



Bob's new film, "The Facts of Life," proves his humor, like his game, is always unique.

## My Favorite Golf Jokes

(Continued)

ahead, calling for a change of clubs, resetting the ball on the tee, and stopping to scrape some loose earth from the driving mat, he was finally ready.

Stepping up to the ball, he swung and missed. Once again he swung and missed. At the third try, also unsuccessful, he didn't blow his top. On the contrary, he looked at the gallery with a cheerful smile and said: "Tough course, isn't it?"

Finally, like everything else, golf jokes have their place. It's hard for an enthusiast to accept, but there are a great many people who don't understand or like the sport. It's another reason to size up the crowd before you launch into a routine based solely on a view from your caddy cart.

Some classic advice on the proper place of golf is credited to Edward Cardinal Mooney, archbishop of Detroit: "If your score is over 100, you are neglecting your golf," he told a young priest. "If it falls below 90, you are neglecting your church."

Though golf is considered good medicine, few sportsmen follow the prescription. When the caddy hands them the score card, how many wave him away with: "I play for relaxation."

This is where a good comic sense comes in. There's nothing like a good punch line to relax you and release tension. Here are my favorite golf stories; judge carefully when to tell them, and you might well be the Sammy Sneed of the locker room.

An up-and-coming young Hollywood actor was so proud of his game that he insisted his agent should come to the golf course just to see him play. When the agent reluctantly agreed, the actor couldn't wait to get started.

Before he teed off, however, he took his partner aside. "Please be very quiet, will you?" he said. "I want to make a

great drive today. See that man standing way down there watching? That's my agent!"

His opponent took a look and frowned. "I wouldn't count on it if I were you," he said. "You can't possibly

expect to hit him at 250 yards."

One of my favorite golf stories is the one about the two magicians who were playing a round. The first stepped up

to the tee, swung, and made a hole in one. Then the second magician stepped up and did the same thing. Silently they walked to the green and took their balls out of the cup.

Then one said to the other: "What do

you say we cut out the magic stuff and play a little golf?"

The urgent voice at the other end of the telephone cried: "Doctor, please

come quickly. We were in the backyard when my little boy swallowed all my golf tees!"

"I'll be right there, Mr. Mason," the doctor answered, then he added: "What are you doing in the meantime?"

"Oh," said the golfing father, "I'll just practice putting till you get here."

Censure being an integral part of a caddy's make-up, the stories about a



"Post Toasties are the corn flakes crackling with fresh corn flavor. They're just a little bit better!"

DANNY THOMAS  
Star of the Danny Thomas Show, CBS-TV



caddy's reaction to a golfer's deficiencies are legion. Sarcasm is usually at its most biting in and around a sand trap—like this one:

After raising a small Sahara and still not getting anywhere, the young player said cheerfully: "Funny game, golf."

"It isn't meant to be," said the caddy.

Yes, caddy jokes come by the bagful and what makes them interesting is that they're sometimes true. I like the one about the player who labors long and painfully at each hole until, halfway through the game, the caddy throws himself on the ground and closes his eyes.

"Tired?" asked the player solicitously. "Not with carrying," said the caddy, sleepily. "Just with counting."

Complacency is the outward armor that most inferior golfers wear—a characteristic the caddy can recognize with his eyes closed. Take, for instance, the golfer who carefully tees his ball, looks away to the next green, and announces confidently: "That's good for one long drive and a putt."

Swinging the driver, he dislodges a pound of sod and moves the ball just three feet.

Small wonder then, that the caddy quickly hands him a putter and suggests: "Now for one heck of a putt!"

When it comes to women and golf, their unfaltering assurance is that if men can do it, it must be easy.

An example of this touching feminine ignorance occurred when two women approached the golf pro at one of the better country clubs.

"Would you like to sign up for some golf lessons?" he asked one of them.

"Oh, no, it's my friend here who wants to learn," was the serious reply. "I learned yesterday."

Mother happened to be the golfer in the family, and eventually her pretty teen-age daughter was persuaded to take up the game. When Father was called upon to pay for upcoming dues, he asked how Margie was doing.

"Oh, Margie's going around in less and less every week," said Mother.

"That I can understand," said Father. "But how's her score?"

In the over-all analysis of woman's place on the golf course, it would not be out of place to recall one story of player versus caddy. He had been so free with his remarks that the lady golfer couldn't stand it any longer.

At the fifth hole, she exploded: "If you don't keep your big mouth shut, you'll drive me out of my mind."

"That ain't no drive, ma'am," said the caddy. "That's a short putt."