



SEX, SICK, SAD AND STUPID. AND OFTEN, ALL TOGETHER

By Kerry Schmidt      03-16-2008

Sad, John Daly.

Sick, stupid and sex, FORMER NY Governor Elliot Spitzer. Stupid, the NCAA and Daly. Nice mix of s..t today.

No, Gov. Spitzer may not be about sports, but I think sex is a sport. It sure as hell is in the Olympics – see archives of past columns.

Now I know the end means of sex: Getting it off. Right?

So please tell me what ANY woman can do for \$5,500 an hour that makes the above much different. I don't care if she has 10 hands and a tongue as long as horse! \$5,500 an hour!?

Are you kidding me?

Stupid.

I meld this into sports with the old story of former Packers TE Max McGee and his coach, Vince Lombardi.

Way back then, the players made little money compared to today.

Ole Max was known as a partier and womanizer. He was always breaking the rules and sneaking out at night.

At one training camp, Lombardi caught him sneaking up the stairs well past curfew.

Lombardi bellowed, Max, this just cost you \$100. And next time it will be \$500, then \$1000, and if you do it after that, it will be \$10,000."

As Max winced and started to turn away, Lombardi yelled, "Hey Max. If you EVER find a woman worth \$10,000, let me know, 'cause I'm going with you!"

As one prominent columnist said, "any time a male individual thinks with any organ other than his brain, the results are usually bad."

Remember the old saying, "behind every good man is a good woman?"

Well, how about "behind every bad man is a very expensive woman."

So much for a promising career.

The NCAA, aka, March Madness (MM). Mad, yes, but actually stupid!

Today the powers that be get together and decide who will be "IN."

Actually, they will decide 1/2 of who gets in, as the winners of each of the 32 Division I-A conferences automatically get in.

Thus my point, STUPID!!!

You have about 10 big-time conferences – ACC, Pac-10, Big 10, etc, then the "middle major teams" and finally the "low major teams." The big conferences, certainly.

But it is those "winner" teams from lower conference that take away from REAL and deserving teams.

Saw where Portland State upset the Northern Arizona Lumberjacks to win the Big Sky conference, thus into MM.

Other power houses that will be there: Belmont (I thought that was a race track), Atlantic Sun Conference; Siena, from the Metro Atlantic; Mt. Saint Mary's, Northeast, and my favorite, Butler from the Horizon conference. Hey, Horizon and Atlantic Sun? Good combo. Oh, I forgot. Add the Sunbelt conference to this bright, sunny fiasco.

Then we give you other big-name conferences; MAAC, MAC, MEAC, NEC and SWAC. No, I don't know what the letters stand for. And sure as bleep don't care.



# OFF THE WALL SPORTS

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Then you have more unknown teams from such conferences as Ohio Valley, Missouri Valley, Summit, (Sun Belt Horizon, Atlantic Sun again), Patriot and the Big South. NOTE: There is no Big North. A Big East, but no north.

You have powerhouses like Hartford University vs. Maryland – Baltimore playing for a spot in the “Show.”

You get the picture?

Last year, the combined records of 10 of those conference champions was 103-91!

Then you could find 10 schools which did not win their conference and did not make the show, and their combined records was 141-65!

There were five teams in the show last year with LOSING records.

There were 11 teams that won at least 19 games and were left out.

WHY? Because half of the teams MUST come from these no-name conferences.

Sure, there will be the occasional huge upset, but for the most part, you will see, early on, a bunch of teams losing by 20, 30, even 40 or more points.

I am sure that everyone will be on pins and needles waiting for the opening game of, say Duke vs. Austin Peay. Right!

Yea, I can’t wait to see something like Nipple Tech from the All Butch conference, or Frickin U from the Buffalo Butt conference. Or, appropriately, how about Limp State from the Erectile Dysfunction League.

But millions of Americans will spend hours filling out their office pools and many more hours wasting office time watching the games. Ahh, the good ole American work ethic.

PHHHHHHTTTTTT!

Wake me up, maybe, after we get to the Sweet 16, and certainly for the final four, but the first week or so. I’d rather go get a couple of root canals.

John Daley, the golf pro.

In some ways, you gotta love him. He looks like John Goodman and acts like Bill Murray, except Murray is truly funny. And he’s so out of shape that he needs a girdle and about a size 44 C bra. He could hit a drive 350 yards with a beer in his hand. And he could chug that beer before the ball hit the ground.

KERRY GOLF!!!!!!!!!!YEA!!!

But it is not funny. It is sad.

Here is a guy who was, and still is in some ways, a true fan favorite, for his ability to hit the ball a mile, stop before a shot to light up a cigarette and probably hides a few beers in his bag. Problem is, he too often is in the bag.

Daley lost his PGA card two years ago, and plays via sponsor exemptions.

In seven tournaments this year, he missed the cut three times, withdrew from the Bob Hope Classic (some said he was very hung over) and was often seen after hours drinking and partying late into the evening.

His best finish has been a tie for 60<sup>th</sup> place in Mexico. But he snuck back across the border to really screw up.

And this is a man who has won two Majors, and when he took golf seriously, he was a contender. He had hired famed golf instructor Butch Harmon to work with him.

Butch did. Until last week. One day before Daley’s infamous doings at the PODS tournament. Harmon said he was through with Daley, and then said, “My whole goal for him was he’s got to show me golf is the most important thing in his life. But the most important thing in his life is getting drunk.” Whoa! Tell us what your really think, Butch.



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The PODS happening was a 2 ½ hour rain delay. While most golfers found dry land and rested, Daley found the “Owls Nest,” a tented area sponsored by Hooters. Therein, he promptly spent his time downing one beer after the other and signing hats.

When he had to continue play, Harmon and his caddy had left, so Tampa Bay coach Jon Gruden caddied for him through the 16<sup>th</sup> hole, wherein he then left and went to drink some beers himself. When asked about this episode, Daley said, “I thought I was doing the tournament a favor by drumming up business. I signed about a thousand hats. I had a few beers some chicken wings, had a good time with the fans.”

After missing the cut, he said, “Gee, that Hooter’s tent is probably still happening,” so off he went for more beer, wings and autographs, including signing one woman’s pants.” A dedicated man. Anything to help the PGA and their image.

Then last Wednesday, he was to play in the Arnold Palmer Pro-Am at Bay Hill, but did not show up for his Tee time, thus he was disqualified. Also, in the tight timing set up, his miss caused two other golfers to also be kicked out, two young guys who were serious and trying to make it.

Daley did say he called Palmer and apologized, saying he was given the wrong starting time.

John Daley’s tale is of a man with great potential, who has pretty much wasted it on drinking and gambling. He once said he had lost “at least five million dollars” gambling. He also has been through three wives and had legal, sometimes violent episodes with at least one of them.

One of his wives got in legal trouble related to a gambling ring.

Thus, you have a loveable lout who, though wasting his life, still is loved by many for his sense of humor and, well, his penchant for having a good time.

Think of all those weekend foursomes who get tanked up while playing 18 holes and maybe break 90.

Then they see a 300 pound professional golfer who is an alcoholic, gambling addict who at times gets drunk BEFORE he plays, who is on the PGA Tour, and thus they see him as their hero.

Sick, but true. He still is very popular.

So what now for drinking Daley who drinks daily?

He said, “My life is upside-down right now. No matter what I do, it’s wrong.”

Sounds honest and maybe hopeful, but he then smiles and adds, “I’m thinking of writing a new song. I’ll call it, ‘I guess it’s my fault, even when it’s not my fault.’”

I just hope he can turn it around. As I said, he still is a loveable guy, and, well, who knows.

Perhaps he can do Hooters and beer commercials.

“Kerry Golf” is legendary and fun, but I never had to make my career out of it. Now if I won the lottery.....

So, you had a prominent politician (is there such a thing) who ruined his life by partaking in the world’s oldest profession (sport?) Many said he was on a fast track to the White House. Hell, he would have been perfect for it. Just find himself another Monica and.... At least Clinton did not have to pay for it.

Then we have the really stupid manner in which the MM is established, followed by a loveable drunk who can play golf and drink at the same time.

What a story for a column, huh.

Well, it is a very slow time.

I’m off to see if I can find Daley and share some single malt with him.