washington together briefly before Mike departed for Texas.

My thanks go out to all the Thongers for treating me like a true Thonger right off the bat!

Grip it and rip it!!

Hersh