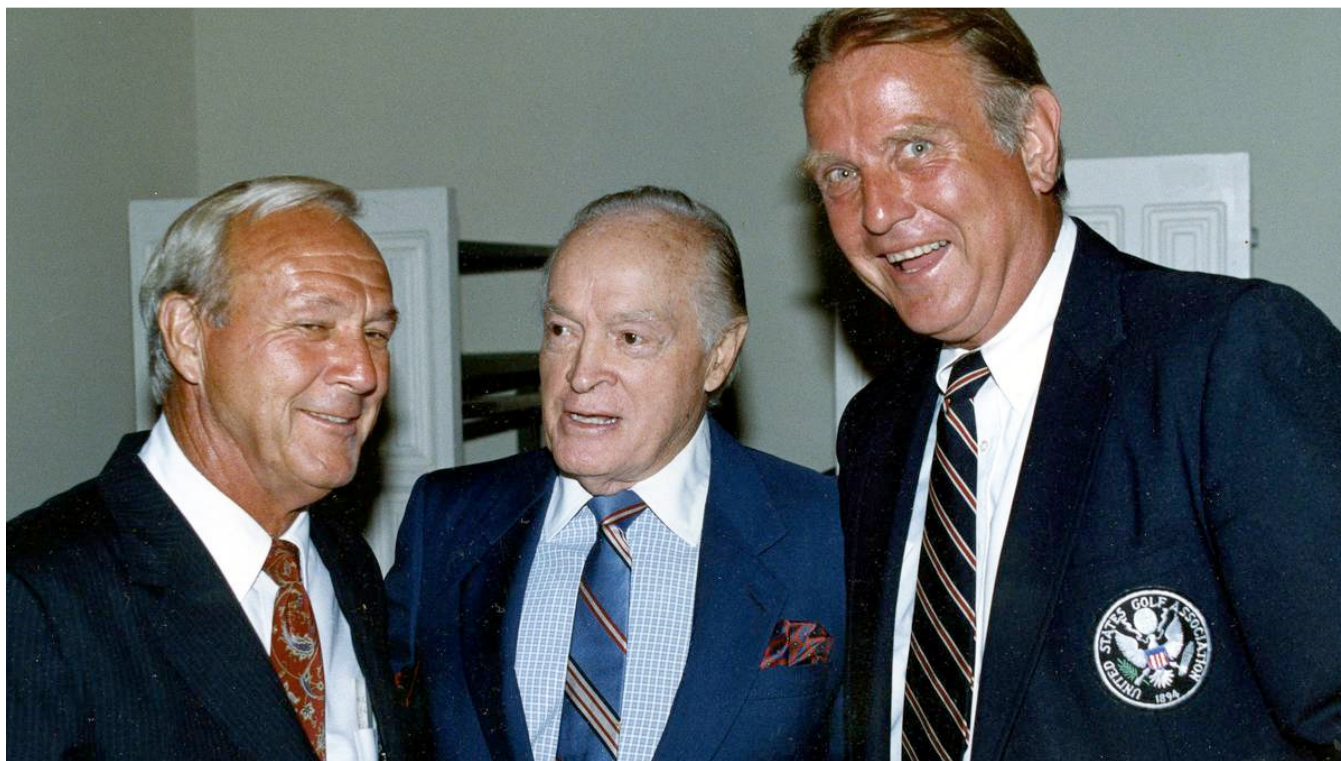


STORIES OF BIGGIE AND A FEW OF HIS FRIENDS

By A Few of His Friends



Jack Grandcolas

July 29

It's with a heavy heart that I share the news of the passing of one of our long-standing fellow members and a Giant in the game of golf, Grant Spaeth. Grant left us yesterday at age 88, a man who was as passionate about golf as he was about life. Perhaps, in his own way, Grant decided it was time to rejoin his good friend Sandy Tatum and be by his side for the statue Dedication at Harding Park. I know he will be dearly missed by his friends here on earth.

God's Speed!

Bruce Charlton

July 29

Grant was a stellar individual who did many wonderful things for the great game we all love. He will be missed- but remembered fondly by those who crossed paths with Grant. RIP.

Bo Links, July 29

Gone too soon, but a legacy, like Sandy's, that will live forever. May his memory be a blessing to his family, and to us all.

Allan Jamieson

July 29

A truly lovely man. I'm honored to have known him through several interactions over the years. I was at a small dinner/roast at Cal club a few years ago which was a memorable evening. Grant told me that in 1946 his father took him to Cal club for lessons with Art Bell. A few years later while at Stanford

he and some teammates went to Cal club to watch Bell play with Sam Snead. He said they played later and as a result of watching Snead's rhythm Grant went 4 or 5 under! He only met my son once when Blair was quite young yet every subsequent time I would see him he would ask," How is that wonderful boy of yours?" That's just the way he was. RIP

Richard Harris

July 30

Grant is one of the Immortals. Stanford Coach Bud Finger's favorite story was about Grant, and Bud would tell the story often. It goes like this. The Stanford Golf Team was in contention on the last day of competition at the 1953 NCAA Championships at the Broadmoor. By the time he reached the 12th hole, Biggie was the last Stanford player on the course. For Stanford to win the Team Championship, Biggie needed to play the final six holes at one under par. He responded by playing the holes in two under par. Stanford won the tournament by 2 strokes over North Carolina, with LSU a stroke further back in third. Should you sometime find yourself at the Bel-Air pro shop, the little natty guy in coat and tie who greets you will be Eddie Merrins, the Bel-Air Pro Emeritus, former UCLA golf coach, and star of the 1952-1954 LSU golf teams. If the subject of Stanford comes up, he will talk about Grant Spaeth and Stanford beating LSU at the '53 NCAA's. I was talking about all of this one day with Grant, whose only comment was: "Sometimes a guy's greatest accomplishment comes at an early age."

Far & Sure

Bob Callan

July 30

I spent a lot of time w Biggie on and off golf course during time around 87 Open at Olympic. A real fun guy to be around.... especially when he sat down and tickled the ivories.... he loved to play the piano.

July 31

I believe Grant was responsible for creating the USGA Mid-Amateur championship. I remember being at meeting with Grant when he posed the idea of a championship that wasn't filled with college players waiting to turn pro. He was ardent supporter of amateur golf. He will be missed.

Dan James

July 30

Grant Spaeth was a wonderful person and a golfer's golfer. When passing by Palo Alto Muni in my active working years, I would stop to putt and chip for 30-40 minutes and would frequently see Grant doing the same. I always thought, notwithstanding the then Eastern USGA elites to reach the pinnacle of success there, he was a public course golfer. Everyone playing public courses are, like the baseball fans who sit out in the bleachers and opera buffs in the last upper balcony rows, true blue golfers; that was Grant Spaeth.

As a follow-up, while assisting Nelson Cullenward by running the City qualifying at Lincoln Park, I recall watching this foursome with two past USGA presidents slogging up the wet first fairway ON FOOT carrying their bags and umbrellas with their pants stuffed into their socks ready, able and willing to deal with the golf course the way they found it, with no lift, clean and replace the ball relief until it was on the green to then putt or chip depending on the standing water. How many recall golf when golf was good?

Tom Culligan, July 30

I had the privilege of playing many rounds with Grant and Sandy Tatum at The SF City Championship. A great player and quite a character. Will be missed and a very important person with the USGA.

Mike Miller, July 30

I was at a cocktail party one evening engaged in conversation with Sandy and his wife when Grant entered the room. He came directly over to Sandy and the two exchanged a cordial greeting. Sandy then said "Grant, I see you're not wearing a necktie this evening." Grant replied, "no, though I see you are. But it doesn't go with anything else you're wearing." Thus was the lifelong friendship of two great men of golf.

John Abendroth, July 31

SF City Golf Championship, one of the years when Grant was USGA President. I'm standing behind him in line in the Harding Park Golf Shop to pay my green fee to play as is Grant. He asks for a pull cart and they want a \$5 deposit for the cart handle. He then frisks himself down, he does not have any cash...I let this go for a few moments...I ask the clerk who I knew, if he knew who this Gentleman was and he said no...I still let it go a few moments more, then I provide the \$5 cash for the deposit. I never got my \$5 back...I assume he returned the handle. I shared this with Ron Read and sometime later, he wrote this story up the USGA journal. On his retirement from the USGA, Grant got at least a couple of pull carts sent to him and a number of \$5 bills... One of my favorite golf stories.

Tom Culligan, July 31

This brings back the memory of that round at Harding during The SF City qualifying. We just completed our round and Grant gave Sandy and I his scorecard and said he had to go. We turned in his card and the pro shop staff asked where Grant's pull cart handle was for his deposit refund. We raced into the parking lot and Grant's car was gone but the pull cart was still there. John you can now demand your deposit back as they gave the cart handle.

Andrew Wilcox, July 31

A few additional comments about Grant Spaeth....

- He was indeed a champion of public course golf, which made him a logical INITIAL member of the HSSFG – our society being dedicated to golf of all stripes in the Bay Area.
- Of course, he also walked comfortably and eloquently in the halls of the most private clubs as well.
- He cared deeply about the game, and its traditions.
- Butch Berry recently told me that in defending Merion about 15 years ago as a proposed U.S. Open venue, in an official USGA/R&A setting – despite the course's relative shortness – Grant stood up and told the audience "If you discard Merion then you should discard the Old Course at St. Andrews for Open Championships as well!" The gathering quickly caved, and approved Merion for the 2013 U.S. Open.
- Grant was responsible for getting Richard Cole-Hamilton, new Captain of the R&A, to be our evening speaker at the PU Club (circa 2004).
- He was a big guy (in more ways than one) and for many/most of us carried the nickname "Biggie" to a T.
- He was generous and smart and funny...and extremely important.

Bruce Baker, July 31

I played with Grant his first round at SFGC. I had never meet Grant before this round. He birdied the 1st four holes and I began to wonder who this new member might be. Over the next holes I started to hear about his Stanford career and his Rules Chairmanship at the USGA. When we started to walk off the 18th Tee, Grant in a very gruff lawyer voice said "Baker you need to go to Rules School". I stepped back concerned about-what I had done. Grant then gave me a smile and said "I think you would like it and there is a 2-day USGA school in 3 weeks. I said I would and did go and Grant then mentored me for my 1st year doing the City Championship and Stanford's Tournaments. Thanks to Grant, I have had 20 wonderful years volunteering for the USGA, NCGA, NCAA and Junior Tour.

One other of my Grant Spaeth memories was in 2008. John Morrisett of USGA Rules came to Monterey to update all 150 Officials on New Rule Changes. I sat with Grant and as John Morrisett started, he said that there was a special person in the audience. He introduced Grant and said, "I have a question for you". Grant said what is your question? John said "Grant, I heard that you teach all the Rules of Golf in Spanish to the Mexican Golf Association volunteers. Grant responded "Si" and the audience went crazy. Biggie at his best! Thanks, Grant, for the memories!

Paul Pringle, July 31

At an early British Day of Golf at SFGC, probably late 80s, Grant was acting as MC at lunch. Sandy Tatum was there. Red Fay stood up to tell a story, and in it, referred to Sandy as "Tatie". After the laughter had subsided, Biggie deadpanned, "Tatie. Gentlemen, are we all comfortable with this?"

Brian Murphy, Aug. 1

On the 12th tee on the Ocean Course at Olympic, I was having yet another troublesome day with the swing. After a poor tee shot, I expressed vocal frustration with the outcome. Grant hung back on the tee box, waited for the words to dissipate into the air, and said, in measured tones: "Have you considered the distinct possibility that your expectation level is not commensurate with your skill level?"

Love ya, Biggie. Lucky to have you known you!

Bob Callan, Aug. 2

Another Biggie story. . . .

As a former USGA president, Grant got special passes to the Masters, including the clubhouse. One year he had to leave early so he decided to give his pass to a friend. The friend was Rick Kelley, a 7-foot former Stanford basketball star. Slight problem occurred when Rich, dressed in madras tee shirt and shorts, presented the Spaeth credential which included Grant's photo.

John Abendroth, Aug. 2

I heard he had on a straw hat, walking out of officials' hospitality room with a tray of Bloody Mary's and after that...Tatum insisted that he write a letter of apology to The Masters...epic story.

Paul Sackett, Aug. 2

In 1990 at the Masters in the first round, Grant was officiating on the second hole. Arnold Palmer came over the hill and veered over to congratulate him on becoming head of the USGA. In the next foursome, Greg Norman saw him, and likewise stopped to say hello and congratulate him. I was on my little Masters chair with my binoculars and watched him alone with his thoughts. He said it was quite an intoxicating moment. Alone in the fairway with these two giants of our game.

Stu Francis, Aug. 2

As has been said by all, both of them [Grant and Sandy Tatum] were clearly very important to the world of golf and they each elevated the international visibility of amateur golf in San Francisco. Additionally, they were each unique and real personalities....as the stories indicate...In the current role which I have with the USGA, in almost every interaction with other leaders in the world of golf, fond remembrances of both Grant and Sandy regularly arise. Without their contributions, I am certain the opportunity to serve the USGA would not have been achievable, so I am personally deeply grateful to them both. They will both be greatly missed but our memories of them are as clearly vivid as ever.

Al Oppenheim, Aug. 2

I believe that the year was 2002 but am not entirely sure. Lake Merced GC was host to the Sectional Qualifier for that year's US Open at Bethpage Black. I was watching on the 18th fairway near the end of the first round (of two) along with Spaeth, Tatum, Goode, and Links. Andy Miller, who would go on to make an ace in that year's main event, was waiting for the green to clear, apparently, about 235 yards away from the green, perched atop a hill. We wondered aloud why he was waiting as he had pulled out an iron; we soon were to find out as he launched a high slightly fading (perfectly) long iron shot which landed softly on the putting surface no more than 25 feet away for an eagle 3. Grant turned to the rest of us, disgusted, and uttered (not softly) "competition ball" and turned away.....

Elaine Harris, Aug. 2

I am sorry to hear about Grant's passing. Will there be a service for him? He was always very kind when we saw him. I remember him well.

Darryl Roberson, Aug. 3

Having played literally hundreds of rounds at SFGC with one or the other, or both since 1972, (sometimes with Alistair Cooke in the four ball, and that is a whole different set of stories), I feel compelled to submit several of my most memorable ones. Maynard Garrison and I, with Sandy and Grant co-founded our British Golf Day at SFGC in 1980, which has become the most popular and fun annual members' event. You can just imagine the barbs thrown over those years between the two of them at our plentiful British lunches and storytelling!

PEBBLE BEACH 1982: The closeness between Sandy and Tom Watson was well known, and Sandy had long been pulling for his close friend Tom to win his first US Open. I was in the gallery at the 17th when Tom sunk the remarkable chip to take a one-stroke lead over Nicklaus. After Tom birdied 18 to win by two, he seemed to quickly disappear into the crowd. I heard Biggie yell at me from the upper porch of the Lodge to get up there fast, and we went together into a small room in the Lodge where Tom had been quickly spirited, in time to see Sandy pop a bottle of champagne and offer a toast to the new champion of about five minutes, all before the official ceremony on the 18th green. Sandy's eloquent toast and Tom's warm response made it truly a special and private moment, a culmination of Sandy's wish, and a teary moment as well.

The next morning Grant had arranged for us to play the golf course, first off at around 6:30, with the tees and pins of the Sunday final round. When we got to the 17th, we were anxious to replay Tom's shot as we were the next round to be played after his chip-in. Apparently many others had the same

idea for when we arrived at the spot, the rough left of the green was totally torn up and crushed down from a lot of action that morning by the hordes of would-be Watsons.

PINE VALLEY 1985: The Walker Cup at this special venue was another of Grant's time to shine. After the USA won, Grant had again arranged for us to play first off the next morning, a Friday surprisingly, because the matches were on the Wednesday and Thursday. Typically, Grant had over-scheduled himself because we were to report for lunch and afternoon golf at Merion with a bunch of R&A guys over for the matches and Merion members. After our Pine Valley round, Grant begged off for some reason and sent me over to the other side of Philadelphia to have a delightful afternoon, playing Pine Valley and Merion on the same day.

ROYAL ST. GEORGES 1998: Sandy and I were the SFGC representatives to the Centenary celebration of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society at Rye Golf Club. During that week we visited Royal St. Georges for a match between the Society's guests and the members at St. Georges. After a hard-fought morning match and a typically large and wet lunch, I was looking forward to a nap and getting out of an ill-fitting pair of golf shoes when Sandy came up to me, closely, face-to-face and in his Tatumesque voice and manner said "Roberson, you and I have a finite number of games left and we are going to spend one of them right now!" Resistance was impossible and we spend another memorable afternoon, just Sandy and myself, sore feet and all, packing the sack around St. Georges. Sandy was pushing 80. Priceless!

Butch Berry, Aug. 3

After digesting all of the glowing reviews about Grant, I wanted to offer a few points about that late, now much-lamented gentleman whom I had the pleasure (and occasional pain) to know.

For the record, "Biggie" was no god, BY GOD! He could be a clever cutie-pie (especially when seated at a well-tuned Steinway) but also a surly S.O.B. to those who crossed swords with him at the wrong time of an evening.

He could hit the driver, the bottle, and the best keys with equal ease.

He loved public golf more than the private version, Stanford more than other colleges, Scotch more than water, pianos more than horns, fun more than money, and tough lies more than easy ones ("This, sir, is a hazard! Play away, please").

While far from perfect himself, his eye for great golf links was impeccable. He almost single-handedly steered the U.S. Open back to Merion in 2013, when the USGA had somehow (for 30 years) misplaced the roadmap to Ardmore. That accomplishment alone should be his ticket to a front row seat at Far Hills.

His physical size was of course an advantage in negotiations, but a steely sense of "the right way" in golf, plus a quick, often wicked, sense of humor, were always the best clubs in his bag, and he used them often and well.

Grant would have appreciated all of your nice e-mails about his wonderful qualities. As I said, he had that wicked sense of humor!

You're away, Big Fella. We sure enjoyed the round.

Frank Clifford, Aug. 3

I was hesitant to share one of my stories regarding Grant, as it doesn't have a lot to do with golf, but more about him as a person. Here goes:

It is June 14, 1966, Tuesday of US Open week at Olympic Club. I am 17 years old and graduated from St Ignatius 1 week prior. I am a Junior Member at Olympic Club. I sign up to caddy in the Open. Johnny Swanson is the Chairman of the caddy group and in those days, the USGA did not allow participants to use their own caddies. I am assigned a number, and as the players arrive, they pick a numbered ping pong ball from a bowl. I draw Frank Beard.

After practice rounds on Sunday and Monday, Frank Beard asks me to bring my Baseball Mitt with me on Tuesday. After a morning round at Lakeside, we drive over to SFGC to practice. Hard to believe, but in those days, SFGC didn't get much play. We brought Beard's shag bag and headed out to the 6th hole. He emptied the bag and gave it to me and instructed me to pace out 120 yards. He hit about 15-20 wedges which I caught in my mitt and really hardly had to move. Then back to 150 yards, 175 and 200 yards with same routine.

In the middle of all this, I look over to my left and see a threesome coming up #5. They come to 6 tee and Frank Beard steps aside to let them play thru. The 3 players drive off the tee and then stop to chat with Beard and the proceed out to their tee shots. I recognize Wheeler Farish as one of the players, having caddied for him several times at SFGC. He recognizes me. The 3 players come out to the fairway and Farish introduces me to Frank Tatum and Grant Spaeth. We chat briefly and Spaeth says "did you see the parings for Thursday/Friday?" I had not, and he informed me Beard was with Ken Venturi and Ben Hogan! By this time, Tatum and Farish had walked out to their drives and were calling for "Biggie" to hurry along. Spaeth turned to leave and I said goodbye to "Biggie". He turned to me, and with a scowl/half smile, said "only my friends call me Biggie", and walked away.

Fast forward to Friday June 18, cut day. I did not know Grant was very good friends with Venturi, but he walked all 18 Thursday with our threesome and then again Friday. Venturi played poorly but barely made the cut. After Friday's round we marched up to the Clubhouse door and scoring was inside the Clubhouse. The players head in and Grant is there and comes over to talk to me. I am thinking he wants to review Venturi's round, but as it turns out, he wants to know what I observed about Hogan for the last 2 days. We talked for 20 minutes or so before Venturi came out to go to Westlake Joe's with Grant, and as they departed, I said simply, "goodbye Grant".

He took a few steps and turned to me and said, "my friends call me Biggie"!

It's been 54 years and that moment is indelibly etched in my memory after all these years.

Biggie, may you Rest in Peace!

Mike Cinelli, Aug. 3

All the stories have been wonderful. My conversations that I had with Grant were always so insightful. I wish I could have only teed it up with him. His legacy will live on forever. We have all been so lucky to have such a wonderful golf family.

Richard Harris, Aug. 4

Thanks for the Biggie/Venturi/Hogan '66 Open story, Frank. Reminding me . . . My brother Mark and I galleried Hogan in one of the practice rounds at the '66 Open. Don't remember who he played with -- if anybody. Hogan was striking the ball beautifully, but when he got to the greens, he would freeze over the putts -- hunched over the ball motionlessly, it seemed interminably, before he would finally stroke the putt. It was painful to watch. But he putted reasonably well. Couldn't have been too bad --

he finished 12th. A stroke behind Johnny Miller. But I digress. Venturi tells a great story about it in his commentary notes to *The Hogan Mystique*, a collection of Jules Alexander photographs of Hogan's swing. Venturi relates that he and Hogan were playing a tournament (must have been that '66 Open), and as they are walking between shots on an unidentified hole, Hogan comes over to him and says: "I'm stuck. I just can't take the putter back." To which Venturi replies: "You're too old and you've been out here too long and won too many tournaments, and it's time you just get out of the way and let the younger guys play." And they continue walking, without another word. A few holes later, Hogan comes over to Venturi and says simply, "Thanks." And walks away.

Paul Sackett, Aug. 4

Bob Goalby and Hogan were a twosome behind a foursome on Tuesday. It was Goalby's first time on the golf course and Hogan would tell him how to play each hole as they waited for the foursome to get out of the way. There were probably 10 of us walking with them and listening to Hogan's advice to Goalby on how to shape and place his tee shot on this hillside track. Hogan never failed to follow his own advice with his ensuing shot. I think I read where Goalby has embellished the story to where the gallery was around 10,000.

Bo Links, Aug. 4

OK, time for a two-fer: a story about both Grant and Sandy together. Make it a three-fer, as it involved Cypress Point. In 1997, Mert Goode was appointed to the USGA Executive Committee. Sandy wanted Mert to come down to Cypress Point for a little get together. He also had Grant there. I'm not sure exactly how I got asked to round out the group, but there I was.

Sandy says, "In the morning we play whites, and after lunch, the blues." Off we go, four nice drives on the opening hole. As we leave the tee, Mert turns to me and in his high-pitched voice says, "Bo, the combined age of our opponents is 142. We get beat by them, we can't ever talk about this."

Everyone is playing great. The morning ends with us 1-up or something like that. We have lunch, then off we go, blue tees in the afternoon. We get to the 16th hole. We are 2-up. Mert fires first and hits a shot for the ages. Driver to four feet. I'm thinking: in the bag. I proceed to hit it through narrow strip left of the green. Dead (but we're playing best ball). Grant follows me into the deep.

Now it's up to Sandy. The wind is swirling a bit. He removes his floppy hat. Addresses it with his driver and, at age 77, cracks a frozen rope at the green. Knocks it right on there. Forty feet way. He putts to two feet. Mert misses. Sandy sinks for the halve. They win 17 and 18 with strokes and we tie. Which is how I wish every match would end. Not in disappointment, but with an indelible memory.

Bob Callan, Aug. 4

During 55 Open Hogan and Claude Harmon would practice at Lake Merced. Hogan never teed up new ball in tournament. At end of practice session, he would hit new balls out of box with driver.... if he liked a ball, he played it in Open. if not, it was discarded...Quality control suspect in those days Referring to earlier story, I think Hogan may have played with Bobby Harris

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Another Hogan story... he was playing practice round with Bruce Devlin... on 6th tee he tells Devlin that this is only hole with fairway bunker. Devlin, looking for words of wisdom, asked Hogan what his strategy was. Hogan, I'm sure with steely facial expression and Devlin all ears waiting for words of wisdom, simply said "I hit to the right of it."

Dan James, Aug. 5

Bobby Harris and Hogan did play together in the double round day in 1955. Bobby Harris was a San Jose State grad. He was one of Bill Ogden's [another SJS grad] assistants at North Shore CC in Glen View IL and later got the job at Sunset Ridge in Northbrook. Doreen and I lived in Northbrook when I also was an assistant for Ogden in 1969; I drove past Sunset Ridge to and from work every day. I stopped in one day and had a nice visit talking with him about that day; he recalled the rabbit incident and was equally amazed. While my future professional golf dreams didn't pan out [it's impossible to support a wife to whom I promised to care for good or bad forever and a little girl born in Evanston Hospital on \$500/month plus half my lessons] I did serendipitously run into you sometime later on Montgomery Street hustling in opposite directions on opposite sides of the street. We talked about my joining a club; an Olympic Club application showed two weeks later completed except for my signature. I signed the Bylaws two or three months later. Thank you for a wonderful nudge to the right fork in the road; it was my best opportunity ever.

Bo Links, Aug. 4

So many great stories about Grant and Sandy! I would like to add one more log to the fire, but it's not about golf. It's about life, and about character, and about Sandy.

Patty and I were having breakfast with Sandy and Barbara about 5 years ago. We often talked about the books we were reading. On this occasion, we talked about "The Boys in the Boat," which is about the 1936 crew team from the University of Washington. We had each read it and were very moved by the story. (BTW - if you haven't read it, do so. It's unforgettable.)

We get to talking and Sandy says, "you know, Bo, I was there."

I had known he and his brother went to the 1936 Olympic Games, but I didn't know which events they saw. So I asked, "did you see the crew races?" No, he said. "We saw track and field." He proceeded to recount, in incredibly vivid detail, Jesse Owens's long jump victory over Lutz Long. Listening to him tell every facet of that final, winning jump — after Owens had fouled twice, and after Long has set the world record moments before — was just incredible.

But that's not the point of this story. Sandy then proceeds to say how weird it felt to be an American in that stadium, surrounded by 80,000 or more avid German fans. He says that every afternoon a little man came to the infield at 4 PM. The German crowd rose as one to salute. The little man raised his arm straight out. The crowd went crazy.

Sandy said seeing that gave him an eerie chill. "You could tell something very wrong was going on. I've never forgotten that. The image just echoes in my head, even today. Very, very disturbing."

Sandy is the only person I've ever met who actually saw Adolph Hitler. And you could tell that 80 years later, he was still profoundly troubled by it.

He was a man who could have enjoyed a life of a privilege, isolated from the slings and arrows of everyday life that the rest of us struggle with. But he didn't do that. He rolled up his sleeves and did what he could, with his time, money, and influence, to make things better for others.

Over the years we had a lot of deep discussions about politics, global affairs, the state of humanity. It was not about golf, but what the world can, and should, be.

Sandy had his values right, and that above all else, is what stays with me.

Dan James, Aug. 4

I watched Hogan and Bobby Harris play 30 holes on Saturday in 1955. I was waiting to see Bolt and Burke on eight tee when I spotted Bing Crosby and Katherine Grant; I'm following them for a while and I wasn't watching Crosby. A vivid memory during my time with Ben in 1955 was standing behind 13 tee watching Hogan hit. He teed up and was ready to hit when one of those cotton-tailed rabbits that used to live in the large hedges hopped out onto the tee and stopped a few yards ahead in Hogan's

line. Hogan straightened his legs, leaned his club on one shoulder and waiting just standing there. No one else did a thing. After a few moments, the rabbit hopped back into the hedge. Hogan took the club off his shoulder, crouched into the address, and hit the ball onto the green. He never ungripped the club; it remains as one of my most memorable moments in golf.

Tom Spencer, Aug. 4

I was saddened to learn of Grant's passing. We had the opportunity to spend time together in conjunction with the Hooked on Golf radio and television programs. His resume in golf was second to none, but he made great contributions well beyond the sport into society at large. He was a man of high intellect with a gentle spirit. Grant's warmth and kindness made him a friend to countless individuals - including myself.

Carol Kaufman, Aug. 5

About Grant...

Before there was a First Tee, there was an organization called the East Palo Alto Jr. Golf Association, based out of Palo Alto Municipal Golf Course, and I was on their board, along with Kay Cockerill. Robert Hoover ran the program and was a great mentor to many underprivileged kids in the area. The USGA was very supportive with donations and usually sent Tony Zirpoli to join us once a year, deliver a check and play in our annual charity golf tournament. Grant also joined one year, and everyone was delighted. I was relatively new to golf and did not know him. At the end of the auction I offered to pay a few hundred dollars to golf with Grant. He was taken by surprise and was speechless! He said Yes—but was clearly stunned... it was actually pretty funny. Each time I saw him at events after that we laughed about him being an Auction Item. We tried a few times to get the game organized but our schedules never aligned and we didn't actually get to play. It didn't matter though, we enjoyed the idea, had a laugh many times, and the kids enjoyed the benefit.

About Sandy...

Shortly after Sandy invited me to join the board of the First Tee, I attended a board meeting and one of our topics was the price our kids would be asked to pay to play golf. The discussion started out around \$5 per round, which seemed to me and to many of us who were there to be a really low price. Surely it was low compared to regular greens fees. When we looked to Sandy for his thoughts, he was livid. He thought it was outrageous to expect the kids to pay that much when they barely had enough for lunch money, so it needed to be substantially lower. There was instant agreement. His empathy with the financial and personal challenges these kids were facing was ever present in his thinking, and helped direct our strategy around providing education and accessibility for our kids. He was the best of the best role model and mentor for all of us. It's great to see the coverage he is receiving on Golf Channel during PGA Championship Week. It's a great legacy.

PRESS

Golf Digest, July 29, 2020: <https://www.golfdigest.com/story/grant-spaeth-usga-president-dies>

USGA, July 29, 2020: <https://www.usga.org/content/usga/home-page/articles/2020/07/past-usga-president-c--grant-spaeth-dies-at-88.html>

SF Chronicle, July 29, 2020: <https://www.sfchronicle.com/sports/golf/article/Grant-Spaeth-former-USGA-president-and-NCAA-15443698.php>

Golf Club Atlas interview with Brian Murphy (2008):
<https://golfclubatlas.com/feature-interview/interviewspaeth/>

