



Things that could only happen to Peck.

Joining TPC

Some of my favorite golfing experiences in New Orleans were during my time at Timberlane Country Club. Early in my marriage to Toni, I started playing golf because my father-in-law was an avid golfer. He often played in a money-game at Timberlane, and I rode along with him wishing that I was good enough to play for thousands of dollars.

Fifteen years later, I was good enough to play in the Timberlane money-game, and often winning. There were days I lost, but we won't get into that. One weekend, Lloyd, my favorite gambling friend came to the game with membership applications for a new TPC golf course in Avondale, Louisiana, about 20 minutes from Timberlane.

Everyone was for this move except me. The cost was \$2500 and I didn't see how I could do that. Well, that weekend I won all my bets on Friday and Saturday at Timberlane. Sunday at English Turn, I won again. Those three days I was playing very well and won \$2500!

All the guys I was gambling with were moving to TPC, and I had just taken a couple thousand dollars from them. I wanted more of their money, so this was a no-brainer for me. I drove straight to TPC with my winnings and paid for the membership.

When I got home, I told Lee Ann about joining the TPC Golf Club. She said, "Aren't you a member at Timberlane?" "I'll probably drop that membership," I replied. "How much did the TPC membership cost?" she inquired.

"Uh Oh!" I thought. I had never talked to Lee Ann about my gambling on the golf course, or how much money was involved. She did know when I won, because I would give her a few hundred dollars each time when I got home. I told her, "The membership cost \$2500 but I won \$2500 this weekend!" There was a very long pause, then she said, "We could have painted our two bedrooms for that." I didn't know what to say.

I learned two things that weekend: 1) Future gambling winnings would prove that my move to TPC was a smart financial decision; and 2) To a gambler, a ten-dollar poker chip is just a chip—to his wife, it represents a loaf of bread, a gallon of milk, and a dozen eggs!

