

# Bag Toter



Peter Amore

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by Peter Amore

Carrying a bag is something that I started to do when I was 12 years old. I started on a golf course in New Jersey. A public golf course, one in which you had to get there about six o'clock in the morning and wait until the older guys and caddies that had regular golfers went out, I would usually get a bag about 1 PM and would carry for some women for nine or eighteen holes. For a full days work, I would earn from \$.50 to a max of a dollar. But this later turned out to be a hell of an experience for me. I was taught patience, got to learn the rules, and learned to cheat for the golfer that I was lugging the bag. I remember some famous foot mashie shots I had to pull off so that my golfer would win his dollar Nassau; and I would end up with a quarter tip. One time, when I was hitting my super toe shot, I knocked the ball in a divot. Christ, all hell broke loose when my guy came up to me and wanted to know if I was blind. Shit, the only thing that could tell him was that I only make one boot on a drive.

While I was a caddie I was able to learn to play golf. On Monday mornings, which were the caddie's day to play, I would get to the course with the sunrise. I would get to use my regular's clubs, providing that I spit shined them when I was through. I would play as soon as I would get there and play until dark. I would try to get in 54 holes. This was the day that you saved some of your money for. We would go out and play \$.50 a nine and no one would give shots. You played "even" or you didn't get to play with the boys. I donated a lot of Saturday and Sunday money in those

early days but it just made me practice and play harder. I don't mind telling you that I had it in the back of my mind to be a touring pro. Well, I worked my ass off and finally in a few years I was able to beat the best players at our course. I said to myself, well I think it's time to start playing some of the caddies at other clubs.

Well I talked my friend Pat into challenging two caddies that we knew at a private club. We went there on a Monday morning loaded to the gills. We both had eight bucks in our pockets and all we could think of was doubling our money. Later, when we were walking back the six miles from the other club we kept telling ourselves we had bad luck. Hell, we were hustled and didn't want to admit it. Back to the practice tee, hit more shots and work on the game.

When I was 17 years old, I was still carrying a golf bag but now things were a little different. I was one of the big boys; I had some of the best bags on the golf course. The club had turned private and I was able to play golf with some of the members on weekday evenings and sometimes on Sunday afternoons. In fact, I had one regular on Sunday mornings, that I would caddie for, who did me a hell of a lot of favors. He used to give me three bucks to carry his bag. I would get done about one in the afternoon and he would take me into the clubhouse and buy me lunch. This got to be a hell of an experience for me. I learned how to dress, how to act in the company of people who had money, and when to talk. This member was named Mr. Morgan. He was about 52 years old and had a lot of money.

One Sunday while we were eating lunch, just the two of us, we were joined by his wife who I had never met. I knew right away that this was not his first wife. She was about 27 years old, redheaded and stacked like a movie actress. I could hardly finish my lunch with her sitting there and felt a little awkward. Here I was a country boy, still learning manners and how to speak to people, when I get this surprise. Well they were both great. I didn't feel out of place too long and she let me feel comfortable. "What's your name?" she asked. "Jim" I slowly said, "Jim Arnold, Mrs. Morgan." Well she said "Jim don't feel so nervous. I hear a lot of good things about you and I understand you play golf well." The only thing that I could say which later sounded stupid was "yes, Ma'm." With that she laughed with a smile that I will never forget. Mr. Morgan spoke "Jim, how about taking Grace here out to the range and give her some pointers. She has been playing for about a year and hits the ball

pretty good. I can't stand teaching her. So work with her on the tee while I play some gin." I didn't know what to say but she answered for me. "Fine, she said, I will get my clubs and shoes and meet you on the practice tee in fifteen minutes. I waited on the tee for 20 minutes. I started hitting some shots when I heard her voice "Am I going to hit the ball like that when you get done with me?" I smiled and said I wish I were a good enough instructor to help her game.

We worked together on the range for two hours. I was impressed with her swing, I knew she had many lessons because she didn't make the stupid mistakes. Finally she said "I'm tired, let's quit." I agreed and got the clubs together and asked her where she wanted them. She asked if I would put them in her car. This I did. After putting the clubs in the car I said "Mrs. Morgan, it was my pleasure and I hoped

Her game would improve with the help I tried to give. "Where are you going?" I was going home I said. "No, no", she said. "I must pay you and how about a Coke." I quickly said no to the money but I would take a Coke. She took me into the clubhouse and we sat and had a drink. I had a Coke and she had a scotch on the rocks. We talked for a good half hour when I said "Mrs. Morgan I have to go home, will you excuse me?" She asked how are you getting home? I told her that I was hitchhiking. Well she said "you go into the locker room and tell Mr. Morgan that I am going home and I will drop you off at your home." While we driving to my home we made small talk about golf. I kept calling her Mrs. Morgan and she said, "Please call me Grace, I don't like to keep hearing my full name." I said OK and really didn't call her any name for a while. She wanted to know when I got a chance to play. I told her usually every weekday about 5:30 PM. "Could I play with you some evening?" she said. "I don't mind, I try to get there about 5PM and hit a few balls for a while, then play nine or ten holes." "Good, she said, I will be there at 5PM on Tuesday." By this time we had reached my home. I opened the door of the car, thanked he for the enjoyable afternoon, and said goodbye. "See you Tuesday" she said as she pulled away from the curb.

I had been working at the golf course since school was over. I cut fairways, raked traps and did anything the greens keeper asked of me. I was enjoying myself. I had the opportunity to find a lot of shag balls; some good ones I sold to the pro, who was also helping me with my game and was more or less given a free hand as to when I could play. My game started to get real sound and I kept thinking it wouldn't be long

before I could take my shot at turning pro. I didn't know too much about women. It's true, I had the high school flirtations with the girls, but I guess my first love was golf. Tuesday came and I hadn't thought too much about Mrs. Morgan; I figured she wouldn't show. After work, which ended at 4:30PM, I went into the locker room, took a shower, changed into a pair of golf slacks, put on my spikes and went out to the practice tee. And there she was. "Hello Mrs. Morgan, I said. "I thought we were going to be Grace and Jim when we played golf", she said. "OK Grace", I said with a grin. She was wearing a white golf skirt with a blue blouse and white shoes. This was a doll. I offered to carry both our bags but "Oh no, she said, we will take hand carts and walk. It will do me good."

We went to the first tee. The course was deserted, the pro was hitting some shots on the range and no one was around. I said, for the first time, "Grace, I'll hit from the blue markers and you hit from the reds." Blues being farther back I hit first. I crunched one down the middle with a slight draw and the ball ended out about 230 yards. She walked up to the red, hit her ball, the swing was good and she was out about 175 yards. I said "nice shot", she came back with "what a hell of a drive you had." Well, I made birdie on the first hole. It was a par five; I hit short in two, made a chip that almost went in the hole and had a gimme putt. She made six, which wasn't bad at all. We talked very little. I gave her a few pointers and I guess she was impressed with my game. I was one under going to the 5<sup>th</sup> hole and had just missed a 10 footer for a birdie on the last hole. The fifth hole was a par three, surrounded by traps. On the outer side of the traps, there were all woods. It was a short hole, only 158 yards from the blue, but you could get into all kind of trouble if you pushed or pulled your shot off the tee. I hit a seven iron and knocked it on the right front of the green about 18 feet from the flag. She got up and hit. The ball squirted right with what was her worst swing. I said hit another ball; no, she said, I have to learn to play the game the right way. I didn't say anything.

We walked down the path to where the ball entered the woods. We hunted and kept looking, it was about 7 o'clock but in the woods it was like midnight. I said according to the rules you have to claim a lost ball. "OK, she said, but before we go on can I sit and have a smoke first." We both lit up. I sat with my back against a



tree; she did likewise about five yards across from me. We talked a little golf, then she asked me about my plans for the future. I told her my dreams and she laughed and thought I would make it. She sat there, inhaled on her cigarette, blew out the smoke and then I received a little shock. "Tell me, she said, when do you get time for girls?" I blushed under my very dark tan and replied, " Well I guess I don't get too much of a chance because of my hours of practice and me trying to save money to go out on the Tour." Then she started to laugh, "Tell me are you a virgin?" How could I say yes? "No, I said as I blushed, but I haven't had any experience to talk about."

With that she got up, came over to me, blew smoke in my face and laughed, “ You are a virgin, she said. I didn’t know what the hell to say or do. She took my hand rubbed it with hers and with that smile still on her face kissed me on the side of my mouth. To a seventeen year old this causes an immediate erection. She smiled again threw her butt away and kissed me full on my lips. I almost shit. What the hell do I do? She answered all my questions. She kissed me again and I felt her tongue in my mouth. Even a dumb bunny like me knew she was hot in the pants. Her hand went to my pants she found the erection. I still don’t know how my pants got opened, there it was as large as I ever had. Without a moments hesitation it was in her mouth. I couldn’t believe the feeling or sensation, later in life I found out how good she was. It seemed like an eternity but I am sure that it was only minutes. I groaned and came like I pissed in my pants. She took it all and kept right on sucking. My hot young blood and her hot pants kept me erect. Back she came to me kissing and using her tongue. It took minutes to have her pants off and she helped me put it in, the sensations were fantastic. She screwed me into the ground.

After we dressed we took our clubs and started to walk in. My legs were shaking, I didn’t know what to say, I was still blushing. We got to her car I put the clubs in her trunk and she said “Jump in, I’ll take you home.” When we arrived at my house I opened the door, I still didn’t know what to say, she said, “See you Thursday, Jim” and drove off. That was the beginning of one hell of a summer. I again learned. I had sex two times a week in every imaginable way. I grew up fast and enjoyable.

I was now twenty-four years of age, the past seven years seemed to fly. After high school at the age of eighteen I had my first opportunity, with the help of the pro at the club I worked at. I was able to get the 3<sup>rd</sup> assistants job at a big club in central New Jersey. A third assistant does everything; kisses all the asses for the Head Pro, lines up the broads for the other assistants, opens the shop at 6AM and waits until the last bag is in at night. In between all this he tries to give a few lessons to Make a few bucks and still tries to find time to practice. This went on for two years. Then I received another break. A good friend of mine, Tony Boyle, who was an assistant at a small golf club got the Head Pro job at his club. He played it smart, he wasn't going to hire some hotshot known assistant. Not when he could get me a hell of a lot cheaper and know I didn't have the power to steal his job. Well things worked fine. My game came back because I was able to play a lot. Tony was great to me and let me play in as many tournaments as he could. I got lucky and won a few and scored well in the others. I was on my way. Three years later I took stock of myself. I felt I was polished and I would like to give the tour a whirl. I had saved five thousand dollars. This was a hell of a lot of money; it took nine years of watching every cent. I had my pro card, I had the money and I felt that I had the game. I went to see Tony, I told him how I felt and asked him for any advice he could give me.

"Jim, he said to me, the first bit of advice I will give you is this. When you go out on the tour the very first thing that will ruin your game is broads and the second thing is booze. You have to stay away from these two if you are ever going to be a winner.

Another thing is a traveling companion. You have to have someone to help share the cost." Tony said one of the nicest things to me, "I think you can make it. You have the right attitude and you want to be a winner." The last thing he told me was " I am going to make every effort to help you get started."

Well Tony he was one of the best friends you could have. He got me all set up with the PGA. He called all his friends and asked them to help me stay on the right road. He talked to all the members at the club and they gave me a little party. I received all the clothes I would be able to use for one year and the members donated a little cash, which amounted to twelve hundred bucks. They made me cry. I was treated so good by so many people that right then and there I made up my mind not to ever let them down.

Tony Boyle did one more thing for me. He got me a traveling companion, a fellow by the name of George Brett. George's father was an old friend of Tony. George was a little different than myself. His father was a pro, he had more money to start out with and he had a hell of a good golf game. I had met George a few years earlier while we were both playing in one of the assistant's tournaments. He was about six foot tall, weighs 195 pounds, red headed and good looking. George and me got together one day to talk a little to see if we were compatible enough to start living together. I talked first and made some points. I told him that I was going out on tour to make the big time. I didn't have too much money and I expected to live as economical as I could. George smiled. He was about one year older than myself but was probably a lot older in worldly experience. "I know just what you mean Jim, I'll tell you what I like. I have a new car, lets share the gas and all expenses and I will let you be the brains. Just make sure that I make my tee off times and don't get into trouble.

We started out a few days later. George was driving and hitting it up pretty good. I got to know him well on our trip down south. He talked a lot and seemed like a fun person. I knew he was wild at times and I was going to have my hands full. We talked mostly golf but then we always got to the subject of broads. The way he talked to every waitress we had on our trip I figured this guy would put his prick in any hole he could find. We finally made Charlotte NC, our first stop on the mini tour. We arrived there on a Thursday night. Qualifying day was Monday, so we had Friday, Saturday and Sunday to loosen up and get the feel of the golf course. The

first thing I did was to check us into a \$6.00 a night motel and it wasn't all that bad. We were tired so we went right to sleep that first night. Friday morning I awoke early with my usual nervous stomach, woke up George who I found sleeps like he was dead. We had our standard breakfast of coffee, two doughnuts and a smoke. We gassed up the Ford and as usual I put in my diary all the costs and headed down to the Country Club of Charlotte. Many people read or watch TV and see the Golf Pro go to the first tee with his caddie. Well let me tell you how it is on the mini tour. You go into the pro shop, introduce yourself to the Head Pro, beg for his mercy and hope he is a nice guy. This Pro was Mr. Nice Guy. He teased us a little bout being another two Yankees who were going to chop up his golf course, but said it in a manner that wasn't offensive. All he said to us was, Friday we could play in the morning, Saturday and Sunday late in the afternoon, keep the carts on the cart paths and don't get in the way of any of the members. We played and practiced for three straight days. By Sunday evening I was tired an nervous. We went to supper Sunday for our usual evening meal, a hero sandwich and two beers.

Monday morning, bright and early, I woke George up at 6:30am and went directly to the club. George had an 8:30am starting time and mine was 9:10am. Well, this is what I worked for all these years, a chance to tee it up against the field. Lets see, there would be about 80 players that meant I would have to shoot 75 or better to make the cut and get a chance to play another round.

I was teamed up with three other guys, all of which had been out for a while. As nervous as I was I hit it big on the vey first hole and the game was on. Everything was going fine. I was one over par until the eighth hole when I pushed my drive into the damned woods. I double boogied the hole and now I was three over. This is what makes losers. Well I scraped it around for the rest of the round and managed to shoot a 76. Dammit, my first shot and I wouldn't make the cut. I saw George having a beer and I walked up to him and said how'd it go? He held up four fingers which quickly told me he shot 74. I congratulated him and figure =d that I would end up being a spectator for the next day. George pointed to me and I knew what he meant. I raise dup the six fingers and he laughed and said, "don't feel bad, that's going to make the cut." Well damn if it didn't, hell, I was only six shots behind the leader. I know that I couldn't pick up that many shots on the field but I made the cut. That night we went out to eat and we celebrated. We had southern fried chicken with French fries and three beers. I remembered that we hadn't eaten all day this was a feast.

We were flying high but the very next day the bubble burst for me. I shot a fat 78; George throws another 74 and I figure he is in good shape. We waited and prayed a little until everyone was finished. I got my first payday, a big fat zero. George was a lot luckier; he finished about tenth which gave him a payday of fifty dollars for a weeks work. I quickly took inventory. Let's see, my share of the room was \$18.00, \$20.00 for food, \$25.00 for entry fee, \$10.00 for gas for the car. I was minus \$83.00 the first week on tour. Well you can't win them all. The next week I was a little lucky. I was only minus \$42.00 for the week; things were getting better already. George was doing a lot better. Neither one of us was playing good enough to win but we kept up the faith.



All that year we kept it going from one town to the next. George and I were getting along fine as long as I woke him up in the morning and sometime sober him up before he went out to play. George wasn't the type of guy that would look for a fight but he always seemed to attract trouble. One of the biggest problems, I guess was his prick. He was putting it into so many members' wives, I just knew he was going to get into trouble sooner or later. We were at this country club in the eastern part of Texas when I thought he was going to get lynched. He just had to screw this young 20-year-old broad whose father was one of the Board of Directors of the club. He had to take her home to get into her pants. He couldn't come back to the motel where we were staying and like a good boy I would have taken a walk as usual. Not George, he was drinking wine got into her crib and when they finished they both fell asleep. No need to say any more. If her father had his way he would have hung him. But George just grinned his boyish grin talked his way out of the house and we ran to the next event. I could tell that George would make the big time even with his bad habits. He was too good a player. I had to work like hell to shoot the scores that he did, but I also knew that one day we would get into trouble.

It was about one year after George and I met that I felt I had it going real good. I finished second 4 times and was coming into the money pretty regular. Things finally went my way in southern California. I felt real good one day and put it all together for a 66 and led the field by 5 shots. I was good enough to shoot 70 the next day and breeze to my first win. God did I feel good; I kept saying to myself, "Big

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