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# The fist pumping hero of '84

I remember watching Seve at the St Andrews Open in 1984. As a golf mad 21 year- old I had positioned myself at the wall alongside the 17th green for the final three days and watched the golf unfold in front of me and through the medium of the giant scoreboards.

Seve was always well placed over the four rounds but didn't hit the front until it really mattered - the 72nd hole. When his birdie putt found the bottom of the hole he performed the most famous celebration in all of golf, joyously pumping his fist and saluting his adoring galleries.

I was watching from 500 yards away - at the same time as Tom Watson's chances were disappearing, just a few feet in front of me, following a misjudged approach. It was spellbinding and an occasion I will never ever forget.

Six years later, when I worked for the European Tour, and acted as Press Officer for some of the tournaments, including the Volvo PGA Championship and European Opens, I was to drive Seve in a buggy from the 18th green to the Media Centre for his press interviews. It was always tricky to remain nonchalant and matter of fact at times like that.

There was an aura about him. Although Sir Nick Faldo ended up with more Majors to his name Seve would remain the more popular golfer, even in this country. I once wrote an article on Faldo, for a now defunct golf magazine, under the heading, and with all due respect to The Hollies, "He ain't Seve".

It may have been a corny pun but it was also hard to argue with the sentiments.

What he did for golf can never been underestimated. When he burst onto the scene the European Tour was still in its infancy and public. Virtually single handedly Seve made golf popular, driving the game forward and showing

A few years later Jose Maria Olazabal, for whom Seve was very much a surrogate uncle, credited his compatriot for his success.

Three years ago, when news of his collapse at Madrid Airport came through, we all worried desperately about him and it says a huge amount for his strength of character that he fought on for another three years.

When he announced his intention to participate in the Champions' Challenge, over the Old Course, at last year's Open Championship many of us doubted he would make it, but it was his desire to once again stand on that 18th green and salute the galleries one last time that undoubtedly gave him the strength to keep fighting on.

As it turned out he lost that battle to get to St Andrews, and perhaps just as well, because the Champions' Challenge never happened because of torrential rain, but there was no-one at last year's Open who did not have thoughts for the fist pumping hero of '84.

Thank you for the memories, Seve.

Scott MacCallum Editor

outside of Tony Jacklin and Peter Oosterhuis there were barely any golfers whose names would have been recognised by the general the likes of Sandy Lyle, Bernhard Langer, Ian Woosnam and Faldo what it was possible to achieve