



I'm watching the British Open with my six and eight-year-old, and I should know better. Tiger Woods is hovering around the lead—but struggling—and my TV isn't on mute. The telecast is live and boom mikes pick up conversations over club selection, whispers from the crowd, and the wind whistling through gorse. So when Tiger yells "Godammit!" at the top of his lungs after a less than perfect approach, I know my kids have heard it.

Aside from wardrobe malfunctions at Super Bowl halftimes, athletes like Tiger are why there are broadcast delays on live telecasts, but the person manning the controls apparently can't catch everything. Golf used to be a safe bet, something you could watch with your family without fear of your children picking up bad words or habits. Now, it seems that tournament coverage should have a TV MA rating with the disclaimer: *This program is specifically designed to be viewed by adults and therefore may be unsuitable for children under 17.*

I get that Tiger is chasing history, and that the British Open, like other majors, is a pressure cooker. But the Open doesn't mean any more to him than it does to Lee Westwood or Adam Scott who are having their fair share of Sunday struggles, but are somehow managing to show personal restraint, resisting the urge to scream expletives when things don't go their way.

Charles Barkley, a friend of Tiger's, in response to his own bad behavior once remarked, "I'm not a role model. Just because I dunk a basketball doesn't mean I should raise your kids." But whether Charles then or Tiger now want to admit it, they are admired by children who have a challenge reconciling the talent and accomplishments with bad attitudes and potty mouths.



Janice is allergic to sand. Every time she's in a bunker she breaks out in profanity.

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