

THE KID WITH THE BIG SHEKELS

You gotta watch those guys at Cobbs Creek. They'll take your teeth.

—DONALD J. TRUMP

IF YOU WERE BORN a son of Fred Trump, you heard one thing over and over: *Win, win, and then win some more. Whatever you have to do, be a winner.* Fred Trump constantly urged his boys to be “killers.” Life as a Trump was not about hugs or picnics or bedtime reading. It was about winning. Nothing else mattered.

“The stories you hear about Fred,” says Jack O’Donnell, vice president of Trump Plaza Casino from 1987 to 1990, “he was pretty rough on the boys—win, win, win, strict, strict, strict—always finish on top. That’s not easy.”

Donald took to sports and no wonder. Every day, sports gave young Donald the chance to prove to his father he was a winner. A naturally good athlete—“I was always the best athlete,” he once boasted, “Nobody ever talks about that”—Trump likes to



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say that at one time he could've been a pro baseball player. "But those weren't good times for baseball in terms of, you make \$2," he told golf podcaster David Feherty. So he chose a career in real estate instead. So, to recap: Major League Baseball was dying to get Donald Trump, but they weren't paying enough to suit him, so he broke their heart and joined his dad's business.

It's no wonder Trump fell in love with golf. Every round of golf comes with 18 chances to win, plus the 19th chance—my final score versus yours. *I beat you. I win. You're a loser.* Trump's love affair with golf has far outlasted any romance he's had with any woman or career or party affiliation.

