

QUAINT DIALECT OF TOURING PROS

By
JIM GAQUIN
Field Secretary
PGA

Move over, beatniks, jazz devotees and hi-fi addicts.

Y'think your lingo's hep?

Well, you could take lessons from the touring professionals.

They have a language all their own.

Here's a tee-to-green jargon junket.

You see big Al Besselink pounding out some iron shots. They look pretty good but Al isn't satisfied.

So he consults his pal, Doug Sanders.

"Check my action," says Bessie.

"You're blocked out," appraises the short-swinging Sanders, meaning Bessie is not getting the left hip out of the way fast enough as he makes his downswing.

Bessie makes a correction.

"That's better," beams Sanders, "Now you're releasing it right. Keep drilling it that way and we'll be all set for those pigeons."

Now, moving to the first tee, remember that the player never considers the course a course.

It's a track.

As he gets set to hit his first drive there are several things he wants desperately to avoid.

Among them a banana ball (one that starts left and fades), a snipe or duck hook or coat hanger, and, finally, an angel ball (skied drive).

Any of these is likely to put him in the cabbage or in jail.

On tour, few things are worse than "driving it in jail."

One of them is hitting it in the rivet, shafting it, or, as slim Gardner Dickinson puts it, hitting "a pitchout."

This, of course, is a reference to the dread shank. That's an evil word in the lexicon, explaining, no doubt, why he has found so many euphemisms for it.

No legitimate circuit professional would be callous enough to term a booming tee shot merely a good drive.

"I really flushed that one," is the way angular Al Balding expresses satisfaction with a drive.

"They used to 'hit them a ton,'" points out the astute Dickinson. "But links lingo has been corrupted by the space age. Now, they put 'em in orbit. And any big hitter is known as a Canaveral Kid."

On the circuit you never top a ball or shank it. You always cold top it or cold shank it.

If a player is liberally endowed with skill, he can finesse the ball out of a difficult lie. If he's a slick maneuverer, he can even "cut a little No. 4 iron in there." If he's lucky, he'll stone it (hit it very close to pinville).

Now, should the ball halt in clover or a fairly heavy lie, the player must worry about hitting a flier. A flier is a shot that takes off and travels farther than it should.

Fliers can wind up on the beach (in a trap) or in the frog hair (heavy grass bordering the green).

Should a flier miss the green by a goodly margin, it could come to rest on hard pan (bare, hard ground).

Hitting from hard pan, a player runs the risk of chilli-dipping (flubbing) the shot or sticking the club in the ground. Should he do either, he'll go for a bundle.

Let's assume the second misses the green. Now, our man has to chip it stiff for a par. If he doesn't, he can still bail out if he's a puttin' Jesse like Billy Casper, Jerry Barber, Dow Finsterwald or Bob Rosburg.

Any time these fellows drop a longish putt, it's a snake, gobbler or seagoer. Once in a while, just to prove they're human, they lip out.

On the carpets, the tourists fear yipping it, gassing it or choking.

Occasionally one of the boys won't pipeline enough tee shots and will hit too many seconds fat.

When this happens, he's headed for trombones (76) or, even worse, Sunset Strip (77).

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