

Wed Nov 3

Very hot night...a little nervous at cell like surroundings and, well.. I admit it... lonely. Woke surprisingly to a dark day or so I thought, 8-30am, but then I realised the sun barely reaches between sky scrapers. Breakfast in YM canteen. Bought \$17 batt. shaver in Macy's. Then returned to top of Rockefeller to change the wrong colour film I bought there.... Scotsman! Took last pic in the film. Descended and walked 5 mins to Mr Pat Thomson's DCL office. Long chat, a very nice man.



NY



Walk 2 miles to GAC office in Madison Ave.

Marvellously modern building, very attractive receptionist. Met top actors agent, Lawrence Barnett. Long chat. I intend to contact him at his luxury home in Westchester near the Thomsons this w/e. He refers me to a GAC attorney about a work visa. Very tricky situation and nothing can really be established as I do not have a set employer.

Return to YM centre for shower and out again for burger lunch 3pm. Visit Jim Fish at his Dan River Mills office W40 St. Wait an hour and he finally arrives to suggest a meeting tomorrow as his children aren't well. I'm disappointed as I have no one to talk to till then.

Another evening of walking. I see a lot of NY City this way. Visit New Yorker and Hilton Hotels. Return tired to tv at the YM, 9pm. Bed in the cell. very hot.

Saw Madison Sq Garden exterior today and Broadway.

Golf game arranged by Mr Thomson for Sat.

Thurs Nov 4

Rose at 11am and started letter to Vicki. Scary encounter with odd male in YM toilets... his head appeared from under the next door cubicle. I did nothing...literally, and fled. There are a hell of a lot of "Qs" in this YMCA even though its co-ed....(dont tell mum).

Journeyed to Fred Corcoran's (Lema's agent) office in huge Time-Life Building. On way photographed Broadway, Radio City and T&L itself. Long chat with Fred. Will visit him again

tomorrow. He gave me a reference if I contact the editor of "Golf Magazine". I will go there tomorrow. Also the address of Golf House Museum which I then visited and photographed. Walked to GAC office in Madison Ave. to see attorney again. He couldnt provide further info but I had long chat with the Danish receptionist (mmm) and met Barnett again. Invite to his house for lunch on Sunday.

Bus to near Jim Fish office. We lunch in Broadway restaurant and he kindly offered me a bed tonight which I gratefully accept as I was already dreading the YM.

We took about 3hrs to get there via his sister's house. Coffee eventually at his house and meet his wife Joan. Very happy day. Tomorrow British Consulate, Coney Island, Westchester.

Fri Nov 5

6-30 am on route by Jim's car and subway...to NY. Arrive about 9am and deposit bag in locker at Gr. Central Station. Walk to 3rd Ave. and Brit. Consulate...unsuccessful. Walk to 2nd Ave. and John Ross, editor of Golf Magazine...very successful. They are doing article on me and commissioning me to write 6 or so pieces. Long chat with nice English assistant Editor, Des Tolhurst.

Left after 2 hrs and went to see Mr Corcoran in T&L Building, 2nd Ave. He wasnt in but we spoke on phone and he gave me 3 Tony Lema balls for tomorrow. Trip 1.5 hrs on subway to Coney Island, hardly worth it...took 3 pics and returned.

....I asked an old trampy guy sitting on a sea front bench if he could take a picture of me in front of a giant amusement and he promptly stood up and spruced himself for his own picture to be taken!



Coney Island



King Kong's Residence

Back in Manhattan delivered copy of Golf Magazine to Jim Fish in thanks. Wait for train to Thomsons in Rye. Marvellous house and colour tv! True Scots both in speech and in their tartan carpeting. Very nice 16 year old son, Colin.
Bed very welcome.

Sat Nov 6

Golf at marvellous Westchester CC. Exclusive and comparable to Gleneagles Hotel. Luxury clubhouse facilities. TV in mens changing room. Baths and showers as in all the other clubs I have seen.

Played with Mr T and son Colin and Mr Hensley, a 6 handicap. Wonderful game. I was playing with Mr H's clubs but didnt drive well till late in the round...had 4 birdies though.

Snack at 15th in \$45000 snack bar.

Took pic of geese pond at 17th. Saw Ed Sullivan at club. Really wonderful time and course, home of the Thunderbird Classic.

Watched colour tv in the Clubhouse



17th
Westchester CC

That night, party with the Hensleys and really splendid evening with wonderful people.

Arrived back at the T's to letters from the Balcombes and mum. And to fab letter from Arnie inviting me to visit.

ARNOLD PALMER ENTERPRISES
INCORPORATED

● POST OFFICE BOX FIFTY-TWO
● YOUNGSTOWN, PENNA. 15696

October 29, 1965

ARNOLD PALMER
PRESIDENT

Mr. Andrew Haddow
c/o Mr. L. W. Balcombe
8812 Littlewood Road
Baltimore, Maryland

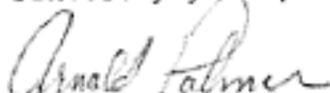
Dear Andrew:

We are glad you had a safe trip to America and that you are enjoying your days.

Unfortunately, at this time of the year, there is not too much golfing in this territory. Although my father's club does not have an official closing day, it is usually too cold to play golf here after the first of November. We think, for the present, it would be better for you to go to a warm-climate city and, perhaps, come here in the spring.

Of course, if you would decide to visit the club, you would be very welcome, and we would enjoy seeing you. If there is any way we can be of further help to you, please do not hesitate to call on us.

Sincerely yours,


Arnold Palmer

AP:pa

Sun Nov 7

Church at surprisingly British service then I lunch with the Barnetts at their fab house. I have never seen anything like it. Remote control garage door, sauna, sunken bath, piped music thru house, buzzer tel, refrigerated drinks cabinet, wine cellar, 4 servants + chauffeur, heated pool, the lot.

They have 3 young children. They drove me back in their Lincoln Continental.

Quiet evening. 2 guests come for an hour. I continue letter to Vicki and pack for tomorrow.

Mon Nov 8

Up at 7am for 8.15 train to NY. Said fond goodbye to Mrs T, Colin and eventually Mr T at Gr.Central. I have had a really delightful w/e and met wonderful people.

Walked to Jim's office in rain and with an extremely cumbersome case. I was wet with rain and sweat.. Said cheerio and thank you to Jim and receptionist and then dumped folding suitcase at Greyhound Terminal. Walked via Broadway to T&L Building and Fred's office. Just Doris, his sec was there so we chatted until his arrival 2hrs later.

He arrived full of fun and I stayed till near my bus time, 1pm. and finally left with a signed copy of his autobiography "Unplayable Lies", 2 golf club addresses, Pinehurst and Greensboro, his own home address and an offer of a job...such was his generosity.

He said he had tried to contact me about a game at his own club, Winged Foot over the w/e but failed. What a pity, but perhaps I will play there later.

3.5 hr bus ride to Baltimore...my stomach ached with no food since 7.30 breakfast. Aunt M had cracked a bone in her toe from dropping a bin on it. Still everyone was very cheerful and I got ready to leave for Pittsburgh, 8.15 am tomorrow.

2 letters from dad.

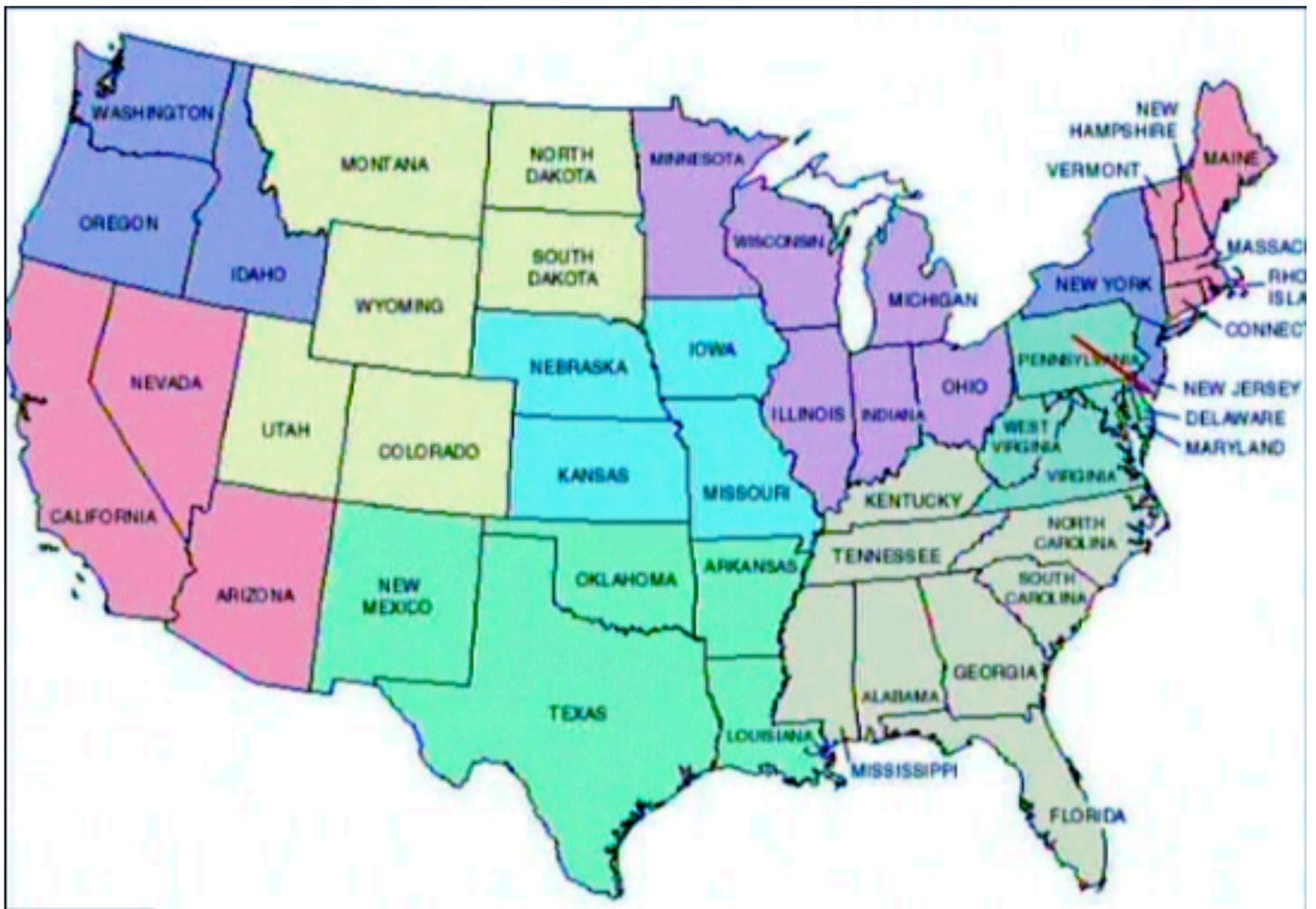
Tues Nov 9

Angrily discovered mistake by Greyhound ticket officer at 8.15am. Bus does not leave till 9.45am. Waited patiently and realised joyfully that this bus stops at Johnstown.

Marvellous journey NW to Johnstown thru hills and injun country and Gettysburg and Harrisburg, scenes of former glories.

Weather chilly but clear and sunny. Reached Johnstown 3.30pm and then given a lift by family who lived outside J, to Ligonier...20 miles there, and for them 20 miles back, out of their way.

Ligonier and Laurel Valley CC...Arnie's course and scene of '65 PGA won by Dave Marr. Alas course closed for winter and I realised I had made a mistake...This is not the course where Arnie's home is. That is Latrobe CC.



Looked over the picturesque valley course with its many millionaire homes..eg. Mellon family.

Saw Fort Ligonier and took cheap room in Breniser Hotel. Filthily hot room and not enjoyable but I cant get to Latrobe until tomorrow. Wrote letters.

Wed Nov 10

Up at 6am for lift back into Johnstown in order collect bag at depot. Breakfast in Ligonier drugstore and then again amazingly given a lift back to Johnstown by someone from Ligonier who has nothing else to do. Perhaps it is my accent?

I caught the 8am bus from Johnstown to Latrobe, dumped my bag and walked 4 miles to Latrobe CC.

Pretty course. Met Deke Palmer in his working overalls supervising construction of the new club pool. He said I could have a game but I wanted to see Winnie first.

He took me round by jeep to their glorious new home and she was charming.



Arnie's office



Arnie's basement

I had coffee with Winnie and looked around the house and office and Arnie's workshop in their basement where he tinkers with his clubs. He was in NY with the intention of flying to film a Challenge match in California but partner Gary Player had cancelled.

Winnie offered to give me a lift with her children to Philadelphia in their plane but I decide to go to Niagara Falls late tonight and visit Arnie on my return journey. She gave me some addresses to look up when on my way South. Went shopping with her in her car and bought flash cubes to take pics of the inside of her house. Back at the house I noticed Arnie's bunker and putting green outside the lounge window. His workshop contains thousands of his old clubs, his '65 Ryder Cup bag etc.

That afternoon I played golf in a 4sm using Deke's new Palmer clubs. Everybody in the 4sm which developed eventually into a 6sm, used Palmer clubs. Everybody knows everybody in this place... Wonderful game; I was weak with lack of food...hadnt eaten since 7am. But Mr Palmer had ordered lunch for me. Marvellous people...rough and tough but very friendly here in Pensylvania.

Patty, Arnie's sec. kindly drove me to collect my bag from the bus station and I was given a lift into Pittsburgh by the men I had played with ...they were going there to watch Sugar Ray Robinson's fight.

Mr Ridilla's car had an automatic speed control so that on motorway he need not keep his foot on the accelerator.

Again a mix up in bus times. I was told 10pm but it did not leave till 11.45.

I watched "The Great Race" movie until time and then feeling tired and not very well entered the bus for Buffalo which is due to arrive at 6.30 am.

Thurs Nov 11 Armistice Day

Uncomfortable night in bus arriving at Buffalo in frosty conditions approx 6.30am. Bus practically empty throughout trip and we just missed witnessing an accident between a car and wild deer. Even Greyhound stopped out of concern and out of schedule for once. Breakfasted at terminal and then took local bus ride at 8am to Niagara Falls. 20 miles. Spent 3 hours visiting miraculous falls and took pics of Rainbow Bridge, America Falls and Horseshoe Falls. Scenes of many wild escapades.

Armistice Day, so much was closed. Climbed out of bounds fence to get close look and pic, I hope, of Horseshoe Falls. Wandered around waiting for 1.30 bus to Toronto. Small pizza pie lunch. Bus to Canadian immigration check and then Canadian bus 90 miles to Toronto. Took pic of new Civic Hall similar to NY's Rockefeller Centre. Had big meal in restaurant and watched disinteresting movie whilst waiting for 9pm bus to Buffalo. Completed letters to mum, dad and Vicki and postcards to Balcombes and Thomsons. Packed bus to Buffalo and I was very tired; but a couple of jabbering German orthodox jews on seat behind talked and shouted to each other ceaselessly for 2 hrs.

This trip the customs official came on board. Arrived ahead of time in Buffalo and had 2hr wait for my 1am connection to Pittsburgh. In the meantime I dozed off in the bus station and plugged my ears to avoid the raking cough and vomiting noises of someone in the building. While waiting I tried to get more tickets as my Greyhound \$99 book only had 3 left but I discovered I had to be down to my last one before that could happen. The bus eventually arrived and to my horror I see the man with the cough get on the same bus and if I could hear him in a large hall what would it be like in an enclosed bus?...murder. However as it turned out he eventually went to sleep before the passengers put him to sleep.

I hired a pillow for my trip and talked for a while with a couple of boys, one of whom I asked to take a flash pic of me "enjoying" a typical night on a Greyhound Bus.



Niagara Falls

Friday Nov 12

The trip went all too quickly as we reached Pittsburgh at 5.30am - only 3hrs sleep. So I turned hobo and slept for 2hrs in the Terminal. I then changed and got ready for 7.45 bus to Latrobe. This took nearly 2.5 hrs...the trip I mean. However I arrived, had some breakfast and rang Patty, Arnie's sec and talked to Mrs Palmer who told me to meet Arnie at his dentist and he would drive me home. Surprisingly enough I wasn't at all shy and his dentist was one of the 4 ball I played in on Wed.

Arnie was very friendly and humorous and we drove to his home in his red sports car. At his house I read golf magazines and chatted to Patty while he made phone calls. Mr Ridilla came round to fix up a game with Arnie and his dentist Mr McDermott at 12.30 and I was ready to caddy.

Marvellous experience caddying and watching Arnold. He demonstrated his devastating one iron frequently and started with 4 single putts.

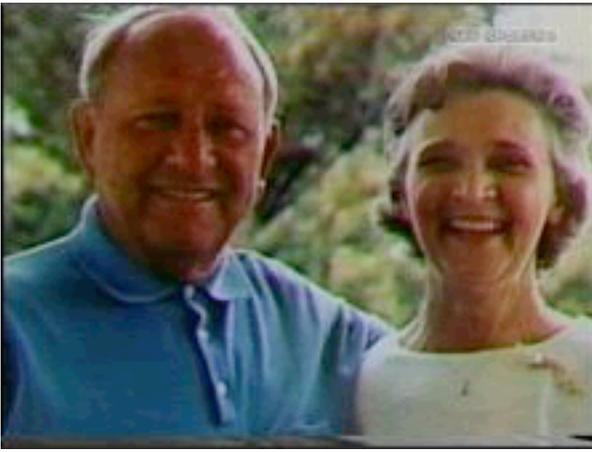


Arnie Latrobe CC

He sat in the cart with me and we chatted about all sorts of things. He attacked even in a friendly game and always sunk the crucial Nassau putt. The others were always ready to goad him into letting fly a big drive and he often obliged. He was trying out a new putter with vents in it and it seemed to work pretty well. I took 2 pics of him in action.

Back at the clubhouse he bought me a couple of beers against regulations and there were about 8 of us round the table. His father and uncle arrived. They started a gin rummy game after a few drinks and Arnie was just as competitive towards this. He said I could have stayed the night were his in laws not staying and offered to pay my hotel expenses but Mr McDermott the dentist very kindly offered to put me up.

That evening I went to dinner with Deke Palmer and his wife, Doris and Arnie's 17 year old sister, Sandy. They were a marvellously down to earth and God faring family, unaffected by their son's success. Deke still maintains his job of green-keeper pro.



Deke and Doris Palmer

After dinner Mr and Mrs Palmer drove me the half mile round to Arnie's house and I went to a high school American football game with Arnie and his wife. He gave me one of his personalised hats from his dressing room cupboard to wear and to keep and I had a marvellous time watching the game with the Palmers and their two friends. Hundreds of people in the crowd spoke and shouted his name. He has put Latrobe on the map and is idolised by them.

He eagerly answered my not infrequent questions about the game and was like a schoolboy himself towards the game. His old school eventually won and then we drove round to the McDermott's where I stayed the night.

On the way Arnie said he would try and fix it so that I caddied for him at Miami...."thats if you dont want to caddy for anyone else?" He is to partner Jackie Gleason in the Pro-Am.

I went straight to bed after a long and stupendously exciting day. I hope the pic of me sitting by Arnie at the game comes out. "Au revoir till Miami", he said.



Latrobe High School Am-Football

Sat Nov 13

I was up at 8am and had a very nice meal with the McDermott's, an extremely nice family and they said I could come back any time.

The bus from Latrobe was an hour late but I had a long trip ahead and an hour wait at Cumberland for my connection anyway.

I left at 10.30 and arrived at Baltimore at 5.30. Bus out to Baynesville and uncle W picked me up. They hadn't got my postcard and were just about to go to dinner with the Bills.

Letter from mum and Lee Pockman...Lee has given me some addresses including one in Miami which should be helpful.

Dinner with the Bills and then bed. I discovered I had only put 10 cents stamp on my letter to parents and Vicki...sea mail?

Oh and I have new book of Greyhound tickets after only 4 weeks.

Sun Nov 14

Exhausted I lay in bed till 1pm and then wrote letter to Mrs Scholtz in Miami and parents to warn them of my sea mail letter.

That evening went with uncle W and Joan to see the Peter, Paul and Mary concert at the Civic Centre. They were on for 2hrs and were marvellous.

Mon Nov 15

Another late lie in till 11am. Went for my first US haircut \$1-75 and bought a box of Xmas cards and then went to Korvettes to collect my films but only one was ready.

My first prints were highly successful and in beautiful colour...impatient for next one to be ready.

Tues Nov 16

Aunt M was out so I stayed in bed till about 1pm. Wrote Xmas cards. Rang Mr Caulfield.

Wrote to the Palmers to thank them and to secure my PGA 4 Ball caddy job and also to the McDermotts.

Wed Nov 17

Spent most of morning writing and chatting to aunt M. Letters from parents. Visited Andy Gibson at Maryland CC in the afternoon. Very cold and windy now.

Thurs Nov 18

Late lie in...I'm certainly making up for lack of sleep last week. Started writing article about country club golf. I think I will leave on Saturday.

Letter to my 16 year old sister, Vicki and her school friends:

Dear sister and friends,

Thanks for your kind and thoughtful letter. Yes, you and the GPO were right...."Someone, somewhere wanted a letter from you"...if only because the Balcombe's po box has been devoid of mail for me for at least a fortnight.

This country is great so far what with the weather and people. My caddying has been highly successful - £30 for only 9 rounds or so and I have actually had 3 games myself at some of these million dollar clubs. I bought an Instamatic camera and one or two things with my earnings but overall I'm saving hard...havent used any of my £100 of travellers cheques yet. I have completed one colour film and am awaiting developments! The kids...thats what they call themselves in America, are rather taken with my accent and och aye I'm no a wee bit slow in obliging them. The ones I have met so far are full of the English pop groups and hip conversation. I cant understand a word they say at times.

I took a fab picture, I hope, of one gentleman I caddied for, playing his ball from where it finished...in a small sand cart.

I walked around a lot of Manhattan - city section of New York - but was given a nice introduction by a friend of Aunty Hope's. However once she left I was all by my little self and I'll admit something for once; I was a trifle lonely.

On Tuesday I started my "business" calls meeting Mr Pat Thomson, friend of dad's and at whose house I'm staying at the moment, Larry Barnett, head of General Artists Corp. and uncle John's boss, who has invited me to his fabulous house tomorrow and also the manager of Tony Lema and Sam Snead who introduced me to the editor of the world's largest golf magazine which I am now writing for and will soon publish an article about me. He also gave me 3 golf balls for my game with the Thomsons at their wonderful club outside New York.

I am not going to stay at the YMCA again. There are a hell of a lot of "Qs" around even at the co-ed Y. Maybe my coloured handkerchief from Leila attracts them. At any rate I have been successful enough in staying nights at people's houses not to have to stay at one of those places.

ps. 40 yrs on..I notice that I never mentioned this in my letters home to mum and dad.

I got a letter from Arnold Palmer yesterday inviting me to visit him at his Pittsburgh club....I'm off in 2 days time. Everything is very luxurious around here.

I've just got back from Barnett's place which has 3 servants and chauffeur and stereo throughout the house, heated swimming pool, the lot. I'm not doing badly am I? I saw Ed Sullivan at the golf club where I played yesterday.

Monday

Sorry still cant be bothered finishing letter. I returned from the Thomsons to New York today and re visited Snead's manager who gave me a signed copy of his (the manager I mean) new book, 2 addresses and introductions to fab golf clubs on the way down to Miami and an offer of a job in his office. Its just as well I re visited him wasnt it.

Sorry this particular section of the letter is badly written but I am sitting in a Greyhound bus on my way back to Baltimore. I will probably not post this letter until I have been to Pittsburgh to see Palmer. I leave early tomorrow and its about a 6 hr trip.

Pittsburgh

Sorry about the torn paper but its better than nothing. Arnold Palmer was in New York but I met his father, the pro at Latrobe and I eventually played a round with 5 other tycoons using a set of his son's clubs. However I hadnt eaten since 7am that morning and grew gradually weaker. I enjoyed myself though.

I visited Mrs Winnie Palmer, Arnie's wife at their wonderful new house equipped with putting green and bunker and went shopping with her. Actually it was she who arranged the golf game and gave me lunch afterwards. She even offered to give me a lift to Philadelphia - back the way I had come - in her husband's plane as she was flying to visit her mother for the afternoon. I was sorely tempted but I continued with my plans to go to Niagara Falls and thats where I am now.

I'm going to Toronto - Canada - in 2 hrs time. I'm in a coffee shop right now. I am looking in on the Palmers when I come back from Canada and should meet Arnie himself then. Meantime I have a hell of a cold and am very tired having got the 11.30 pm bus last night arriving at Niagara at 6am this morning. Hectic but fascinating time.

hope all's well girls,

love Andrew