

With pants like that, he'd better carry a big club

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

What the hell are Siegfried and Roy doing in that water hole?

The lowdown: Visitors to Vegas are so busy drooling over the beautiful women, the blackjack tables, and the beautiful women, they often overlook its other assets, like, um—what were we talking about again? Oh yeah, golf. The region's daily-fee golf courses consistently rank high in *Golf* magazine's best-in-the-country lists. And the *Easy Rider* land begs to be explored on four rugged wheels.

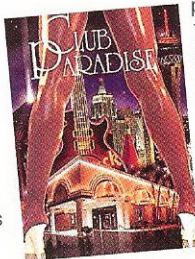
Golf o' the gods: The public jewel of the desert is the Jack Nicklaus-designed Reflection Bay Golf Club (702-740-4653) at the Lake Las Vegas Resort; the arduous course features a 40-foot waterfall and a 320-acre lake that sucks in balls from a third of the holes.

Where else to play: The Royal Links (702-450-8123) was constructed—in true Vegas copycat style—to look like a Scottish

links course, complete with sandy soil and a heatherlike rough (but minus the haggis cart), with holes designed after ones on British Open courses; the pro shop even resembles an ancient European castle. If the poker table's paying off, book a \$630-a-night (single occupancy) room at Bellagio (702-693-7111) to gain private access to Shadow Creek Golf Club, ranked 20th in the U.S. by *Golf Digest*.

Test your cojones on: The 455-yard par-4 sixth at Reflection Bay. What with the canyon running down the right side, most players bail left of the pencil-necked fairway, into the desert that coyotes call home.

Anti-golf activity: Take a break from the tables and go off-roading in a fully equipped Hummer. For \$100 a head, Desert Fox Tours (702-798-4866) will pick you up at your hotel—in the Hummer, six to a truck—to take you on a

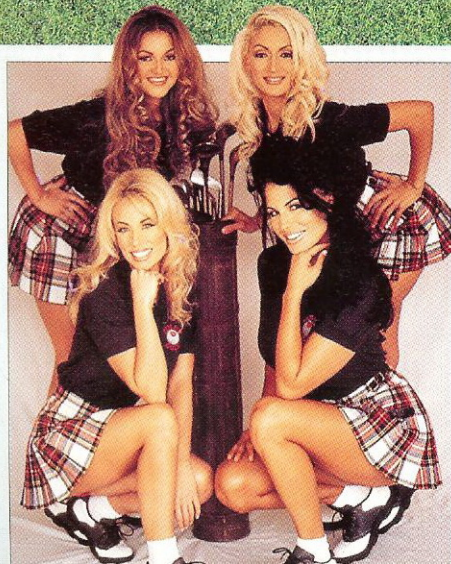


hill-climbing, sand-blasting three-hour expedition through Red Rock Canyon. To mainline adrenaline, try the SkyScreamer at the MGM Grand Adventure theme park (702-891-1111) a \$35 trip 250 feet into the air that drops you into a 70 mile-per-hour vomit-inducing free fall. **Drink up:** Well, duh—where can't you drink this town? If the dice aren't rolling your way, catch some tunes at the House of Blues at Mandalay Bay, or The Joint at the Hard Rock Hotel (702-693-5000). If you've won big, settle in at strip club *extraordinaire* Club Paradise (702-734-7990), across from the Hard Rock. **Chow down:** The perfect place for feeding model—or your own gob—is Nobu (702-693-5090), one of the latest branches of New York's famed sushi restaurant. Meat eaters can feast on the best porterhouse in town (\$24) at the All-American Bar & Grille at the Rio (702-252-7767), or if you're down-and-out, you can survive on low-budget In-N-Out burgers. **Where to stay:** If you want to be close to the golf, The Lake Las Vegas Resort (800-564-1603) is on the same property as Reflection Bay, about 17 miles south of the Strip. If you want to be close to the action, stay in a casino hotel (www.vegas.com/resorts lists 'em all); many offer golf packages.

Stripper tip: "If you're looking for a good dance," offers Dakota, a serpentine exotic dancer from Club Paradise, "undo a few of those buttons on your shirt and let the girls play. They like to see some skin, too."



No, I said, let's go play the slots



These beautiful women are happy to host your next tournament.

Why hire a pimply adolescent to caddy your next tournament, when you can get a leggy blonde bombshell for just six times the price? Pin-Up Golf girls, a year-old California company founded by Miss Budweiser circa 1998 Jennifer Pennington, employs eight aspiring "actresses, models, and singers" trained in golf etiquette to enhance your game—not to mention the scenery. "We're not bimbos hanging out on the courses," says the Bud gal reassuringly. For about \$300 a girl (minimum two girls—who's complaining?), the Pin-Ups arrive uniformed in formfitting sweaters, thigh-high authentic Scottish kilts, bobby socks, and golf shoes (sweet Jesus!); they'll drive beverage

They'll carry the clubs. The balls are your responsibility

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carts, run contests, hand out clubs, keep score—and offer calendars customized with the name, date, and location of your tournament. They'll go anywhere, as long as you foot the bill: "Have kilt, will travel," says Pennington. But will they shoulder a bag? "Definitely! We just haven't been asked to yet." That's because, in their presence, no man can form coherent sentences. (888-849-3004; www.pinupgolf.com) —Laurina Gibbs

