

## Sun Jan 2

Awake at 8am and I checked some of the addresses I had around the LA area but they aren't very suitable as I discovered when I located the LA Open course, Rancho Park Municipal Golf Course on the map. It is near MGM Studios so perhaps I might be able to contact Mr Ingo Preminger.

About 11.30 Mr and Mrs P and I drove out to have a look at Stardust CC where the Andy Williams San Diego Open is to be played after LA.

The clubhouse was a glorified motel and rather unattractive, and so commercial I thought. But it can get the crowds. The course was in poor shape due to the heavy rain. The Clubhouse-Motel had a marvellous pool and another pool where diners could watch girls perform underwater through an underwater window.

The course consists of 3 nines and the assistant pro told me which two they will be using. I spoke to the caddymaster and he said I shouldn't have much difficulty getting a job. I walked off the front nine with the Patricks and then we had a very nice lunch in a restaurant. Mr P signed for the bill. (all restaurants in USA are on a credit system, little cash is paid as in a golf club)

After lunch I walked off the back nine and stored my course card notes safely away.

We returned home via the bus station which was very packed and I was some time in collecting my bag (forwarded from Baltimore) and putting it on the LA bus. Having lost its ticket in Baltimore didn't help. Back at the ranch Mr P and I decided to go down to the clay pigeon club where I thoroughly enjoyed myself shooting 2 boxes of 20 cartridges...and eventually for fun we used a tracer cartridge which under the floodlights revealed exactly where we were firing.

We went back to the ranch and then Mr and Mrs P and I went out to dinner at a ranch style restaurant; very nice. A friend of theirs there told me to contact Billy Casper at the LA Open. He actually lives in San Diego. Returned to bed. I leave for LA on the 10am bus tomorrow.

## Mon Jan 3 Los Angeles Open

Caught 10am bus which arrived in LA at 12.30. I then walked to Broadway where I caught a bus out to West Pico Blvd. A short distance before the Rancho Park Municipal GC I passed the 20th Cent Fox Studios.

I arrived at the Rancho Muni Club at 1.30 and every thing was already in full swing. I was surprised. I introduced myself to the coloured caddymaster but he was a nasty type and didn't even ask me my name. I think I will have to find myself a job and this will be difficult.

I waited an hour to see if I could get fixed up and then went out to watch Arnie on the course wearing my cowboy boots. I had nothing else. I met a college student, Bill Furry on the way and we walked together. Arnie noticed my haircut and the boots.

After the game I asked Arnie to speak to the caddymaster but he forgot, I think.



**LA Broadway**



**Rancho Park Municipal GC**

Bill invited me to stay at his house that night and he took me round to the GAC (General Artists Corp.) building on Wilshire Blvd near Beverly Hills. I entered and asked to meet Ingo Preminger (brother of Otto) but he was out and also had apparently left the GAC Agency that very day to go into business on his own. I might contact him tomorrow but he is going on holiday soon.

pm. A very nice evening with Bill and his family and I went to bed tired.

#### **Tues Jan 4**

Desperately hoping for a job, I got a lift with Bill to the course at 9am and I had great difficulty leaving my small bag and coat anywhere. Finally after trying a private house I left them in one of the caddy's cars...not very safe. I wore the sandals this time. Still no luck with the caddymaster. I waited hours. I end up the only one without a job.

I watched the amusing Chi Chi Rodriguez on the practice ground. I walked off some holes but its hardly going to be worth it. Dull uneventful day. I rang Preminger but he had left on holiday. I left the course around 4pm and decided to visit an address given me by the Patricks but after travelling there for an hour they were out. (I'm not comfortable talking on the phone...) I felt rather lonely for the first time in weeks.

I took a long bus ride downtown stopping at a take out chicken bar on the way. I had had nothing since 8am. Booked into a hotel near the bus station. \$4 a night and I collected my big bag. Posted off film and changed and then went for a walk around, downtown. Finished up buying January's Golf Magazine. I'm not in it and so to bed.

What a life. If I dont get a bag tomorrow I'm going back to San Diego. I cant afford it here.

#### **Wed Jan 5**

Up at 7am and packed. Left luggage in hotel cloakroom and had breakfast in nearby bus station. Caught bus out to the course at 8.30 but it was the wrong bus. Just my week! I lost a valuable hour in having to retrace my steps and I finally reached the course at 10.45 too late to caddy. I was fed up. I couldnt even get on the course.

The whole caddy system was completely disorganised. There was no list of who was

caddying for who and the result was I didnt know who did not have a caddy. The watch word was hustle; a car would drive up and about 6 coloured caddies would swarm around it taking the bag etc and virtually forcing the poor pro to give one the job. I'm sure there were enough players to go round but I had no means of finding out who.

I left in disgust around 1pm and walked around the course boundary looking for my customary souvenire photo. I took one from the top of a lorry... Doug Sanders in an all orange outfit only to discover later I had not wound the film on. I had to climb all sorts of fences to get right round and once almost jumped onto a police car!

Finally just before getting a bus downtown I tried to get permission to take a pic of Beverly Hills from the top of a city sky scraper. No luck. I returned to collect my bag from the hotel and then caught the 3pm express bus to San Diego. I managed to jump a large queue to make it. I was in no mood for waiting.

At San Diego I rang the surprised Patricks and took a bus out to Chula Vista where Mr P collected me. I was glad to be back. Read a forwarded letter from mum.

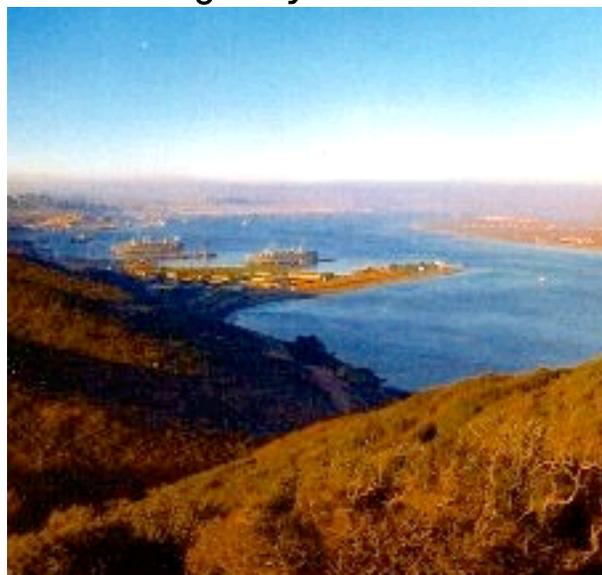
### **Thurs Jan 6**

Another beautiful day. 70deg. Apparently its typical of California's perfect all year climate. Letter from George (school friend)...he joins the RAF in March. Went down to San Diego with Mr P to collect my bag from bus station.

Booked flight home through American Express for either Tues April 19 or Sun 23. Went round to ask immigration authority for extension but this has to be done 30 days or less before departure. Filled in their "Visitors to USA" Jan 1st census card.

Mr P took me to see the second most beautiful scenic view in USA. A view of San Diego Bay and Naval Base from a point out at sea. Really breathtaking. Took a number of interesting and I hope well constructed pics. I nearly killed myself looking for spectacular angles. We returned via a man made strip of commercialised land and saw all the yachts moored side by side with destroyers.

**San Diego Bay / Naval Base**



At Chula Vista I bought Vicki a birthday card. I decided I will write my LA Open article from local news reports etc. Sly.?

I think I will go down and see the San Diego Open caddymaster tomorrow.

Letter from mum who said the reason they couldn't get Aunt Gill to the phone was that she's expecting! A good reason. Apparently they sent my Christmas cheq. to Miami. No wonder I haven't got it yet.

Dinner and champagne as usual.

### **Fri Jan 7**

Wrote 2 air letters to mum and dad and then delivered a stamping machine to the clay shoot club 20 miles away in the P's newly repaired LH drive Vauxhall Estate! Apart from the gears my driving was better.

On the way back I went to the Patrick's golf club, San Diego CC where I practised for an hour and half. Playing quite well really. I then played 4 holes by myself stopping when hand blisters appeared. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

I drove back via the Patrick's farm where I picked my first orange off a tree and ate it. Very big farm. I returned home and tried to take a pic from the end of the lake, of the sun setting over the P's home. I just missed it. I'll try again tomorrow.

After that I changed into my suit and we went out to a friend's African Art Exhibition. Unusual sights but these things don't really interest me. We had dinner at the P's dining club overlooking San Diego and its bay. Marvellous view and dinner. I took pic of the bay.

We returned to see a "Man from Uncle" ep. on tv and also their friend the art exhibitor being interviewed on local tv. Tomorrow I hope to go to Stardust CC.

### **Sat Jan 8**

The Ps very kindly lent me their Vauxhall again and I drove out to Stardust around 11am to see if any pros had arrived. I got quite friendly with a few of the coloured caddies I had met at LA and it was due mostly to one of them that I got a job with a young pro.. John Josephson. He said if I wanted to I could caddy for him for the rest of the Tour at \$10 basic per day. Not bad. He's 6.6" and from N. Carolina; a very nice guy.

I ran balls ("shagged") for him for about 1.5 hrs and caddied 9 holes. He was very pleased I had walked the course and intrigued with my trip. He has to qualify on Monday at Torrey Pines North Course outside San Diego and so we go there tomorrow. I drove back quite competently. The Ps were worried I was late but I told them what had happened.

I heard on tv Arnie had a 62 at LA and is leading after 3 rounds by 7 shots. I'm collecting the newspaper articles to write my own report.

Quiet evening. I was tired.

I have to be at Stardust at 9am tomorrow.

**Sun Jan 9**

I woke just... at 8am and managed to get ready by 8.20. The car wouldnt start! Mr P was getting up, luckily, and we tried to invigorate the battery. No use and he generously lent me the MG 1100. They once had 5 English cars at same time! I drove to the Stardust motel and John and the pro he is rooming with drove me to Torrey Pines where we had to wait 2 hrs for a tee time.

I had my breakfast hamburger, putted and then walked off the North Course last nine. They were off earlier than advertised and when I got back another member of his 4 had no caddy and so I carried the 2 enormous pro bags.

Lovely day now. It was foggy and damp earlier and my feet (sandles) were soaking. Never mind. The first nine after waiting every shot took 3 hrs and the last nine 2 hrs. What a time. I was exhausted. John improved towards the end but had played very badly. I hope for our sakes he qualifies tomorrow. We had sandwiches when we got in around 5pm.

We returned to Stardust where I drove the MG back successfully to Rancho del Otay. Car radio said Arnie had won the LA Open by 3 shots. Great.

At the ranch I dispelled possible head cold with a hot bath and wrote golf article around Arnie's comeback. I will get it copied and posted tomorrow.

I have to be at Torrey Pines by 8.45am so bed with an alarm clock.



**The Los Angeles Open**

(LA article...printed in full by The Scotsman Jan 17 '66)

**Arnie's Army has old familiar gait.....**

**Andrew Haddow sends this report on Arnold Palmer's 62 at Los Angeles**

**LOS ANGELES, Wednesday....**

"The surf's sure swell" as they say here after a pleasant day, and Arnold Palmer made Sunday more than beautiful. As one old campaigner said: "I feel as though the general has just pinned a medal on me."

Once more Arnie's Army has its old familiar gait; Why? "I just gave my game a rest, shifted my grip a little and, waal, every thing seemed to click into place", explained Palmer.

## A HUSH

A hush and then a roar told the tale of Palmer's birdie putts which formed the basis of his 72, 66, 62, 73 score.

The year 1965 had been a lean one for Palmer, but then in December, during the PGA four ball event at Palm Beach Gardens, Palmer announced that 1966 would see less work and more golf.

With his fantastic performance this week his victory in the Los Angeles Open could well herald another year in the old Palmer vein.

Palmer's decline in 1965 gave birth to many golf articles with such ominous titles of "Has Arnie had it?" Age and business commitments were the chief factors in these literary arguments and by the time I reached the USA I was so brainwashed that I almost believed he had "shot his bolt". However I had a wonderful opportunity to study the great man privately and even when involved in just a "friendly" game with his own club members I could see the old attacking spirit and lively fire. This, and a conversation with his father and teacher, Deke Palmer, convinced me that we might yet again see such a year as 1962. His performance, in partnership with Jack Nicklaus, at Palm Beach Gardens in December, further supported this, and if only the putts would drop I could see nothing stopping him; this week the putts did drop.

You may be wondering if anyone else was participating in the tournament besides Palmer. After his 62 had created a 7 stroke lead before the final round, there might well not have been.

Billy Casper, 1965 Vardon Trophy winner, with an average of 70.3 for 111 tournament rounds and a pre-tournament favourite, finished shortly before Palmer, after posting his own 67 during Saturday's third round.

Hearing that Palmer was setting the place afire, he grinned and commented: "I guess I can make it with a 46 tomorrow!"

## MAYBE A 55

Just as ruefully, Paul Harney, winner for the past 2 years and joint runner-up for this, allowed: "Maybe a 55 will catch him."

The truth was that even with such players as Casper, Harney, Lema, Joe Campbell, Marr, Venturi and Rodriguez high in the field, only a disastrous repeat of his 12 on the dog-leg 18th hole where a plaque has been placed describing his performance as "an inspiration to young golfers," could possibly have prevented him from taking the \$12,000 cheque.

A roar on the 18th green told us that no trees had stopped him this time.



**Arnold Palmer winning LA Open 1965**

### **Mon Jan 10**

Alarm went at 7.30 and I planned on leaving 8am. I tried to open the kitchen door for breakfast but couldn't, so I didn't have anything to eat until 3pm. I then tried to start the old Morris wagon Mr P was lending me today but couldn't. British cars!! I had to fret around till 8.30 ( I had to be at the course at 8.45) when the farmhand came with a truck. He helped me turn the car around and gave it a push with the truck. It started and I left at the time I was supposed to be there. However John wasn't due off till 9.30 but I had fully 30 miles to cover.

I got there, after frantic driving, at 9.25 and found him walking up the 1st fairway. He was very relieved to see me and paid the caddie \$1 and I took over.

Half way up the 1st, a par 5, the fog came down as yesterday and visibility was down to 100 yds but there were few complaints when the starter announced "Play On". I can't see that happening in UK.

At the 2nd all four drives were down the middle and next to each other. I wasn't surprised as holes in one are scored on days like this. 75 yds to the green and all four missed but all got 4s. At the next, a short hole, all missed easily...they had taken the wrong line off the tee, some by as much as 30 yds and yet all got their 2nd within 4ft of the hole.

The fog cleared after 6 holes but John had suffered and was 3 over par for 9 holes..38. However he dominated the last nine and his 3 birdies and an eagle on the last par 5 gave him a 70 and a leading qualifier. I have a job till Friday.

I was very impressed as to the degree the players encouraged each other. Monday Qualifying is the toughest golf I have ever known.

Lunch and breakfast at 3 pm and I drove downtown to have my LA article copied. Apart from driving up a one way street I was back at the ranch by 5pm after buying 2 gals petrol. \$4.

I prepared my article for posting and had a quiet champagne evening. The Vauxhall has a new battery so tomorrow should be ok.

## **Tues Jan 11      San Diego Open**

This morning I had a good breakfast as the P's cook was at hand before I left. The result was I left later than planned and arrived about 9.30. However John was still having breakfast and we didnt get to the practice ground till 10.30.

He hit balls for 1.5 hrs ending up with the driver which kept me running, particularly as Chi Chi Rodriguez was trying out his newly designed wood and both were hitting at the same time...over 300 yds. I needed danger money.

I collected the balls just in time to watch Chi Chi and Don Cherry demonstrating their talents with this new driver. Cherry is renowned for his night club singing and the fact that he changes golf outfits 2 or 3 times in the day. Then Playboy Doug Sanders arrived to complete the scene.

John got a game about 12am after 2 four balls which included Casper, Harney, Mike Souchak, Ray Floyd, Phil Rogers and Cherry. The round took about 4 hrs and I had a hotdog about 3pm.

We finished at 4pm and then he practised again for an hour. His drives were wilder than ever and I was exhausted.

I returned the clubs to his room in the club's motel and watched tv for a bit and tried out his exercisers.

Returned home giving a caddy a lift and was too tired to go to the concert with Mr P. A letter from American Express. Flight home is booked for Tuesday April 19. Early dinner and early bed.

## **Wed Jan 12**

Vicki's birthday. I waited for morning post and my Christmas money from m and d had arrived at last. \$30...which will pay for the phone call.

I eventually got going to Stardust where I discovered I had to park miles away. John was playing gin rummy with his room mate and had not even got up yet so I had lost no ground. He could only use the practice ground today because of the ProAm.

I watched Tony Lema partnering Sandy Koufax, the star baseball player and then returned to the slaughter house, the practice ground. John practised for a long time, rested and then practised again. And then Tony Lema came to the practice ground and what a contrast....he looked like a film star!



9th green Stardust CC



"Champagne" Tony Lema

After narrowly escaping death I knocked off about 2pm and then went sight seeing to San Diego Zoo. World famous and I can believe why. It was really magnificent and my camera went wild. Apparently the animals are allowed the most freedom of any zoo.

Returned home to my champagne supper and bed, dreaming of Nelly the Elephant!



**Thurs Jan 13**

1st round proper. I arrived about 9.45 and walked off the pin positions by 10.30. John was playing last at 12.30, so he practised. Again I needed danger money.

Eventually we kicked off and John started with a great eagle 3. Altogether he had 2 eagles, 4 birdies, 1 treble bogie and 3 other bogies for a disappointing 72, particularly as he bogied the last two.

It was now dusk so I cleaned up his clubs and equipped with a parking sticker for tomorrow, drove home.

Back at Rancho two sets of my prints had arrived including the ones of Rancho itself and apparently one photo was the best ever taken of the place. Tomorrow up at 6am.

### **Fri Jan 14**

Alarm at 6am and I was ready to go by 6.40. I decided to catch the sun rising over the lake for a photo and so I went down there. Very picturesque. Coming away the car got stuck in the mud but a few stones under the wheels got me going and I arrived at Stardust a little late at 7.45.

But John was also late. He practised until I was exhausted and eventually he drove off the 1st. This time he had another dull 72 but was very unlucky not to be much better. I think we have missed the cut by a shot. I'm not worried as I have sightseeing to do.

After the round I went to hand in 2 films for development and bought 2 more for a photo trip to Coronado. I drove down there. This is a beautiful strip of land separated from the mainland by a bridge and ferry. Really marvellous views across San Diego Bay and the Naval Base.

I took pics of the famous Coronado Hotel, location of the movie "Some like it hot".



**Coronado Hotel San Diego**

I drove all round the peninsular. Returned home and got my trousers sown up which I had split before leaving in the morning.

Later I drove round to the end of the P's lake to catch the sun going down, successfully this time... Just as I was turning back the car ran out of gas and I had to walk 1.5 miles over hills to get help. A ranch hand and I drove back by truck with some petrol and I drove the car back.

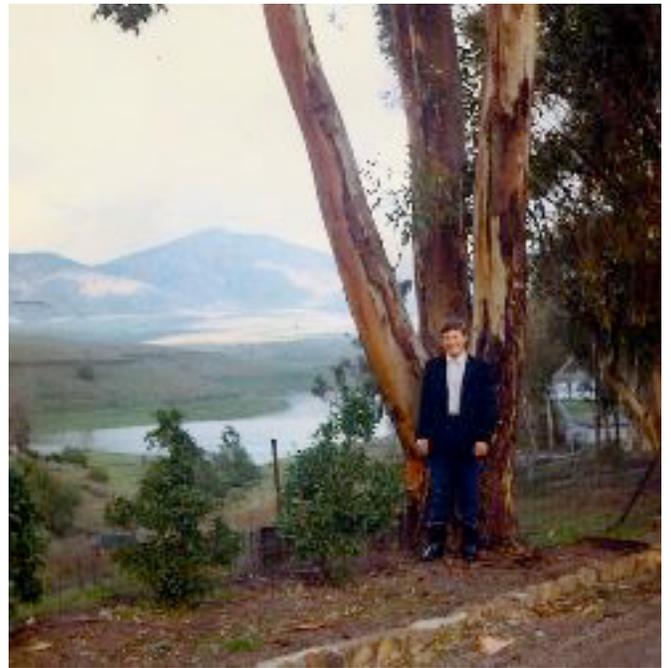
...Letter from m and d posted on Tuesday. Pretty fast. Vicki seems to be having a lot of parties! Tomorrow Stardust to collect my \$70.

## Sat Jan 15

Woke at 8.15 to another beautiful day. Filled the car with petrol and was just driving off when a small plane landed on the Patrick's private grass airstrip. Apparently Border Patrols use it as a base. I took photo.



Heathrow del Otay



del Otay kitchen garden

At Stardust I collected my money from John who was leaving for LA in the afternoon. Only \$60...I think he miscounted the days and I will ask him on Monday.

I left without watching much golf and came back via central San Diego and handed in another film, posted letter, photo and Mexican wallet to m and d and bought myself a pair of white levis. \$5. Had a new book of 99 day bus tickets issued to me and sorted out my return flight ticket.

Returned to ranch and changed into swimming gear. Equipped with beach mat I then drove to Coronado where I sunbathed and took photos of surfers. I walked out to sea to take one. Real Beach Boys surfer types there despite a very cold sea. Beach life-saver buggy was very amusing. I got chilly and drove back home where I got things packed for my trip to Disneyland and eventually Monterey, tomorrow.

Watched a bit of golf on the tv. Don January is the joint leader. I packed a very light bag as I will return here on my way to Phoenix and say good bye and perhaps do a little writing, I hope. Dinner of barbecued chops and champagne. Bed early.

ps. Said good bye to Stephen Birch, Mrs P's brother who probably shant be here when I return. I dont know though as he came in October for a few days and is still here. Mrs P is still in bed with a bad cold.

## Sun Jan 16

I'm on the run again. Caught 9am bus to Santa Ana where I waited an hour for a bus to Disneyland. I arrived 12.45 and left at 6.45!



**Disneyland.....Los Angeles**

I have never seen anything like it. For a family atmosphere its unbeatable. The imagination behind the whole set up is phenomenal. It caters for everyone. "Adventures" such as the bobsleigh ride down a scale concrete model of the Matterhorn.

I went on others such as the submarine trip, the jungle adventure, a paddle steamer journey and a Grand Canyon ride. The old and the new is mixed together with bands playing at the meal stands and everything right down to the trash cans is in keeping with its particular surroundings. I have never enjoyed myself more although I was by myself.

I left after spending about \$20, most of it on film and reached LA Greyhound about 8.45 pm. There wasnt a Monterey bus till 10pm so I went round to the Baltimore Hotel where I had stayed and tried to write my Stardust article. According to the paper Casper had won but I was too tired to write.

....Caught the bus easily and slept like a log most of the trip.

### **Mon Jan 17            The Bing Crosby National ProAm**

The bus reached Salinas, 20 miles from Monterey, at 5.15 am but the next bus to M wasnt until 6.45am. I slept cramped up in the waiting area (hard wooden seats are designed deliberately to discourage vagrants) with the rest of my hobo pals as I was still very tired.

The bus arrived and was freezing. I never went to sleep again.

Reached Monterey at 7.30 where I had breakfast. It was still freezing but a beautiful day was dawning. Dumped my mexican leather holdall bag in a locker and hitched an easy lift to Pebble Beach. John arrived within 30 mins and he practised.

Already I could see this was one of the most beautiful courses in the world.



**Pebble Beach Golf Club**

John had a lousy practice session then bogied the first and I thought we had had it! 150 players competing for 10 spots, such is "Monday Qualifying". However he was 1 under par after 9 on a course which many pros have shot 90 or more.

Every hole is within sight of the ocean and what a view. On a day like this I have never seen anything like it. Puts Gullane No 1 to shame. My pics should tell all.

On the 8th hole one drives so near a cliff undertakers in the crowd are the only happy people. However John had 2 unfortunate bad holes; a 7 at a par 4 and also a 5 at a par 3. He scored 75 and tied with five others to be in a playoff for 4 places...Sudden Death. He lost out and he's still swearing. Missed 2 short putts to get thru. But he's first reserve and should still play. We went 4 extra holes and I was exhausted.

After the round he and his room mate Ed insisted I stay with them so we went back to their motel to see what could be done...the floor! But I was very pleased to stay with friends rather than be alone in some cheap hotel.

They chatted and commiserated with each other about missed putts etc. Today really gave me a lasting impression of how tough the pro-circuit can be. I have plenty of information for my article.

We went out to eat and I collected my bag. Back at Stardust John had insisted on paying for my meal as part of my caddy fee and has done so ever since. I even tried to throw my money out onto the street but to no avail. Still I suppose I have worked enough for it. Stuffed ourselves sick. I had had one breakfast meal since Disneyland the previous day!

Came back about 10 pm. I showed them my photos etc. Watched tv. They discussed golf again. John was very upset about the play off. He had never lost one before. Bed.

ps. I rang Mr Groves of the Fanlingers Assoc. and he told me to tell him which course I would be on tomorrow.