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News/Noticeboard

- Availability for Session golf
- Junior golf unavailable until further notice
- Ladies golf available on Mon and Wed. Please book in advance
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Golf News

During the fourth round of the Aviara Tournament 23 April 2008, Australian Indoor Golf lady golfer, Paula Anderson chose her club for the 14th hole with water front and right and calmly landed her 122m shot straight to the bottom of the cup. The only trouble is Paula didn't even know it was a hole in one until she couldn't find her ball

on the green. Paula won the Drummond Sponsored custom fitted clubs and gave them away to her husband. Congratulations to Paula.

During the fourth round of the Bay Hill Tournament, Australian Indoor Golf veteran, Michael Boyle, who was chasing the Div 1 leader stepped up to the 2nd tee having made a mess of the 1st and silently landed a relaxed 4 iron shot straight into the hole for a great hole in one. Congratulations to Michael who won himself a brand new set of clubs and bag for the effort. Unfortunately he finished second in the tournament to Stu Thomson, but we think he was happy with the effort.

During the qualifying rounds of the Autumn Nearest the Pin Championships, Mario Prpic holed a 99m shot and walked away with the Schweppes sponsored Prosimmon golf clubs. By all reports it was the perfect shot (goes without saying I guess). Well done Mario from us at The Cyber Bunker and Cadbury Schweppes, well done.

Tuesday Night 25 January 2005 was a highlight for one of the Bunker's regular players. Mick Rhodes from Canberra, who was having a social game at St Andrews, stepped up to the 8th tee, and after analysing the wind speed and direction carefully and calmly selected his club (rumoured to be a 9 iron) and launched his tee shot towards the hole. From 126 metres, the ball sailed to just short of the hole and rolled straight into the cup for the second hole in one at the Bunker and the first at St Andrews. Well done Mick.

On Saturday 20 June 2004 Carlene Tyler from Forest Hill in Melbourne hit the first Hole in One at The Cyber Bunker. Playing with a group of friends, Carlene teed up on the 4th hole at Castle Pines (home of the Sprint International), and calmly holed out from 96m. Congratulations Carlene. We hope to see you back soon.

Did You Know

Australian golfer, Stuart Appleby's longest ever drive registered a massive 630m. Stuart's ball reportedly carried 300m and the remaining 360m was generated from the firmer than normal fairway; a vacant runway at Sydney's Mascot Airport. How all the Mascot Players fared:

Stuart Appleby	John Senden	Michael Campbell	Peter O'Malley
Ave Drive on	Ave Drive on	Ave Drive on	Ave Drive on
Tour: 293m	Tour: 297m	Tour: 291m	Tour: n/a
Runway Drive: 630m	Runway Drive: 622m	Runway Drive: 603m	Runway Drive: 581m

Compare how some of our local big hitters stack up against these results on the Hall of Fame via the Golfers page.

[Latest Golf News](#)

Utube Video

Jokes

Misdirected Shot

A couple of women were playing golf one sunny Saturday morning. The first of the twosome teed off and watched in horror as the ball headed directly toward a foursome of men playing the next hole. Indeed, the ball hit one of the men and he immediately clasped his hands together in his crotch, fell to the ground and proceeded to roll around in agony. The woman rushed down to the man and immediately began to apologize. She then explained that she was a physical therapist and offered to help ease his pain. "Please allow me to help, I am a physical therapist and I know I could relieve your pain if you'd just allow me!" She told him earnestly. "Ummmph, oooh, nnnoo, I'll be alright... I'll be fine in a few minutes," he replied as he remained in the fetal position still clasping his hands together in his crotch. The woman takes it upon herself to begin to "ease his pain". She began to massage his groin. After a few moments she asked, "does that feel better?" The man looked up at her and replied, "yes, that feels pretty good ... but my thumb still hurts like hell!"

Wife and Mistress

"I'll go and ask if we can play through," said Max to Jerry. The two golfers had been concerned for some time at the snail-like progress of two women, originally some holes ahead and now just in front of them on the 9th fairway. Max returned after only a few paces towards the ladies. "Jerry, this is very embarrassing, but would you mind going. That's my wife up ahead and she's playing with my mistress." Jerry returned having got no further forward than Max. "I say," he said, "what a coincidence."

Priest and Nun

A Catholic priest and a nun were taking a rare afternoon off and enjoying a round of golf. The priest stepped up to the first tee and took a mighty swing. He missed the ball entirely and said "Shit, I missed." The good Sister told him to watch his language. On his next swing, he missed again. "Shit, I missed." "Father, I'm not going to play with you if you keep swearing," the nun said tartly. The priest promised to do better and the round continued. On the 4th tee, he misses again. The usual comment followed. Sister is really mad now and says, "Father John, God is going to strike you dead if you keep swearing like that." On the next tee, Father John swings and misses again. "Shit, I missed." A terrible rumble is heard and a gigantic bolt of lightning comes out of the sky and strikes Sister Marie dead in her tracks. And from the sky comes a booming voice "Shit, I missed."

Pearly Gates

A man dies and approaches the pearly gates where he encounters St. Peter. "Ah", says St. Peter, "we've been expecting you. I'd like to let you walk through the pearly gates here, and looking through my book, I notice you've lived a good life... but... I see that one time, ONE TIME, you got a little angry and said the 'F' word, didn't you?" "Yes", says the man, "but it was only one time." St. Peter: "Well, I've been known to make an exception when there are extenuating circumstances." Man: "Well, I said the 'F' word when I was playing golf.." St. Peter: "Oh, so you're a golfer, are you? Well that explains a lot. Go ahead and tell me why you said the 'F' word." Man: "Well, I was playing in a tournament, and I had a one stroke lead. As I started into the back swing

for my drive on the last hole, just at the peak of my swing, I realized that I had chosen the wrong club! I had the five iron instead of the four iron..." St. Peter: "And THAT'S when you said the 'F' word?" Man: "Well, no, as it turned out I hit the five iron shot of my life! The ball was headed straight up the fairway, when all of a sudden, a passing bird flew right into the ball's path..." St. Peter: "You said the 'F' word then, didn't you?" Man: "Well, no, just as the bird got to the ball, it started to hook, and the bird actually helped direct the ball towards the green where it landed and started to roll towards the cup! It was rolling real well, when all of a sudden, a squirrel came onto the green and came towards my ball..." St. Peter: "The 'F' word, you said it then, yes?" Man: "Well, the squirrel actually pushed the ball towards the hole, where it stopped rolling just about 2 inches from the cup.." St. Peter: "YOU DIDN'T MISS THE F***ING PUTT, DID YOU??"

Emergency Room

Jeff, a golfer, wakes up in the emergency room with a doctor standing over him asking what had happened. "Well, I was playing golf with my wife. I'd been having a great game but unfortunately she wasn't. On the 15th tee I hit a beautiful shot, 270 yards straight down the fairway. My wife steps up and hits a tremendous slice that leaves the course and lands in the pasture out of bounds. We both went looking for the ball and just as we were about to give up I spotted a glint of white coming from a cow's behind, just under its tail. I lifted the tail to make sure and then called to my wife saying 'Here, honey, this looks like yours'. That's the last thing I remember."

Marriage problems

A couple whose passion had waned saw a marriage counsellor and went through appointments that brought little success. Suddenly at one session the counsellor grabbed the wife and kissed her passionately. "There" he said to John, the husband, "That's what she needs every Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday". "Well," replied the husband, "I can bring her in on Mondays and Wednesdays but Saturdays and Sundays are my golf days."

Tiger and Wonder

Stevie Wonder and Tiger Woods are in a bar... Woods turns to Wonder and says, "How's 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 going right now." Stevie 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 says, "You play golf?" Wonder says, "Oh, yes, I've been playing for years." Woods says, "But you're blind! How can you play golf if you can't see?" 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 toward 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 toward 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 toward 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."

Moral to the story - If you want to play at night against a blind person head to The Cyber Bunker.

An American golfer playing in Ireland hooked his drive into the woods. Looking for his ball, he finds a wee Leprechaun flat on his back, a big bump on his head and the golfer's ball beside him. Horrified, the golfer got his Scotch from the cart and poured it over the little guy, reviving him. "Arrgh! What happened?" the Leprechaun asked. "Oh, I see. Well, ye got me fair and square. Ye get three wishes, so whaddya want?" "Thank God, you're all right!" the golfer answers in relief. "I don't want anything. I'm just glad you're okay, and I apologize. I really didn't mean to hit you." And the golfer walks off. "What a nice guy," the Leprechaun says to himself. "But it was fair and square that he got me, and I have to do something for him. I'll give him the three things I would want -- a great golf game, all the money he ever needs, and a fantastic sex life." A year goes by (as it does in stories like this) and the American golfer is back on the same hole, he again hits a bad drive into woods and the Leprechaun is there waiting for him. "Twas me that made ye hit the ball here," the little guy says. "I just want to ask ye, how's yer golf game?" "My game is fantastic!" the golfer answers. "In fact, that's the first bad ball I've hit in a year! I'm an internationally famous golfer now." He adds, "By the way, it's good to see you're all right." "Oh, I'm fine now, thankee. I did that fer yer golf game, ya know. And tell me, how's yer money situation?" "Why, it's just wonderful!" the golfer states. "I win fortunes in golf." "If I need cash, I just reach in my pocket and pull out \$100 bills I didn't even know were there!" "I did that fer ye also. And tell me, how's yer sex life?" The golfer blushes, turns his head away embarrassed, and says shyly, "It's OK." "C'mon, c'mon now," urged the Leprechaun, "I'm wanting to know if I did good job. How many times a day?" Blushing even more, the golfer looks around then whispers, "Once, sometimes twice a week." "What?!?!" responds the Leprechaun in shock. "That's all? Only once or twice a week?" "Well," says the golfer, "I figure that's not bad for a Catholic priest in a small parish".