

Sun Dec 12

Thanked Ralph, Carl, Pete and Steve and caught the 8am bus to Miami and caught another out to the Grove about 12am. The Scholtzs hadn't seen me on tv but then they hadn't watched all the golf. I was greeted by about 15 letters. 3 weeks mail in all.

Afternoon. I read mail. Discovered cousin Sue's marriage announcement for Dec 18! Sunbathed. That evening we went out to see a movie. I collected my prints...taken at Latrobe and my pic of myself with Arnie came out very well.

Mon Dec 13

Walked down to collect 2 more sets of prints. Best yet, really marvellous. Bought Christmas cards and also a pair of specs...fitted out in 30 mins for \$10. Very good really. Back at the house I read another letter from parents. Sunbathed and wrote letters and cards. I rang Richard Paddock the university student I had met on the bus and I will see him tomorrow. Very relaxed and enjoyable day. Swam in the pool. Watched tv in bed.



Scholtz pool, Coconut Grove, Miami

Tues Dec 14

Early morning watched tv in bed and when others had gone out, wrote Xmas cards, letters etc and sunbathed. Rest of the day very restful, sunbathed and swam. 84deg. Cloudless day. Marvellous tan coming up. Letter from parents. Walked down and collected more prints.

Returned and wrote article for Golf World including 2 photos. Walked around most of the day in swim trunks as the majority of the natives do! Bed early to watch tv and fell asleep by 9.30. Wrote letter to cousin Sue.

Wed Dec 15

Up early to go to Miami Beach for first time. Mrs Scholtz gave me a lift on her way and I caught the Grove bus to Miami and changed buses there for the Beach. I was in my trunks

and carrying a flight bag. Very hot day. The Beach bus took a very picturesque route... a bridge and along 4 island strips of land off the mainland. The Beach itself was man made years ago and is a real hotel Town. Suntan oil ads everywhere.

The sea was lovely and warm when I reached there around 10am. I then left my bag and walked along the Beach front to see the world famous huge sea front hotel, The Fontainebleu. I found it after about a 2 mile trudge along the sand and about 10 swims to cool off. A wonderful holiday spot.

Already the Christmas crowd were arriving but the majority of the sun soakers were old fat ladies doing physical jerks. I had to leave the beach occasionally due to the private Hotel beaches that were walled off by groins. Sometimes I couldnt be bothered swimming around them but I felt a bit awkward walking down the main street in just my trunks.

I saw the main entrance of the Fontainebleu where one cant park one's own car...you have to pay an attendant to do it + I noticed the Hotel even had its own resident golf pro.

After this I went down to the sea again via the nearest public beach and found that it was a student base. I then walked all the way back and noticed a Zeppelin flying ad and planes flying ad banners. Speedboats for hire and canoes. The beaches were more crowded by now. All the hotels had large pools a few yards from the sea!

I collected my bag and came back to the Fontainebleu by bus. Took pic of the Hotel from a wooden breaker out at sea.



Fontainebleu Hotel Miami Beach

Hired a deck chair, had lunch and then settled down to sunbathe among "fellow students" on their beach. I soon began to burn and hastily applied lotion. I met some boys and one of them was from New York. We talked a lot and he showed me around in his car. He was studying for exams but we arranged to meet same time tomorrow.

I took bus back the Scholtzs. Felt very hot all evening. Marvellous tan coming up...the sea makes all the difference.

TV again and a very amusing Bob Hope show. Wrote cards etc.

Thurs Dec 16

I was lucky with buses and reached the Beach by 9.30. Hired chair and settled down for a day's sunbathing. Already students were pouring in...some really fabulous bikinis! I poured on the sun lotion and watched the sun do its work. It was very hot again. 86deg. I went into the sea often.

A proper "campus" had sprung up by 12am and I took pics of student beach life. Michael arrived around 12.30 and he took pic of me swimming. I was beginning to burn but I really enjoyed myself. I chatted with a lot of students. Afterwards Mike gave me a lift to the bus and his address in NY.

I went to Greyhound and will catch the 9.15am bus to Greensboro tomorrow arriving 10am on Saturday. What a journey!

Took local bus back to the Grove feeling very sunburnt. I still am. Jumped into Scholtz pool as I thought a shower would be too painful. Packed and bed.



Fri Dec 17

Another beautiful day. What a waste on a bus! The route was along the coast via West Palm Beach. I've already made this trip 4 times but I must have been asleep ...not surprising as I once started at 4am.... This time I noticed many new sights.

En route to Palm Beach I chatted with charming old lady who reminisced about Scotland and Fife where she once lived. She knew more about it than I did. She knew people by the name of Mackewan in Calcutta.

I hired a pillow for the journey to ease my scorched body. I also bought plastic earphones to tune into the personalised bus radio. As I can use the 'phones for all other trips and the radio at no further cost, it was a good buy. Both pillow hire and 'phones for \$1. Scenic beauty was marvellous..lakes, ocean; I mustnt say sea, and orange groves.The bus seemed to develop a little trouble but of course the driver is a trained mechanic.

I have now discovered how to buy the cheapest coke. I now buy it at gas stations for 10 cents, a large bottle, and not for 15 cents at the bus cafes and only for a small glass. The lunch break for 30mins at 2pm was welcome and so too was the supper break at 6.30. In fact I was plain starved by the time each came along. Funny how sitting in a bus for long hours makes me very hungry. I discovered I had to change buses at Winston Salem, home of the cigarettes, for Greensboro.

Sat Dec 18

Breakfast at Winston 7am, and I stepped out for fresh air and suddenly realised the temp. had dropped 50deg since Miami. A big transition.

I reached the Kearns house at 10am complete with luggage and was greeted with a scream of "Andy" by the two young children...Izzy and Tom. Tommy and Betsy were charming and wanted to know all about my trip. I had plenty to say but my suntan said most of it! T and B had to go out and get a christmas tree for the kids. I washed and changed in the meantime. When they came back they said they were going to the golf club for a Christmas dance tonight so they fixed me up with a date to take somewhere this evening.

Tommy and I went to the club for lunch and I said hello to George Corcoran and a number of members I had met previously. George said his brother Fred had been in Miami for a conference when I was there. Watched American football game on the club's colour tv. All the members got very excited over it.

We went back to Tommy's house and he and Betsy got ready for the cocktail party and dance. I rang my "date" and Tommy lent me his car for the occasion. Parker...thats her first name... came round about 7.45 and we went to a drive-in movie. It took me all my time to drive in I can assure you. She was about 19 and at University.

I was most amused with her Beverly Hillbilly accent just as she was with mine. The Drive-in movie set up was very chique. At each car space there is a speaker to be clipped on the side window and as this is stereo the full sound effect of the film is got. There is a snack bar etc. The beauty of it is one pays per car and its only 10 cents per car so the film works out very cheaply. One can drink etc in the car.

I got back around 11.30 and paid off the Kearns baby sitter and I went to bed myself...I was extremely tired as I hadnt slept for 2 days.

Tommy and Betsy came into my room about 1.30am to see how I had fared with Parker.I was too tired to be all that explicit!



Kearns family

Betsy, Elizabeth, Tommy, Tom jnr.

Sun Dec 19

We all got up late and had breakfast late. Tommy went to the RC church about 11am and when he returned we went round to play golf. I was still very tired and suffering from the change in temp.

We played with 2 friends of his about his age (30) and I shared Tommy's clubs for the first 13 holes. I dont think I have ever played such awful golf. I couldnt feel the clubs in the cold and altogether I played like a novice. However I enjoyed it and I recovered for the last 5 holes, a little.

Tommy played very well and said what I had told him on my way to Florida was the best advice he had had. I had told him to shorten his swing and slow down. Thats strange coming from me! He won about \$15. I didnt have any money on, luckily. I didnt have any to put on.



Greensboro CC + Arnie's hat

We had lunch at the club and watched more Am football and then returned to the house. 5pm. By this time friends came in and out for the rest of the evening. I showed photos and chatted. I promised to try and return with the pro Tour to Greensboro in April. I would love to ..BUT we'll see.

Tommy very kindly gave me some short sleeve shirts he had no further use for. However I shall send his children tartan "tammies" in return.

Mon Dec 20

Tommy and I had breakfast about 8.30 at his usual business restaurant and I met some of his associates. Rather good breakfast actually. We then went back to his office where I watched the Stock Exchange news come in and met some of his clients. I then said goodbye and he asked me to stay if I could come again.

I rang Betsy to thank her from the bus station. I caught the 9.40 bus to Baltimore which ran a little late and reached there at 6.45pm. A long exhausting trip. A lot of quaint countryside and much of it thickly wooded and looking very cold. Much of it farmed. I had lunch about 3pm at a bus station stop and at Washington I rang the Balcombes to see

if they could ask uncle W to pick me up at the bus station, on his way back from work. Philip was the only one at home and after he had taken my message he couldn't find his dad's office tel and by the time he did his father had left and I had to stand in the freezing cold to wait for yet another bus out to near their home. I didn't take my bag. I was too exhausted.

I arrived to find them trying to organise the house in preparation for 7 people over Christmas. After helping and eating I went to bed exhausted. Cards from Scotland and the "tammies" have arrived.

Tues Dec 21

A little snow. Letter writing day. I wrote Christmas cards to Americans and also wrote to California in preparation for my trip there next week. I also found out bus route to Los Angeles...via Memphis and Dallas. I shant take the Northern route via the Great Lakes as although it would be beautiful it would also be very cold and more than 4000 miles. I collected my photos (first 3 weeks of trip) and they were again a success. Niagara Falls etc. I showed the Balcombes all my photographs.

Wed Dec 22

Day of rest. Lounged around until lunch. Christmas cards from various people. Tie from aunt Gill in the UK. Took clothes to cleaners, bought more films. Tried to ring the Hammonds in Baltimore whom I had met in Pinehurst but they were out. Parcelled up the tartan tammies and sent two to the Kearns and one to the Fish's.

Thurs Dec 23

Again a day of rest but I decided I was getting too sluggish and went on a 7 mile walk around to Andy Gibson at Maryland CC. He was very interested in my trip and photos and said he was going down himself to W Palm Beach in Jan. I was advised to leave as early as possible next week for LA. The practice rounds apparently begin the Monday after New Year. I think I will leave on Monday or Tuesday. Cards from uncle Mick etc.

Fri Dec 24

I felt rather ill most of the day. Probably a late reaction from the temp drop since Florida. Took it easy all day and helped Balcombes with decorations. Afternoon - walked down to collect laundry, bought Philip and Joan, Christmas presents. I cant afford to buy uncle W and aunt M anything. I suffered a bit of a reaction from the trip and have a temp of 102. Went to bed for a while. Took some aspirin. Bed.

Sat Dec 25 Christmas Day

Feeling much better. Everyone was up late as most of them had been to the midnight Christmas Eve Service. I woke up to find a small stocking in my room, true to the Haddow tradition, with such things as a pair of socks, camera film etc...charming gifts. Everyone rose about 10am but aunt M started to wrap 100s of parcels for hours. She must have been exhausted and yet there was an even longer day ahead of her. Brunch at 12.30 and parcels were opened. I dont know how Philip and Joan had the patience

to wait. I have never seen so many presents round a tree and I hope my photo reveals this. With Joan's delivery to each of us in turn the opening of gifts took 2 hrs and there was more than something for everybody. M and W very kindly gave me a lightweight dressing gown and pyjamas. Joan got her tape recorder and Philip his armchair...amongst other things. It really was great fun and when it was all over I took a pic of the debris.

We managed to clear things up in time for the party in the evening. This was a marvellous party. Uncle W tried out his new electric carving knife and we all had a splendid evening. There were even more table gifts and the wine and brandy were excellent. After that a Jimmy Shand Scottish Dance record was put on and I demonstrated the Highland Fling to the best of my ability. No one saw the mistakes and aunt M took a pic. Even great aunt Jessie aged 90 was doing a little jig!

The evening ended around 1am and all retired with heavy stomachs to bed.

Sun Dec 26

I rose around 12am and the others except uncle W had gone to church. He and I started to tidy up. I plan to leave on the 4.10pm bus to Memphis tomorrow. Again we had brunch but this time around 2pm, Philip, Joan and I and two neighbours went to see "That darn Cat", a really funny Hailey Mills film.

In the evening I packed, wrote letter to the Scholtzs and parents and borrowed a small case of aunt M's for a change of clothing so I could send my bag non stop to San Diego. A good plan and less weightlifting....my large folding travel bag with its external pockets is so awkward and heavy to lug around. Watched tv and generally tried to get organised. Bed.

....Read my 1st article printed in The Scotsman. Disappointed they did not use my name.

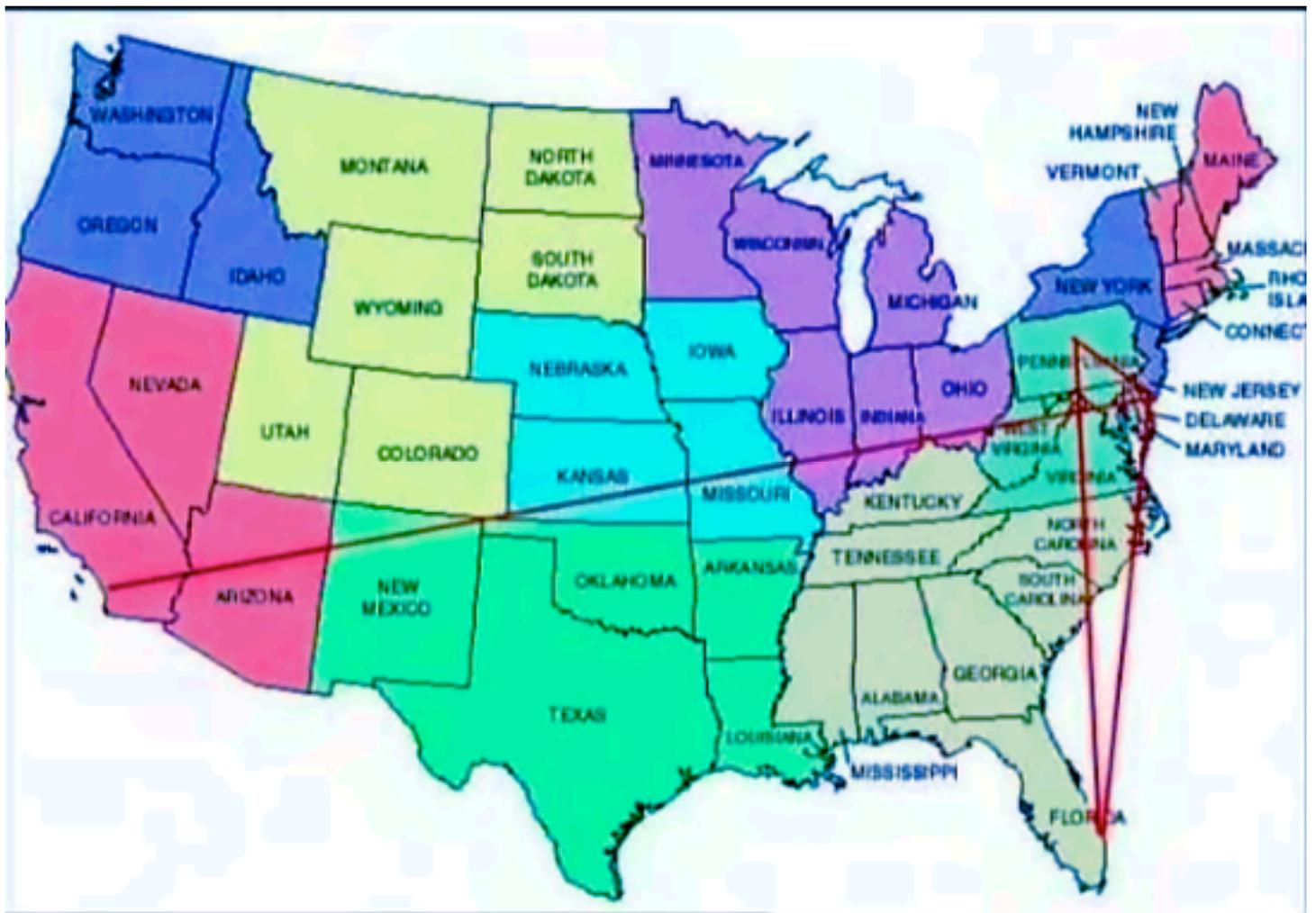
Mon Dec 27

Finished off remainder of packing and left with uncle W for bus station. There I got my 3rd book of tickets in my \$99-99 day offer and I used 4 tickets for a thru route to San Diego. I put my bag in the check room and whilst I was waiting I decided to take out a Greyhound Insurance lost baggage offer. I then calmly lost my bag check receipt so its just as well as I will need some kind of claim ticket when I pick it up in San Diego.

I took a local bus back to Littlewood Rd arriving at 10am even though the bus broke down. Only aunt M was up. I had had a little breakfast so I sorted out my things.

Post arrived and I got 2 letters from dad and he said he had posted Christmas money so I hope it arrives eventually. Mum and Dad seemed very pleased with my Gene Sarazen photo. Also a card from Caroline, the "Pines", Innerleithen. (Peebles)

Lunch and aunt M very kindly gave me 2 turkey sandwiches for the trip. Mrs Gilbert gave me \$5 as a gift for the journey and Christmas. It was very nice of her. I said goodbye to all and told Philip I would see him back home in April.



I was apprehensive about making my longest journey to date, 3000 miles, and not knowing anyone. With mixed feelings I got bus to Baltimore at 2.30 and then waited 40 mins until 4.10.

I managed to get a seat on the bus to Memphis although it was crowded with many people going to Washington. This was my 4th trip to the Capital and I still havent seen much of it. I will. Continuing on West I managed to sleep on the bus fairly easily this timeturkey sandwiches?

Tues Dec 28

Those sandwiches and some fruit kept me going until 10am when I added some breakfast during a 15 min stop in Nashville.

The Baltimore to Memphis trip took me thru some picturesque but mostly flat countryside. Plenty of woods and there was some beautiful scenery when we drove over the Carolina - Tennessee mountains. Lakes shrouded in mist etc. Towns included Lexington and Roanoke, 1776 American Civil War venues (ref. A level history July), Edinburg, Chattanooga (where Arnold Palmer factory is), Nashville, home of the Nashville Teens (pop group) and Country Music and Memphis itself where I had to turn my watch back an hour.

Memphis is a cotton picking town and the title of Chuck Berry's hit song. And Elvis' home. In Memphis I remembered that Curtis Person the Senior Am champ I had met in Pinehurst,

lived there. I rang his house but he was away on another of his golf trips. I had my 2nd haircut since Oct 15..a shorty and I feel much better for it, particularly as the weather is getting warmer.

Checking through my passport I discovered I must leave the country after 6 months by April 15 which would mean missing the US Masters in Georgia but I will try for a few days extension.

I met a friendly Chinese American soldier returning to Vietnam on the bus. He's going to San Francisco to catch a troop carrier.

I left Memphis on the 3.15 (4.15. E time) Los Angeles bus and left it at 7pm in Pine Bluff where I took a very comfortable and cheap Hotel room. \$2.

I ate at the bus station and walked around getting fresh air for a change. Only 48 deg warm. I asked to be woken at 6.30am to catch the 7.10am bus to El Paso.

Pine Bluff is in Arkansas and to reach it the bus crossed the Mississippi. Wrote letter.

Tomorrow Texas. Cowboy country. Even here in Arkansas there are rodeos in December. Expenses. breakfast, lunch and supper.\$4. haircut and hotel \$4.

Wed Dec 29

Left comfortable hotel room around 6.30am, breakfasted at bus depot and caught 7.10 bus to El Paso.

Met an elderly Canadian couple who seemed to have travelled more than I by bus. They told me about California and indeed about the trip we are making at the moment. They also told me the best place to visit Mexico would be at the El Paso border so I think I will do just that tomorrow and catch another bus to San Diego a few hours later.

The bus continued thru Arkansas..wooded but flat country and on into the vast State of Texas where the only way one can tell if a neighbour is in at night is to see if their light is on 30 miles away. I saw the small town of Texarkana.

At Mt Pleasant a young Texan got on and we chatted until he left the bus at Dallas about 4 hrs later.

He told me something about Texas but as he played "hooky" from school most of the time his description wasnt particularly good. Nevertheless it was fun to listen to his Texan drawl and study his "country" language.

He told me to visit him if I came to Corpus Christi. I have his address.

At Dallas the bus stopped for an hour so I saw a bit of the City and found my way to the spot where Kennedy was assassinated. I recognised the area from pictures but the City has done everything to forget it and nothing is marked.

I took 2 pics of the Depository Building and highway but the sky was overcast so they might not come out.



John F Kennedy motorcade turns left at Dallas Book Depository

I caught the bus again. Very crowded and it probably will be all the way to Los Angeles with people going to see the famous Rose Bowl Parade.

The bus continued on through Fort Worth, Mineral Wells, Odessa and Pecos. The Texas country so far has been very flat with long straight roads. The temp is in the 60s. I saw some sombreros and boots but not many. Expenses \$3.

Thurs Dec 30

The bus approached the Mexican border town of El Paso around 6.30am Central Time, and the sun was just beginning to dawn over the Sand Mountains and the Rio Grande which divides the two countries. I put aunt M's small case in a locker and had breakfast with my 2 Canadian friends and there we parted as I wanted to visit the nearby Mexican market in Juarez.

I showered at the hotel in the El Paso Bus Depot. I rather cheekily walked in unnoticed. I then walked the mile or so to the border post where I paid 2 cents to make my first visit into Mexico. My flight bag strap had broken but I couldn't find a stitcher in any of the leather shops lining the high street. For any stuff I wanted I was told it was best to barter in the market rather than the shops and this I did.

After much haggling and a feeling I would like to buy the whole place I bought \$37 worth of stuff but they were such that their value trebled as soon as one re-entered the States. I bought 1pr of cowboy boots and 2 wallets. \$15. 4 ponchos of wonderful colouring and a pair of cushioned leather sandals. \$12. A brief case style leather bag to put everything in and a belt. \$10.

After this excitement I got my strap repaired at a shoemaker's and then took a few photos of Juarez and El Paso and the Rio Grande divide. I even went to the top of a Juarez hotel roof to get a better shot.



Juarez.....El Paso

Juarez was very poor and full of life, with Mexicans continuously trying to take the Yanks for a ride. I had my goods checked at the US frontier. One is allowed \$100 worth free of tax. I then walked back to the bus station where I put the ponchos and my old green suede shoes and heavy trousers in aunt M's case and sent it free on a bus to Baltimore, posting the collection ticket to the Balcombes. I gave them 2 ponchos and asked them to send two home.

I caught the 1.30 pm bus to Los Angeles...just - as it was nearly full up but happily there was a bunch of 4 very nice guys and we chatted for most of the journey. The bus went quite a way through New Mexico alongside the rather unattractive Rio Grande.

The countryside, like much of Texas, was very flat and barren, riddled with cacti. I took 2 pics, from the moving bus, of a typically straight road...what a boring life for a driver. Surprisingly as soon as we entered Arizona, hills and canyons appeared until a real Western look was created. Unfortunately it was getting too dark to see all that much.

After the bus reached Phoenix a few got off and I was able to get a sleeping seat. I sat beside an orphaned girl and she told me all about the area. I managed to sleep this time but not all that much.

Fri Dec 31 New Years Eve

In the early hours of the morning we reached the California line and the clocks went back another hour. A health officer stepped into the bus to check fruit. It now rained most of the way to Los Angeles which we reached an hour ahead of schedule. 5.30 am.

California has had an unprecedented rain spell in the last 2 months. Los Angeles bus station

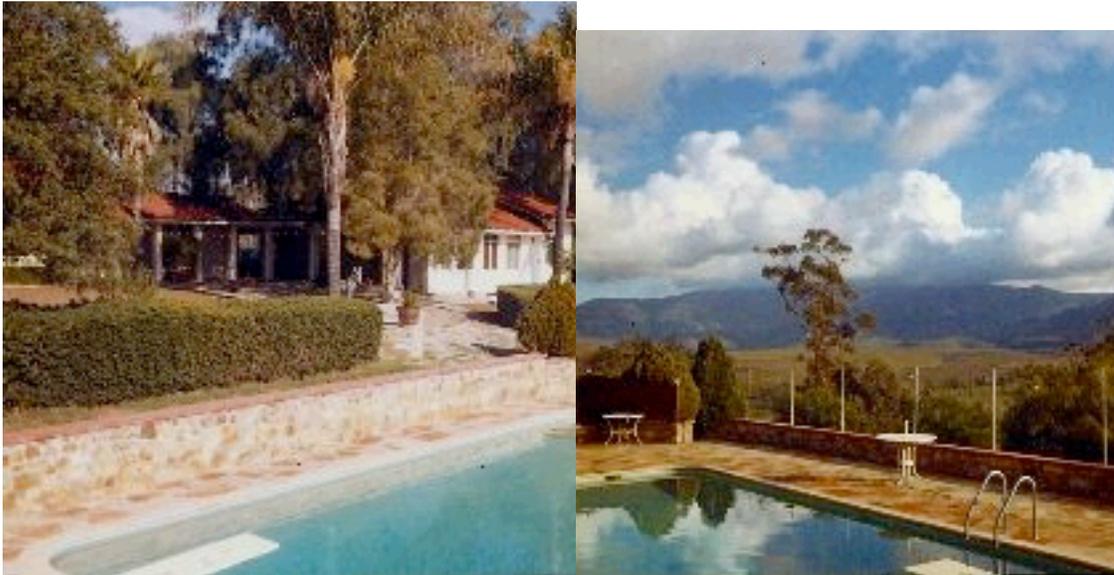
was, like all the others, crowded and dirty. I caught the 6am to San Diego and said goodbye and took the addresses of the guys I had met on the bus.

It was still raining and dark so I didnt see much of LA except to notice some of the enormous acreage it covered.

I saw some of the wonderful coastline between LA and San Diego and some of the hills. Very beautiful but the weather was bad. Bus reached SD at 8.30am where I changed out of my sandals into my cowboy boots to keep out the rain.

I rang the Patricks and then took a local bus out to Chula Vista...6 miles away. I waited 45 mins for the bus so I didnt reach Chula till 10am. I washed before I left the depot. There I rang them again and Mr Patrick came down to collect me in a left hand drive Morris 1100!!

The Ranch.... I have never seen anything quite so beautiful. The ranch house is set on a hill looking down over lakes and across to hills. Swimming pool and Italian style "out house" buildings. Mr Patrick turned out to be from Scotland and his nephew had visited them earlier that year, in holiday time from Edinburgh Academy! A small world.



Rancho del Otay

I had breakfast and talked with the Patricks. They said I could ride their range sometime. 29,000 acres! They told me a lot about California and showed me photos of aunt Gill and uncle Roy at their parties...when Roy was based with British Navy in San Diego.

I showered and changed and then Mrs P showed me round the house and its grounds with its ponies and dogs etc.

Lunch and then we went down to their clay pigeon club they had newly opened as a business concern. I had a go and hit 8...not bad. Marvellous fun although it was raining again. Back at the ranch they decided they didnt want to go out to any wild N Y eve parties and have a quiet evening. We did.. and I thoroughly enjoyed chatting.

I rang the Balcombes 2am their time and only uncle W was up. Very surprised to hear me. I asked him to send my mail on etc. Then the Patricks wanted to ring Gill and Roy in

Angmering (Sussex) and perhaps mum and dad and Vicki (holidaying there) would be in but half the nation had the phone idea and we couldnt place a call.

I showed my photos and chatted with Mrs P' eccentric artist brother, Steve. He wore a red and white DJ that he shared in its uniqueness in the world with Perry Como. After we saw the N Year rung in, California time, in NY's Time Square on tv, we fooled around and I eventually went to bed, tired after 5 days on a bus.

Sat Jan 1 1966 New Years Day

Awake at 8am to a beautifully sunny day. The view over the lake and hills was quite breathtaking. Wrote my diary up to date . Then actually got up around 11am and only Mr P was up. Breakfast and then went for a walk taking photos.



Otay Lakes

Went back to the house and Mr P was putting another call thru to London. Great excitement and amusing conversation between American operator and Brighton operator. Long wait of about 1.5 hrs and call came through Chichester exchange. Aunt Janet answered Mr P and seemed baffled....its 11pm in England, 3pm here. Uncle Mick came on and I spoke so he put mum on and then dad and then Vicki.

Marvellous to be able to ring 6000 miles. Apparently they had written to ask me to ring on Christmas Eve. What a coincidence.

.....general conversation and excitement and apprehension as to price of call. I told them I was trying to stay till April! They were driving back to Scotland the next day. Gill and Roy were next door but they wouldnt go and get them..."too late" they said. The call comes 6000 miles and they quibble over 50 yds.! I ask you. The call ended after about 6-8 mins and I was very excited about it all.

Afterwards Mr and Mrs P and I went for a walk over the house grounds with their South African ridgeback dogs. Very cool but sunny. Evening very restful, watched TV.