THE CASE OF THE
MISSING LINKS
A JIGSAW PUZZLE MYSTERY
Read the story, assemble the puzzle and find the clues.
Can you solve the mystery?

STORY BY CHRISTOPHER KING
List of Characters

BRAD TRUNK – retired pro, grand master of ceremonies and commentator for the TGLF Network. He was well-known, but not well-liked.

SANDY “SQUINT” MCGUIRE – popular television detective in the series Hawaii Homicide. Squint loves to get involved in solving actual crimes. An abominable golfer, he nevertheless adores the sport and follows it religiously. He dated Dovey La Cammera until she left him for Brad Trunk.

“DRIVING” DON DURBAN – experienced pro who won or placed high in all the major tournaments. He is infamous for his drinking habits, tendency to play while inebriated and fiery temper. Over the years, he had the distinction of always coming in second to Brad Trunk.

DOVEY LA CAMMERA – fulsome actress of large and small screens, renowned for her serious characterizations and her impressive physique. Famous for doing many of her own stunts in such films as I Climbed Everest and Submarine Rescue. Rumor has it that she is penning a ‘tell all’ book about her career.

LOU YOUNGER – well-known pro who’s claim-to-fame is his incredibly accurate shots. Lou has been carrying on a low key, but intense argument with Don Durban.

TANYA KATATYA – Soviet tennis player, well-known for her aces and unremitting play. A squib in the Inquiring Star mentioned “... late night assignations with a certain golf pro who will be interviewing players at a big balmy tourney ...”

MYRON ‘YANK’ YANKOVICH – a high rolling pro, addicted to the golfer’s life, never stops playing and never stops betting. Once bet another pro a seven course seafood dinner that he could make a five foot putt with a hot dog. Word was out though, that Yank was in deep debt to a certain pro who had a major stake in the Geyser Springs Pro-Am.

SAN ANTONIO ROSA – she worked her way up from the lean neighborhoods of South Texas. Cropped her hair so she could work as a caddie disguised as a boy and that’s when she met Brad Trunk. They were married on the eighteenth tee of the Crosby, after coming in first and second. Their marriage broke up when Brad met La Cammera.

MITSUMASO ‘BASH’ BASHO – a formidable amateur player, Bash has the most impressive drive in the tournament. Said to improve his accuracy by hitting marked cherries at one hundred yards from trees beside his home course in Kyoto. He was encouraged to turn pro, but claimed he was too busy with Basho Inc., Basho Real Estate and Basho Imports.

ROCKY PAHOIHOI – club pro, referee and key member of the Committee. Rocky also serves as informal tour guide to the Geyser Springs Club. With Trunk, he helped lay out and design the fearsome links.

A glossary of terminology appears at the end of this booklet.
Sandy "Squint" McGuire had seen some pretty bizarre cases in his career as a private detective. Later, when they tapped him to play himself on the long-running series, *Hawaii Homicide*, the writers came up with some strange twists. But nothing touched the case of the missing links, with a murder in the midst of The Geyser Springs Mixed Pro-Am, the most widely televised golf tournament on the planet. The victim had been boiled in a pool of steaming mud . . . not a pretty sight.

Squint had just completed the hellish dogleg tenth with a triple bogey when the Big Moki Geyser blew. As he looked up at the camera tower just off the tenth green, he heard shocked exclamations. The camera operator was looking pale, amazed at what he had just seen in his viewfinder.

He told Squint that Brad Trunk, ex-pro and host of the tournament had been interviewing Yank Yankovich in a golf cart by the side of the geyser. Suddenly, in the middle of their talk, there was an earthshaking rumble and the sulfurous waters of the geyser gushed up before the camera. Several high-pitched screams pierced the din.

When the last vapors cleared, Brad Trunk and the golf cart in which he was sitting had all but disappeared. Only the rear wheel of the cart could be seen slowly sinking into the scalding pool of mud.

Yank Yankovich was sitting on the ground, soaked to the skin and covered with debris, looking with confusion at an elegant putter.

When Squint demanded to see a replay, the technicians in the field studio had only been too happy to cooperate. After eight viewings he was convinced there was something more than an accident here. But he couldn’t put his finger on it . . .

Sandy McGuire had been flattered to be invited to play in the tournament. The exclusive guest list from the worlds of entertainment, business, and professional sports had added splendor to the daunting new Geyser Springs Golf Club at Kaapalua. Recently designed by Trunk, this challenging course bordered a geothermal area of startling characteristics. The dispiriting hazards of water, sand, and grass were nothing when compared to these fumaroles, steaming crevasses, and razor-sharp lava flows.

The most impressive feature of the course was the Big Moki Geyser itself. Situated in the middle of a scalding pool between the ninth and tenth fairways, this impressive monster would explode unexpectedly with a huge boom, shaking the steadiest nerves and obscuring the already difficult cinder cone par five with waves of stinging mist.

But these horrific features were offset by skies of royal blue, graceful palms, and blue-green waves that crashed against black sand beaches just beyond the eighteenth green. There the sleek and tanned of a score of nations paraded in almost nothing at all.

On the eve of his retirement, Brad Trunk had made the deed to the course itself the grand prize for the winning pro, a portion of the earnings to go in perpetuity to the winner’s favorite charity. And for the winning amateur, a magnificent pair of cuff links – platinum tees, each graced with a three-carat diamond cut to resemble a golf ball. Brad had been showing off the prizes to each of the players he talked to.
While everyone applauded this grand gesture of the retiring pro, many were puzzled, even upset. Trunk was notorious for his shaky investments and many pros were holding substantial IOUs. Sandy McGuire had heard it rumored that Brad owed a considerable sum to his ex-wife Rosa, Yank Yankovich, and other, more sinister investors.

Yet Trunk, in his new role as grand master of ceremonies and commentator for the TGLF Network, seemed to have turned a new leaf. And what pro wouldn't want to win this magnificent resort? But there were too many people who wished Brad Trunk dead to assume that this was an accident.

McGuire has asked the TV crew to call Inspector Wong, an old friend from the HPD, now a consultant for *Hawaii Homicide*. Security cordoned off the area and held as witnesses anyone who might have been close to the scene.

With some effort the police dredged the golf cart from the steaming mud. Beneath it was the red-jacketed body, facial features scalded beyond recognition, the microphone clenched in a death grip.

As he carefully examined the body, Squint was able to confirm his suspicions. The death might have been attributed to a startled reflex when the geyser blew, except for some important features: on the right temple there was a deep, circular indentation. Though the wallet, airline ticket stubs, and passport were still in the pockets, the deed to the golf course and the platinum cuff links were gone.

On the basis of these pieces of information Yank Yankovich was placed under arrest. But when the deed and cuff links were not found in his pockets, Squint encouraged Inspector Wong to detain Yank’s partner, Tanya Katayia, as an accessory after the fact. But Tanya was nowhere to be found and an APB was put out for her arrest.

As he glanced over the list of players who had been on the ninth or tenth holes, he noticed that many, if not all, of them were linked to Brad Trunk in one way or another. There was his ex-wife, his ex-girl friend, his present girl friend, and a long term rival or two.

After some discussion Wong agreed to let Squint ask questions of the witnesses. Squint knew many of them casually from other celebrity events. The obvious question was “**Who had struck the victim on the side of the head and propelled the golf cart into the mud pit?**” The obvious place to begin was with Yank Yankovich.

Squint decided to take the direct approach with Yank. Yank was that kind of guy.

“So tell me, Yank. I don’t get it. I know there was no love lost between you and Brad Trunk, but it’s hard to believe that you would bump him off in front of millions of viewers. Or did he say something I didn’t hear on the tape that got you boiling mad?”

Yank stared out into the distance for a long time, as if he were somewhere else. “What can I say? I don’t know what happened. Brad and I were talking. He was showing me the cuff links and the deed. I was just going to ask him why he wasn’t wearing the green PGA blazer he always wears when that big firecracker went off and the next thing I know I’m sitting on the ground holding Tanya’s best putter.

“I really can’t tell you what happened to Brad. Must’ve panicked or something when that monster blew. Had trouble with the kind of thing after the war. Loud noises. Maybe some lava or something hit him on the head.
“I swear on my mother’s gray hairs I got no idea where Tanya is. But it sure isn’t like her to turn tail. That gal had grit.

“Like I say, it all happened so fast. And come to think of it maybe I’d better shut up until I talk to my lawyers.”

Squint felt there was a ring of truth to Yank’s statement. But he had rarely seen a big man like Yank so shook. Clearly he had been witness to something that had turned him to jelly, but he wasn’t going to talk about it. Tanya’s putter was a puzzle, too. Though it didn’t seem to match the wound on the head of the victim, why was Yank holding it?

Since Yank was evidently going to be uncooperative, Squint decided to move on to the next witness, Lou Younger. From his caddie’s description of the play, Lou’s tee shot on the tenth had gone awfully close to the murder site.

“I don’t get it, Lou,” Squint said, peering up into the face of the lanky athlete. “I’ve followed your game like a true fan. I know you have your good days and your bad days on the tour. But what is with this crazy slice? Your caddie says you were playing very cool in the first round and on the front nine. Then as you get on the back nine, after talking to Brad on the air, your game goes to pieces. You play out of turn. You swipe this dangerous shot way to the right and rush off yelling. Brad gets drilled in the head with something hard and round. What did Brad say to get you that teed off?”

The tall pro lifted one eyebrow. “Wait a minute there, McGuire. You know me from that Rodeo Drive gig we did together last year, where you bombed so terribly. I do not suffer fools lightly. Brad Trunk means nothing to me. Of course he has been on my case the last couple of days. He’s been telling me how Don Durban is out to kick my tail. It might not have got to me except he kept repeating it every time he saw me.

“So I’m teed up on the tenth. I’m going to play just to the left of the trees, maybe a little fade to get beyond them and rolling toward the pin. Then I see Durban over on the other side of the big pit. Standing there. Looking at me with this big smirk. He lifts his hand and conveys a message.

“I figure, what the hey. Amputate the dogleg. It’s worth losing a stroke or two, maybe even second money if I can scare him. I open my stance a tad and drilled that ball right into his bean. It was a great shot. Scored in one, I understand, though I didn’t see it. It was just then that the plumbing blew up and scared Brad into the drink. I respected the golfer but he was not a nice man.”

Squint allowed a respectful pause for the story. “So you’re saying you weren’t swinging for Brad at all?” The big man shook his head. “Then why did you go rushing off toward the mud pit? And why did your partner, Miss La Cammera rush her tee shot and go galloping after you?”

A firm but gentle voice suddenly spoke up. “I think I can speak for myself, Mr. McGuire.” Squint took a little too long to examine the attractive source of the voice.

“Dovey, honey, your caddie tells us that when you were teeing off on the tenth you were awfully rattled. Hit a wicked slice right into the palmettos near the Big Moki mud pit. Screamed and went rushing off after your ball. That was just after the Big Moki blew.

“I also seem to recall a picture of you when you were dating Brad. You were wearing a pair of three carat diamond earrings that looked a lot like those prize cuff links. Maybe you kind of had a proprietary interest in those jewels and wanted them back?”

“Squint, you jerk, you have no right to call me honey, or anything else. Sure, I was shaken up, but it wasn’t by dreams of wearing those fancy pieces of glass again. Lou and I were seven strokes
up on you and Durban. And despite your nineteen handicap, which is not the only one I could mention, we were in a good place to win this thing if Lou didn’t lose his cool.

“But when I saw Durban across that mud pit taunting Lou, I knew something funny was up. Then Lou took the bait and hit that killer drive right at his head and I knew there would be trouble. The two of them started rushing at each other and I knew I had to stop them or we would be disqualified as fast as a Hollywood agent grabs the check.

“Poor Brad, I guess maybe when that thing exploded his old frazzled nerves just made him jumpy. Some people say I have that effect on a man. What do you think, honey?”

Squint scowled. “Thanks, Miss La Cammera. We’ll get back to you. Now who’s next? Don, maybe you’d like to tell us your version of these recent events. Yesterday’s round, you were cool as a chilled martini, even when I had that four putt. But on the tenth today you made your pitch to the green and next thing I know you’re gone. What happened?”

Don Durban examined a manicured fingernail carefully before speaking. “Brad Trunk, may he rest in peace, was a bad sort. I’d be leading if it wasn’t for him. Well, you could have helped a bit more too, Mr. McGuire. You must learn to hit down on your irons. Anyway, Trunk kept needling me about Lou, how he was ‘stalking me,’ how he was going to ‘shut my mouth once and for all.’ Like that, always whispering. It grew very tiresome. I could have throttled the man. But I didn’t. I swear I didn’t.

“Now let me tell you what happened. After I made that pitch to the green – and it was a nice one, took that pretty hop across that nasty sand bunker – I turned and across that bubbling morass I saw Brad interviewing Yank. I also noticed Mr. Younger about to tee off.

“Seeing those two persons who had been bedeviling me just pressed my lever, as it were. I reckoned a little psychology might be worth two strokes at that point. So I thumbed my nose at Lou, as you might say.

“IT had its effect. But when I found myself struck, I saw red and rushed back to settle the score with that ruffian. It was then that the malodorous eruption occurred. I must say I was startled into sobriety, I was so close to it.”

Squint noted the story on a yellow pad. “But you claim that you never went near Brad Trunk or the murder site.”

Durban shuffled his feet nervously. “That’s correct.”

“And you saw nothing of what went on by the mud pit?” Squint demanded.

“Nothing at all.”

Squint examined the map of the ninth and tenth fairways and the diagram he had made of the last shots of each player. San Antonio Rosa’s drive from the ninth tee also put her near the mud pit. And though she was Brad Trunk’s widow she didn’t seem to be grieving.

“Rosa, I know you must be upset by your late husband’s... passing. But we need to know what you saw and did. Your caddie says you had been hitting straight down the fairway. But on your last drive you looped a nasty slice over the wall into the mud pit. Que pasa? if I may ask.”

“First, let us be clear. Brad was my late ex-husband. But I was so upset. That was not the way Brad should have left us. He still owed me a bundle of money. So much of my winnings during our last year together went into this place. And then he took up with this... actress. Excuse me, I do not like to talk this way.
THE CASE OF THE MISSING LINKS

"Now, about this strange shot of mine. I could go to the committee on this one. The man I am playing with is a real crazy. He was destroying my concentration. This helicopter was swooping over just in the middle of this nice sweet drive I’m hitting for my second shot. My head comes up to see this terrible noisy machine and I take a huge slice and then the wind pushes the ball over into the mud.

“All the time Mr. Basho is standing up on that big rock waving at the helicopter like he was trying to shoo away some big bird.

“So I go after my ball and I see Brad’s cart tipping into the mud and his driver running off and I try to get this man to turn around and help. But he doesn’t. He just disappears.”

Squint thought for a moment. “Did you see where he went?”

“No, there was so much mist I could hardly see a thing.”

“And you never went down to the scene of the death?”

“No,” replied Rosa. “That cloud was stinging my eyes too much to see.”

“Thank you... and my sympathies,” said Squint.

Squint turned to the last of the players present, a dapper Japanese gentleman who stared nervously across the fairway. “Mr. Basho – or may I call you Bash? . . . Mr. Basho, then... I am very curious about something. Your caddie says that your last shot was a hook. That is very puzzling. I have followed your play. Everyone knows you never hit a hook. And please tell us something about the strange waving that Miss Rosa says you were doing.”

“This is most embarrassing. And let me here express my sincere regrets to Miss Rosa on the passing of her late ex-husband, as you say. He was a great player and the gift of this establishment would have meant much to charity.

“As to the disruption of her game, again let me make apologies. I had intended to help. As you may know these helicopters are a small part of my business. So naturally when I saw that foolish pilot approaching the fairway too closely, I was understandably upset. It caused my shot to vary from its usual course. And then I took the opportunity to signal him to move away. Now if you are finished with these questions, I must rush off to a meeting.”

Squint put a firm hand on the Japanese golfer’s arm and said simply, “I think there will be some more questions later. You will need to postpone your appointment.”

At that moment a police cruiser cut recklessly across the tenth fairway where they were standing. Officers ushered a young woman wearing the essence of sporting fashion out of the back of the car.

Squint recognized his last suspect. “Miss Kataya, welcome! I understand you have been on a scenic drive around our island. Please excuse the handcuffs. I know they do not flatter you. But they are necessary, I assure you. Perhaps you would like to tell us what has become of the deed and the cuff links?”

“I know nothing of this. But despite your rudeness I must say to you I am very grateful. These gentlemen here are from my country and they, it seems, do not like the golf very much. Perhaps they feel I like the sports in this country too much. In any case they take it into their own big hands to see I end the tournament.

“When I see them I know what they will do. So I scream and throw my club in the air. But no one hears because the big fountain is going. So I go for this joy ride as you say here, only there isn’t so much joy in it. I know nothing of these deeds and cuff links. That is all.”
"Perhaps so. Perhaps not. Thank you." Squint did not wish to press further. Time was short and he wanted to confirm his suspicions so he could put Inspector Wong’s forces into action. But he had one last witness.

A muscular man in a colorful Hawaiian shirt stepped forward. Squint introduced him. "This, as you all ought to know is Rocky Pahoihoi, the club pro. I need him to clarify a couple of matters for us. I casually remarked to him that the geyser has some trouble with its unexpected explosions. Rocky, tell us what happened."

"Perhaps I should have thought of this sooner. But it was not till last night that I finished my timing of the geyser. Brad had asked me to see if I could figure out when the thing blows. I guess he wanted to give all of you a schedule. Well, the timing is kind of irregular, but I figured it out last night. So I was surprised that when I went to give it to him he just took it and didn’t have me make copies. He was just walking out on the course with Old Phil – you know, his regular old caddie who works here now. Brad took Phil out to the Big Moki Geyser to practice his interviewing techniques. Kind of a dress rehearsal . . . they looked like twins, both of them in those classy red jackets. I’d say Brad took his new job quite seriously.

"But poor Phil seemed pretty upset. Must have been because the college kids were getting all the caddying and leaving nothing for the regulars. Probably got pickled last night cause he isn’t here today. Well, I’m sorry the schedule never got printed. That’s about it."

Squint was about to let Rocky go when he had a wild thought. "Tell me, Rocky – when you have a luau here you sometimes take a pig and cook it in these hot mud pits, wrapped up in leaves, right?"

"Right."

"How long would it take to cook the pig real good, say, till the skin starts to loosen and fall off?"

"Maybe seven or eight hours."

Squint turned to Inspector Wong and together they examined the body one more time. Squint held up one dripping arm. He shook his head. "Better close the airport, though I fear it is too late. I should have seen this sooner. The sleeves only have one button hole."

Now it is your turn to solve the mystery. Assemble the jigsaw puzzle to reveal the various bits of evidence uncovered by Squint during his investigation. Combine that with the clues you recognize in the story. Can you identify the criminal? Who stole the deed and the diamond cuff links? Was there an accomplice to this foul play?"
Solution

Spurn McIntyre bypassed the physical evidence one last time before returning the elements to

Brian Trunk had concocted a carefully plotted escape with the right links and the dead drops to
leaves that ran under the white fabric of the building. He had brought along his pack of feathers and
hid away when the test of his life in Wyoming. A secret under his skin to be used when
the chips were down. The remaining piece brain could not sell openly because it was
broken and was in need of Ross and the Government. He had recently lost the judge's seat to
Yankovitch.

The previous night had been full out to the interviewers with a
handy pocket and a lack of helping him out of the interview room. He needed help to be

find and wear one of his fake cup jackets so he could see the wrong look

back through his false finger on the side of the head, with a microphone. Focus on my face, if you please.

and said the only thing into the steamy smoke... a lump of hair on his chest.

The next day the story was the "secretary" so it wouldn't confuse everyone. He knew the time the

condominium. He knew the time the secretary was going to say she had been to go

the floor and knock the secreted case of spilled coffee in the air and would become momentarily cast out, all

in the exploration. A Yank covered on the ground, Bain ran into the nice under cover of the

back of Stock, Yank normally enough to simplify his task.

the other players were not completely innocent. In fact, Bresko was the reason, who

We had to increase the Chip as an exchange value for these coin take. He was trying Bain out to

Southeast Asia in his primitive cellar and let the other players have a go... Yank's plan was to

by lugging up from the room. We decided to scratch the idea, as we have

had no luck with the Yank. We had been unable to

OF keeping them distracted. Don't worry, we secretly contacted your Lord's "message" to Don's

important signal to Ross, with money coming from Ross. The Jones had originally been bought from Bain with money coming from Ross.

Spurn McIntyre's famous undercover operation at Hollywood Bubble. They said

that he had been promised a handsome sum for arranging an appointment between Bain and a

certain Blake Sutton. Of course, he drew more attention to the decision that Bain's gaps in

the process were discovered, leading to a subsequent intermediation from a secret

Yank, and Ross were cut out. Don's plan was a complete failure; Bain was never seen again.

However, a certain small island country on the Andaman Sea is reported to have the most challenge.

and got course in the world.
A Glossary of Golf Terminology
by George Eberl
Managing Editor, Golf Journal

Ace: A hole in one.

Address: How a player stands as he or she prepares to strike the ball.

Backside: The second nine golf holes in an eighteen hole golf course.

Backspin: Reverse spin put on the ball to make it stop at a desired spot.

Balata: A synthetic material used for covering modern golf balls, especially on the higher compression balls used by the professionals. Balata-covered balls render maximum control and a greater spin-ratio than surlyn, but, because of their softness, they cut easier.

Ball Marker: A small coin used to spot a ball’s position.

Beach: A sand hazard on the golf course.

Birdie: One stroke fewer than par (i.e., if par is 4, a birdie is 3).

Bite: The stopping action of a ball hit with backspin.

Blast: Hitting a ball out of the sand trap and displacing a huge quantity of sand.

Blind Hole: A hole on which the putting green cannot be seen as the player approaches it.

Bogey: One more stroke than par (i.e., if par is 4, a bogey is 5).

Bunker: The traditional term for what Americans call a sand trap.

Bunt: An intentional short shot.

Caddie: The person who carries a golfer’s clubs and offers general assistance during play.

Chip Shot: A short approach shot from near the green.

Club Pro: The head golf professional – usually an instructor at a club.

Collar: The edge of a sand trap.

Deuce: A hole completed in two strokes.

Dimples: The indentations, or pockmarks, on a golf ball that serve the practical purpose of keeping the ball aloft for a greater period of time.

Divot: A chunk of turf cut out by a golf club during a stroke.

Dogleg: A sharply angled, or bent fairway forcing a change of direction after the first (and/or second) shot.
Double Bogey: Two strokes over par.

Double Eagle (Albatross): Three strokes fewer than par on a hole. A 2 on a par-5, or a hole-in-one on a par-4.

Draw: A moderate hook, considered the most desirable shot because the particular spin placed on the ball allows it to roll farther.

Drive: To hit a golf ball from a tee.

Driver: The wood club generally used to hit the first shot off the tee.

Dub: A poor or missed shot.

Eagle: Two strokes fewer than par on a hole. A 3 on a par-5, or 2 on a par-4, or a hole-in-one on a par-3.

Face: The hitting surface of the golf club.

Fade: A moderate slice, with just a trace of a bend or curve to it.

Fairway: The closely cropped playing area lying between the tee area and the green.

Flag: The movable marker placed in the hole on the green, also called the “pin”.

Flash Trap: A shallow sand trap.

Flight: The number of players in a tournament.

Flub: A poor golf shot.

Fore!: Expression used to warn other golfers of an airborne ball.

Foursome: Golf match in which two teams of two golfers play against each other, with each team playing one ball.

Fringe: The rim of grass surrounding the closely clipped surface of a green on a golf course.

Grand Slam: Today, it means winning the U.S. and British Opens, the Masters Tournament, and the PGA Championship in a single year. It has never been accomplished.

Green: The putting surface identifiable by the lightly clipped grass.

Greenkeeper: The individual or individuals bearing the responsibility for maintaining the greenness of the course. Often mistakenly called greenskeeper, his or her responsibility extends well beyond tending to a golf course’s greens.

Grip: The padded handle, usually rubber, plastic, or leather, by which you hold the club during your swing.

Handicap: The number of strokes which a golfer may deduct from his total score.
Hazard: The generic term embracing either a sand or water obstacle.

Head: The portion of the golf club used to strike the golf ball.

Home: Another term for the green.

Hook: A struck golf ball that bends sharply from right to left in the case of a right-handed player, or left to right for a left-handed player.

Hosel: The lead weight usually found at the bottom of the shaft and just above the club’s head.

Iron Byron: The mechanical device used by the United States Golf Association to test golf balls and clubs to ensure conformity of their performance. It is named Iron Byron because its one-armed swing is patterned after that of Byron Nelson.

Irons: Clubs with metal-bladed heads that may include everything from a No. 1 through 9 iron, plus the pitching wedge and the sand wedge.

Lag: A long putt that rests close to the hole, within easy sinking distance.

Lie: The position at which the ball rests after a stroke.

Lateral Water Hazard: A water hazard that runs parallel to the fairway or the logical line of play.

Links: Slang for the entirety of any golf course.

Loft: The elevation of an airborne ball.

Mixed Foursome: Two teams of golfers consisting of a male and female player.

Mulligan: Allowing a player a second shot off the first tee, without penalty, at the outset of a round.

Nine: A grouping of nine holes on a golf course.

Open: Tournament for both amateurs and professionals.

Par: The number of strokes it should require to play a golf hole.

Pin: See “Flag”.

Pitch: A short shot to the green.

Preferred Lie: An informal rule permitting a player to improve the position of his golf ball without a penalty.

Putter: The flat-faced metal club used to hit the ball holeward on the greens.

Referee: The one who presides over a competition to decide questions of fact and golf law.

Rough: The shaggy natural growth lying on either side of the tee area, fairway, or green, comprised of anything from longer grass to shrubbery and woods.
**Scratch Golfer:** A golfer who plays with no handicap (see “handicap”).

**Shaft:** The length of club from the grip to the head.

**Skins Game:** A wagering competition in which a predetermined amount of money is put up on each hole, by the players themselves or, in the world of television, by a sponsor. If two players tie, or all tie, then the money carries over and is added to the amount for the next hole.

**Slice:** The reverse of a hook, it curves away from the player, left to right in the case of a right-handed player, or right to left for a left-handed player.

**Solid Ball:** A golf ball having a molded center to which the cover is applied.

**Stab:** A half swing at a golf ball.

**Sticks:** A slang term for golf clubs. It is heard on both sides of the Atlantic.

**Stroke:** A swing at the ball.

**Stymie:** When an opponent’s ball is in the line of a player’s putt.

**Surlyn:** A hard, thermoplastic resin covering on a golf ball. More resistant to cuts and abrasions than balata, but has a lower spin-ratio.

**Tee:** The wooden or plastic stand on which the ball rests before it is hit. A tee is used only on the first stroke of a hole.

**Tee Area:** That clipped surface marked by tee boxes and extending two club-lengths between and behind the markers.

**Tee Shot:** The first stroke of a given hole.

**Through The Green:** All in-bounds area playable between the tee area and the green.

**Two-Piece Ball:** A molded core, around which threads are tightly wound, then covered by either balata or surlyn.

**Unplayable Lie:** Ball in a position that cannot be played, such as directly behind a tree.

**Water Hole:** Hole which has a lake, stream or pond adjacent to it or in the middle of it.

**Woods:** Golf clubs having wooden heads.