Walking his dog one sunny afternoon, Fred the Bookie spied a young boy on the local links. Fred stopped for a minute to see him tee off, and stayed when he saw the boy had talent. Actually, he’d holed his tee shot. Fred was about to congratulate him when the kid teed up again and made a second hole-in-one, then a third! Now Fred, never one to let an opportunity pass, sidled up to the prodigy and asked, “How old are you, kid?”

“Eleven, sir,” the boy replied.

“Anyone else here seen you play?” Fred asked.

Told that no one had, Fred lined up a match for the very next day between the boy and the club champion. The odds were 10-to-1 against the new young player. But the boy took 11 at the first hole and got progressively worse from there. Of course he lost badly.

Fred was furious. “You made me look like a fool! What happened to your game?” he demanded.

“Listen, dope,” the kid whispered, “next week you’ll get 100 to 1.”