

A Hole in One—His Head!

By WALTER KANER

I could be a great golfer—except for one minor detail.

I can't hit the ball.

But the golf pro says my game is improving tremendously.

I'm missing the ball much closer now.

My friends told me if I wanted to relax and get rid of my tensions I should take up golf.

They were right. My tenseness is gone. Now I have ulcers and high high blood pressure.

My doctor suggested I take up a hobby to forget my golf. But the way I play golf—it's hard to forget.

It's a mixed sport. I just can't understand a game where the person who gets to hit the ball the most, is the loser.

After only ten lessons, I'm already shooting in the low 150s. The golf pro, after watching me play, says it shouldn't take more than a year or two for me to get down to the 140s.

Some things about golf seem silly. The pro told me the first thing I must learn to do is to address the ball properly. So I got down on my knees, stuck out my hand and said: "Hi Ball. I'm Walter."

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THE PRO MUST BE very impressed with my playing. This week he remarked: "In all the years I've been giving lessons, I've never seen anyone play like you." I was very flattered.

When I asked to join a L.I. country club the members were so overjoyed they sat up barricades across the entrance.

I had a feeling they didn't want me. But a few did invite me to join; the rest dared me to. Now they're so overjoyed with having me they've chipped in to buy back my membership.

I never knew men could be so catty. I asked a member to explain the different clubs. "Sure," he replied anxiously. "Are you planning to join another one?"

Some of them deliberately try to embarrass me. When I drive up to the club there's no need for the members to race around yelling: "He's coming! He's coming!"

Just because I've ploughed up the fairways, that's no reason for the golfers to nickname me "Arnold Farmer."

And they're certainly not helping build my confidence the way they hide behind trees every time I swing. I don't like to complain, but they're going to have to do something about the club mascot. Every time I start to swing at a ball—the dog puts his paws over his eyes.

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REGARDLESS, I'm really learning about golf. When I first started to play



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I didn't even know which caddy to hit the ball with.

Some players are so fussy. You can't say a word when they play. This week a player was about to swing when I, trying to show my knowledge of the game, casually remarked: "The traps are so annoying." He stopped his swing mid-air and grunted: Yeah. And would you shut yours."

When my turn came, I stepped up to the tee and swung—and swung. Some ants scampered onto my ball. "Stay here," the momma ant told the baby ant. "It's the safest place."

Some kid, about 13, watched me, snickered, then stepped up and slammed the ball about 275 yards. No 12-year-old can make me look ridiculous. I swung again—but he ducked.

I did get off one beautiful shot—straight as an arrow—onto the wrong fairway. "Some shot, huh? "I bubbled excitedly.

"Yeah, "mumbled the caddy. "You wanna have it stuffed?"

"Would you like me to show you how to shoot a birdie," he asked.

I recoiled in horror. "Me! Shoot an innocent little birdie?" I gasped.

He dumped my golf bag on the grass and stalked off muttering something about how "all kinda nuts play golf."

Just then the golf pro rode up in a cart. "How are you doing?" he asked sadly as his eyes swept over the demolished fairway.

"Great! "I beamed, sending a divot into space.

Tears glistened in his eyes. "It was such a lovely course," he recalled, sobbing softly.

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A PUZZLED LOOK suddenly swept his face. "What are you doing with the snorkel and the flippers?"

I coughed nervously. "Well, you see I hit a lot of balls into the water . . ."

He sighed wearily. "And what's with the compass?"

I smiled limply. "It's very helpful for finding my way out of the woods. . ."

He nodded slowly, then picked up a bottle of pills that had fallen out of my bag. "And these?" he asked.

"Tranquilizers," I explained meekly. "For my golfing partners."

"Tell me, frankly. Why did you take up golf?" he asked, swallowing a few of the tranquilizers.

I nibbled nervously on a fingernail. "Well, "I confessed, "I hear you make a lot of contacts at a golf course. Y'know, business people, stockbrokers. I thought it would help me have a lot of irons in the fire."

I should've never given him the idea.

That's exactly where he threw my irons. Along with the woods.