

Masters Champion -- Bob Goalby

Fairways & Greens historian Jim Healey visited Bob at his Belleville home recently. Catching up with Bob was not easy -- he was only home for a few days between tournaments and other appearances. He turned 69 just three days before St. Patrick's day, but still has the looks of the linebacker he was in his youth-- though it belies his tender knees which restrict his ability to play more competitively. More importantly, it prevents him from spending more time hunting quail with his dogs. As the 30th anniversary of his Masters win draws near, interviews are becoming more frequent -- he had recently given one to Golf Digest -- and it is obvious that he not only enjoys the spotlight once again, but that he is fiercely proud of the accomplishment. Though he won eleven events and played on a Ryder Cup Team, he will be forever introduced as "...former Masters champion..." one of only 38 who have carried this crown! Today Bob spends a great deal of time on the road -- visiting his many friends across the country -- especially his long-time "best friend", Sam Snead. Bob continues to return to Augusta each spring as he enjoys the company of other Masters Champions as they dine at the annual pre-Masters dinner on Tuesday. He usually plays in the par-3 tournament as well, but passes on the tournament. This year there will be a special event for Bob on Thursday of Masters week. The Wake Forest alumni get together for a cocktail party and dinner to honor the golf team coach. The list of alumni is large -- Palmer, Curtis Strange, Jay Haas, Scott Hoch -- among them. This year the coach is a very special person to Bob, his nephew and Wake Forest grad, Jerry Haas! We all know where Bob will be that evening, with friends and family, helping honor someone he cares for deeply.

It was the spring of 1968, the second week in April to be exact. It was a time of change in America. Barely a week before, Martin Luther King had been shot in a Memphis motel. Bobby Kennedy was in the midst of making his bid for the Presidency. The lead story of the week out of Vietnam was the Marines fighting on a hill near Khe San. In sports, the Blues were battling the Philadelphia Flyers in the playoffs with players such as Al Arbour, Jacque Plante, Glen Hall, Gary Sabourin and Doug Harvey. The Cardinals opened the season as defending National League Champions, having defeated the Boston Red Sox in the 1967 Fall Classic. Gibson, Javier, McCarver, Cepeda, Shannon, Maxvill, Carlton, Maris, Flood, Brock and a host of others looked forward to the '68 season with great anticipation. The Boston Celtics were squaring-off against the Philadelphia 76ers -- Russell against Chamberlain -- for the NBA title. A Lou Alcindor-led UCLA squad had victimized North Carolina in the NCAA Championships, and Tar Heel coach Dean Smith called them the "greatest team ever". The Stock market topped 20 million in volume for the first time as it closed at 892.63!

But during the second week of April, all eyes in golf shifted to a small town in Georgia on the border with South Carolina. Here one of golf's greatest championships would be contested from April 11-14. The big three in golf; Nicklaus, Palmer and Player were, as usual, among the favorites. Arnie had won the last of his four jackets four years earlier, Jack had three to his credit while Gary had his lone title here in 1961. Jack and Gary had already each won their career Grand Slam by this point - Players' last coming at Bellerive in the '65 US Open. Defending champion Gay Brewer, who had outlasted Bobby Nichols in the previous year, and twenty-five year old Tom Weiskopf were also mentioned as contenders. On Thursday, seventy-four players would tee it up; but in reality only a dozen or so really felt they could win!

Bob Goalby was beginning his 12th season on Tour. He had notched 7 victories in that time, his first coming in 1958, and had been named Tour Rookie of the Year. In 1961 he set a Tour Record with 8 consecutive birdies -- a record that has been matched but never conquered. He had qualified as a member of the 1961 and the 1963 Ryder Cup Teams, but in those years the PGA had a silly rule that you had to have been a member of the PGA for 5 years before you were eligible for the Ryder Cup Squad, so Bob played only in

'63! As strange as this might sound, believe it or not, there was also a rule that stated if you won a tour event in your first six months on tour, you couldn't keep the money! Talk about paying your dues!

The 1967 season had been a good one for Bob - he had finished with the 7th best scoring average on tour - and had won at San Diego. It had been another solid season. Bob consistently finished well up on the money list; still, most observers felt that Bob was not in the group that had a chance of winning at Augusta!

In a column written during Masters week, Post-Dispatch columnist Bill Beck noted that Bob's swing seemed different. Bob acknowledged a change, but added, "...I'm confident. I feel I'm on to something... That's why I want to keep this to myself until I'm sure of it. Anyhow, I look forward to my best Masters." [*"In reality it was more of a mental "swing key" than an actual swing change"*], Bob told us recently, "*nobody would go into a Major with a swing change -- unless they're nuts!*" The Globe-Democrat also covered the event, but usually just picking up wire-service stories.

The Annual Par 3 tournament was held on Wednesday afternoon. It is a fun event with players enjoying the lack of pressure, and the interaction with the crowds. Occasionally their children will be involved, often as "honorary caddies". But there is also another, more serious omen to this event; no winner of the Par 3 has even been on top on Sunday evening! Bob shot a 27 -- even par -- while another St. Louis pro, Westwood's own Bob Rosburg would shoot a 22 and take the title. The string would continue as Rosburg would shoot 74-73-71-72 in the main event, and finish in the middle of the pack.

Thursday, April 11 -- Don't lose it Day

Honorary starters Freddie McLeod and Jock Hutchinson, who usually only played 9 holes in opening the tournament, felt so good on Thursday that they played all 18 holes in about 2 hours.

When the first round of the 32nd Masters concluded, Bob found himself in a good position, shooting a 36-34 for a two-under seventy, and tied for third. Paired with Trevino in the second two-some of the day, they completed their round in just over three hours, despite some typically deliberate play by Trevino. Bob had done what he wanted; he hadn't shot himself out of it the first day.

Billy Casper is the leader with a 68. Tommy Aaron, Nicklaus, Bruce Devlin, twenty-three year old Tony Jacklin, and reigning British Open Champion, Roberto de Vincenzo, were tied with 69's. Arnie had shot a 72, but as always, was still the crowd favorite.

Player was also in at 72, a stroke behind Trevino, Raymond Floyd, Don January, Herman Keiser, amateur Vinnie Giles, Bert Yancy and Hideyo Sugimoto. Forest Hills' Dutch Harrison limped home to an 81, while Nicklaus, admitting he was nervous and anxious, still shot 3-under.

Casper's round had been filled with heroic feats; holing 6 birdie putts in shooting his 4-under -- one from 55 feet -- to sculpt his round. Casper, a two-time US Open champion, and at the time was second in all-time money to Palmer, had never seriously contended in the Masters before. But this day he took only 29 putts and made very few errors.

Friday, April 12 – Getaway Day

The second round of any tournament is D-Day, or more accurately M-Day! Shoot a good score or go away empty-handed – no money, no satisfaction. On Friday Bob shot another two-under 70 and remained tied for 3rd with Nicklaus and Frank Beard. Casper had lost the magic from the previous day and ballooned to a 75, while Arnie did the unthinkable and shot a 79, including hitting two in the water at #15, and missed the cut for the first time in 14 years. Gary Player and Don January had vaulted into the lead; shooting 67 and 68 respectively. A 13-year veteran, January had won the '67 PGA Championship, chipping in on two holes in the final round. Player on the other hand, had all but dropped out of the golf world, as he spent much of his time on his Johannesburg ranch raising horses and timber. But this day, they were both on top of their game. However, everyone kept looking over their shoulder, as Nicklaus loomed only a stroke back.

As we opened the Post that Saturday morning, Bill Beck gave us a recap on the events of the 2nd round; *“Goalby, the handsome tour regular who looks like a football halfback, shot a 70, with a 15-foot birdie putt at the third and a 30-footer on the 10th.”* The Globe characterized Bob as a *“darkhorse”*.

Bob's round had more ups than downs; he had four birdies to go with only two bogeys. He was deadly accurate with his driving, missing only two fairways, while hitting 16 greens in regulation. The round could have been even better, as he missed four birdie opportunities from inside 12 feet! At the 18th he almost gave one back as his tee shot went into the fairway bunker and then his approach found the greenside sand. *“...those bunkers find a lot of shots. It's real easy to put one in there”* noted Bob. Only a great “up-and-down” prevented him from falling a shot away. Paired with January during the round he watched the Texan vault into the top spot with his outstanding play.

As is the case at the Masters, something unusual occurs during most rounds. Bruce Devlin provided the dramatics this day. He was leading the field by several shots when he came to the par-4 11th. He hooked his second into the water and then whiffed his 4th, taking the dreaded snowman, an eight.

Saturday, April 13 – Positioning Day

The field was trimmed by 22; twenty on their cards, along with Claude Harmon and Henry Picard who withdrew on Thursday.

The march towards victory at Augusta begins on Saturday. If you're in contention, don't do anything stupid. If you're in the middle of the pack, either shoot for the pin or start making plans for next week. Unless the leader comes back to the field, making-up 4, 5 or 6 shots on Sunday will be very difficult.

Gary Player began the day tied for the lead. By the end of the round, only by holing a curling 25-foot putt on the final hole for

birdie, would he hold a slim one shot advantage over five others. Gary bogeyed three of the first five holes to fall to 2-under. January went to 6-under with a birdie at the 9th, but later gave two back at the 12th and 13th, putting his ball from the green into the hazard on the devilish par 5! Goalby held the lead momentarily, until he also faltered slightly, bogeying the 10th. Floyd eagled the 15th to move on top before Player birdied 8, 9 and 10 to re-capture the lead. Such was the way the day went. Five players jockeying for the lead. With 40,000 fans watching and millions more glued to their TV's around the world, it made for great drama. Player birdied 15 to go to 6-under then bogeyed 17, missing a 5-footer. For a while it seemed that seven players could be tied for the lead going into Sunday. Player described how he played the 18th hole; *“The good shot was my second on that hole – a 3 wood. I had hit my tee shot too close to the trees. So the second shot had to be hit 50 feet to the left of the green and allowed to fade back to the putting surface. That's the shot I liked.”* [Not that technology has changed the course much, but Tiger Woods was hitting wedges and 9-irons into the 18th green last year!]

Bob, paired with de Vincenzo today, shot even par on the front and after bogeying the 10th finished the next 8 holes in 2-under, birding both the 13th and 15th and wound up with a 71. Floyd had been back to even par after missing several short putts, but he rallied on the back nine to shoot a 69. Devlin propelled himself back into the mix with a 70-foot eagle putt at the 13th as he also carded a 69. Were it not for that disastrous 8 on Friday, he would be leading by 3! Beard hit both par 5's on the back in two and had two-putt birdies on each. But he bogeyed the 16th and 17th to finish at 71, failing in his bid to tie Player.

Nicklaus never got things going and shot a 74, ironically the same score as Tom Weiskopf! They were only 4 strokes back, but they had 15 players between them and a green jacket!

When Bob concluded his third sub-par round it marked the first time in eight previous visits that this had happened to him at the Masters. He was in second place going into Sunday. He had a chance to capture a major... and a piece of history.

Frank Beard, who had finished at 211 first, would be paired with Player in the last group. Next would come January and Devlin, then Goalby and Floyd. Miller Barber and Trevino would be in the next pairing and then the fateful pairing of de Vincenzo and Aaron.

Sunday, April 14 -- Victory

Going off in the third-to-last group with Floyd meant having plenty of time to think about what he had to do. What number would it take? Would somebody go out and shoot a 66? A 65? What would Nicklaus do? He held the record of 64 set in 1965. They all knew he could do it again. The question was would he? Being tentative this day would only get you a pat on the back.

Bob was not about to go out and shoot par and hope that Player came back to the field. Nor was he about to assume that the others would not play well. He took the aggressive approach – make birdies and see if they can keep up with me!

He started with four straight par's before he birdied the 5th and 6th. Another par then a birdie and still another par to go out in 33! Whereas Bob had been steady all week, shooting par after par with the occasional birdie, today he was going for broke. And it was paying off!

At the turn, de Vincenzo was two holes ahead of Bob. Roberto had gone out in a remarkable 31, which included an eagle-2 on the first hole and birdies on the next two. He was 4-under after 3 holes on Sunday! The math was easy; he had begun the day two shots off

the lead, but standing on the 4th tee, he was in the lead. Nicklaus was mounting a mild charge of his own, but his 67 would position him 4 shots off the pace. Player could not find the groove and could muster only even par; hardly good enough to win at Augusta this day. Bert Yancy, the former Army golfer, set the pace, shooting a 65 as he would finish in the third spot. Aaron, Floyd, Devlin and Beard all shot below par, but none could match the torrid pace being set by Goalby and de Vincenzo.

"I knew where I was all day", noted Bob, *"I kept an eye on the scoreboards. But I didn't have a number in mind that I had to shoot. I just knew I had to keep making birdies!"*

Bob pared the 10th, 11th and 12th and then birdied the 13th once more. After a birdie on 14, he made it home in two on the par-5 15th. It was at this moment that Roberto was on the 17th green. As Roberto made his four-footer for birdie, Bob, almost simultaneously, made his 10-footer for eagle. The CBS broadcasters were elated at the wizardry being displayed. It also marked the first time they had ever used the split-screen effect, so common today, to show viewers action at both greens! However, Roberto would bogey the 18th, hitting his approach into the crowd on the left and failing to get up-and-down, while Bob had a mental lapse as he three-putted the 17th; ironically, his only three-putt all week! Needing a par to tie Roberto on the 18th green, Bob stood over a 5-foot putt to close with a 66. Of course he dropped it.

Both players were tied at 277. Or so Bob thought.

Bob and Raymond went to the scorer's table to check their cards, sign them, and submit them to the committee. Bob noticed Roberto sitting there, staring into space; but thought he was just upset at bogeying the 18th! He didn't notice Tommy Aaron speaking with an official behind him -- he was still too pumped from his round. Besides, he assumed that there would be a Playoff on Monday to determine the winner.

Minutes earlier, after turning in his scorecard, Roberto had been whisked into the CBS broadcast booth for an interview. Tommy Aaron, still seated at the table just off the 18th green, was going over his card when he noticed the error. He tried to find Roberto, but he was gone. Charlie Coe, a member of the Tournament Committee went to the booth and told Roberto they needed to speak with him. That's when the bombshell hit.

As Bob left the table after reviewing his card, Doc Middlecoff, working the tournament for CBS, came over to him. *"Bob, something's wrong with Roberto's card! You've just won the Masters!"* Bob was stunned!

The Ruling

Hord Hardin was the Chairman of the Masters Rules Committee, and President of the USGA. He was also a St. Louisan. It befell onto him to make the announcement. Roberto had signed for an incorrect score on the 17th. Had he signed for a lower score than he made, he would have been disqualified. It had happened once before, in a LPGA event in 1957 at the US Womens Open when Jackie Pung signed an incorrect scorecard and was disqualified. Betsy Rawls was awarded the title in that event. But here Roberto had signed for a higher score -- a 4 -- when he had actually taken a 3. His playing partner, Tommy Aaron had written a 4 on the card, and when Roberto failed to correct it, the 4 would be his for life!

Masters Chairman, Clifford Roberts, had held up the decision for almost 20 minutes. Why? He was trying to find a loophole!

Had Bobby Jones not been weary from his illness he most likely would have put a stop to the foolishness immediately. A rule is a rule. Roberts had Hord Hardin and Joe Dey, two of the foremost authorities on the Rules of Golf, by his side. They knew the rule. They told Roberts about the rule. There was no way out! Once Bob Jones was made aware of the incident, there was no more discussion. Bob was the winner.

The Champion

Gay Brewer helped Bob don the much-coveted Green Jacket, symbolic of the Masters Champion. Bob spent the next few hours at dinner with Clifford Roberts, Jack Stevens, Roberto de Vincenzo and a few others in the ceremonial champions' dinner, to celebrate Bob's win. The incident was not discussed.

Following dinner, Bob wandered the grounds, still trying to take it all in. This was the most exciting day in his professional life. Around midnight, he wandered into the Press Tent. There he found several reporters anxious to speak with him, along with the over-worked Western Union telegraph operators who were deluged under a pile of telegrams. Recognizing Bob, they gave him the stack of telegrams from well wishers. Bob's face lit-up as he began to read them.

The Aftermath

Bob had achieved his dream -- The Masters Championship -- a Major. But try as he may, some misplaced fans, somehow blamed Bob for winning! Besides the stack of congratulatory telegrams he received, there was another pile -- letters and telegrams from angry people all over the world -- angry at The Masters, angry at the rules committee, angry at Tommy Aaron, and even angry at Bob. Since he had benefited from the error, surely there was reason to be angry with him. Somehow he was to blame for de Vincenzo failing to sign a correct card. Not Tommy Aaron, surely not Roberto, not even the Masters Committee. No -- somehow the attention was focused on Bob!

Joe Dey, at one time a sportswriter himself, knew that the incident would not go away. That somehow Bob would be the focus. He gave Bob a little advice; ignore the criticism, go about your business, and say nothing. Anything you do say can only get you in trouble! *"That was probably the best advice I was given",* Bob commented, *"anything I say would probably get twisted, so saying nothing about it is the best way to go!"*

Headlines in the days following the Masters were full of details about the incident -- much of it erroneous. Many actually wrote that Roberto would have won outright. Some felt that Roberto had somehow been cheated.

Bill Beck's articles noted that the rule is probably unfair, but that Roberto is responsible for his score. Bob Broeg, longtime Sports Editor at the Post wrote; *"The sympathy for Argentina's Roberto de Vincenzo is well-placed because the gallant gaucho took Tommy Aaron's bad arithmetic like a man in the Masters. He also took \$15,000 which is pretty fair heart balm, north or south of the pampas."* and the article continued, *The unfortunate finish should not be permitted to detract from Bob Goalby's conquest of the course and the championship field. Since Bobby Jones began...the Masters 34 years ago...there has never been a final round in which so many players had a championship chance. There were 17 pros potentially within a hot 18 holes of the...coveted Green Coat. But Goalby, under pressure as a leader, stayed right up there with a 66."*

In Bob's office is a wall dedicated to his most cherished victory. In the middle of the wall is "the Trophy", the replica of the Masters clubhouse, symbolic of his victory. Surrounding the Trophy are 12 green, gold and white plates, one for each of the closest-to-the-pin awards Bob won in the Par-3 tournament. But just above the Trophy, right in the middle, is a two-page letter from the founder of Augusta National, Bobby Jones. The letter is shown here.

There is one phrase which sums up the essence of the situation, at least to Jones; "... I ask you to always remember that you won the tournament under the rules of golf and by superlative play." No one could have said it more eloquently or succinctly. As a player, no one had more honor when they played the game than Bobby Jones, and no one would have been more outraged how unfair the public has been to Bob through the years.

Epitaph

As is their lot, professional golfers can linger on their accomplishments for just a little while. No sooner had the Masters win begun to sink in when he was off to the Tournament of Champions, where he finished fourth. A year later, an enterprising promoter offered Bob \$90,000 for an 18-hole match with Roberto. For Bob it was a no-win situation. If he wins, people will say "so what"; but if he loses, they will say "see Roberto deserved to win"; Bob politely declined.

He and Roberto have been paired together a few times through the years, and have played as partners in a few Senior Events. Bob respects Roberto's accomplishments and knows that he will always be a great player and ambassador for the game.

Looking back at that April day 30 years ago, Bob recalled the atmosphere in the locker room. *"Most of the fellows came up and congratulated me. Nobody said anything about it being a lucky break or anything like that. They all knew what happened. There wasn't any need to say anything else. But I remember having mixed emotions about it. Sure I wanted to win. We all want to win out there. It's real competitive. I don't remember Nicklaus ever feeling sorry when he won after somebody took a bogey! Sure, we all felt bad for Roberto, but it's his responsibility to check his card. If we could have had a playoff it might have made things easier. We'll never know."*

Bob continued to play the Tour, with his last victory coming in

the 1971 Bahamas Classic. He joined the NBC broadcast team and for 13 years entertained us with his humor and insights into the game.

Following several successful "Legends" events in the late 70's, featuring players who at that time had been off the regular tour for many years, Bob, Sam Snead, Gardner Dickinson, Don January, Dan Sikes and Julius Boros met on January 16, 1980 and laid the founda-

tion for the Senior Tour. With Sikes as chairman, and Snead as honorary chairman they began to formulate the structure of the new Tour. Bob was elected to the Tour Advisory Board and remained a member for 15 years. Beginning with two events in 1980, it grew to five in 1981, 11 in 1982 and 18 in 1983. The prize money also grew; by '83 it was over \$3 million! Today there are 45 events with purses totaling over \$40 mil-

lion.

The road from a caddie at St. Clair CC to the dining room of Augusta National was not one he could have imagined when he picked up his first clubs almost 60 years ago. The road wasn't paved with gold, and it held a few speed bumps. But he overcame the adversity to make his mark on the game. Sure, the Masters trophy is the most significant event in his professional career. But it is his involvement with the beginnings of the Senior Tour, along with the lifelong friendships he made, that mean the most to him. And as surely as the Azaleas bloom in Augusta this year, Bob will be there once again, to enjoy the company of old friends like Snead and Doug Ford, and welcome the newest Masters winner into the most select of circles.

Robert T. Jones Jr.
300 Washington Drive
Augusta, Georgia

Mr. Bob Goalby
108 South Fairway Drive
Belleville, Illinois 62220

Dear Bob;

The privilege of welcoming a new Masters champion into a green coat is something I always reserved to myself. I was especially disappointed this year that a virus attack caused it to be impossible for me to make the presentation to you. I am sending you my warm congratulation on my first day back in circulation. Your golf at Augusta was superb in every way; I saw a good bit of it on the television monitor in my bedroom. I was particularly thrilled by those three great pttts you holed on 13, 14 and 15 of the last round and by your exquisite second shot to the 15th, which was the finest shot I have ever seen played on that hold.

The scorecard mixup was a tragedy for Roberto, but it was also one of equal proportions for you. I thought you both handled the situation in a most sportsmanlike and exlampany manner. I know you would have preferred to go to a playoff. But I ask you to always remember that you won the tournament under the rules of golf and by superlative play. Indeed I think, overall, it was the most beautifully contested tournament I have ever seen.

We in Augusta will always be proud of you as Masters champion. I hope that this will prove to be only the beginning of a wonderful year for you. I shall look forward to seeing you next spring.

With warmest regards, most sincerely,

Robert T. Jones Jr.

Masters Plus 30

The Goalby homestead in Belleville, just off Hwy 15, seems a bit large these days. The three boys, Kye, Kel and Kevin have all moved on to their careers. Kye has followed closely in Bob's footsteps as he builds golf courses throughout the country, working with the like of Pete Dye, Tom Doak and others. This year will find him in Arizona working on a Doak layout there. Kevin works for a tool manufacturer and lives in Denver, while Kel is a stockbroker.

When not traveling with Bob, Sarah spends a lot of time on her new-found love -- computers! She's a regular net-surfer -- and Bob continually asks Sarah for updates on Tour Events; in particular to see how their nephew Jay is doing! Bob is busy with a variety of projects. He is in constant demand as an MC for numerous charity and other events throughout the country. He recently returned from a Sam Snead sponsored event in the Carolinas, of which he was on the winning team, and his schedule during March and April is quite hectic. He will meet his nephew Jay and the Harmon brothers at Augusta for a practice round in early March. He will then attend several Senior Tour events, including the Legends Tournament, which started it all! And of course he will return to Augusta for Masters Week!

Like most 30+ marriages, Bob and Sarah reflect a great deal of comfort with each other. They will frequently interrupt each other when telling a story; even finishing a line or two. *[If you happen to run into them, ask Sarah to tell you the "Hogie" story! You'll love it!]* Their travels have taken them all over the world and the walls of their home, and several filing cabinets, are filled with pictures of not just golfers, but celebrities, entertainers and presidents. Bob has played with five presidents (Eisenhower, Nixon, Bush, Ford and Reagan). *"Ike was my favorite", said Bob, "he loved the game, and was a real stickler for the rules. You wouldn't even think of offering to give him a putt. Some of those other guys, well, every eight-footer was good!"*

Bob is also quick with a story and throughout his 60 years of playing golf, he has hundreds. He tells of matches with Snead through the years (*"...never beaten him"*), and of situations involving Hogan, Palmer, Nicklaus, Trevino, Bob Charles -- pick a name in golf, and Bob can probably tell you about some event with him! One story he related to us involved Hogan and Snead in their Masters Playoff in 1954. [The full effect of his story can't be as effective here, as Bob portrayed the characteristics of Hogan, but here goes] Hogan was on the 13th about 40 yards behind Snead on their drives. Ben had a pretty good lie and could probably make it with his 3-wood. He had already said hello to Sam and had acknowledged the presence of his caddie on the first tee, so other words during the round seemed unimportant. Holding his cigarette tightly in his fingers and taking quick puffs, he examined the situation. Sam had a slightly downhill lie and going for the green could have been a question. Ben casually began walking towards Sams' ball, puffing on his cigarette. Sam had played hundreds of rounds with Ben and knew exactly what he was doing; he wanted to see if Sams' downhill lie was good enough so he could get to the green! As Ben grew nearer, Sam pulled his 1-iron from his bag, glanced in Ben's direction and stated, *"I'm goin' for it, Ben!"* Hogan, still puffing on the cigarette, like a young boy sucking on his straw at the bottom of a milkshake, turned on a dime and went back to his ball. Ben laid up and Sam, true to his word, cut the 1-iron off that downhill lie and landed pin high! It was, of course, all part of the gamesmanship!

Another of his favorite stories involved Chi Chi Rodriguez at a pro-am. Playing with the chairman of one of the tours largest sponsors wouldn't stop Chi Chi from making him the butt of one of his jokes. *"I don't want to say that my playing partner today was having a rough day"*, Chi Chi began at the dinner that evening, *"but you know those trailers we have on tour where we go after a round to get our clubs re-gripped? Well, after our round today, John had to go and have his ball-retriever re-gripped."* It brought down the house.

Bob is also quick to poke a little fun at himself. Playing in the Shell Wonderful World of Golf in New Zealand, he was competing against a young lefty named Bob Charles. Bob played well that day and easily won the match, especially since Charles was plagued by a vicious hook. A month or so later he ran into a European friend who knew about the match. He told Bob that Charles was getting the money together to come and compete on the US Tour. *"You better tell him to save his airfare,"* noted Bob, *"with his game he's going to need his money!"* Needless to say, Charles solved his hooking and fared quite well.

Like most professional athletes, Bob is a celebrity. He receives phone calls from fans throughout the country, and he continues to get requests for pictures *[I'll send them one as long as they send a return envelope with postage]*. In his basement are barrels full of clubs of all types -- putters, drivers, wedges, full sets -- most all have been used by Bob at one time. Many sets bear his name, remnants of the days he represented Spalding, and had his own line of clubs. On another wall is the putter he used to set the mark of 8 consecutive birdies, *("I can still remember the grain on every putt that day, almost 37 years ago")* while on another are the clubs he used to win at Augusta. Dozens of pictures from his days both as a player and as an announcer line the walls - Frank Sinatra, Claude Akins, George Bush, Lee Trevino, Dave Marr, Gerald Ford, Dwight Eisenhower, Robert Stack, Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, just to name a few. On a coffee table is an oversize scrapbook -- three foot by two foot -- prepared by a fan, highlighting his 1968 season. Beside it is a book from Bill Beck, with page after page of Masters highlights, along with drawings by Amadee! Amazing as it sounds, as Bob pulls photos from his files, especially from the pro-am events, he will often recall a story -- and frequently a name or two of the pro-am partners.

A day is not long enough to take in the surroundings. It would probably take a week. As James Earl Jones noted in "Field of Dreams", *"...the memories will be so thick you'll have to brush them away like cobwebs."* This is the feeling you have as you walk through his home.

Upstairs in his office, surrounded by trophies, plaques, pictures, clubs -- the spoils of war -- Bob seems relaxed and at ease. Some have called him a little gruff; but only those who don't get to know him. When he begins to pull pictures from his files he will just as soon pull one of his favorite hunting dog as an autographed picture of Hogan and Snead! They both mean a great deal to him -- especially the dogs!

Winning the Masters did not make Bob a winner; it only confirmed what his friends already knew. By helping to create the Senior Tour, Bob's created a legacy that will live long after the last putt is dropped and the last Masters champ is crowned. He gave back to the game, which has been so important in his life, so that others might someday enjoy the thrills he has so long enjoyed.