"How was your golf game, dear?" asked Leonard's wife, Ruby.

"I was hitting pretty well, but my dang eyesight's gotten so bad I couldn't see where the ball went."

"Well, you're seventy-five years old, Len!" admonished his wife. "Why don't you take my brother Lou along?"

"He's eighty-five! And he doesn't even play golf anymore," protested Len.

"Oh, but he's got perfect eyesight. He could watch your ball," Ruby insisted.

The next day Len teed off with Lou looking on. Len took a swing, and the ball disappeared down the middle of the fairway.

"Do you see it?" asked Len.

"Yup," Lou answered.

"Well, where the heck is it?" yelled Len, peering off into the distance.

"...I forget."

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**Golfdom's joke of the month**

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