Who's Your Caddy?: Looping For The Great, Near Great, And Reprobates Of Golf
The funniest and most popular sportswriter in America abandons his desk at Sports Illustrated to caddy for some of the world’s most famous golfers, and some celebrity duffers, recounting it all in this hilarious and revealing look at the world of golf. Who knows a golfer best? Who’s with them every minute of every round, hears their muttering, knows whether they cheat? Their caddies, of course. So sportswriter Rick Reilly figured that he could learn a lot about the players and their games by caddying, even though he had absolutely no idea how to do it. Amazingly, some of the best golfers in the world—including Jack Nicklaus, David Duval, Tom Lehman, John Daly, Casey Martin, and Jill McGill—agreed to let Reilly carry their bags at actual PGA and LPGA Tour events. To round out his portrait of the golfing life, Reilly also caddied at the Masters, persuaded Deepak Chopra and Donald Trump to use him as a caddy, accompanied high-rolling golf hustlers in Las Vegas around the course, and carried the bag for a blind golfer. In Who’s Your Caddy?, Reilly chronicles his experiences in the same inimitable style that makes his back-page column for Sports Illustrated a must-read for more than twenty million people every week. From his laugh-out-loud portrait of Deepak Chopra decomposing on the green, to his portraits of good ol’ boys who bet $100,000 a round, to his hilarious descriptions of his own ineptitude as a caddy, to his insights into what makes the greats of golf so great, Reilly combines a wicked wit with an expert’s eye in a most original and entertaining look at golf. Who’s Your Caddy? is the next best thing to a great round of golf. It is sure to delight low-handicappers, high-handicappers, and everyone in between.

**Book Information**

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**Customer Reviews**
I found this book to be a quick read (took me a weekend to read 250+ pages) and very enjoyable. I give it four stars on account of the people that Reilly interviewed while he walked the loop with them. My personal favorite was just how much of a redneck John Daly was. I cannot begin to explain some of this man's humor in life unless you read this book. After reading this book, you also realize just how nice Tom Lehman and Casey Martin are, and just how full of themselves Jack Nickalus and Donald Trump are. I found most the humor to be very good, but it just lacked the hook to really pull me in. There were some good moments though, including Reilly's constant problems with the golf bag and how easily he pisses golfers off. I would highly recommend this book to anyone looking for a quick laugh and one who wants to get an insight on walking with some of the pros on the PGA, but I also found that this book wouldn't win the "Most Humorous Book of the Year" award. A good read for most, especially fans of SI and Reilly's work.

First, a disclaimer. I think Rick Reilly is one of the most creative and entertaining sportswriters out there. I thought it before picking up this book, and my impression has been confirmed. I've read interviews about dozens of "golfers." Reilly's genius is his ability to turn those "golfers" into "people." In these short vignettes, Reilly not only gives you some insight into what makes people like John Daly and David Duval tick, but he does it an entertaining, mapcap manner. There are sometimes when Reilly gets a bit over the top, such as when he uses expression like "eat hot titanium," but I can overlook these exaggerations when they serve to move the stories along. I know that I'll pick this book up time and again for light, fun reading.

I was really pleased with Reilly's effort here. After initially hearing the author shilling the book on Jim Rome back when it was first released on hardcover, I never had much of an inclination to read it. I've found the bits of Reilly's work that I've read in SI often too sentimental and too snarky. In the meantime I have picked up a fairly serious interest in golf, and when I stumbled across the book again, I thought I would pick it up. "Who's Your Caddy?" won me over and proved that I had been haboring a number of misconceptions. First, you needn't be a golfer to enjoy the work. There are some moments where Reilly sinks into golf-speak of the kind that I think every weekend player grows tired of by about the second tee when you're out playing with that clown from work or the brother-in-law who's sporting a [...] putter, [...] irons, and a $1 million ego because he's a 4 handicapper. But, the book mostly takes a trip around the course that is accessible to golf novices. Especially when Reilly joins amateurs like Donald Trump (I've always wanted to find a way to plausibly refer to Trump as an amaetur) and Deepak Chopra for a round, the story moves quickly.
and humorously. Reilly even convinced me that he isn't the guy I would have thought he had to be after reading his SI work. Like the [...], naked under his raincoat, Reilly can't seem to help himself from unleashing overweight sarcastic sidebars. These inhibit the best parts of the story, but with a self-deprecating twist that usually leaves him as his own target, these diversions actually contained some redeeming moments. Finally, he does descend into melodrama (the typical golf schlock type stuff, i.e. golf is the great game that challenges your will and quickens your mind and personifies American freedom), but only very rarely, and that restraint rescues the book from what might have become the nonfiction take on Bagger Vance. Other reviews are right on target, this is not the kind of Updike, Heinz, etc. sports writing that actually captures the humanity and value of sports on paper - its silliness. But, on a summer afternoon when you'd rather save the $250 in greens fees and lost balls, this book should do the trick.

C. What do Donald Trump, Jack Nicklaus, Deepak Chopra, and Bob Newhart have in common? They've all utilized the caddying services of Rick Reilly, a senior writer for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and author of the hilarious WHO'S YOUR CADDY? Reilly set out to find out about what makes golfers tick . . . to do so, he offered to caddy for them for free . . . although Tiger Woodsturned down his offer (repeatedly), some of the best pros in the world agreed to let him carry their bags--including David Duval, Tom Lehman and John Daly . . . others did as well, and all their tales are covered in this book that is a MUST for any golfer to read. And even though I haven't played the game since I was a teenager, I loved this book and would recommend it to non-golfers as well . . . it is funny, in many spots, but also quite moving when describing the uphill battle faced by Casey Martin when he had to get the Supreme Court to rule that he should be allowed to play with a cart. I was also touched by the story of Bob Martin, one of the top blind golfers in the world. There were several memorable passages; among them:* The bag was simple and blue, with no sponsor on it, and heavier than Meatloaf. What's this guy got in there, anvils? I remembered the time British golf writer Bill Elliot spent a day caddying for Faldo for a story. Elliott struggled under its weight all day, until he discovered, afterward, that Faldo had snuck a brick and three dozen extra balls into the bottom of the bag for a laugh. There is nobody that will crack you up like that madcap Nick Faldo.* A local TV crew comes up to us on the second fairway. The reporter asks, "What's the secret to hitting it so far?" "Well," says [John] Daly, "you gotta have a lot of ex-wives. I just think of them and hit it." The truth was, I'm sure it's not easy playing with somebody grilling you between every shot. "Nah," he [Jack Nicklaus] said. "Remember, I played with Trevino. In fact, one time, we met on the first tee and I said, 'Lee, I don't want to talk today.' And Lee said, 'You don't have to talk, Jack. You only have