

JOKES ALL ABOUT GOLF

"Lucy, shut up" cried the golfer at his nagging wife. "Shut up or you'll drive me out of my mind."

"That," Lucy retorted, "wouldn't be a drive - that would be a gimme putt."

The duffer muffed his tee shot into the woods, hit into a few trees, and then proceeded to hit across the fairway into another woods. Finally, after banging away several more times, he proceeded to hit into a sand trap. All the while noticing that the club professional had been watching. "What club should I use now?" he asked the pro.

"I don't know," the pro replied. "It depends on what game are you playing?"

ONLY A TRUE GOLFER WILL UNDERSTAND THIS ...

Don't buy a putter until you've had a chance to throw it.

Never try to keep more than 300 separate thoughts in your mind during your swing.

When your shot has to carry over a water hazard, you can either hit one more club or two more balls.

If you're afraid a full shot might reach the green while the foursome ahead of you is still putting out, you have two options: you can immediately shank a lay-up or you can wait until the green is clear and top a ball halfway there.

The less skilled the player, the more likely he is to share his ideas about the golf swing.

No matter how bad you are playing, it is always possible to play worse.

Everyone replaces his divot after a perfect approach shot.

A golf match is a test of your skill against your opponents' luck.

It is surprisingly easy to hole a fifty foot putt .. for a 10.

Nonchalant putts count the same as chalant putts.

It's not a gimme if you're still away.

The shortest distance between any two points on a golf course is a straight line that passes directly through the center of a very large tree.

There are two kinds of bounces; unfair bounces and bounces just the way you meant to play it.

You can hit a two acre fairway 10% of the time and a two inch branch 90% of the time.

If you really want to get better at golf, go back and take it up at a much earlier age.

Since bad shots come in groups of three, a fourth bad shot is actually the beginning of the next group of three.

Every time a golfer makes a birdie, he must subsequently make two triple bogeys to restore the fundamental equilibrium of the universe.

To calculate the speed of a player's downswing, multiply the speed of his back-swing by his handicap; i.e., back-swing 20 mph, handicap 15, downswing = 300 mph.

There are two things you can learn by stopping your back-swing at the top and checking the position of your hands: how many hands you have, and which one is wearing the glove.

Hazards attract; fairways repel.

You can put a draw on the ball, you can put a fade on the ball, but no golfer can put a straight on the ball.

A ball you can see in the rough from 50 yards away is not yours.

If there is a ball on the fringe and a ball in the bunker, your ball is in the bunker. If both balls are in the bunker, yours is in the footprint

It's easier to get up at 6:00 AM to play golf than at 10:00 to mow the yard

A good drive on the 18th hole has stopped many a golfer from giving up the game.

Golf is the perfect thing to do on Sunday because you always end up having to pray a lot.

A good golf partner is one who's always slightly worse than you are...that's why I get so many calls to play with friends.

That rake by the sand trap is there for golfers who feel guilty about skipping out on lawn work.

If there's a storm rolling in, you'll be having the game of your life.

Golf balls are like eggs. They're white. They're sold by the dozen. And you need to buy fresh ones each week.

A pro-shop gets its name from the fact that you have to have the income of a professional golfer to buy anything in there.

It's amazing how a golfer who never helps out around the house will replace his divots, repair his ball marks, and rake his sand traps.

If your opponent has trouble remembering whether he shot a six or a seven, he probably shot an eight (or worse).

You probably wouldn't look good in a green jacket anyway! A sweatshirt will do just fine.

It takes longer to learn to be a good golfer than it does to become a brain surgeon.

On the other hand, you don't get to ride around on a cart, drink beer, eat hot dogs and fart if you are performing brain surgery.

Importance of being truthful about your Golf handicap...

A businessman was attending a conference in Africa . He had a free day and wanted to play a round of golf and was directed to a golf course in the nearby jungle. After a short journey, he arrived at the course and asked the pro if he could get on..

"Sure," said the Pro, "What's your handicap?"

Not wanting to admit that he had an 18 handicap, he decided to cut it a bit.

"Well, its 16," said the businessman, "But what's the relevance since I'll be playing alone?"

"It's very important for us to know," said the pro, who then called a caddy.

"Go out with this gentleman," said the pro, "his handicap is 16."

The businessman was very surprised at this constant reference to his handicap.

The caddy picked up the businessman' s bag and a large rifle; again the businessman was surprised but decided to ask no questions.

They arrived on the 1st hole, a par 4.

"It's wise to avoid those trees on the left," said the caddy.

Needless to say, the businessman duck-hooked his ball into the trees. He found his ball and was about to punch it out when he heard the loud crack of the rifle and a large snake fell dead from a tree above his head. The caddy stood next to him with the rifle smoking in his hand.

"That's the Black Mamba, the most poisonous snake in all Africa . You're lucky I was here with you."

After taking a bogey, they moved to the 2nd hole, a par 5.

"Good to avoid those bushes on the right," says the caddy.

Of course, the businessman's ball went straight into the bushes. As he went to pick up his ball, he heard the loud crack of the caddy's rifle once more, and a huge lion fell dead at his feet.

"I've saved your life again," said the caddy.

The 3rd hole was a par 3 with a lake in front of the green. The businessman's ball came up just short of the green and rolled back to the edge of the water.

To take a shot, he had to stand with one foot in the lake. As he was about to swing, a large crocodile emerged from the water and bit off much of his right leg.

As he fell to the ground bleeding and in great pain, he saw the caddy with the rifle propped at his side, looking on unconcernedly.

"Why didn't you kill it?" asked the man incredulously.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the caddy. "This is the 17th handicap hole. You don't get a shot here."

And that, my golfing friends, is why you should never lie about your handicap!

A Golf Story

Sam stood over his tee shot on the 450 yard 18th hole for what seemed an eternity. He waggled, looked up, looked down, waggled again, but didn't start his back swing..

Finally his exasperated partner asked, 'What in the world is taking so long?'

'My wife is watching me from the clubhouse balcony,' Sam explained. 'I want to make a perfect shot.'

His companion said, 'You don't have a chance in hell of hitting her from here.'

A crusty old golfer comes in from a round of golf at a new course and heads into the grill room. As he passes through the swinging doors he sees a sign hanging over the bar :

**COLD BEER: \$2.00
HAMBURGER: \$2.25
CHEESEBURGER: \$2.50
CHICKEN SANDWICH : \$3.50
HAND JOB: \$50.00**

Checking his wallet to be sure he has the necessary payment, the old golfer walks up to the bar and beckons to the exceptionally attractive female bartender who is serving drinks to a couple of sun-wrinkled golfers. She glides down behind the bar to the old golfer.

"Yes?" she inquires with a wide, knowing smile, "May I help you?"

The old golfer leans over the bar and whispers, "I was wondering, young lady," he whispers, "are you the one who gives the hand-jobs?"

She looks into his eyes with that wide smile and purrs: "Yes Sir , I sure am."

The old golfer leans closer and into her left ear and says softly, "Well, wash your hands real freakin good because I want a cheeseburger."

A man is watching a game of golf on TV, But he keeps switching channels to a dirty movie featuring a lusty couple having raucous sex.

"I don't know whether to watch them or the game", he says to his wife.

**"For Heaven's sake, watch them," his wife says.
"You already know how to play golf !!!**

**These greens are so fast I have to hold my putter over the ball
and hit it with the shadow.**

~ Sam Snead

A hungry dog hunts best.

~ Lee Trevino

You can talk to a fade but a hook won't listen.

~ Lee Trevino

**I was three over. One over a house, one over a patio, and one
over a swimming pool.**

~ George Brett

**Actually, the only time I ever took out a one-iron was to kill a
tarantula...**

And I took a 7 to do that.

~ Jim Murray

The only sure rule in golf is -

he who has the fastest cart never has to play the bad lie.

~ Mickey Mantle

**Sex and golf are the two things you can enjoy,
even if you're not good at them**

~ Kevin Costner

I don't fear death, but I sure don't like those three-footers for par.

~ Chi Chi Rodriguez

**After all these years, it's still embarrassing for me to play on
the *American* golf tour. Like the time I asked my caddie for a
sand wedge and he came back ten minutes later with a ham on
rye.**

~ Chi Chi Rodriguez

**The ball retriever is not long enough to get my putter out of the
tree.**

~ Brian Weis

Swing hard in case you hit it.

~ *Dan Marino*

**My favorite shots are the practice swing and the conceded putt.
The rest can never be mastered.**

~ *Lord Robertson*

**Give me golf clubs, fresh air and a beautiful partner,
and you can keep the clubs and the fresh air.**

~ *Jack Benny*

**There is no similarity between golf and putting; they are two
different games, one's played in the air, and the other on the
ground.**

~ *Ben Hogan*

**Professional golf is the only sport where, if you win 20% of the
time,
you're the best.**

~ *Jack Nicklaus*

**The uglier a man's legs are, the better he plays golf. It's almost a
law.**

~ *H G Wells*

**I never pray on a golf course. Actually, the Lord answers my
prayers everywhere except on the course.**

~ *Billy Graham*

**If you watch a game, it's fun. If you play at it, it's recreation.
If you work at it, it's golf.**

~ *Bob Hope*

While playing golf today I hit two good balls. I stepped on a rake.

~ *Henny Youngman*

**If you think it's hard to meet new people, try picking up the
wrong golf ball.**

~ *Jack Lemmon*

**You can make a lot of money in this game. Just ask my ex-
wives.**

Both of them are so rich that neither of their husbands work.

~ Lee Trevino

**I'm not saying my golf game went bad,
but if I grew tomatoes, they'd come up sliced.**

~ Lee Trevino

Subject: Stranded

One day this guy, who has been stranded on a desert island all-alone for ten years, sees an unusual speck on the horizon.

"It's certainly not a ship," he thinks to himself. As the speck gets closer and closer, he begins to rule out the possibilities of a small boat, then even a raft. Suddenly, emerging from the surf comes this drop-dead gorgeous blonde woman wearing a wetsuit and scuba gear. She approaches the stunned guy and says to him, "Tell me, how long has it been since you've had a cigarette?"

"Ten years" replies the stunned man. With that, she reaches over and unzips a waterproof pocket on her left sleeve and pulls out a pack of fresh cigarettes. He takes one, lights it and takes a long drag and says," Man oh man! Is that ever good!"

"And how long has it been since you've had sip of bourbon?" she asks him. Trembling, the castaway replies: "Ten years!" She reaches over, unzips her waterproof pocket on her right sleeve and pulls out a flask and hands it to him. He opens the flask, takes a long swig and says! "Wow, that's absolutely fantastic!"

She slowly unzipping the long zipper that runs down the front of her wetsuit, looks at him seductively and asks," And how long has it been since you've played around?" With tears in his eyes the guy falls to his knees and says. "Oh sweet Jesus! Don't tell me you've got golf clubs in there too!"

Harmless looking little sphere!

IN MY HAND I HOLD A BALL,
WHITE AND DIMPLED, RATHER SMALL.
OH, HOW BLAND IT DOES APPEAR,
THIS HARMLESS LOOKING LITTLE SPHERE

BY IT'S SIZE I COULD NOT GUESS,
THE AWESOME STRENGTH IT DOES POSSESS.
BUT SINCE I FELL BENEATH ITS SPELL,
I'VE WANDERED THROUGH THE FIRES OF HELL.

MY LIFE HAS NOT BEEN QUITE THE SAME,
SINCE I CHOSE TO PLAY THIS GAME.
IT RULES MY MIND FOR HOURS ON END,
A FORTUNE IT HAS MADE ME SPEND.

IT HAS MADE ME CURSE AND CRY,
I HATE MYSELF AND WANT TO DIE.
IT PROMISES A THING CALLED PAR,
IF I CAN HIT IT STRAIGHT AND FAR.

TO MASTER SUCH A TINY BALL,
SHOULD NOT BE VERY HARD AT ALL.
BUT MY DESIRES THE BALL REFUSES,
AND DOES EXACTLY AS IT CHOOSES.

IT HOOKS AND SLICES, DRIBBLES AND DIES,
OR DISAPPEARS RIGHT BEFORE MY EYES.
OFTEN IT WILL HAVE A WHIM,
TO HIT A TREE OR TAKE A SWIM.

WITH MILES OF GRASS ON WHICH TO LAND,
IT FINDS A TINY PATCH OF SAND.
THEN HAS ME OFFERING UP MY SOUL,
IF ONLY IT WOULD FIND THE HOLE.

IT'S MADE ME WHIMPER LIKE A PUP,
AND SWEAR THAT I WILL GIVE IT UP.
AND TAKE TO DRINK TO EASE MY SORROW,
BUT THE BALL KNOWS...
I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW!

A golfer hits a wicked slice off the tee that ricochets through the trees and into the next fairway narrowly missing another golfer.

When the first golfer gets to his ball he is greeted by his unintended victim who angrily tells him of the near miss.

"I'm sorry, I didn't have time to yell fore," says the first golfer.

"That's funny" replies the second, "you had plenty of time to yell 'S#*T!'"

A man goes into a bar for a cold beer. He is sitting next to a nice looking lady and a conversation ensues. "So what's your name" he asks her.

"Carmen" she says. "It used to be Mary Lou, but since I love cars and men, I changed it to Carmen."

"That's a pretty cool idea" the man replies.

The young gal says to him, "So what's your name?"

He thinks for a few seconds and says "Beergolf."

Two long time golfers were standing at the 3rd tee overlooking the river. One golfer looked to the other and said, "Look at those idiots fishin' in the rain."

A businessman was attending a Conference in Africa. He had a free day and wanted to play a round of Golf. He asked whether there was any course in the vicinity and was directed to one in the jungle. After a short journey, he arrived at the Course and advised the Pro that he wanted to play 18 holes.

"Sure," said the Pro, "What's your Handicap?"

"Well, it's 14," said the Businessman, "But I don't see the relevance since I shall be playing alone."

"No, it's very important for us to know," said the Pro. The Pro then called a Caddy. "Go out with this Gentleman," said the Pro, "his handicap is 14."

The businessman was very surprised at this constant reference to his handicap. However, he paid it no more attention. The Caddy picked up the businessman's bag and a large Rifle which he slung over his shoulder. Again the businessman was surprised but decided to ask no questions.

They arrived on the 1st Hole, a Par 4. "Please avoid those trees on the left," said the Caddy. Needless to say, the businessman duck hooked his ball into the trees. He found his ball and was about to punch it out when he heard the loud crack of the rifle and a large snake fell dead from a tree above his head. The caddy stood next to him with the rifle smoking in his hand. "That's the most poisonous snake in all Africa," said the caddy, "you're lucky I was here with you."

After taking a bogey on the hole, they moved to the 2nd, a Par 5. "Avoid those bushes on the right," says the caddy. Of course, the businessman's ball went slicing away into the bushes. As he went to pick up his ball, he heard the loud crack of the caddy's rifle once more and a huge lion fell dead at his feet. "I've saved your life again," said the caddy.

The 3rd hole was a Par 3 with a lake in front of the Green. The businessman's ball came up just short of the green and rolled back to the edge of the lake. He had a shot. However, he had to place one foot next to the lake edge to be able to play. As he was about to chip the ball on to the green, a large crocodile emerged from the water and bit off his right leg. As he fell to the ground, he saw the caddy with the rifle propped at his side looking on unconcernedly. "Why didn't you shoot it?" cried the man, writhing in pain. "I'm sorry, Sir," said the caddy, "this is the 17th handicap hole, you don't get a shot here."

Stevie Wonder and Tiger Woods are in a bar. Woods turns to Wonder and says, "How is the singing career going?"

Stevie Wonder replies, "Not too bad! How's the golf?"

Woods replies, "Not too bad, I've had some problems with my

swing, but I think I've got that right now."

Stevie Wonder says, "I always find that when my swing goes wrong, I need to > stop playing for a while and not think about it. Then, the next time I play, it seems to be all right."

Tiger Woods says, "You play golf?"

Stevie Wonder says, "Oh, yes, I've been playing for years."

And Woods says, "But, you're blind. How can you play golf if you're blind?"

Wonder replies, "I get my caddy to stand in the middle of the fairway and call to me. I listen for the sound of his voice and play the ball towards him. Then, when I get to where the ball lands, the caddy moves to the green or farther down the fairway and again I play the ball towards his voice."

"But, how do you putt?", asks Woods.

"Well," says Stevie, "I get my caddy to lean down in front of the hole and call to me with his head on the ground and I just play the ball towards his voice."

Woods asks, "What's your handicap?"

Stevie says, "Well, I'm a scratch golfer."

Woods, incredulous, says to Stevie, "We've got to play a round sometime."

Wonder replies, "Well, people don't take me seriously, so I only play for money, and never play for less than \$10,000 a hole."

Woods thinks about it and says, "OK, I'm game for that, when would you like to play?"

Stevie says, "Pick a night!"

Two friends are playing golf together. One of them has landed on a dirt track, covered in gravel and sunken stones.

The owner of the ball asked his friend: " Do you mind if I have a drop, I cannot play from here, it's too rough."

"No, I'm sorry, but you have to play the ball as it lies!"

"But I'm going to destroy my club, it's all rocks and gravel."

"Tough, no favors, you play the ball as it lies."

The poor chap stops arguing and takes his first trial swing and of course, gravel and sparks fly everywhere. Second swing, same again.

Finally he feels ready, moves to the ball and hits ... gravel and sparks everywhere, but the ball flies off beautifully, lands on the green and stops inches from the cup.

"My God, what a shot! Which club did you use?"

To which he replied "Your five iron..."

Two guys are out playing golf. On the first hole, one of them hits his drive right into the water.

He takes a brand new ball out of his bag, tees it up and proceeds to hit the second ball just like the first -- right into the water.

Again he takes out a brand new ball and again the same result.

The other guy looks at him and asks, "Why do you continue to take out brand new balls and hit them into the water? Why don't you use an old ball?"

"I would," the other guy replies, "But I've never had an old ball!"

" replies the second, "you had plenty of time to yell 'S#*T!'"

A blonde guy gets home early from the golf course and hears strange noises coming from the bedroom.

He rushes upstairs to find his wife naked on the bed, sweating and panting. "What's up?" he says.

"I'm having a heart attack", cries the woman.

He rushes downstairs to grab the phone, but just as he's dialing, his 4-year old son comes up and says "Daddy, Daddy!! Uncle Ted's hiding in your closet and he's got no clothes on".

The guy slams the phone down and storms upstairs into the bedroom, past his screaming wife, and rips open the wardrobe door.

Sure enough, there is his brother, totally naked, cowering on the closet floor.

"You rotten bastard", says the husband, "my wife's having a heart attack and you're running around naked, scaring the kids".

Having led an interestingly dissolute life composed largely of women, drinking, gambling and golf, but not necessarily in that order, at the end of it, the new arrival was not too surprised to find himself in hell. He as however quite surprised to find that his particular corner of Hell was an eighteen-hole golf course complete with gentle woods, a cool serene lake, well kept fairways, immaculate greens and a clubhouse with the usual professional's shop.

The man's delight was complete when he read the shop's notice:

HELP YOURSELF. ALL EQUIPMENT FREE.

"Well, this is going to be tough to take," he said as he chose a bag containing perfectly matched clubs.

So later he went to the first tee where he took out a driver, gave a delighted practice swing and then felt in the ball pocket. It was empty.

He was about to return to the shop to remedy the situation when he noticed a grinning figure in red.

"Don't mind me," the grin grew wider, "and don't bother going back for balls. There aren't any. That's the hell of it!"

Paddy and Patrick were very keen Irish golfers, so keen that they decided to go over to America for a game of golf. On the plane they got very excited. However, the captain calls up on the loud speaker and says that one of the engines had cut-off, there was nothing to worry about and the arrival in America would be delayed by 1 hour.

Paddy then said to Patrick, "oh no, we'll miss the pre-match dinner."

Then the captain called up again 10 minutes later and says another engine had gone, but that it was ok and they would be 2 hours late.

Paddy then said to Patrick, "oh no, we'll miss the first three holes."

Again the captain called up telling everyone that the third engine had gone, but that the plane could still make it on one engine, although it would be 3 hours before they reached the airport.

Paddy then said to Patrick, "oh no, we'll miss the front nine."

Then the captain called again and said the final engine had gone.

Paddy then said to Patrick, "oh no, now we'll be stuck up here all night!"

These two couples play golf together regularly at their club, and on the sixth hole, a par four, the second shot to the green must carry 80 yards over water.

One of the women, Mrs. Smith, for over a year, could never carry the water, and would always hit into it, totally psyched out by the presence of the water.

Her friend in the group suggested that she might want to see a hypnotherapist to overcome her anxiety near the water. So the woman went to a hypnotherapist for four sessions. In those sessions, the woman was hypnotized and the therapist would "plant suggestions" that when playing the second shot on the sixth hole, she would not see water, but rather a plush green fairway leading all the way up to the green.

About six months later, a woman at the club asked whatever happened to Mrs. Smith, that she hadn't seen her playing golf at the club for almost four months now.

She was informed that five months earlier, Mrs. Smith had drowned at the par four sixth!

Explorer: "There we were surrounded by fierce savages everywhere you looked. They uttered awful cries and beat their clubs on the ground. . . "

Listener: "Golfers, probably."

Tom was a man who knew all there was to know about golf. He knew all the courses, the champions, their scores, as well as the prize money the professionals had won for the past fifty years or more. He had read every book ever published on the game and knew all there was to know about technique, but, strange to say, he had never played a game.

Having listened to him hold forth for so long his friends finally ganged up on him and insisted that he play a game. It was arranged for the following weekend.

Tom set out with borrowed clubs and faced the eighteen holes of his home course. Five hours later he returned with a score of 53 which included four eagles, nine birdies and a hole in one. Never had anyone seen such a fine performance from a beginner.

However while the celebrations were going on in the clubhouse, Tom announced that he would never play again. "What!" cried his distraught mates. "What!" echoed the equally distraught pro. "But you could win all sorts of prizes for the club. You know everything there is to know about the game."

"Not everything," Tom replied. "The books didn't tell me I'd have to walk."

Why is it that single golfers are skinnier than married golfers?

Because after the single golfer plays his round of golf, he has a "refreshment" at the 19th hole, goes home and goes to his refrigerator. When he finds nothing decent there, he goes to bed.

The married golfer on the other hand, has a "refreshment" at the 19th hole after a round of golf, goes home and goes to bed. When he finds nothing decent there, he goes to the refrigerator.

"Doctor, we've got an emergency! My baby just swallowed my golf tees."

"I'll be there at once." Said the doctor.

"But what should I do until you get here?"

"Practice your putting."

Fred called his friend in tears. "I can't believe it," he sobbed. "My wife left me for my golfing partner."

"Get a hold of yourself, man," said his friend.

"There are plenty of other women out there."

"Who's talking about her?" said Fred. "He was the only guy that I could ever beat!"

Tom was a man of faith, and a man of the golf course. He played golf every Sunday religiously, but only after attending church services.

Tom was getting on in years, and one day after feeling ill, he said to his wife, "I sure hope there is golf in the afterlife. I feel terrible!"

His wife told him not to overreact with talk about the afterlife. "Go to church and say a little prayer," she suggested, "and you'll feel better."

So Tom headed to church. As he kneeled at the pew, Tom whispered a prayer: "Oh Lord, thank you for everything - my health, my wife and my golf game. I hope that when I reach Heaven I can still play golf."

As soon as he finished, a voice thundered: "Tom, this is the Lord. I hear you and will answer your question. Do you want the good news or the bad news first?"

Tom was startled. "Well, give me the good news," he said.

The Lord replied, "The good news is that in Heaven, we have thousands of championship golf courses, play is never slow, it's always free and you will never lose a golf ball."

Tom was ecstatic, "That's wonderful! You've answered my prayer! But what is the bad news?"

The Lord replied, "You tee off tomorrow at 9 a.m."

THE CLASS WAS IN FULL SWING.

THE INSTRUCTOR WAS TEACHING THE WOMEN HOW TO BREATHE PROPERLY AND WAS TELLING THE MEN HOW TO GIVE THE NECESSARY ASSURANCE TO THEIR PARTNERS AT THIS STAGE OF THE PREGNANCY.

SHE SAID "LADIES, REMEMBER THAT EXERCISE IS GOOD FOR YOU. WALKING IS ESPECIALLY BENEFICIAL. IT STRENGTHENS THE PELVIC MUSCLES AND WILL MAKE DELIVERY THAT MUCH EASIER!"

SHE LOOKED AT THE MEN IN THE ROOM, "AND GENTLEMEN, REMEMBER -- YOU'RE IN THIS TOGETHER --- IT WOULDN'T HURT YOU TO GO WALKING WITH HER."

THE ROOM SUDDENLY GOT VERY QUIET AS THE MEN ABSORBED THIS INFORMATION.

THEN, A MAN IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM SLOWLY RAISED HIS HAND.

"YES?" INQUIRED THE TEACHER.

MAN: "I WAS JUST WONDERING... IS IT ALL RIGHT IF SHE CARRIES A GOLF BAG WHILE WE WALK?"

Dear Mr. Advice,

I have never written to you before, but I really need your advice. I have suspected for some time now that my wife has been cheating on me. The usual signs: phone rings but if I answer, the caller hangs up. My wife has been going out with 'the girls' a lot recently although when I ask their names she always says, just some friends from work, you don't know them. I try to stay awake and watch for her when she comes home, but I usually fall asleep. Anyway, I have never broached the subject with my wife. I think deep down I just did not want to know the truth, but last night she went out again and I decided to finally check on her.

Around midnight, I hid in the garage behind my golf clubs so I could get a good view of the whole street when she arrived home from a night out with 'the girls. When she got out of the car she was buttoning up her blouse, which was open, and she took her panties out of her purse and slipped them on. It was at that moment, crouching behind my golf clubs, that I noticed a hairline crack where the grip meets the graphite shaft on my 3-wood. Is this something I can fix myself or should I take it back to the pro-shop where I bought it?

A guy is waiting on the first tee for the rest of his group to arrive when he spots Bill Gates warming up off to the side.

Thinking this is his lucky day, he walks over and introduces himself; "Mr. Gates my name is Jimmy and I'm entertaining clients on the course today, do you think you could just say hello to me when they arrive? I'd really appreciate it."

Gates says "Sure, no problem!"

A few minutes later Jimmy's group is together and Bill walks over and says "Hey Jimmy! How's it goin?" to which Jimmy says "GET LOST GATES!! Can't you see I'm busy??"

A couple was golfing one day on a very, very exclusive golf course, lined with million dollar houses. On the third tee the husband said, "Honey, be very careful when you drive the ball - don't knock out any windows. It'll cost us a fortune to fix."

The wife teed up and shanked it right through the window of the biggest house on the course. The husband cringed and said, "I told you to watch out for the houses! All right, let's go up there, apologize and see how much this is going to cost."

They walked up, knocked on the door, and heard a voice say, "Come on in."

They opened the door and saw glass all over the floor and a broken bottle lying on its side in the foyer. A man sitting on the couch said, "Are you the people that broke my window?"

"Uh, yeah. Sorry about that." the husband replied. "No, actually I want to thank you - I'm a genie that was trapped for a thousand years in that bottle. You've released me. I'm allowed to grant three wishes - I'll give you each one wish, and I'll keep the last one for myself."

"OK, great!" the husband said. " I want a million dollars a year for the rest of my life."

"No problem - it's the least I could do. And you, what do you want?" the genie said, looking at the wife.

"I want a house in every country of the world," she said.

"Consider it done." the genie replied.

"And what's your wish, genie?", the husband said.

"Well, since I've been trapped in that bottle, I haven't had sex with a woman in a thousand years. My wish is to sleep with your wife."

The husband looks at the wife and said, "Well, we did get a lot of money and all those houses, honey. I guess I don't care."

Neither did the wife.

The genie took the wife upstairs and ravished her for two hours. After it was over, the genie rolled over, looked at the wife, and said, "How old are you and your husband, anyway?"

"He's 35 and I'm 33." she replied.

"Amazing.... and you both still believe in genies?"

A golfer hit his drive on the first hole 300 yards right down the middle. When it came down, however, it hit a sprinkler and the ball went sideways into the woods. He was angry, but he went into the woods and hit a very hard 2 iron which hit a tree and bounced back straight at him. It hit him in the temple and killed him.

He was at the Pearly Gates and St. Peter looked at the big book and said, "I see you were a golfer, is that correct?"

"Yes, I was," he replied.

St Peter then said, "Do you hit the ball a long way?"

The golfer replied, "You bet. After all, I got here in 2, didn't I?"

An Italian, a Frenchman, and a Scotsman were playing golf on a links course when they spotted a stunning mermaid on the shore. They all dropped their clubs and ran down for a closer look.

The mermaid was incredibly beautiful and voluptuous. The Italian, burning with desire, asked the mermaid, "Have you ever been fondled?"

"No, I haven't," whispered the mermaid.

So the Italian walked over and hugged and fondled her warmly.

The mermaid said, "HmMMM, that's nice."

The Frenchman, not to be outdone, said, "Have you ever been kissed?"

"No, I haven't," answered the mermaid.

**So the Frenchman went over and kissed her long and slow.
"HmMMM," sighed the mermaid, "that's nice."**

Finally the Scotsman asked her, "Have you ever been screwed?"

"No, I haven't," said the mermaid.

"Well, you have now," said the Scotsman, "cause the tide's out!"

Irish Gas Station Attendant

Taking a wee break from the golf course, Tiger Woods drives his new Mercedes into an Irish gas station.

An attendant greets him in typical Irish manner, unaware who the golf pro is... "Top o' the mornin to ya".

As Tiger gets out of the car, two tees fall out of his pocket.

"So what are those things, laddie?" asks the attendant.

"They're called tees," replies Tiger.

"And what would ya be usin 'em for,now?" inquires the Irishman.

"Well, they're for resting my balls on when I drive," replies Tiger.

**"Aw, Jaysus, Mary an' Joseph!" exclaims the Irish attendant.
"Those fellas at Mercedes think of everything"!**

One day after a hard round of golf Bill decides to go to a bar. While he is having a drink a man comes in the bar carrying a

large bag and sits down next to him. While he is asking the bartender for a drink -- music starts to play from the bag. Bill is curious and asks the man where that music comes from. The man willingly pulls out a magic lamp and a little man playing a piano. Bill is amazed! And he asks if the genie would grant him a wish as well. The man told him to go for it, but to be careful what he wished for.

Bill rubbed the lamp and a genie popped out and told the man that he would grant him one wish. The man answers, "I would like a million bucks." The genie asks if he's sure, and Bill answers again, "I want a million bucks."

One by one, a million ducks appear in the bar. Bill was so angry that he starts yelling at the man with the lamp. "I asked for a million bucks what the heck are all these damn ducks doing in here?!" The man simply responded, "You think I asked for a 12 inch pianist."

Jon and Miguel were out playing golf one day, when suddenly Jon grabs his chest and says, "I think I'm having a heart attack!"

Miguel replies, "It had better be a heart attack because if it's a stroke I'm marking it down!"

GOLF VS SEX

A golfer is in a competitive match with a friend, who is ahead by a couple of strokes. 'Boy, I'd give anything to sink this putt,' the golfer mumbles to himself.

Just then, a stranger walks up beside him and whispers, 'Would you be willing to give up one-fourth of your sex life?'

Thinking the man is crazy and his answer will be meaningless, the golfer also feels that maybe this is a good omen so he says, 'Sure' and sinks the putt.

Two holes later, he mumbles to himself again, 'Gee, I sure would like to get an eagle on this one.' The same stranger is at his side again and whispers,

'Would it be worth giving up another fourth of your sex life?'

Shrugging, the golfer replies, 'Okay.' And he makes an eagle.

On the final hole, the golfer needs another eagle to win. Without waiting for him to say anything, the stranger quickly moves to his side and says, 'Would winning this match be worth giving up the rest of your sex life?'

'Definitely,' the golfer replies, and he makes the eagle.

As the golfer is walking to the club house, the stranger walks alongside him and says, 'I haven't really been fair with you because you don't know who I am. I'm the Devil, and from this day forward you will have no sex life.'

'Nice to meet you,' the golfer replies, 'I'm Father O'Malley.'

The duffer muffed his tee shot into the woods then hit into a few trees then proceeded to hit his next shot across the fairway into more woods.

Finally, after banging away several more times, he proceeded to hit into a sand trap where he noticed that the club pro had been watching him.

"What club should I use now?" he asked the pro.

"I don't know," the pro replied "what game are you playing?"

A vacationing golfer was out playing on a course that he had never played before. He hired a caddy from the pro shop to show him the layout of the course, and help him decide what shots to play.

On the first tee, the golfer miss hit his shot, and it dribbled forward about 15 yards. He was slightly embarrassed, but determined to play a better second shot. He hit his second shot

into the bordering fairway, and his third shot into a sand trap. By the time he holed out on this Par 4, he was 6 over par.

The man turned to his caddy and said, "Well, I have never played this badly before!"

To which the caddy replied, "I didn't realize you had played before, sir."

The Swede's wife steps up to the tee and, as she bends over to place her ball, a gust of wind blows her skirt up and reveals her lack of underwear. 'Good God, woman! Why aren't you wearing any skivvies?', Ole demanded. Well, you don't give me enough housekeeping money to afford any.' The Swede immediately reaches into his pocket and says, 'For the sake of decency, here's a 50. Go and buy yourself some underwear.' Next, the Irishman's wife bends over to set her ball on the tee. Her skirt also blows up to show that she, too, is wearing no undies. 'Blessed Virgin Mary, woman! You've no knickers. Why not?' She replies, 'I can't afford any on the money you give me.' Patrick reaches into his pocket and says, 'For the sake of decency, here's a 20. Go and buy yourself some underwear!' Lastly, the Scotsman's wife bends over. The wind also takes her skirt over her head to reveal that she, too, is naked under it.

'Sweet mudder of Jaysus, Aggie! Where ta friggin hell are yer drawers?' She too explains, 'You dinna give me enough money ta be able ta affarrd any.' The Scotsman reaches into his pocket and says, 'Well, fer the love 'o decency, here's a comb..... Tidy yerself up a bit.'

Three men were standing on the first tee, about to hit, when a beautiful young woman approached and asked if she could make up a foursome.

Naturally, the men were delighted to have the company of such a stunning female. The young lady was given the honor and preceded to hook her shot into the thick bush.

The first man teed off, caressing his drive 220 yards straight down the center of the fairway. "What a wonderful drive," commented the woman.

"Not bad for a man with a wooden leg," replied the first golfer.

The young lady, disbelief evident on her face, required proof of this handicap. Player 1 promptly sat down and, to the sounds of squeaking and rattling, proceeded to unscrew his leg.

The woman was flabbergasted. The second man then addressed his ball and drove it 250 yards to the left-hand edge of the fairway. Once again the young lady made comment on the magnificence of the drive.

"Not bad for a man with an artificial arm," stated the second golfer. The young lady was skeptical, so player 2, to the sounds of screeching metal, unscrewed his arm as proof. Again the young lady was astounded.

The third man walked up to the tee and monstered his ball 320 yards to the edge of the green. The woman, by now almost speechless, could only manage a muttered, "Unbelievable."

"Thank you," was his reply, "I shall help you look for your ball," he said to the beautiful young lady. The young lady and the third male, set off to search the bush for the lost ball whilst the other two players strolled down the center of the fairway. "I wonder why Bill didn't let on about his artificial heart," said the first male to the second.

Suddenly, the quiet was interrupted by the sounds of moans and groans and rattling scrub. The two players rushed to where the sounds were coming from, and sure enough, there was Bill, screwing his heart out.

Recently while on a golf trip in North Carolina I was talking to one of the guys on the trip and he related to me how his wife had really been on his case for playing so much golf.

He stated that she had become more and more upset about his ever-increasing golf trips. In a moment of sheer frustration, she told him, "You know dear our sex life seems to be non-existent and I think it is because you are always playing golf."

After giving her comment some serious consideration he calmly replied, "Dear, when you start screwing me as much as my golf clubs our sex life will be okay!"

While walking down the street one day a US senator is tragically hit by a truck and dies.

His soul arrives in heaven and is met by St. Peter at the entrance.

'Welcome to heaven,' says St. Peter. 'Before you settle in, it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a high official around these parts, you see, so we're not sure what to do with you.'

'No problem, just let me in,' says the man.

'Well, I'd like to, but I have orders from higher up. What we'll do is have you spend one day in hell and one in heaven. Then you can choose where to spend eternity.'

'Really, I've made up my mind. I want to be in heaven,' says the senator.

'I'm sorry, but we have our rules.'

And with that, St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell. The doors open and he finds himself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a clubhouse and standing in front of it are all his friends and other politicians who had worked with him.

Everyone is very happy and in evening dress. They run to greet him, shake his hand, and reminisce about the good times they had while getting rich at the expense of the people.

They play a friendly game of golf and then dine on lobster, caviar and champagne.

Also present is the devil, who really is a very friendly guy who has a good time dancing and telling jokes. They are having such a good time that before he realizes it, it is time to go.

Everyone gives him a hearty farewell and waves while the elevator rises...

The elevator goes up, up, up and the door reopens on heaven where St. Peter is waiting for him.

'Now it's time to visit heaven.'

So, 24 hours pass with the senator joining a group of contented souls moving from cloud to cloud, playing the harp and singing. They have a good time and, before he realizes it, the 24 hours have gone by and St. Peter returns.

'Well, then, you've spent a day in hell and another in heaven. Now choose your eternity.'

The senator reflects for a minute, then he answers: 'Well, I would never have said it before, I mean heaven has been delightful, but I think I would be better off in hell.'

So St. Peter escorts him to the elevator and he goes down, down, down to hell.

Now the doors of the elevator open and he's in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage.

He sees all his friends, dressed in rags, picking up the trash and putting it in black bags as more trash falls from above

The devil comes over to him and puts his arm around his shoulder. 'I don't understand,' stammers the senator. 'Yesterday I was here and there was a golf course and clubhouse, and we ate lobster and caviar, drank champagne, and danced and had a great time. Now there's just a wasteland full of garbage and my friends look miserable. What happened?'

The devil looks at him, smiles and says,

'Yesterday we were campaigning...

Today you voted.'

Arthur is 90 years old. He's played golf every day since his retirement 25 years ago. One day he arrives home looking downcast. "That's it", he tells his wife. "I'm giving up golf. My eyesight has got so bad...once I've hit the ball, I can't see where it went."

His wife sympathizes. As they sit down she says, "Why don't you take my brother with you, and give it one more try".

"That's no good", sighs Arthur. "Your brother is a hundred and three. He can't help".

"He may be a hundred and three", says the wife, "but his eyesight is perfect".

So the next day Arthur heads off to the golf course with his brother-in-law. He tees up, takes an almighty swing and squints down the fairway. He turns to the brother-in-law. Did you see the ball?

"Of course I did", says the brother-in-law. "I have perfect eyesight".

"Where did it go?", says Arthur.

"I can't remember".

There was a foursome of ladies about to play a par three, 165 yards long. Suddenly, out from the trees beside the fairway... a streaker ran across the open expanse of the fairway.

In a gasp, one lady remarked "I think I know that guy... isn't that Dick Green?"

"No" replied another, "I think it's a reflection of the grass!"

Tom and Ted met at their favorite golf course for a round. Ted was about to tee off when he noticed that Tom was holding in his hand a very unorthodox golf ball. What caught his eye was that it had roughly eight colors.

"Say Tom, what kind of ball is that? I've never seen so many colors."

Tom replies, "Well Ted this ball is really quite something. If you hit it into the bunker, little wheels pop out and it rolls itself out of the sand. If you hit into the rough, a small blade trims the grass down around the ball. If you hit into the lake a tiny sail unfolds and the breeze will blow it over to you. And if you hit into the deep grass, a beeper will sound and direct you to where it is!"

Ted says, "That's terrific, where can I get a ball like that?"

Tom replies, "I don't know Tom; I found this one."

A married couple was sitting at the dinner table one evening when the wife suddenly broke down in tears. Taken completely by surprise, the husband could barely spit out a "What's wrong?"

"I'll tell you what's wrong," she said. "There's no romance left in our marriage. After all these years, I'm just old news to you. You couldn't care less about me. The only thing you care about is your stupid golf. You haven't cared since the day we got married."

"Oh, honey," he said, taking her hand gently in his.

"How could you say such a ridiculous thing? The day we were married is engrained in my mind like no other day in my life."

"Do you really mean it?" she cried.

"Of course I do," he declared. "How could I forget it? The day before I got my first eagle."

Robert went to see his doctor. He wasn't feeling well at all. He felt tired, run down, and generally suffering from exhaustion.

"My diagnosis is simply that you are worn out," said the doctor. "I believe you've been playing too much golf."

"Too much golf," exclaimed Robert. "What can I do?"

"You need to take some time off and relax," said the doctor. "My advice to you is to spend some time at the office."

Son, father and grandfather are playing as a threesome when a beautiful blonde asks to join them. Obviously they agree and all play the round of their lives.

On the last hole, the blonde has a two-foot putt for her best score ever and promises the best night of sexual passion to any of the three who will help her in making her putt.

The son starts and says, "Smooth stroke, uphill, be firm against the grain."

The father then adds, "Break left 2 inches, play the drop".

Grandpa analyzes the situation and tells the beauty, "Your place or mine? That's a gimme."

A retired physician had a regular routine following his daily round of golf. He would always go to the club bar and order a daiquiri.

All the ingredients had to be measured exactly and if there was even the slightest deviation, he would reject it. In addition, he insisted that his drink be topped off with a half pecan.

One day when the doctor came in for his drink, the bartender was caught without any pecans. He did have some hickory nuts, however, and figured the doctor would not know the difference.

So he put a hickory nut in the daiquiri and handed it to the doctor.

With one sip, the doctor shoved the drink back to the bartender with the exclamation, "THIS IS NOT A PECAN DAQUIRI."

"Why no," exclaimed the bartender, "THAT'S A HICKORY DAQUIRI DOC."

Two men were out golfing when one man complained to his friend, "My elbow hurts. I better go to the doctor."

"Don't do that," volunteered his friend, "there's a new computer at the drugstore that can diagnose any problem quicker and cheaper than a doctor. All you have to do is put in a urine sample, deposit \$10, then the computer will give you your diagnosis and plan of treatment."

The man figured he had nothing to lose, so he took a sample of urine down to the drugstore. Finding the machine, he poured in the urine and deposited \$10. The machine began to buzz and various lights flashed on and off. After a short pause, a slip of paper popped out on which was printed: You have Golf Elbow. Soak your arm in warm water twice a day. Avoid heavy labor. Your elbow will be better in two weeks.

That evening, as the man contemplated this breakthrough in medical science, he began to suspect fraud. To test his theory, he mixed together some tap water, a stool sample from his dog, and urine samples from his wife and teenage daughter. To top it all off, he masturbated into the jar. He took this concoction down to the drugstore, poured it in the machine and deposited \$10.

The machine went through the same buzzing and flashing routine as before then printed out the following message: Your tap water has lead; get a filter. Your dog has worms; give him vitamins. Your daughter is on drugs; get her in rehab. Your wife is pregnant, it's not your baby; get a lawyer. And if you don't stop playing with yourself, your golf elbow will never get better.

Steve, Bob and Jeff are out golfing on a cloudy day, when it starts raining furiously. Suddenly, Steve is struck by lightning and is killed instantaneously. After the ambulance leaves with Steve's body, Bob and Jeff realize they'll have to inform his wife.

Bob says he's good at this sort of sensitive stuff, so he volunteers to do the job.

After two hours he returns, carrying a six-pack of beer.

"So, did you tell her?" asks Jeff. "Yep", replies Bob.

"Say, where did you get the six pack?"

Bob informs Jeff, "She gave it to me."

"WHAT??" exclaims Jeff, "You just told her that her husband died and she gave you a six pack?"

"Sure," Bob says. "WHY?" asks Jeff.

"Well," Bob continues, "when she answered the door, I asked her, 'Are you Steve's widow?'

""Widow?' she said, 'No, no, you're mistaken, I'm not a widow!'

"So I said: "I'll bet you a six pack you ARE!""

Mr. Nicklaus, "Your name is synonymous with golf-You really know your way around the course. What is your secret?"

Jack's response? "The holes are numbered!"

After another poor showing on the golf course, Bob was complaining to Joe.

"That's it," he said. "This is all getting me nowhere. I think I'm going to take a golf psychiatry course."

"Why," asked his friend, "so you can improve your mind?"

"No," he said. "So I can find out why I'm letting this stupid game drive me out of it!"

A beautiful blonde and a young man are paired up at a golf course. At first tee, the blonde looks at the young man and tries to start a conversation saying, "T. G. I. F."

The young man replies, "S. H. I. T."

The blonde replies a little louder, "T. G. I. F."

The young man replies louder, "S. H. I. T."

The blonde replies a even louder, "T. G. I. F."

The young man replies louder, "S. H. I. T."

The blonde replies, "Thank God It's Friday."

The young man replies, "Sorry Honey It's Thursday."

One day a man went golfing. On the fourth tee he was separated from his friends momentarily, and bumped into a passing demon. "Hey," said the demon, "How'd you like to make a hole in one?"

"What's the catch?" said the man suspiciously.

"It will shorten your sex life by five years," replied the demon.

"Hmmm . . . okay," said the man, and went on to make a spectacular shot, a hole in one, just as ordered. On the next tee, he again bumped into the demon. "How'd you like to make it two holes-in-one, back-to-back?" said the demon.

"It's only been done five times in the history of golf."

"What's the pay back this time?" said the man. "It will shorten your sex life by another twenty years," said the demon.

"I guess," agreed the man, and again he made an amazing shot. All his friends were amazed and people were coming from miles around to see the man who had made two holes-in-one in the same game!

On the next hole, the man again bumped into the demon, who proposed yet again. "Look, another hole-in-one would mean three in a row. It's never been done in the history of the world! C'mon!"

"No problem," said the man, agreeing.

"What do I have to give up this time?"

"You may never touch a person of the opposite sex ever again for the rest of your life." said the demon.

"Okay!" said the man.

He went on to make his third consecutive hole-in-one. ...And that's how Father Jones got into the Guinness Book of Records!

A group of golfers and a group of tennis players sat in the same train car on the way to a sports convention. Each of the tennis players had his/her train ticket, but it became clear that the group of golfers had only ONE ticket amongst them. The tennis players started laughing and snickering.

One of the golfers said, "Here comes the conductor," and they all went into the bathroom.

The tennis players were puzzled. The conductor came aboard, and said, "Tickets please!" collecting tickets from all of the tennis players.

He then went to the bathroom, knocked on the door and said, "Ticket please." The golfers stuck the ticket under the door. The conductor took it and left, and the golfers came out of the bathroom a few minutes later.

The tennis players were impressed. On the way back from the convention, the group of tennis players had one ticket for the group. However, the golfers didn't buy any tickets. The tennis players were once again confused.

One of the golfers said, "Conductor coming!" and, once again, they all went into one bathroom. All of the tennis players scrambled into another bathroom. Just before the conductor came on board, one of the golfers left his bathroom, knocked on the tennis players' bathroom, and said, "Ticket please."

"I don't know about that new pro," said Dave. "He may be a little strange."

"Why do you think that?" asked Clyde.

"He just tried to correct my stance again."

"So?" said Clyde. "He's just trying to help your game."

"Yeah, I know," said Dave, "but I was standing at the urinal at the time."

A guy wins the \$1,000,000 hole-in-one contest and phones home with the news.

He tells his wife "Pack your bags, I've just won a million dollars!"

To which she replies, "Should I pack summer or winter clothes?"

"I don't care, just don't be there when I get home!" He says

[DOTGC Homepage](#)

[Myrtle Beach Trips](#)