Ed Oliver Looked for Laughs Along with Tournament Prizes

Ed (Porky) Oliver, who died at 45 in Sept., after a year and a half's battle with cancer, was a fellow who never would concede. When he was told more than a year ago that he had only a few months to live, Ed replied characteristically: "Hell, miracles happen. I've known fellows who were given a year to live and 20 or 30 years later they still were around." Runner-up in more than 20 tournaments during his life, including the Masters, PGA, USGA Open and Western, Porky apparently figured that he was due to win one of the big ones and his battle against cancer was it. Those close to him say he sincerely felt that he was going to regain his health and live to play more golf. He was forced to quit playing the circuit early in 1960 and between then and the time of his death he underwent two operations.

A native of Wilmington, Del., Ed is survived by his widow, Clara, and four children, Edward, Jr., Joanne, Bobby and Johnny. The Olivers were married in 1942 when Porky was an Army private and his wife an officer in the Nurses' Corps. In spite of his success as both a playing and home club pro, Ed will be remembered as a jolly fat man who never allowed the grimness of competition to dull his sense of humor. Perhaps that was the real secret of his success as a tournament player.

Stories about Ed's appetite have become legendary. In the 1946 PGA Championship, Porky had Ben Hogan three down after the end of 18 holes. During the luncheon break, Ed went in and helped himself to the buffet while Hogan hurried to the practice tee and polished his game while Porky was polishing his plate. There are those who say Oliver ate himself out of that title because Hogan came back and beat him, 6 and 4, but Ed never conceded that he would have played any better if he had passed up lunch that day.

This summer the PGA appointed Porky honorary captain of the Ryder Cup team that plays in England this month. Ed was a member of the winning U. S. teams of 1947, 1951 and 1953.