

André Tolmé Press Kit

Newspaper coverage (as of 7/21/04)

One man's mission in step with extreme game Albany Times Union, NY - 6 hours ago

... No matter what happens for the remainder of 2004, the golfer and the athlete of the year is Andre Tolme, a 35-year-old civil engineer from New Hampshire who is ...

In Mongolia, it's tough to read the greens properly Berkshire Eagle, MA - Jul 9, 2004

... But that may all be changing thanks to a 34-year-old civil engineer from Laconia, NH, by way of California, named Andre Tolme. Tolme ...

Golfing Across Mongolia Cybergolf National - Jul 7, 2004

... golf. With only a 3-iron in hand, Andre Tolme has divided Mongolia – a country twice the size of Texas – into 18 holes.

Golfer's hell--or heaven?

Chicago Tribune (subscription), IL - Jul 7, 2004

... all eternity. And if golfers go to hell, they may find themselves endlessly replicating the experience of Andre Tolme. He is playing ...

Picking winners ESpecially difficult

San Jose Mercury News (subscription), CA - Jul 8, 2004

...According to Dave Anderson in the New York Times, there's a 35-year-old American, Andre Tolme, currently playing on a 1,319-mile "course" across Mongolia. ...

Mongolian odyssey one giant steppe for golf

The Age, Australia - Jul 4, 2004

Andre Tolme, a civil engineer from New Hampshire in the US, is golfing across Mongolia. James Brooke reports.

Andre Tolme sized ...

American golfing across Mongolia

Arizona Republic, AZ - Jul 3, 2004

ARVAYHEER, Mongolia - Andre Tolme sized up the day's golfing terrain: thousands of yards of treeless steppe rolling toward a distant horizon. ...

A 2.3-million-yard par 11,880 across Mongolia

Taipei Times, Taiwan - Jul 4, 2004

Andre Tolme sized up the day's golfing terrain -- thousands of yards of treeless steppe rolling toward a distant horizon. Without ...

Golfing across Mongolia

Golfmagic.com - Jul 7, 2004

André Tolmé, a 37-year-old civil engineer from New Hampshire in the United States ... Mr Tolme told the New York Times: "You could just hit the ball forever here. ...

The New York Times

[from The New York Times - July 7, 2004]

The Golfer of the Year Is 135 Strokes Over Par

By DAVE ANDERSON

PHIL MICKELSON and Retief Goosen can forget about their chances of being the golfer of the year. Even if Tiger Woods suddenly finds more fairways in next week's British Open or next month's P.G.A. Championship, he can forget about it too. And all those gold-medal winners in next month's Olympics should forget about being the athlete of the year, along with whatever superstars emerge from other sports. No matter what happens for the remainder of 2004, the golfer and the athlete of the year is André Tolmé, a 35-year-old civil engineer from New Hampshire, who is spending two months this summer hitting a golf ball, actually hundreds of them, with his 3-iron across the treeless steppes of Mongolia, the small Asian nation landlocked between China and Russia. Rees Jones or Tom Fazio, two of the world's best golf architects, did not design Tolmé's course. God did. And God has not bothered to redesign it. Divided into Tolmé's version of 18 holes from one major Mongolian town to another, his course -- call it Steppes National -- stretches 1,319 miles, roughly the distance from New York to Oklahoma City. Tolmé's par is 11,880 strokes. The 13th hole is the longest, 112 miles with a par of 845; the third hole is the shortest, 35 miles with a par of 694. At last count, according to James Brooke's report Sunday in The New York Times, Tolmé had played 14 holes in 9,503 shots, 135 over par. On 6 of those 14 holes, Tolmé was under par. On the 35-mile third hole, he needed only 344 shots -- a dazzling 350 under par there. Woods has never been 350 under par on a hole. Neither has Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer, Tom Watson, Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, Sam Snead, Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen or Harry Vardon. Then again, none of those Hall of Fame golfers were ever 255 strokes over par on one hole, as Tolmé was on the 86-mile eighth. But that's golf, especially when you obey golf's first commandment. "You hit the ball, then you go and find it," Tolmé said. "Then you hit it again." When Tolmé is not swinging his 3-iron, he and his Mongolian caddie, Khatanbaatar, travel in a Russian jeep with water, food, a tent and, hopefully, enough cases of golf balls to stay the course. Through 14 holes, he had lost 441 balls. On any other course, that would be a bad rap on Khatanbaatar, but on Steppes National, it is, shall we say, par for the course. And for the sake of Tolmé's financial solvency when the best golf balls cost \$50 a dozen, it's to be hoped that an American golf ball manufacturer is providing his supply, if only for the advertising possibility: "Get the ball that soared 1,319 miles across Mongolia!" With the touring pros' whine of complaints at the United States Open last month still ringing through Shinnecock Hills, wouldn't you love to see the best professional golfers try to cope with the 1,319 miles of Steppes National, or even two or three of the holes? That would be a reality show more worthy of prime time than any network reality show. If the pros thought the wind on the final day of the Open turned Shinnecock's seventh green into linoleum when they were putting, how would they handle the wild wind that screeches across the Mongolian steppes? You might call Tolmé's adventure extreme golf, but shorter versions of it have always been played, beginning centuries ago when Scottish shepherds first swatted rocks. Dan Jenkins, the author and Golf Digest columnist, has often joked about the Goat Hills course that ran through his Fort Worth neighborhood in the years after World War II. It was about six blocks long, from the third tee of the old Worth Hills course down to the first hole of the Colonial Country Club. Jenkins recalled yesterday by telephone from his Fort Worth home. "It went through backyards and around fish ponds and had two routes. One went down Simondale to Colonial Parkway, the other down Alton Road to Colonial Parkway. The trick," he said, "was to hit your putter to keep your ball in the middle of the street so it wouldn't get into the gutters that led to the sewers where the ball would disappear. If you went the whole six blocks in 12 strokes, that was about as good as you could do. Some guys needed 30 or 40, and you watched everybody. 'Hey, you had three lost balls.'" Tolmé may inspire ESPN to add golf to its X Games, but it's doubtful you could lay out a 1,319-mile course anywhere in the United States. Too many trees, too many mountains, too many rivers, too many cities and towns. But maybe you could close Interstate 80 and see how long it would take Tiger Woods to play from New Jersey to California.

See how many golf balls he would lose, too.

Press Kit

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Press Release

For Immediate Release

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**ANDRÉ TOLMÉ FINISHES 290 OVER
PAR FOR MONGOLIA**

After 90 days golfing on the “links” of Mongolia, extreme golfer André Tolmé has finally finished his 2,322,000 yard course.

Tolmé ended his adventure with a 2 under par 506 on the 91,000-yard final hole, near the town of Khovd, in western Mongolia.

The 35-year old civil engineer from Northfield, New Hampshire called the final hole “my 18th green at Augusta.”

“I know I’ll never be a good enough golfer to add my name to the list of those who triumphed at the Master’s. But I know another thing. The list of those who have golfed across Mongolia is a very short list. As of now, there is only one name.”

Tolmé plans to return to the United States in about a week.

The total distance of his Mongolian golf course was 1,234 miles (1,985 km). It took Tolmé 12,170 shots to cover the total distance. He finished at 290 over par for the par 11,880 course.

Howling winds provided Tolmé’s biggest obstacle during his journey across the steppes of Mongolia.

Tolmé lost 509 balls over the 18 holes.

He traveled with his caddy Khatanbaatar in a jeep and slept in a tent most nights.

Andre’s web site is www.golfmongolia.com <<http://www.golfmongolia.com/>> It includes a complete diary of his adventure there.

You may use any two photographs from the site to illustrate the story.

Please credit André Tolmé; Golf Mongolia

For more information or to schedule an interview or appearance with André, contact David Bernknopf.

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Radio Appearances:

BBC Radio Five
Program "Up All Night"
July 21st, 2004



Link to BBC website archive of broadcast*:

http://www.bbc.co.uk/radio/noscript.shtml?http://www.bbc.co.uk/radio/aod/fivelive_aod.shtml?uan3

*Real Player archive



Golfer Returns from Playing Across Mongolia

All Things Considered audio

July 21, 2004

NPR's Melissa Block talks with Andre Tolme, a civil engineer from New Hampshire who, on July 10, finished an unusual cross-country trip across Mongolia: He golfed it. He divided the country into 18 holes, swung his club more than 12,000 times, and lost 509 golf balls.



André tees off



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[from The New York Times - July 4, 2004]

The New York Times

Golfing Mongolia: A 2.3-Million-Yard Par 11,880

By JAMES BROOKE

ARVAYHEER, Mongolia -- André Tolmé sized up the day's golfing terrain thousands of yards of treeless steppe rolling toward a distant horizon. Without a golfer to be seen for 100 miles around, he loosened up at his own pace, taking practice swings with a 3-iron. Then, with a powerful clockwise whirl and a satisfying swak! he sent the little white ball soaring far into the clear blue Mongolian sky. "I feel good about that shot," Mr. Tolmé said, intently tracking the ball until it disappeared from view. "You could just hit the ball forever here." In a sense, he is. This summer, Mr. Tolmé, a civil engineer from New Hampshire, is golfing across Mongolia. Treating this enormous Central Asian nation as his private course, he has divided Mongolia into 18 holes. The total fairway distance is 2,322,000 yards. Par is 11,880 strokes. "You hit the ball," he said, explaining his technique in a land without fences, a nation that is twice the size of Texas. "Then you go and find it. Then you hit it again. And again. And again." Moving across the rolling steppe, he is walking a route favored almost a millennium ago by Genghis Khan. The fairway may be something less than manicured, but to the north are Siberian forests and to the south is the Gobi Desert, one of the world's largest sand traps. With his caddy, Khatanbaatar, carrying water, food and a tent in a Russian jeep customized with an upholstery of hand-woven rugs, Mr. Tolmé teed off May 28 and calculates he will finish his game in the trading center of Dund-Uus, which is also known as Khovd, sometime around the end of July. That a lone American, armed only with a 3-iron and an easy, impish smile, can golf across Mongolia reflects several factors: the friendliness of largely Buddhist Mongolia to Americans; Mongolia's geography of vast expanses; and a new extreme golf movement that is prompting young Americans and Europeans to break way out of country clubs. For Mr. Tolmé, 35, it is also a summer adventure: a night listening to a chorus of howling wolves; standing dumbstruck as children race horses down the steppe toward him; enjoying the hospitality of the nomads, drinking fermented mare's milk inside a yurt; and watching as sheets of rain and lightning bolts march down the open plain. "Hey, I watched the movie 'Caddyshack,' I know to keep my club down when there is lightning around," he said. A few minutes later an early summer hailstorm struck, driving him into his jeep. To Mr. Khatanbaatar, Mr. Tolmé's golfing style is a bit of a mystery. "I don't know anything about golf, but what I saw on TV, they put the little ball in a little hole," said Mr. Khatanbaatar, a retired soldier who still wears camouflage military fatigues. Mr. Tolmé, who learned rudimentary Mongolian while golfing across the eastern half of the country last summer, explains that he considers each major town to be a golf hole. Pocketing the ball upon arrival, he walks through the town and then tees up on the other side. "I only use the tee when I start a hole," Mr. Tolmé said, adding that he plays by "winter rules because Mongolia can be often cold." Last summer, Mr. Tolmé teed off on June 5 in Choybal

san, an old Soviet Army garrison town in Mongolia's far east, facing the Chinese border. Fifty days and 352 lost balls later he surrendered to nettles and high weeds and halted his march in this interior town, his ninth hole, a place described in the Lonely Planet Mongolia guide as of "little interest" with "dreary hotels." But Arvayheer is about 100 miles west of Mongolia's geographical center, and Mr. Tolmé is confident that, about 5,000 strokes from now, he will putt his last ball into Dund-Uus, reaching a Western Mongolian destination popular with tourists for its deep lakes, high mountains and fast rivers. Guided by a hand-held Global Positioning System device, he expects to golf about 10 miles a day, skirting mountain ranges and passing sites like crumbling monasteries and a dinosaur bone quarry. Mr. Tolmé's only deadline is to beat the late July rains and the subsequent weed explosion. On the steppe, one of his greatest pleasures is meeting people. Alone under the big sky, chatting occasionally with sympathetic sheep, he now places a new value on human relations. "I am amazed at how easy it is to live very happily with very little, without gadgets and toys," he said as he bounced along a potholed road leading from Ulan Bator, the capital, to here for his second summer tee-off date. "When I meet people living in a yurt, simple homes in the countryside, they laugh, they joke, they all know how to have fun." Mr. Tolmé's Web site about his adventure - www.golfmongolia.com -- is filled with amiable encounters with nomads: a pair of teenage boys teaching him how to shear a sheep and how to hobble a horse; free golfing lessons that left a few more rock scratches on his 3-iron; and major drinking sessions that left everyone fast asleep in a cozy yurt. The human encounters, he said, more than made up for the flies, the blisters, the sunburn and the poisonous snake that once curled around a ball, protecting it as if it were an egg. "When I say I am American, the universal response is, 'Ah, American, very good country, we like Americans,'" he recalled. Part of the response is geopolitical. Treated as a colony of China for hundreds of years, Mongolia won its independence in 1911, only to fall a decade later under the Soviet orbit. Today, the Mongolian government cultivates friends beyond Russia and China. Many Mongolians are followers of Tibetan Buddhism, and suspicion of China is high. There are signs that Mongolians are awakening to their golf potential. Last year in Ulan Bator, the first golf course opened, complete with horse-mounted caddies who charge after balls, marking their locations with flags on arrows. Last month, the first indoor driving range opened, also in the capital, which was Mr. Tolmé's sixth hole. But, some argue, Mongolia could skip the country club phase of golfing, and embark directly on cross golfing, a populist new trend for hitting balls through unorthodox settings like city parks and streets. With an open, rolling countryside and fairways cut by roughly 30 million grazing animals, Mongolia is ideal for the casual backyard duffer. Here at a roadside yurt camp, a Mongolian man named Bayara looked at one of his five children preparing to take a hack at the ball and predicted, "Within a few years, these kids will probably be holding sticks of their own."

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TIMES ONLINE (The Times of London) - July 26, 2003
One steppe at a time for 1,300-mile golfer
by clem cecil

THE steppes of Mongolia were once the home of Genghis Khan and the ferocious Mongol Horde. Today, for an American named Andre Tolme, they are nothing but a giant golf course.

The 33-year-old engineer is about a third of the way through a quest to hit a golf ball right the way across the vast empty plains of a country the size of Western Europe.

For the past seven weeks he has been driving golf balls down the world's biggest fairway, past Mongolian yurts — nomadic tents — and herds of wild horses. To date he has taken 3,445 shots, covered about 716,949 yards and has lost 186 balls. He has reached what, by his reckoning, is the equivalent of hole six.

Mr Tolme, whose handicap is 15, mapped out his 1,320-mile round of golf after a visit to Mongolia two years ago when he decided it was the world's most naturally formed golf course. He left Los Angeles with 500 balls and two golf clubs at the end of May. He teed off on June 4 in the eastern settlement of Choybalsan, witnessed by a herd of grazing cows, from where it was 138,889 yards west to the first "hole". His course roughly follows the Kherlen River from east to west, passing through the capital, Ulan Bator.

Almost immediately Mr Tolme had his first encounter with "salikh", the Mongolian word for wind, which he describes on his internet journal on www.golfmongolia.com as "the golfer's worst enemy". The wind blows constantly on the steppe at a rate of 15 miles per hour. The lone golfer finds his way from hole to hole using a GPS receiver and a compass. He walked the first three holes, carrying all his equipment on his back, but taking the rucksack on and off began to take its toll.

"[As the weight takes its toll on me] I tend to hit poor golf shots, which means more lifting of the pack, more exhaustion, more poor golf shots, spiralling downward", he wrote in his first entry. A local craftsman made Mr Tolme a small cart for his equipment. He is carrying a 3 iron and a 4 iron — distance clubs suitable for hitting off grass.

By his second hole, Mr Tolme was already teaching local nomads how to swing the golf club. "I'm convinced its in their blood," he wrote, "Genghis must have been ferocious off the tee back in the day." Despite the wind, Mr Tolme believes Mongolia is the birthplace of golf. "Archaeologists recently uncovered human remains in Central Asia that were covered in Tartan plaid fabric. Do we really need more evidence than this?"

The horses, goats, and sheep keep the fairways mowed down to the perfect playable height. Every day is a sunny day and the marmot holes make perfect targets."

Marmots, carriers of bubonic plague, are but one danger that the lone golfer faces every day. There are four types of poisonous snake and swarms of flies and mosquitoes to which Mr Tolme has developed a Zen-like approach. "I just ignore them no matter how many are covering my face, head, backpack or golf club." He does not have the energy to battle with flies, concentrating on the next shot, the next hole, the missing ball, or his emptying flask of water.

Golf, not the most strenuous of sports when played in a country club with caddies, is less of a pleasure when played alone in Mongolia. The sun beats down, the wind lashes and there is a constant danger of water shortage. Online, Mr Tolme complains of everworsening blisters, and a pain radiating from his neck into his shoulders. He is often invited into yurts to drink hot milky tea, or sometimes vodka. This impairs his golf, but is impossible to refuse.

Luckily he is not fussy about what he eats. He is living on a high-calorie diet of mutton, mutton fat and sheep's milk, mostly provided by nomads he meets en route. By hole five, Mr Tolme was losing fewer balls. "I mark the line like a labrador retriever and then count my steps," he writes. Supporters of Golf Mongolia can sponsor a golf ball at \$25 (£15.60) a time. At his present rate he should reach the 18th hole — 2,322,000 yards from the start near the Chinese border — sometime in October, provided he successfully avoids the world's largest bunker, the Gobi desert.

In Colorado yesterday, Mr Tolme's older brother Paul described Golf Mongolia as "an enlightened excuse to walk across Mongolia". He said that his brother was unfazed by playing alone, and he described him as "fearless and extremely gregarious". Despite limited knowledge of Mongolian, Mr Tolme has learnt how to hobble a horse and shear sheep in exchange for teaching locals golf.

He is now looking for a caddy.

Mongolian facts and figures:

- Mongolia is about three times the size of France
- It has a human population of 2.6 million but more than 30 million livestock
- 40 per cent of the population is nomadic
- The average altitude in Mongolia is 1,580 metres, the highest point is 4,370 metres above sea level
- With 100 per cent of property occupied by its owners, Mongolia has the world's highest percentage of private housing
- Taiwan officially considers Mongolia to be part of its territory
- The gerbil originated in Mongolia
- Menk Batere, who comes from Chinese Inner Mongolia, plays basketball with the Denver Nuggets

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The Concord (NH) Monitor

Northfield / Mongolia

The golf course of his imagination
Granite Stater golfs across land of Khan
By MELANIE ASMAR
Monitor staff

July 22, 2004 8:00AM

With 90 total days of mutton dumpling soup and howling winds behind him, Andre Tolme swung his golf club for the 12,170th time in Mongolia on July 10, completing the vast 18-hole course he mapped out over the dusty steppes- 290 over par.

"You can play golf anywhere," Tolme said via phone from the capital city of Ulaan Baatar yesterday. "And now I know you can play across an entire country."

Tolme is a 35-year-old civil engineer from Northfield. He departed America for the land of Genghis Khan last May with the goal of walking 1,300 miles across the terrain of Mongolia, golfing all the way. The idea was hatched over a two-week trip he took to the country in September 2001. Tolme always an adventurer and an avid golfer since age 10 - fell in love with Mongolia over those 14 days and decided to fuse his two passions into one project: "Golf Mongolia."

"Some days were really wonderful, and other days, I put myself through hardship," Tolme said of his expedition. "But now I know every step of the countryside from east to west. I know the terrain and the weather. I can identify sheep dung, cow dung and camel dung. I know which places have more yaks than cows and which places have more cows than yaks. Those experiences are what I'll carry with me."

Because of the weather conditions, Tolme had only a three-month window to golf each year. He completed the first nine holes in the summer of 2003, spent the winter in Russia and polished off the last nine over the last two months. When he reached the end of his trek near the western town of Khovd 12 days ago, Tolme said, only one thought occurred to him: What the heck am I going to do tomorrow?

Tolme's most recent stint in Mongolia was 44 days of waking up under a burning sun, making himself a cup of tea and then walking 16 miles a day with a club in his hand and not a lick of shade in sight, hitting a golf ball as he went. At night, he and his caddy, Khatanbaatar, would stop and set up their tent. Tolme said they ate noodles, rice, potatoes and canned meat for dinner. Occasionally, he would come across a Mongolian family in a round, felt tent known as a ger, and the family would invite him in, slaughter a goat to eat and ask him why he wasn't married yet.

"It was a cross-cultural experience," Tolme said. "They would ask lots of questions about my country, my family. I also shared my world with them. It went both ways."

Though Tolme said he had no problem learning the language of Mongolia, he did have trouble communicating to the natives what he was doing there. There is no word for "golf" in Mongolia. And most of them just thought he was crazy for walking around in the hot sun. But whenever he came across a group of Mongolians out on "the links," Tolme said, the proud and capable people were eager to grip a three-iron and give the strange game a shot.

"They always wanted to put the ball on top of a rock," Tolme said. "Without exception, I'd hand them a club and they'd look for a rock. I'd say, 'No, find the grass. The ball will go farther and my club will survive.'"

Tolme said he did encounter a few Mongolian University students who had heard of the game or seen it on television. The children he met, on the other hand, seemed to think it was a giant game of fetch.

"The kids wanted to watch me hit it and then they'd go running after the ball, bring it back and shout 'Hit it again, hit it again!' They were captured by the game. If somebody could teach these kids how to golf, a Mongolian might be the next Tiger Woods."

Tolme left behind 509 lost golf balls in the flat terrain of Mongolia and all he took with him was a handful of rocks. A geology buff, Tolme said the little green, red and purple souvenirs are not as valuable to him as the memories of the people he met there.

"I've learned that life can be very simple," he said.

Now resting at a friend's house in the capital city, Tolme said he'll return to the United States in about a week. He plans on spending time in Los Angeles, New York City and Atlanta, making his rounds on the talk-show circuit. He said he hopes to swing through Northfield soon, indulge in the pizza and beer he's been craving and watch a Red Sox game on TV.

The American indulgences will be a much-needed departure from the fat-laden fried mutton and constant walking of the past month and a half.

"I've been all over the world and New Hampshire is a place I really love and it will always be a part of me," he said.

Tolme also has plans to write a book about his Mongolian golfing experience. He said he will draw mostly from the trip diary he kept on www.golfmongolia.com, for which he transmitted entries via phone or Internet whenever available. When the hype dies down, Tolme said, he has a few other ideas that just might top Golf Mongolia. In the meantime, he'll be framing the three-iron that accompanied him 1,234 miles across the country.

"I'll probably never use that club again," Tolme said.

(Melanie Asmar can be reached at 528-2027 or by e-mail at masmar@cmonitor.com.)

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André Tolmé Press Kit Pg.6

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July 7, 2004 Wednesday
Chicago Final Edition
Golfer's hell--or heaven?

If gourmets go to hell, they may find themselves eating TV dinners for all eternity. And if golfers go to hell, they may find themselves endlessly replicating the experience of Andre Tolme. He is playing golf across Mongolia--and we don't mean on golf courses across Mongolia. No, Tolme chose to spend two full months hacking his way from one end of the country to the other, over steppes once trampled by Genghis Khan and his marauding hordes. With only a 3-iron, he is playing a self-invented course long enough to intimidate John Daly--2,322,000 yards, or more than 1,300 miles.

As he explains on his Web site, golfmongolia.com, the 35-year-old New Hampshire native wants to raise awareness of Mongolia in the West, while promoting the nascent sport of extreme golf.

This is golf without the usual accompaniments. There are no big-name course designers. There are no manicured fairways. There is no pro shop, no putting green, no driving range, no bar at the 19th hole. For that matter, there are no holes at all. Tolme starts each "hole" at the edge of a town and hits until he reaches the next town, at which point he picks up his ball, heads through the town, and starts a new hole on the other side. At the end of each day, he pitches a tent and cooks the food his caddy hauls in a Russian utility vehicle.

As if what he's missing weren't bad enough, what he has may be worse. He endures violent weather, including rain, hail and lightning. Wolves roam the area, along with rodents that are known to carry bubonic plague. He has to keep an eye out for venomous snakes, one of which he found coiled snugly around his ball. Adult liquid refreshment tends to come in the form of fermented mare's milk. Summarizing his typical day, Tolme sounds like one of the tormented souls in Dante's "Inferno": "You hit the ball," he told The New York Times. "Then you go and find it. Then you hit it again. And again. And again." Actually, that sounds like what most golfers do every weekend. And the average duffer might find a lot to like in Tolme's version of the game. You don't have to pay club dues or greens fees. Your tee time is whenever you feel like starting. No impatient foursomes will demand to play through.

You get to take a preferred lie on every shot. You don't have to worry about landing in the rough, because there's nothing else. And you can dispense with that tedious obligation of coaxing your ball into a tiny tin cup, which has ruined so many otherwise pleasant afternoons.

But the best thing? Par. It's 11,880.

International Interest:

Golf Européen (France)
Time magazine for Kids (USA)
Der Spiegel (Germany)
Total Golf (Britain)
NPR
BBC Radio