

Fun and Games

My 40 Years Writing Sports

Dave Perkins

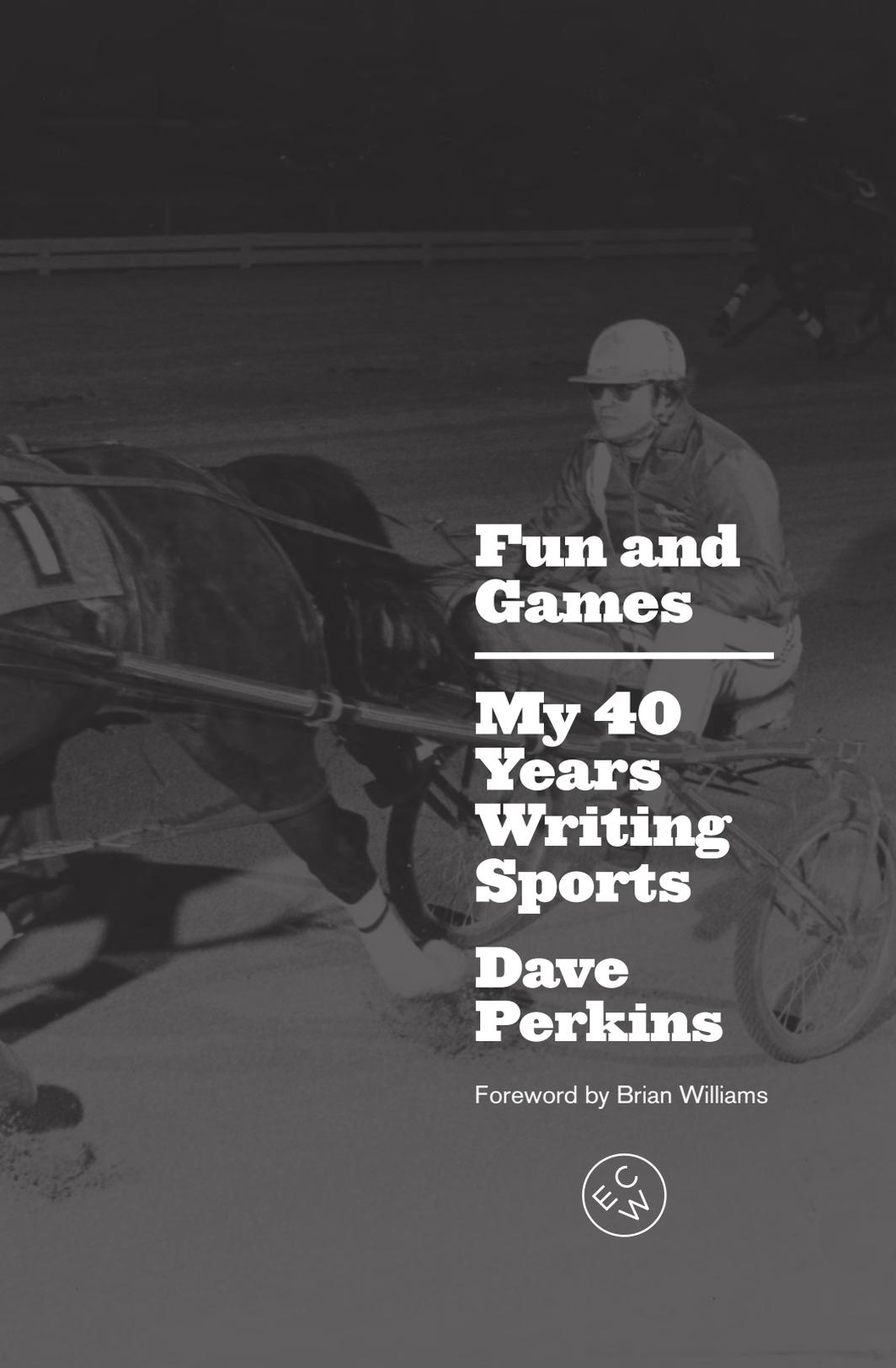
Foreword by **Brian Williams**

"Dave Perkins is a great storyteller — on and off the page. What a treat to read these tales of his life on the sports beat."

—**Stephen Brunt**,
columnist,
Rogers Sportsnet







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INTRODUCTION

The gentleman said right up front that he didn't wish me to die, at least not at any time soon. What he hoped for, he said, was that my children got rectal cancer and died, painfully, in front of me. That would serve me right, he was implying, for saying something he did not appreciate about his favourite hockey team.

Well, I thought, as long as the punishment fits the crime.

Other emails, always anonymous of course, have more directly wished every possible painful death upon me, or commented freely and usually disparagingly about my appearance, background, family, thought processes, teeth, genitals (a true favourite), hair, hairline, waistline, apparel, choice of friends, immigration status, emigration status and, once, the vehicle I drove. The guy had no idea what I drove, but he just *knew* it was a horseshit car. Occasionally, someone would simply disagree with what I wrote without feeling the need to bear arms. Even more occasionally, they would agree with something I said. My favourite email once told me that while I was right

about everything I had written that day, I still was a piece of shit. That kind of suggestion makes a guy feel . . . better?

I think back 30 years, to the time Blue Jays fans were first getting up on their hind legs and making their feelings known en masse to chroniclers. When someone or something in print displeased them, or they merely had what they thought was a better idea, they put thoughts down on paper, addressed and stamped an envelope and went to the post office to mail it. I always figured, since they went to that trouble, that I owed them a read of their thoughts. Hell, sometimes I even agreed with them. The best reader response you can get is the civil one that says, "I believe you're mistaken and here's why . . ." Those often seem to be the ones that feature such antiquities as correct spelling and punctuation, too.

So there you have the opposite ends of one little corner of the newspaper business, a noble but (alas) slowly dying enterprise from which I now am happily retired after 40-plus years of labour. Perhaps people, meaning readers, are dumber and more vicious now than they used to be, or perhaps it's simply the speed and anonymity of the internet that emboldens them to make personal attacks with impunity. I have given up trying to figure it out.

I said I was happily retired and I think I truly am, although every now and then the Blue Jays do something that causes the *Toronto Star* to try to lure me out of my chosen idleness, at least for a day. Plus, I got into the sports-talk radio business as a kind of a poorly paid hobby, doing the minor sidekick act now and then with Bob McCown on his national radio show. I suspect McCown, who is huge within the industry, wanted me around for two reasons: one is that he seems to have fought with every other co-host and parted company with them, as they say at the racetrack; and two, he remembers when he and I played on the

same high school football team nearly 50 years ago and, possibly, he suspects I know where some of the bodies are buried.

Nah, not me. I was always better at burying the lead paragraph than bodies.

I began working at the *Globe and Mail* in 1973 while still studying journalism at Ryerson, moved over to the *Toronto Star* in 1977, worked full-time there until 2010, hung around as a freelance weekly sports columnist — the dreaded columnist emeritus, we called them when it was someone else — until 2013 and then went off to do a tiny bit of teaching and have my heart attack. In my time with both papers, I did everything imaginable, starting as agate clerk, copy editor, layout man, slotman, police reporter (very briefly), assistant sports editor, racing handicapper, racing writer, baseball writer, baseball columnist, sports editor and general columnist. That is almost chronologically correct, with my two and a half years as sports editor crammed in between the end of the Blue Jays' first period of glory, in late 1993, to the beginning of, for want of a better description, the Tiger Woods Era in mid-1996. That time as sports editor is better left undiscussed, because neither me nor the job was suited to each other. I used to say I went into the job having zero children and soon had 31 of them. To be fair, you should hear what the staffers say about my time at the tiller.

I would hesitate to call it a highlight of my time as sports columnist at the *Star*, but one moment stands out for mostly ridiculous reasons and centred on Hulk Hogan and professional wrestling. Now, pro wrestling is not a sport, certainly. On the other hand, it is entertainment and it is popular, from time to time, among the masses, although I would guess the mouth-breathing segment of the population would seem to be more keenly appreciative. Regardless, *WrestleMania* was being held at the SkyDome and Hulk Hogan was in town to beat the

drums for the show. The sports columnists of Toronto's daily newspapers were invited to some kind of function. Mr. Hogan likewise attended and part of the shtick was that in order to provide gag photographs, he would put headlocks on certain invited guests including the sports columnists, which meant this one. I reluctantly played along, although once in the vise of his arm I was astounded less by Hogan's size than by his miser-



*With Hulk Hogan at a WrestleMania promotion in 1990.
I can't forget how foul Hogan's breath was that day.*

ably foul breath. I have no idea if this was a one-day occurrence or if this was a weapon he used to his advantage in the ring, but Jesus, it was gruesome. I think my eyes were watering.

This was the second instance of contact with pro wrestlers I could have done without. One late night in P.J. Clarke's, the

historic watering hole on Manhattan's Third Ave., I was tucking into bacon cheeseburgers with Tom Slater, my *Star* pal and fellow baseball writer. This was the late 1980s; I was still smoking cigarettes and it was still legal to smoke cigarettes in restaurants. (These days, I believe it is a capital offence even to talk about such a thing.) So there we were, at one of the little tables in Clarke's back room and no more than two feet from another tiny table, this one occupied by a very large wrestler named the Million Dollar Man, who was billing and cooing with a very sweet young thing. The wrestler, whose legit name was Ted DiBiase, leaned over and tapped me and asked if he could take one of the cigarettes from my pack, sitting on the table. Help yourself, I told him. He lit up.

Almost immediately, the sweet young thing desired nicotine and Ted again leaned and tapped and asked for a nail. Permission was happily granted. They enjoyed their smokes, they chatted, we chatted and drank and, a while later, came another tap and another request from Ted.

Well, enough was enough, right? Before I thought about the wisdom of my intended response, I had blurted out, "For crissakes, you're the Million Dollar Man. Can't you buy your own goddamn cigarettes?"

This was not entirely clever. With a few possible exceptions, pro wrestlers tend to be steroid-addled monsters of debatable intelligence. And here was I, couple of drinks in me, insulting one of them in front of his girlfriend for about 30 cents' worth of tobacco. Ted's eyes narrowed. He was not pleased. I suspect I realized what I had done, because I laughed nervously and pretended to be joking. If I remember correctly, Slater jumped in and helped defuse the moment by proffering his own pack of smokes. We left shortly afterward.

Other than the state of Hulk Hogan's breath, the only thing I learned from my term as SE is that one word applies to every

sports fan who is asked, in surveys and such, what he wants in his sports section. That word is MORE. As in, they want more of what they want and they don't necessarily care what anyone else wants. I kept correspondence for years — until burning it all in a cathartic moment a while back — which made me realize what I was up against when I was fortunate enough to be sports editor of the country's largest newspaper. There were, because I counted and filed them, 131 various written pleas for more coverage. These would come from fans, officials, executives, parents and unidentified strangers, pleading for more information, and not only on the stuff you figured, like hockey, baseball, football, basketball, horse racing etc., which we filled our pages with every day. We called this exercise, "shovelling 10 pounds of shit into a five-pound bag."

I was being urged to devote more space to things like darts, synchronized swimming, Frisbee, martial arts, wrestling (both amateur and professional), skeet shooting, bicycle racing, car racing, motorcycle racing, snowmobile racing, skydiving, orienteering, fishing, hunting and many others. My two favourite letters were from a person outraged because we weren't covering the fireworks events at the Canadian National Exhibition and from someone else, who I always assumed had a straight face when they were adamant that we should have sent a reporter to a chili cook-off. Why should we have covered these two? Because they were "competitions." I was urged to give more space to sports for women, for aboriginals, for amateurs, for the disabled. Many letter writers made compelling arguments. A few made threats. A subdivision of 28 different and separate activities claimed to be "Canada's fastest-growing sport." Which, as most physicists and mathematicians might agree, is a neat trick.

You get the idea. It's why I suggested my time as a sports editor should remain mostly undiscussed, although perhaps I have already failed in that regard.

Anyway, to use one of my favourite words, whatever job I held, I always considered it the best job in town at the moment. I would suggest the quarter century I spent as a sports columnist at a big, rich paper that for the most part spared no expense to do things correctly is undeniably the best job in town, at least for a newspaper stiff. Which is all I ever wanted to be, at least after I got into the business.

I tried to pay attention to the events I covered and while I'm an accomplished talker, I'm a decent listener — and look at the opportunities I had to pay attention. I got close, as the title of this tome suggests, to the greats and the ordinaries of sport over the years while covering (deep breath) 10 Olympics games, 58 golf majors, 10 Ryder and/or Presidents Cups, a dozen Super Bowls, 14 World Series, hundreds of NHL, NBA and MLB postseason games and thousands of regular-season games. Plus thousands of horse races, even a few car races. On the other hand, no tennis, except during one Olympics. Not much curling, either, although I like curling and curlers and wish I'd had more opportunity.

I took pretty good notes and I had a pretty good memory, too, and loved to both hear and tell a good story. There's a little Rolodex somewhere in my head and before age rusts it out, I thought it might be a good idea to put down some of these yarns on paper, or on a screen somewhere or a plastic key or whatever this activity ends up being. I have a little rehearsed patter of favourite stories that I can summon on demand when asked. I have my radio-grade stories and my stories that would get me suspended from the radio. There are inclusions and omissions from both lists.

Caution, to some degree, is not uncommon. Once, speaking to Arnold Palmer after Tiger Woods had hit his fire hydrant and gone through a very public humiliation over his infidelities, I angled toward a question I naively thought Palmer might

possibly answer. Understand that when it comes to women, the young, dashing Arnold Palmer was positively catnip and, in a theoretical match, he could give Tiger three a side when it comes to female companionship and still beat him like a rented mule.

(An old-time golf pro once told the story that in their very early days as touring professionals, he and Palmer travelled from tournament to tournament, sharing expenses. One night, while splitting a hotel room, the phone rang in the wee hours. The golfer answered it and an angry man at the other end asked if he were Arnold Palmer. Surveying Arnold's empty bed, he assured the man he was not. "I know you're not. That bastard is out right now with my wife. You tell him when he gets back I'm coming down there and I'm going to shoot him." The golfer assured the man he would pass along the message and, before hanging up, added another thought: "Just so you know, I'm in the bed by the window.")

To get back to Arnold this day, I asked him as gently as possible whether he was glad the height of his fame occurred in an era without cell phone cameras and *TMZ* and Instagram sharing your every move with the world, exposing all the 'gotcha' moments. Arnold looked at me, but he didn't want to play. "Not sure what you mean," he said, before eventually adding, "I am sure we all have stories we wouldn't want told unless we were dead — or our wives were."

Some of the subjects of those missing stories are not dead and neither are their wives. So best to let idle lawyers stay idle. There's still plenty to go around. By the way, I'd like to think I'm in the bed by the window.

Dave Perkins

JANUARY 2016

CHAPTER ONE

Midnight Morgue

This felt like an old B movie come to life. It was past midnight, cool and foggy, and where better to look for a missing major leaguer than the city morgue?

There had been no sign of Rick Leach, the AWOL Blue Jay, at any of the downtown Seattle hospitals. Officially, there was zero information; he hadn't been missing long enough to get police excited, although his teammates surely were.

A taxi driver with a sense of adventure had been hired to answer the question: where do you go in this town if you have a little money in your pocket and decide to take a powder?

It was the last week of August, 1987, and the Blue Jays were finishing off a successful West Coast trip in Seattle. It was baseball business as usual as the team assembled in the old Kingdome for game No. 126 of the season.

Leach was a wisecracking utility man, a Rose Bowl quarterback in his college days at the University of Michigan who had switched to baseball and, at this point in his career, was a six-year big-league veteran. A night after counting two hits and two RBIs while enjoying a rare start in right field, his name again was written into the starting lineup by manager Jimmy Williams. Only one problem: Leach never showed up at the stadium.

Teammates wondered, increasingly worried. This wasn't like Leach. He was loud, a needler, the kind of guy who kept a team loose, treasured what little playing time he got and always played hard. He also loved to stir the clubhouse pot, and never minded targeting the black players. "Hey, Jesse," he would bellow at Jesse Barfield, the slugging outfielder who led the team (if not the league) in conspicuous consumption. "What are the only French words a black man knows?"

Barfield, warily, would take the bait and say he didn't know, at which point Leach would yell, "Coupe de Ville."

Or else he would turn his attention to Lloyd Moseby, the elegant fashion-plate centre fielder born in the South and brought up in Oakland. "Moseby, I know what you did when you were a kid," Leach would holler, bobbing his head forward and backward as he paraded across the clubhouse. "You were teaching the chickens how to walk."

Leach played it for laughs, always. He delivered his zingers without malice and always tried to make the clubhouse an easier place to inhabit. His teammates generally loved him, one reason so many were so upset when he didn't show.

A new lineup was posted. Reporters, including this one, were shooed upstairs to the press box by the usual pre-game time limits and the Jays officially grew vague about the player's whereabouts. Usually, the Blue Jays weren't like this when they didn't want to talk about something; they would clam up

and make themselves scarce, but they wouldn't outright lie to anyone. This time they lied. A travelling PR man, not one of the regulars, said for the record that Leach was back at the hotel curled in a ball, the victim of bad seafood.

This would do as an answer for the early edition stories sent back across the continent to Toronto, but the constant huddling of team officials and lack of specific information had every reporter's radar up. Post-game, a 6-3 Blue Jay win, teammates were upset, with gusts to frantic, about the missing player. Despite a 5-3 trip that kept them in first place in the American League East Division, they packed almost silently for the cross-continent charter flight home and the next day's off-day. Relief pitcher Mark Eichhorn, a friendly and caring Christian, was in tears. "We don't even know he's alive," Ike said, before commencing a prayer.

Wait a second, here: in two hours we go from bad shellfish to a possible toe tag? Really?

My sports editor back at the *Toronto Star*, a wise old newspaper head named Gerry Hall, told me to file whatever story I could assemble, miss the charter flight, hang back in Seattle and search for Leach. Sounds easy, right?

Outside the ballpark, I located a cab driver who wanted to play this particular game and off we went: police stations, hospital emergency rooms, a couple of seedy motels that specialized in short-term stays. Confused night clerks looked at Leach's head shot in the Blue Jays media guide — the only photo I had of the guy — and thought I was putting them on.

After a couple of hours of chasing wild geese like this, I was beginning to lose my enthusiasm. The weather turned cool. The fog settled. It felt like a perfect night for an axe murder. When the cab pulled up in front of an old stone building on a dark street well after midnight, I asked where the hell we were now.

“City morgue,” the driver said. “We might as well.”

I am certain I did dumber things, or went stranger places, while chasing down stories in four decades of newspaper work. This, happily, turned out to be my one and only morgue visit.

I knocked or rang the night bell and heard footsteps approaching from inside. I thought to myself, if the door creaks open and this sonofabitch is a hunchback, I’m running. He turned out to be an ordinary guy in a lab coat who listened politely to my story and said, yes, we did have a John Doe brought in earlier that evening. Come right in and we’ll see if everything fits.

He led me down a corridor and past a door that was marked “Decomposed.” I waited while he checked his paperwork, then asked how old my missing right fielder was. “Around 30,” I said.

“You’re out of luck,” he responded, noting that his John Doe was estimated to be in his 40s.

We did not, at that point, share the same definition of the term “out of luck.” Happily, I thanked him and scooted back to the cab.

We never did find Leach, of course. He had been in an airport hotel, on some kind of bender, which turned out to be the first we knew of a recreational drug issue for which he later sought treatment. He sheepishly checked in with his wife and the ball club early the next morning. He returned to the Jays, albeit briefly and somewhat subdued. His career was nearly over, but he was far from the craziest guy I ever met in the business. He wasn’t even the craziest guy on that ball team.

CHAPTER TWO

At Its Loudest

Often, when people discover how I made my living, they start telling me things about sports they feel I should know. Occasionally, they ask questions. Very occasionally, someone wonders about crowd noise and where and when I heard the most. The answer is easy: No. 1, undeniably, was in Minneapolis at the Metrodome during the 1987 World Series against the St. Louis Cardinals. It was seriously painfully loud. I had a choice seat in the front row of the main press box; I could reach out and slap the heads of the last row of lower-level spectators. Often I needed to fight that very urge. Those people were stupidly loud and the Metrodome roof kept every decibel in.

Right behind that on the tinnitus danger-scale, though, was the early Sunday afternoon in 1998 at Augusta National when Jack Nicklaus was on the prowl. At that stage of his golfing life, at age 58 and with retirement beckoning, Nicklaus was as beloved

as ever, but only intermittently magical. Yet for a few holes, as he assembled birdies and his name laddered its way up the leader board, the noise expanded to the point that all around the course, golfers stepped away from their shots, looked toward the man-made thunder and guessed who was making the present very much resemble the past. As I put it in the *Star*:

Total strangers in the Nicklaus galleries hugged and high-fived as he stitched together an early quilt of birdies. He said a score of 64 or 65 was needed to get him back to the place he hadn't been in 12 long years, a place most of us (him, too) thought he would never be again.

But he almost made an eagle three at the second hole, settling for a three-inch birdie putt. And when he chipped it in for birdie at the next hole, that 64 or 65 didn't seem so far-fetched. And even if it did, who cares? Go Jack!

At the par-three sixth hole, playing 200 downhill yards, he knocked a 5-iron to five feet. He was two under par now, looking to go three under, and as he walked to his ball, the scoreboard showed leader Fred Couples had made bogey on the first hole to drop to minus-five.

Nicklaus made his fast, edgy little putt to get within two strokes of the top. There is no roof on a golf course, but the roof went off the place anyway.

Up he went to the seventh tee, ripping a long, fading drive up the right side of the fairway. Eighty yards to his left, Couples made a birdie at the boomerang second green and Jack was three shots back again. So Nicklaus dropped a wedge 15 feet short of

the cup and rapped home the putt. Two shots back again. Deafness was one glorious possibility.

Jack's charge petered out when the birdie putts refused to drop, and Mark O'Meara won with a late birdie, but the memory — particularly that noise and particularly at the sixth green after he made that birdie — stays fresh. It was one of what seems like a million Nicklaus moments, because time spent with Jack in the press rooms, where he loved to hold court, was so vivid and educational. Remember, I never saw him win a major (the last one was in 1986 and I didn't begin covering majors for another 10 years), but I heard him queried on them enough times. I recall a questioner casually suggesting that Jack surely couldn't provide specific shot details of a Masters win four decades before, but could he please speak in general about what he could recall. To which Jack replied, "You want club and yardage? For every shot? Because I can give them to you." And no doubt he could.

Some golfers couldn't remember at the end of their round what club they had hit two hours before on a certain hole. Jack not only remembered, but could summon details decades later.

In the 2005 Open Championship at St. Andrews, his final major championship appearances, he went out the only way he could at the Old Course's 18th hole as thousands looked on, many through tears. Part of my description:

"I knew that the hole would move wherever I hit it. I always make it on the 18th hole," he said.

The hole didn't need to move and Jack didn't always make them, either, even if it seems that way. But he ended with a very proper bang, a 14-footer centre-cut for a birdie at the Old Course that deafened

the heavens and meant not a thing — he had already missed the cut — but in its own way meant the world to those lucky enough to be there. Nicklaus included.

“I wanted the putt badly,” Nicklaus admitted later, but he needn’t have bothered stressing that particular point. Anybody who ever watched him, which means pretty much anybody who ever watched televised golf over the past 45 years, knew how much he wanted every one of them.

Pretty much every pro out there, starting with Tiger Woods, who worshipped both the man and his accomplishments, sought an audience with Nicklaus at one time or another, or an invitation to his tournament, or a word on the practice range. Nicklaus loved the role, that of being the paterfamilias of golf, but was always generous with his time. He also was either the teller or the feature of any number of stories.

For instance, in 1972, Lee Trevino, who won a few majors of his own in his day, went head to head with Nicklaus at Muirfield to win an Open Championship by one stroke, but made more money betting on himself at the local legal bookmakers than he earned in purse money. In 2009, Trevino told this story, framing it against that day’s tabloids, which had mushroomed some relatively mild comments by Sandy Lyle about Colin Montgomerie into a veritable nuclear attack:

Trevino had travelled from Texas with friends and rented a large house. He threw a victory party that included a visit from the bookmaker, who brought what Trevino called a “suitcase full of cash” to pay everyone off. The house had come complete with a

butler named Nicholas. The gentleman's gentleman said he had always wanted a golf lesson and Trevino, before the tournament, had promised he would indeed give him a lesson.

In conversation, a promise to "give Nicholas a lesson" went through the tabloid wringer and came out as a vow to "give Nicklaus a lesson." You can imagine the fun.

I always said I most enjoyed covering golf, of all sports, because there were no night games. It also took me to nice places, just about everyone was civil and the press was usually treated extremely well. As readers possibly know, covering golf tournaments can sometimes be a good game for a lazy man. They bring the leaders into the press room for an interview, then print up the quotes for distribution. The accuracy of the quotes usually is outstanding, although sometimes the sheets are sanitized if something juicy has leaked out. Unless you go out and actually watch golf and seek out individual interviews, you're writing with the pack. Sometimes, there was no way to write anything else, such as the great Carnoustie meltdown by Jean Van de Velde in 1999, the game's greatest, and most entertaining, train wreck. Everyone remembers the gory details, how Van de Velde arrived at the 18th tee of difficult and daunting Carnoustie with a three-stroke lead, then hacked his second shot off a grandstand, into the burn (the tiny walled stream that bisects the course), then the rough and a bunker, making triple bogey and blowing the lead and eventually losing in a playoff to Paul Lawrie. (Lawrie, by the way, had been almost anonymous to *Star* readers through 54 holes; he had been so far

back, a record 10 strokes entering the final round, that he hadn't inserted himself into any stories.)

Van de Velde had been both charming and hilarious — certainly not easy in a second language — through three rounds, after which he held a five-shot lead. His Saturday press conference had been legendary:

When does Jean Van de Velde back up? When does the world's 152nd-ranked golfer back out of the room waving hello?

If anyone thinks it's a joke that a relatively unknown golfer is leading the British Open after three rounds, and leading it by five strokes, no less, well the joke would more or less agree.

"I've got the red nose in the bag," he said, an hour after shooting the lights out — make that putting the lights out — against the best field in the world on the toughest course in the world. He sat there cracking jokes and trading one-liners with reporters, yukking it up. In one session, he may have replaced Jesper Parnevik as golf's biggest whoopee cushion.

Someone asked him about his sponsorship by the European Disneyland, outside Paris, and he didn't miss a beat: "Well, I test all the rides and then I have to walk around with the characters."

What? Him worry?

"What kind of pressure can you get in here? It is the biggest tournament ever in the world and I'm in there and I'm a bit ahead of everybody, so what can happen? I can lose it. That's the only thing that can happen."

Then he thinks again.

"The other is that I can win it."

*He probably blows it. He sounds as if he fritters
it away.*

He did blow it, of course, although no one could possibly imagine the manner in which he did. The next day's *Star* sounded shocked:

*Mon dieu. We've found the missing Marx Brother.
He plays golf.*

*Jean Van de Velde authorized a French farce of
unimaginable proportions by handing away the
greatest championship in golf in a brie-brained per-
formance that was comedy turned to tragedy.*

It still might be the most remarkable screw-up I've ever seen — and I watched Kenny Williams run the bases, remember.

Three more things about Van de Velde's meltdown: One, I never heard a louder press-box reaction, before or since. Hundreds of reporters were shrieking in disbelief, most of them Europeans on deadline who had written their stories and sought only final scores before hitting the send button. They certainly didn't have the time to do literary justice to this historical collapse. Plus, now there was a three-man, four-hole playoff that would take another deadline-destroying hour, at least.

Two, my pal Cam Cole, a very good golfer, played the course the next day and went to the spot from which the Frenchman had hit his second shot at 18. (Van de Velde hit a grandstand railing with his second shot and bounced back into long rough, a truly terrible break.) Cam dutifully hit it toward the grandstand. It went in, which meant he could go to the drop zone, from where he pitched and made the bogey that would have won easily for JVV the day before. A month

later, Cam caught up to him at the PGA Championship and told him he had, likewise, hit a solid 2-iron that went into the grandstand, instead of bouncing out. "It stayed in?" Van de Velde confirmed. "Lucky bastard!"

The third part is that a man named Chris Smith, a good friend then and now and a former men's captain at Carnoustie who knows every yard of the course, had been marshalling the 18th hole that day. A few weeks later, Van de Velde returned with a film crew to shoot a commercial at the scene of the crime. Smith went out to observe. They began setting up the cameras at the wrong tee box. Smith pointed out the mistake. Van de Velde said they had the correct tee. The two went back and forth and eventually a bottle of Scots whiskey was wagered. Upon checking the video, Smith was, of course, correct. Van de Velde went into town, bought a fine bottle at the local grog shop and returned to the club to share it with members. In the commercial, by the way, he made a double-bogey on the hole using only a putter. Took him five or six tries, but he eventually did it.