

Fuzzy Zoeller, Our 45 Years of Friendship, with Some of His Friends

Frank Urban Zoeller in was born in New Albany, Indiana on November 11, 1951. His nickname was Fuzzy. Sometimes his friends called him, Fuz. He was married to Diane Thornton Zoeller. They had 4 children, Sunnye, Heidi, Gretchen, and Miles.

Fuzzy joined the PGA Tour in 1973. He had 19 professional wins in his career. Ten wins were on the PGA Tour including the 1979, Andy Williams San Diego Open. He won two major championships. At the 1979 Masters Golf Tournament, he was the third golfer to win the Masters in his first appearance. Fuzzy also won the 1984 US Open. In 1985, he was awarded the [Bob Jones Award](#) by the United States Golf Association. In other words, Fuzzy was a great golfer.



Fuzzy whistled while he worked. Work for him was playing golf on the PGA tour. He was great for the game of golf. He was very down to earth, and easily approachable with the gallery both on and off the golf course. I watched him sign thousand of autographs, and probably posed for hundreds of thousands of photos.

I wrote 16 pages of stories about Fuzzy in my first book. I will try to give you a revised condensed version of our 45 years of friendship.

When I first met Fuzzy he used to hang around with golf pro Hubert **Green**. Many times they would invite me to join them for dinner at The Nest after the Bob Hope Desert Classic Golf Tournament in the late 1970s and at President Gerald Ford's golf tournament in Vail, Colorado in the 1980s.



Fuzzy with my sister Meeco and Hubert Green



President Ford's golf tournament in Vail, Colorado in the 1980s. Bob Michels, Fuzzy, President Gerald R. Ford, Congressman Marty Russo from Illinois and Harpo. Bob Michel's used to have this photo in the US Capital in room # 136.

Life Magazine at the LaQuinta Hotel

Fuzzy invited me over for dinner at a town house he rented at the LaQuinta Hotel during the Bob Hope Classic. There was only one magazine in the whole house, a 1990 issue of Life. When I opened it, poof! There I was in living color, front and center. It was a two-page fold-out of the Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey Clown College® reunion with 487 clowns. I looked at Fuzzy, held up the magazine and shrugged my shoulders, as if to say, "What is this?" He laughed and said, "You clown!"

On several occasions, I was a house guest with his wonderful family, and he still keeps inviting me back. Fuzzy is one of the most thoughtful and generous people I have ever met. He is very caring and has a great sense of humor. I feel honored and privileged to call Fuzzy Zoeller, my friend.



Ringling Bros. Barnum and Bailey Clown College® reunion with 487 clowns in Life Magazine 1990

Reflections of people that Fuzzy introduced me to

I met hundreds if not thousands of people thanks to Fuzzy. Here are a few stories about them.

One year, I was invited to join them at Morton's Steak House in Palm Desert, California. Fuzzy was seated on my left and Dean was on my right. It was a fun-filled evening with lots of laughter. After dinner, Dean told me if I ever wanted to go to a San Diego Chargers football game to let him know. His father is Alex Spanos owned the Chargers. Dean is now in charge. I had no idea who Dean was during dinner, and I really didn't care. I just knew he was a nice guy, and treated me with respect. I took him up on his offer. He gave me four box seats in a suite. I took Skye Susalla. We parked



in the very first row next to the stadium.

Dean Spanos

September 5, 1998 was my first time working for Fuzzy Zoeller's Wolf Challenge Golf Tournament in Sellersburg, Indiana at Covered Bridge Golf Course. He invited me to be his house guest. He had a driver pick me up at the airport and take me out to the house. The house is a ten thousand square foot mansion that sits on two hundred acres of a hillside with its own private lake overlooking Louisville, Kentucky. His barn is bigger than my house and probably smells better.

No one was there, but the driver told me to make myself at home. It was so beautiful, I was afraid to touch anything. When Diane and Fuzzy arrived home with their children, Sunnye, Heidi, Gretchen and Miles they made me feel right at home. They bent over backwards to make my stay comfortable. The spare refrigerator in the laundry room had dozens of my Harpo magnets on it. I would guess they are still there.

I shared a room with his son Miles. At 5:00 am Fuzzy woke me up with a cup of coffee in his hand. Then he went back to bed for an hour. Fuzzy carried my bags, and waited on me hand and foot. He drove me around and treated me like royalty. When we arrived at the golf course everyone

waited on Fuzzy. He told me, "Hey Clown, make everyone happy and send me the bill." I always charged him my regular rate. Any extra giveaway supplies that I used, I would bill the Wolf Challenge at my cost. I always tried to save him money on airfare. Over the years I started renting a car to drive to Indiana.

Dinner at the Head Table with Rush Limbaugh

At the Pairings Party that evening, Fuzzy told me to go get something to eat in the buffet dinner line. I started walking to the back of the room, because that is where the help usually ate. He said, "Hey Clown, where you going Clown?" I pointed to the back of the tent. He sat me down at the head table with Indiana's famous basketball coach Bobby Knight and radio talk show host Rush Limbaugh and Fuzzy. I was the only one with green hair and a camera, so we had a great photo taken together after dinner.



Bobby Knight, Rush Limbaugh, Harpo and Fuzzy, September 5, 1998

One year at the Bob Hope Classic at Bermuda Dunes Country Club Fuzzy was playing with Rush Limbaugh. Fuzzy asked me to caddy for him the last



few holes.

Rush and Harpo the caddy at Bermuda Dunes Country Club



Harpo and Rush at LaQuinta Country Club

Rush Limbaugh

My friend Ciccio had a fine dining restaurant called the San Moritz, in the mountains, of Crestline, California. He collected clown dolls. The two people he always talked about to his guests were Rush Limbaugh and Harpo the Clown. We were his favorites.

Rush was a real delight with the people in the gallery when he played with Fuzzy during the Bob Hope Classic Golf Tournament. He signed autographs and posed for photos all day long. Photographer Paul Bojanower took a photo of Rush talking to me on the tee at Bermuda Dunes Country Club. That photo was hanging at The Nest restaurant in Indian Wells, California and at Bill Murray's restaurant in St. Augustine, Florida at the World Golf Hall of Fame. Now there is a photo of Fuzzy, Dodi Henry who is the owner of The Nest, and me on the back wall near the little clown's room.

Fuzzy took Rush to dinner at The Nest restaurant one night. I remember Fuzzy asking me for a couple packs of Swiss Creme Cookies. Fuzzy does not eat a lot of sweets but he did like Swiss Cremes. He gave a pack to Rush and told him the story. "Harpo gets 50 cases of Oreos every two months from Nabisco to hand out as a promotion and several cases of Swiss Crèmes. However, all the stores that we went into did not sell Swiss Crèmes. The only place I saw them were in vending machines." When Rush tasted the Swiss Crème Cookie his reply was, "These are damn good, Harpo!" But, none of us could understand the marketing strategy of such a great product.

I sent Rush a copy of Fuzzy's photo for him to sign, but I never got it back. The next time I saw Rush he apologized several times, and asked me to resend it. He said he was in the process of moving and it was misplaced. The photo with Rush Limbaugh, Bobby Knight, Fuzzy and me is worth at least a thousand words. Between those three guys talking all night I could not get a word in, even if I wanted to. I needed my "Quiet please," sign.

At most of Fuzzy's tournaments I helped him entertain at his golf clinic. We kind of bounced off of each other, except that Fuzzy did all the talking. Someone was aiming to hit a ball in my direction. On the microphone Fuzzy told him, "Don't hit the clown. That is my investment." Many times Fuzzy asked me to be the first to tee off to start the tournaments.



“On the 1st Tee, Harpo the Clown from Palm Springs, California”

Payne Stewart won many PGA tour events including the 1991 US Open at Hazeltine and in 1999 at Pinehurst in North Carolina. He was also known for wearing T Barry Knickers while playing golf. On September 5, 1999 we were at Fuzzy's Wolf Challenge pairings party at the Seelbach Hilton Hotel in Louisville. Payne told some funny jokes to the audience. Janet Lowder took a rare photo of Fuzzy, Payne and me up on stage, as the band Duck Soup from Austin, Texas played The Village Peoples song called, YMCA. Payne was not wearing his traditional hat in that photo.

Sadly to say, two months later in October 1999 Payne's plane crashed killing everyone on board. It was truly a very great loss.



Fuzzy, Harpo and Payne Stewart at the Seelbach Hotel in Louisville on September 5, 1999.



Bob Koetter

Kosair Childrens Hospital in Louisville, KY

Fuzzy raised millions of dollars for various charities in southern Indiana and the Louisville, Kentucky area which is just across the Ohio River.

Every year I would arrive a day early, so we could visit the Children at Kosair Children's Hospital in Louisville. Audrey Denker worked there, so she would make all the arrangements. Fuzzy went with me the first year, then it became a tradition. All the other years either Rick Myers or Jim Nash would chauffeur me around. Fuzzy often sent other celebrities with me, like singer, Lisa Loeb or Mickey Jones, who was on the television show called, *Home Improvement*. He was also a drummer.

On Saturday, August 12, 2006 Officer Jim Nash, from Indianapolis, drove me to Kosair to visit the children. Kevin Costner joined us, or should I say we joined him. He was such a delight, being very kind and gentle with all the children, while the adults and staff were in awe seeing Kevin in person. I have a great photo with Kevin there. I had met him once before at The Bob Hope Classic, LaQuinta Country Club.

After they finished golfing at the tournament, Kevin's band played. At one point Kevin called me up on stage, to introduce me to the audience.

Kevin Costner spoke to the audience at Fuzzy Zoeller's 2006 Wolf Challenge Golf Tournament in Sellersburg, Indiana

"We really don't know who you are, but you are an angel. I do a lot of movies about life and death where I am the hero, but you are the real hero for all the good things you do for the kids. We spent time at Kosair Children's Hospital. Harpo spends his life helping kids. You actually care. That's it! Now get off!" The band continued playing. Fuzzy and some of the staff members got up on stage to dance behind Kevin until they finished. When Kevin was getting ready to leave, I was standing back stage out of the way. When he saw me, he came over and put his arms on my shoulders and said, "If the time ever comes when you need

someone, I hope there is someone there for you like you are always there for them.” We hugged, and then a short time later he was driven off in his car.



8.12.2006 Kevin Costner and me at Kosair Children's Hospital in Louisville, KY.



Kevin talking to me at Covered Bridge golf club before he climbed into his limo. He told me, “I hope someone is there for you, like you are always there for them.”



Lisa Loeb and Dweasel Zappa us one year to visit the Children at Kosair.



Lisa went with



Patty Waszak and JC Gent from Pigeon Forge



Bill Murray, Kevin Costner, John Daley, ? Fuzzy, & Harpo



Mickey Jones from Home Improvement



Don Most, aka: Ralph Mouth from Happy Days, Janet Lowder, Harpo and Richard Karn from *Home Improvement*, great guy and just as nice in person, as he is on television.

In 2006 Tom Wint promoted me to become a celebrity. He asked me to start signing the flags that all the PGA pro golfers and celebrities signed. They would sign their name. I would draw my little cartoon face so it took me much longer. The room was filled with flags. They used them to sell at auctions to raise money for various charities. I bought framed flags from 2005 and 2006.

Photos of Flags



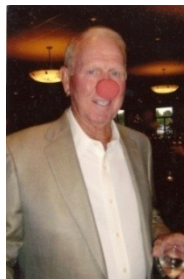
2005



2006 with Al Gieberger aka: Mr. 59, actors, John York, Don Most, and many more



Larry Paris



Gerald Huber

Arnold Palmer

When I was getting ready to print my first book, I wrote Arnold Palmer a letter asking him if he would like to write the foreword for my book. At Fuzzy's 2006 Wolf Challenge they were taking a team photo with David Toms, Arnold Palmer, Fuzzy and Chi Chi Rodriguez. I was standing close by when I heard Fuzzy yell, "Come here Clown, get in the middle for a photo." As I stood between Arnie and Fuzzy, Arnie said, "I received your letter, and yes, I will be happy to write your foreword." I was so jazzed just being in the photo, then to hear Arnie say that, made my day.

I sent Arnie a copy of this photo and he sent it back to me autographed, but it got lost in the mail. I sent another one that he autographed and it arrived safely.



David Toms, Arnold Palmer, Harpo, Fuzzy and Chi Chi Rodriguez. 2006

Indiana University vs Miami Football Ball

On January 19, 2026, Indiana University beat Miami for the national football title. In a video I saw Hunter, a friend of the Zoeller's family wearing a red and white striped hat. On the hat was a button that says, Fuzzy and Harpo Love Kids. Fuzzy bought them for me to hand out. The photo was taken in 1999 when Payne Stewart played in the tournament. Nice to know those buttons are still in use 27 years later. This is the photo we used.



Vijay Singh has 34 PGA victories including the Masters Golf tournament in 2000. On Monday, August 18, 2003, at Kraft Foods Wolf Challenge, I was on the 1st tee with Fuzzy, Vijay, Greg Norman, and Fred Couples. As they got ready to begin, Vijay asked if he could hit my jumbo club. He teed the ball up, took a practice swing, then hit it right down the middle of the fairway. Everyone was laughing and it made the headlines in the Indiana Courier Journal Newspaper the next day. Fuzzy was impressed because he knows how hard it is to swing my giant club.

Of all the golf pros who have swung my club over the years, Vijay hits it the best! At the 2010 Wolf Challenge at the Brickyard Golf Course in Indianapolis, Vijay offered to buy my club. They are not for sale any more. I used to keep a supply of them that I sold. Matzie Golf Company in Indio, California made them for me.



Fuzzy Zoeller, Nick Price, Harpo, Boo Weekley and Vijay Singh in 2010 at the Brickyard Crossing, Indianapolis Motor Speedway.



Comedian, Scott Record, Harpo and Fuzzy at the Seelbach Hotel in Louisville, KY.



Sonny Sprigler, Al Hinkle, aka: P.O.S., John Daly and Harpo at the Seelbach Hilton Hotel in Louisville, KY.

John



Harpo, George Lopez, Fuzzy, Jack Nicklaus and Jason Gore



Sonny Sprigler modeling my embroidered Fruit of the Loom underwear



Hale Irwin



Susan and Marty McKenzie from Pinehurst, NC with Fuzzy at the Indian Wells Hotel. Marty hired me to work the grand opening of the Homewood Suites Hotel in Pinehurst.



Chi Chi Rodriguez
Fuzzy, Thomas Gibson, Actor, Hercules with Don and Diane Olson.



Harpo, Gary Libbs, Fuzzy and Sonny Sprigler



Boo Weekley had a great time getting into the spirit of



the fun at the Wolf Challenge and creating some of his own humor.



Charles Barkley with Traci Lobeck laughing



Craig Stadler



I love the way Fuz is looking at me during the awards presentations on the 18th green at Covered Bridge with Rocco Mediate



Ben Crenshaw



Bob Koetter and Fuzzy. Notice the clown nose on Fuzzy's statue.

Kimberlin Brown has appeared on many soap operas including The Young and the Restless, Santa Barbara and the Bold and the Beautiful. In September 2001 we were at an after party at Fuzzy's house. Fuzzy asked me, "Clown, will you take my truck and drive Kimberlin and her friend back to the Ceasars Hotel near Louisville." Kimberlin wanted to stop at Kmart to pick something up. Fuzzy's truck would not stop at a Kmart, so I took her over to Kroger's food store.



Kimberlin Brown



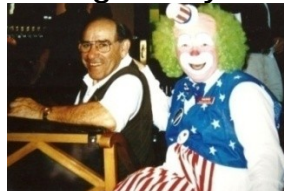
Frank and Alma Zoeller

Trampoline

I used to perform on the trampoline on our high school gymnastics team, and at clown college. The last time I bounced and did back flips on a trampoline was at Fuzzy's house. He had one set up in the yard for his children and their friends.

Yogi Berra

One year at the Bob Hope Classic, Fuzzy invited me into the Player's Lounge at Indian Wells Country Club. He introduced me to one of the all time great baseball catchers for the New York Yankees, Yogi Berra. Yogi is in the Baseball Hall of Fame. I saw Yogi many more times after that, and I



always gave him Oreo Cookies.

Toshiba Golf Tournament

At the Toshiba Golf Tournament in Newport Beach, California, Fuzzy gave me a couple passes for the tournament. I brought my friend, Janet Lowder, who Fuzzy knew from his tournaments. We followed Fuz around for part of the day. After he finished he took me into the Player's Locker Room. Soon after that, as I was standing outside the club house with photographer Paul Lester, one of the tournament staff members came up and asked me what I was doing there. Since I didn't give him verbal answers he kicked me out. No big deal though, because I was going to leave anyway, because Fuzzy had finished playing golf for the day, and I was not going back the next day.

Fuzzy never wanted anything for free because he was a celebrity. He was very generous. One time at his house his children wanted money to go out on the town. Fuzzy only gave them \$ 20 each. He could have easily given them a \$100 or more, but I realized he was probably trying to teach them a lesson of sorts and not spoil them like other parents spoil their children. That was none of my business anyway. All four of his children, Sunnye, Heidi, Gretchen and Miles, all grew up to be wonderful adults and a lesson learned.

Fuzzy's Ultra Premium Vodka Labels

I was going to save this story for book # 4, but I may as well tell it now since we are on the subject of Fuzzy's Ultra Premium Vodka. I had a dear friend who introduced me to his friend, who worked for a company that makes labels for bottles. My friend's friend, told me that if I introduced him to Fuzzy, and they were able to make a deal to print new labels on Fuzzy's Vodka bottles that he would pay me a commission off of each bottle sold.

Long story short, I introduced him to Fuzzy. I also told Stuart and Mike Reed who were in business with Fuzzy. Just so they knew, I was not double dipping, I told all three of them what this guy had promised to pay me if a deal was made. Yes, a deal was made and the bottles looked awesome with a see through bottle with a golf course in the background. They also made another bottle with a race track design.

This is an email I received about the new labels. Sent: Thu, Aug 18, 2011 4:22 pm Subject: Re: New Labels

Hi Harpo! We did a trial run last week and they looked great. We are looking at printing the first labels in a couple of weeks.

Basically the guy who promised to pay me went back on his word and stiffed me. He said his boss refused to pay me anything. The deal I made was not with his boss. That guy promised to pay me, so he should have paid me out of his own pocket.

My mild mannered friend who introduced us was extremely mad at what he did. That guy offered to buy me dinner instead. Big deal, and no thanks, shame on him. No, we did not have it in writing. To me, a promise is a promise and a man's word is considered holy and better than a signed piece of paper.

All is good now because Dodge was able to use a glass cutter to cut the bottles for projects. My sister sent me an empty Fuzzy's Vodka bottle that was stuffed with Christmas lights, so now I use it as a night light.

Ultra Premium Vodka Race Car

When Fuzzy had his race car advertising his new Ultra Premium Vodka he invited me to the 2012 race in Fontana, California. Ed Carpenter was the driver. They won the race. Fuzzy told me to go with him for photos in the winner's circle.

Fuzzy used to tell people I was his best salesman and the clown doesn't even drink. I still carry a miniature empty bottle of Fuzzy's Vodka in my

back pocket. He used to give me cases of mini sample bottles to hand out.



autographed Fuzzy and I are wearing green shirts on the left side in the winners circle.

Forest Ranger

One of the favorite stories that has been told at least 99 times by Fuzzy and his friends was when I was staying at Fuzzy's cabin. I sleep in my clown makeup when I come home late at night. I take it off in the morning, take a shower, then put on a clean fresh face.

June 10, 2009, I was sitting having my morning coffee in Fuzzy's cabin. I saw someone walk past the window. I figured it was Fuzzy, Bob Koetter, or Dodge, because the cabin is way out in the woods, and you need a key for the guard gate. It was too late to jump up and put my pants on, so I opened the door. It was a forest ranger asking permission to go across the property. The look on his face was priceless. I still had my clown face on from the night before, and all I was wearing was my fruit of the loom underwear. I was told that it could not have happened to a better person. I also heard the forest ranger retired soon after that incident. I guess at that point, he had seen enough.

The Masters Golf Tournament

As I mentioned before, Fuzzy won the 1979 Masters Golf Tournament in Augusta, Georgia. By doing so, he was eligible to receive free passes and badges each year to the tournament. Passes to the Masters are some of the hardest in all of sports to get. In 1999, my friend Joe Hanna told me that if I could get passes to the Masters that he would pay my way. I asked Fuzzy and he gladly gave me daily passes for Joe and me. Joe has been my friend since I first moved to the Coachella Valley. He had been so good

to me, that I cashed in my Southwest Airline miles and took him as my guest. Joe paid for everything else, car rental, hotel and meals.

Following Fuzzy on the course was awesome. At one point, I tossed Fuzzy a Harpo golf ball to let him know we were in the gallery. Fuzzy chipped the ball back to me. The guy standing next to me was in total shock not knowing what was going on. It was just a practice round so everything was ok. Later that night we went to Rhineharts restaurant with Fuz for dinner.

In 2000, Fuzzy gave me two club house badges, so Joe and I went again and made a mini vacation out of it. Photographer, Paul Lester told me that every year at the Masters, Fuzzy would ask him, "Where's the Clown?" Paul is the one who took the photo of me, for the cover of my first book.



Fuzzy & Joe Hanna at The Masters 1999

Frank Christian is a photographer in Augusta, GA. He told me an inside note that when Fuzzy won the Masters Golf Tournament in 1979 the Officials did not know what size Green Jacket Fuzzy wore. Frank told them the same size as Jack Nicklaus. After Fuzzy put the jacket on, Frank told him to look inside. Fuzzy laughed when he saw Jack's name.

While visiting the Christian family one year, I bought their 1983 240 D blue Mercedes from Frank and his daughter Amy. She was a back-up singer for James Brown. I drove the car to Chicago and kept it at my mom's instead of renting a car when I went to visit. After mom passed away, I drove it out to California. It's a great car and it's not for sale.

Edgewater Country Club in Lancaster, South Carolina

Phil Lobeck invited Fuzzy and me to work an event at Edgewater Country Club in Lancaster, South Carolina in 2010. It just so happened to be on my birthday of September 18th. Fuzzy and the gallery sang Happy Birthday to me on the first tee. Fuzzy asked me be the first to tee off to start the tournament. Before he left, I went out to the airport to see his new plane. I was juggling golf balls on the stairway.

Phil and his wife Tracy also arranged for me to visit a Children's Home in Lancaster before I left. The staff asked us to also visit a nursing home



which we did.

Phil Lobeck

Kyle Perry, Fuzzy, Harpo, Dell Curry, Billy Packer, and Frank Garcia ??



Fuzzy with my sister Meeco and nieces Kaylin and Bria at his condo in Palm Desert during the Bob Hope Classic Golf Tournament

Louie Bodner aka: "Dodge"

Fuzzy and Bob Koetter always lets me stay at their cabin when I'm in town so I went out there for two days. I was able to ride around the property on their 4 wheelers. Louie Bodner and his grandson came out for the second night. I had promised Fuzzy's neighbor, Nikki Bigham, that one of these years I would get dressed up and visit the children in the kindergarten class she teaches.

As I was getting ready, Louie came in, and told me he just hit my car with the tractor. I thought he was joking, because there are 600 acres for him to drive his tractor. However, he hit the little Dodge that I had parked in the drive way. He felt so bad, because the whole bumper was ripped off. He drove the car into the small town as I finished getting ready. Within an hour or so he was back with the bumper attached better than it was before. Bob, the repairman wouldn't even take his money. In any other big city it could have easily cost \$400- \$ 500 and it would have been in the repair shop for days. Louie's new nickname is now, 'Dodge.'

Louie and his grandson joined me at the elementary school and had a blast. Then we toured the small town, the car shop, and then the CVS

pharmacy before I headed to Dayton, Ohio to visit my friends, Audrey and Cy Laughter.



Louie Bodner aka: Dodge with his wife

A few weeks later I received this nice e-mail from Robin:

“Mr. Harpo,

I would just like to take a minute of your time to tell you a sincere thank you.

You recently visited southern Indiana during a trip to see Fuzzy. While there, you stopped at a local CVS pharmacy. My mother is the tech that you proposed to. Our family has had a bad spot the last year or so, and the excitement that was in my mother’s voice, detailing your visit, is such that I have not heard in too long. She hasn’t laughed like that in so long I didn’t realize how much I missed it until I heard it again.

You apparently have a gift for what you do. With all my heart and respect, I want to say thank you for shining a little of it down on my mother that day.

People like you are able to bring a ray of sunshine into the most unsuspecting people, and I just wanted to let you know that your effort did not go unnoticed.

I live in Nashville Tennessee, and am not able to go home as much as I would like (gotta love the workforce!). If you ever happen to find yourself back

**in that small town where time has stopped, please
know that there is a lady who would thoroughly enjoy
seeing that bright mop of green hair again!
Again, thank you so much for what you do!
Sincerely,
Robin”**



CVS Pharmacy Staff

Fuzzy's Memorabilia

I have Fuzzy's memorabilia all over my house, mostly photos with Fuzzy and celebrities, some of them autographed, Fuzzy magnets, a miniature Fuzzy race car, Fuzzy buttons, Fuzzy pins, Fuzzy shirts, a Fuzzy towel, Fuzzy this, that and everything else. I also have Fuzzy unopened autographed Ultra Premium vodka bottles, which now will never be opened while I'm alive. I have miniature vodka bottles, and one that is empty, that I carry in my pocket every single day. Fuzzy used to give me a case of miniature vodka bottles and a case of Srixon golf balls each year after his tournament with his name on it to hand out. I would draw my face on the golf balls to hand out when I worked other tournaments.

Cowboys and Clowns Golf Tournament.

Every year after the Wolf Challenge Fuzzy would reserve the New Albany Country Club, so he could give thanks to his staff and take them out to play golf. It used to be called, The Cowboys and Indians Golf Tournament in honor of Chief Johnny Valdez. It eventually became the Cowboys and Clowns Golf Tournament. I had golf shirts made with my logo. Steven G. LaDuke made the trophy. It was a trophy of a mini Harpo doll sitting on a horse that was attached to a toilet seat. For a while that trophy was in the trophy case at Covered Bridge Golf Club in Sellersburg, Indiana.

All the other groups were on the green watching and waiting for us, so we could all play the back nine together. On the 9th fairway, I hit it in the hole. My teammates were so excited jumping up and down, that we fell on top of each other. Fuzzy said that it was best shot he had ever seen. I signed the ball and gave it to Sonny Sprigler.

This is an email from Steve LaDuke after reading this story. "Yes!!! Great memories! I was totally picturing that shot you hit in on #9 at NA Country Club as I was reading it. As I remember we all ended up piling on top of you on the ground!! Hahaha Unfortunately, what used to be New Albany Country Club burned to the ground last week. They think it was hit by lightning in a storm."

Chief Johnny Valdez, was a hunting buddy of Fuzzy's who came in from Colorado. One night we were at Fuzzy's house and Chief Johnny was playing the guitar in the living room. Someone suggested Led Zepplin's song, *Stairway to Heaven*. Johnny knew it, and played it.



Fuzzy wearing his Cowboys and Clowns golf shirt. My book is in Fuzzy's Trophy case at the Covered Bridge Golf Club. I'm not sure if either of them



are still there?

Bob & Tom Radio Show holding the trophy. |



A signed box of Oreo cookies



David Duvall

Press Coverage

Fuzzy was very generous about sharing or giving me the spotlight with press coverage in the Indiana and Louisville Newspapers. I was told that

when Champions Point Golf Club opened, Fuzzy did a press interview and mentioned that he was bringing Harpo the Clown in from California to visit the Children at Kosair's Hospital.

After a couple years working the Wolf Challenge he started putting me in the program with the celebrities and pro golfers who were playing in the tournament.

ESPN had us on television once in Vail, Colorado during President Gerald R. Ford's Golf Tournament. Fuzzy was in the middle of the fairway swinging my giant club. I put a golf ball on a tee for him to hit. This was one of those smoke balls. Bruce Devlin was one of the announcers who talked about playing with Fuzzy, and how he takes the edge off when he plays with them. I still have that footage on DVD.

The Clown Index is Good

August 10, 2006, Phil Lobeck the general manager at Covered Bridge Golf Club was giving me a briefing for the upcoming busy weekend of the Wolf Challenge.

Fuzzy's friend and business partner Ned Pfau walked into the office to say hello. Ned has a long history in Southern Indiana and the Louisville area for sitting on various boards, and I don't mean that he works in a lumber yard. He told me he was talking about me a few weeks ago. He used my name in a conversation with Ben Bernanke, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board. Mr. Bernanke recently took over the position after Alan Greenspan retired. He is in charge of setting interest rates among other things that our beautiful country's economy depends on.

Ned told us, that there was a Federal Reserve Board reception in Louisville recently. He was standing with Ben Bernanke and asked him if he knew who Harpo the Clown was? Mr. Bernanke replied, "No." Ned told him he has a longtime friend who is a clown that lives in Palm Springs, California.

Ned said, "There is employment, unemployment, the gross national product, this index and that index that all have to do with how the interest rates are set, but have you ever heard of the Clown Index?" Again Mr. Bernanke replied, "No." Ned told him, "When the economy is good, then the

clown business is good. But when the economy is bad, the clown is the first to go.” That is absolutely true, because the parties I work, they all have to eat but they can do without the clown, if the budget has to be cut. After listening to this, we were all laughing our heads off. I was bouncing off the wall crying, because I was laughing so hard. Ned said, Mr. Bernanke laughed, then asked, “So how’s your clown friend doing now?” Ned replied, “The Clown Index is good!”

Audria Denker is the lady who makes all the arrangements whenever I visit Kosair Children’s Hospital in Louisville. When she read this story she told me, “This is great! You should be at every Federal Reserve meeting from now on. Just like the groundhog predicts the coming of spring, so shall Harpo predict the coming of GOOD TIMES!”



Ned Pfau

Fuzzy Zoeller's 2013 Wolf Challenge with Nancy Lopez and Lee Trevino

Fuzzy’s final Wolf Challenge Golf Tournament, after a great 16 years, was held on August 9, 10, 11, 2013.

The Pairings Party that evening was at Covered Bridge Golf Club in Sellersburg, Indiana. Jim Nash, head of security told Fuzzy that Harpo drove all the way from Palm Springs, California. Fuzzy's reply was, "He's a clown." I drove over 2,000 miles in three days. Most of it was through rain and lightning.

On Saturday morning Yuggy, in the cart barn had a golf cart reserved for me. Fuzzy asked me to ride around with him in his golf cart. He wanted me to be in each team photo. It was a great day filled with lots of laughter. I felt like I was Fuzzy’s straight man. We stopped by one house where a little boy had a lemonade stand set up. He gave Fuzzy a half-filled glass. Fuz gave him \$20.00. As we drove around the course, the photographer and I listened to Fuzzy whistling little tunes to himself.

Fuzzy asked me to go to his office and welcome golfers Nancy Lopez and Lee Trevino. Both of them gave me a hug. Later that night I danced with

Nancy. I have known her since the late 70s. She hired me to go down to Georgia for her daughter Ashley's 5th birthday party. Nancy is in the LPGA Hall of Fame. I also knew Lee from the days when he talked about me in a good way, on NBC TV during the Bob Hope Classic.

On Sunday, we took team photos with Nancy Lopez, Lee Trevino, Craig Stadler and Fuz. Fuzzy asked me to hit the first ball to start the tournament. It was not the best shot I ever hit; but, at least, it didn't go in the water. Lee made some kind of comment about my heavy five pound golf club. Lee also made an off-handed comment about whites and Hispanics. Fuzzy had no comment.

Golf pro, Donnie Hammond thanked me for being there all these years. We reminisced about the good old days at the Wolf Challenge. If I recall correctly the tournament raised \$ 2 million dollars for local charities. I was on the 11:00 news clip advertising the Wolf Challenge.

The final party was at Fuzzy's house overlooking Louisville. They ordered 10 pizzas. Papa John's used to be one of the sponsors. The delivery man was noticeably short; we learned he used to be a jockey. The music on the radio was not working, so three year old Gunner fixed it.

Fuzzy always let me stay at his cabin for a few days of R & R before driving to Chicago. I washed and waxed my rental car for the ride back to California. I have been friends with Fuz since the late 1970s. At the cabin he has two Harpo golf balls, Harpo magnets, Harpo cups and a Harpo Doll. How could Fuzzy ever forget me?



Fuzzy Zoeller's Wolf Challenge team photo, August 11, 2013
Fuzzy Zoeller, Nancy Lopez, Harpo t. Clown, Craig Stadler and Lee Trevino at Covered Bridge Golf Club, Sellersburg, Indiana

Acorns are a preventative cure

Many years ago at The Nest, Fuzzy was sitting in VIP three with a group of his friends. He took out an acorn and told everyone that an acorn was the cure. He said it was the preventative cure for AIDS. After he got everyone's attention and curiosity, he put the acorn on the table. He picked up a glass and smashed the acorn. Out popped a condom! Everyone burst into



laughter.

Ted Hane owned The Nest years ago when Fuzzy came in for dinner.

Linda Caruso

On September 17, 2025, I received an autographed photo of Fuzzy with my childhood friend, Linda Caruso. She was downsizing and knew how close of friends Fuzzy and I were. Every once in a while I would send photos to Fuzzy to sign for friends. He did not have an auto pen like some celebrities and politician's do. He told me, if I ever needed anything autographed to send it to his office.



Nikki Bigham



Linda Caruso

Fuzzy's Celebration of Life,

Fuzzy suddenly passed away on November 27, 2025, at a young age of 74 years old. The wake was open to the public for a few hours at the church on Friday, December 12, 2025. The funeral service was private for family and close friends. I felt very honored to be accepted as one of his close friends.

I made a reservation to stay at the Ramada. Bob Koetter asked if I wanted to stay out at the cabin. Heck Yeah! On Thursday, December 11, 2025, when I pulled up to unlock the gate, I brushed the snow off the top. There was my Harpo magnet. There were also several magnets in the cabin and



one that was still outside on the sign, after all these years.

At the Church for the Wake

As I was entering the church on Friday, December 12, I stopped to greet Mike Reed. Fuzzy's pilot came out next. He said the first time he met me, I was riding on top of Fuzzy's car at PGA West during the Bob Hope Classic. Fuzzy's car was filled with people and golf clubs in the trunk, so I rode on top of the trunk from the clubhouse to the parking lot. The sheriff saw us, but didn't say anything. He just laughed and waved us through.

A couple of people said they cried when they saw me walk into the church, because it brought back so many happy memories with Fuzzy.

Many other people thanked me for being there, and coming all the way from California. Another man said, I lifted the tension from the air when I came into the church. He was impressed at how all of Fuzzy's grandchildren came up to meet me and took photos in the church.

On Friday after the wake, I went to eat at the Chicken House restaurant on Grant Line Road. A man came up to me to say hello. I gave him a postcard of Red Skelton. He remembered that postcard from years ago at Kosair



Children's Hospital in Louisville.

The Funeral was held on Saturday, December 13, at St. Mary's of the Knobs Catholic Church. I arrived fashionably late, so I could stand in the back of the church and not disrupt the service.

As the casket was being rolled out of the church, I was standing by the door. I stepped back to get out of the way. Fuzzy's daughter, Heidi, grabbed my hand for me to walk with the family out to the hearse.

From the church to the cemetery, I tried counting the cars. There must have been well over 100 vehicles. The Sheriff department, local police and state police had all the traffic stopped at intersections so the procession could roll through the hillside to the cemetery.

Paul Slama's comment

I read some of the comments that were posted on social media about Fuzzy. One of my favorites was by Paul Slama as he explains in his own words how generous Fuzzy was.

“For those who remember the Bob Hope Desert Classic, it was held in Bermuda Dunes and Indian Wells, CA. In the 80s and 90s after a day of play, it was a tradition to go to The Nest Restaurant. I was a young valet, and when Fuzzy showed up, it was a whole new level of energy. He had a great soul and treated us like we grew up with him! He was on his way out one night and had no cash for a tip; he felt bad. I said no worries, I'll see you tomorrow... He said nope, reached into his trunk, grabbed his driver out of his golf bag, and gave it to me. I still have it today. Thank you for your footprints you left us and have a peaceful journey!” **Paul T Slama**

This was an email I received from Wayne Nelis who helped Fuzzy with all the Wolf Challenge tournaments. “Thanks for sharing. I know you and Fuz had a

special relationship and understand how much he meant to you. He was a great person. Charitable, Humble, Loyal, and Funny. His is missed by many. I still think about him and the good times we had together. There is nothing he could ask from me that I would do everything in my power to make it happen. What a great friend he was!!!!!!

I enjoyed reading your chapter on Fuzzy. It was fun reminiscing about the Wolf Challenge and realizing I was there. Stay in touch!

Thanks **WAYNE R. NELIS**

The Celebration of Life was held at the Upland Brewery in Jeffersonville, across the river from Louisville. As sad as it was to have to meet again under these circumstances it was great seeing some of Fuzzy's friends and family again. There were so many people. I got to see most of them, but I didn't get a chance to see Dodge.

At the celebration several people mentioned that at the Wolf Challenge Golf Tournaments Fuzzy would often ask them, "Where is the Clown?" When he saw me he would say, "Come here Clown!" He mostly would introduce me to someone and sometimes ask me to run an errand for him. On the hot days, he would tell me to go into his office or the club house to cool off, because there is nothing worse than a wilted clown. I believe Michelle Huber, who is Fuzzy's assistant was one of them that told me.

One of Fuzzy's friends told me that he has been to many funerals lately, but this was the best. He said, he had never seen an Indian Chief blowing smoke signal blessings over a casket in a Catholic church and also seeing a clown walk down the aisle, to receive Holy Communion.

I brought a whole case of my new 49th year, Whirley cups with me to hand out to Fuzzy's family and friends as a remembrance of the good old days.

When I left the celebration two little girls followed me to my truck. One was Fuzzy's grand-daughter. They didn't want me to leave. One of them asked me to come to her birthday party. I just shrugged my shoulders as if to say, I didn't know. It was cold and they were just standing there, so I couldn't

close the door. Finally they had a phone call from their parents who were looking for them, so I was able to close the door.

I was told that Fuzzy is my Guardian Angel.

To say that Fuzzy was just an acquaintance would be an understatement. Thanks to him, I was able to meet so many wonderful people from all walks of life. I think he enjoyed watching me make people laugh, as much as I enjoyed watching him play golf, and being with people.

Fuzzy has always been an Angel to everyone and to me. He always watched my back, back then, and even now. He was very kind and caring. Maybe someday Fuzzy's kindness will rub off on me, so I can help other people like he helped me.

I usually rent an economy car from Hertz. On the flight from Dallas to Louisville I sat next to a local golf coach. He said Louisville was expecting 5 inches of snow that night. At the Louisville Airport the Hertz agent asked me if I would like a big Dodge Ram truck with 4 wheel drive at no extra charge. Heck YEAH! My thought was that Fuzzy was still guarding and looking out for me. I was staying at his cabin out in the woods, on dirt roads. I used that 4 wheel drive 3 times. Twice I used it to get out of the snow, and once to get around a tree that had fallen across the road in the early morning on my way back to the airport. I would not have been able to get around the tree in a rental car.

Fuzzy had a whole collection of Harpo cups, magnets and my book at his house and at the cabin. When I worked for Toyota Motor Sales, USA, Longo Toyota Lexus and Nabisco I had cups made with my face and their advertising logo. I literally gave away thousands of cups. Thankfully, the sponsors paid for all of them.

On October 31st, 2026, I wanted to celebrate my 50th year as Harpo in the Coachella Valley and have a simple golf tournament called Harpo's Clown Classic. After much research with friends who were willing to help, it got to be too involved, so we called off. For me, having more cups made to celebrate 49 years was the next best thing.

I was going to order 500 cups for Christmas gifts. I figured I had better order 1,000 just in case other people might want to buy some, and they did.

The cups have some of the restaurants I frequent, businesses that take good care of me, and people I work for from time to time. On the cup I also included, Fuzzy Zoeller.

I always called Fuzzy on his birthday which is November 11th and left a message on his voice mail by playing happy birthday on my Flutaphone. I did not call him that year. I figured I would send him some new cups to add to his collection with a Thank You letter, for all the years of our friendship, and how much he means to me.

My 26 cases of new Harpo cups were schedule to arrive by Fed Ex on Monday, December 1, 2025. They arrived two days early, on Saturday, November 29. After unloading them, I came into the house. I heard my computer ding that I had a new email. It was from Tom Masters, with a photo of Fuzzy, and Wayne Birdie in 1995, at Indian Ridge Country Club. Fuzzy was holding one of my Harpo cups. The timing of that email was perfect. Simply, picture perfect, and could not have been any better if we had planned it. I do believe Fuzzy was sending me another heavenly message. Thank you Fuzzy.



Fuzzy holding my cup with Wayne Birdie in 1995 at Indian Ridge Country Club

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