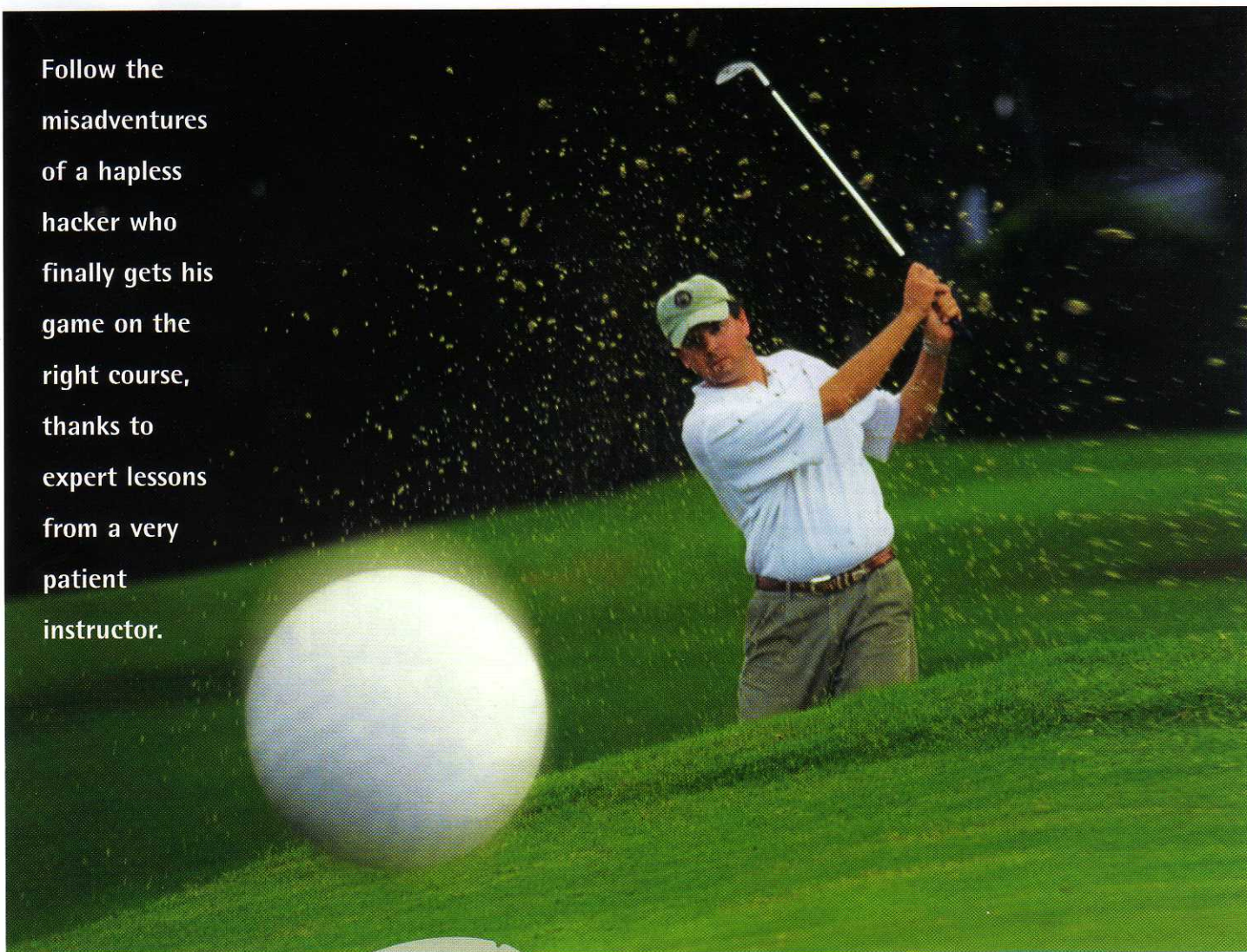


Follow the misadventures of a hapless hacker who finally gets his game on the right course, thanks to expert lessons from a very patient instructor.



## In the Swing

BY JASON DAVIS

For 36 years, I lived with a shameful secret. My closest friends and professional colleagues didn't know. I'm not even sure my wife knew.

I couldn't play golf.

Not very well, anyway.

Granted, this doesn't even register on the Richter scale of real problems, but it was troubling nevertheless. For starters, I live in Florida, where the golf ball is second only to mosquitoes on the list of things most often seen in the air. Second, I've spent much of my working life as a sportswriter, a profession that loves playing golf more than do doctors on a Wednesday afternoon. After turning down one too many golf junkets — one of the perks of the job — for fear of humiliating myself, I decided it finally was time to confront my demons.

It's often said that the first step to solving a problem is admitting you have one, so I sought professional help. And where else would one go to find a golf expert but to Ponte Vedra Beach, home of the PGA Tour?



