

Tues Jan 18

8.30 am I rang Curtis Person, the Senior amateur I met at Pinehurst, to see if he had a caddy. John advised this in case he didnt get in. Mr Person had but I think I can get him for the Bob Hope Classic. Rang Mr Groves and he was playing at Monterey CC so we couldnt meet but he and his wife very kindly asked me out to dinner on Thursday night.

Breakfast and John and I drove round to Pebble on another beautiful day to see if John had got in. Apparently Bob Rosburg has broken ribs so we are hoping but dont know yet.

Drove round to Cypress Point CC about 4 miles away; really picturesque and romantic countryside. Home of John Steinbeck, author. The second of surely two of the most beautiful courses in the world.

Met Curtis Person on the practice ground. Very nice man. Watched Arnie come down 1st fairway. John practised for 2 hrs and then got a game with someone who makes Nicklaus look short. Dick Marshall, reputedly the longest hitter on the circuit, out drove 6ft 6" John by as much as 50 yds at times!

This course changes geographically 3 times; sea, sand dunes, cypress forest. What a beauty and even tougher than Pebble. I have never seen anything like it. We saw duck, deer, squirrel, seals and whales all in one afternoon. Every hole is capable of exploding a well manicured score. The last 4 holes must rank with the toughest in the world.



The famous 16th short hole (out to sea) is so tough that every sensible pro plays safe and pitches to the green in 2 shots. The final hole virtually plays through a forest.

We ended a really breathtaking round and then John practised for another 2 hrs. I met and congratulated Arnie who was also practising. I was exhausted but John now struck the ball very well thanks to a tip from Doug Sanders. It was dark when we finished. I even hit a few good shots myself.

We drove back, both extremely tired and bought some beer. Ed was back after qualifying for the consolation event, the Little Crosby, so they chatted golf again for hours. Finally we went out to eat. We had had nothing since breakfast and we both had 2 large steaks each. Came back and relaxed with tv.

Tomorrow Monterey CC. The 3rd course in the Tournament. Bed...the floor.

Wed Jan 19

Didn't leave motel till 10.30. Drove to Pebble Beach where John enquired about anyone scratching. No news yet. Took us about 30 mins to find the 3rd course venue of the tournament, Monterey CC. It was actually only 10 mins from Pebble and further along the coast. John got a game almost immediately so didn't practise.

This is much the easiest of the 3 courses. Still tough. John played very well and it was a very enjoyable foursome to watch. Arnie and Jack Nicklaus had a large gallery in the distance. We got in too late to practise. (I was lucky today)

Drove back via Pebble and John was told no cancellations at moment and he's lost hope. He is particularly mad as he has found a groove at last thanks to the tip from Doug Sanders. I'll be out of a job but I'm not worried; I'm enjoying the truly marvellous scenery.

Buffet at an eat as much as you like diner and I stuffed myself. Jon and Ed still insist on paying.

Back at the motel I watched a really great Bob Hope show filmed as he entertained the troops in Vietnam.

Thurs Jan 20:

Alarm at 6.30. John had not gone out last night just in case of tel. re a cancellation but Ed went out and then came back with news someone had hurt his arm. John was still pessimistic and we drove to Pebble and he sat with the committee waiting and hoping. No luck.

We sat at the 1st tee from 8 to 11am till everyone had driven off and then we too drove off in disgust. I spoke to Curtis Person and he is not playing in the Bob Hope so I can't caddy for him there.

Back at the motel we lounged around all day, had lunch and I started my article. John was very down and I don't blame him. I forgot about time and remembered Mr Groves was coming

round at 6pm. It was now 5.45 and I hadn't changed.

I was tying my tie and a loud knock on the motel room door and in he walked. Reminded me of Mr. Corstorphine; retired and elderly, he was typically ex English public school. We went round to his house where I met his wife. Very charming people and so English. Long chat about my trip and we went out to a roast beef dinner. Very nice.

On way back he gave me a guest ticket to the Tournament and they asked me to stay at their house as John and Ed were leaving for San Francisco tomorrow. I haven't yet made up my mind whether to stay and "report" the golf first hand or not. They took me back to the motel and I told them I would ring and confirm my staying with them the next morning.

Ed and John hadn't yet gone out on the town and I wanted to go out with them but one has to be over 21 to go to night clubs. I packed and got prepared to leave the motel tomorrow morning.

They came back at 11.45 and we watched the late night show. Ed had "blown" the Little Crosby when leading after 12 holes.

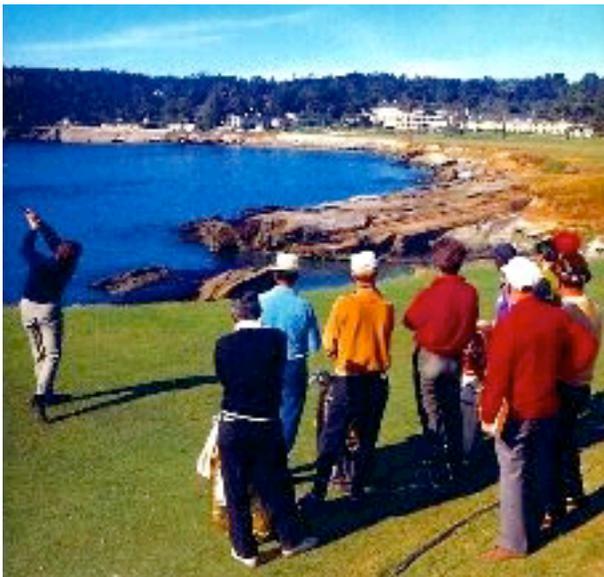
Fri Jan 21

I rang the Groves and confirmed I would stay with them. John and Ed took hours to pack and we didn't have breakfast till 10.30. I had my first ever steak for breakfast. I managed to pay for the 3 of us this time.

They gave me a lift to Pebble and I arranged to meet them at Harding Park GC on Sunday.

I left my bag in the PB clubhouse and went out to watch the golf.

Saw Ray Floyd and Clint Eastwood, "Rowdy Yates" in Rawhide, in a 4 ball with Tennessee Ernie Ford and Joe "cigar" Campbell. Took photo, 18th tee.



18th hole



Ray Floyd, T. Ernie Ford, Clint Eastwood

Got a lift to Cypress Point where I watched the 16th being played by Mason Rudolph and partner, Curtis Person. Took photos.



16th par 3 Cypress Point CC

Then got a lift to Monterey CC where I watched Nicklaus for a few holes. He 3 putted about 4 times. Palmer was 6 under 4s but had blown the last 2 holes. I almost won a bet that Dick Marshall was the longest when he outdrove Nicklaus by 30 yds at the 18th.

Got a lift back to Pebble where I collected my bag and a lift from there to near the Grove's house but I was let off in the wrong place and had to walk 3 miles.

At the Groves we had a very nice lamb dinner and I showed my photos. They were in India for 11 years. He was vice president of American Express in Hong Kong.

So to bed....not the floor!



Monterey Country Club

Sat Jan 22

Mr Groves and I walked to Pebble via the beach at 10am and watched Nicklaus, Lema, Casper and Palmer come up. Arnie was playing well. Met Mrs Palmer and Mrs Nancy McCormack, wife of Arnie's Pro-Am partner and business manager, in the crowd.

Enormous crowd. Sunny windless day. A marshall fell down a cliff!
Palmer and Lema lie second at the end of the 3rd round.

Had lunch with the Groves at their yacht club. It had marvellous views of the 17th green and 18th tee.

Saw Andy Williams and Dean Martin playing.

Eventually walked back to the Grove's house via the beach which was very crowded.

They were taking a nap after lunch so I walked up to the centre of Carmel village. Very "olde English". Had haircut \$2.25. Found out about bus times. Lots of sightseers in this tourist village. Golf is the main talk and every shop welcomes spectators.

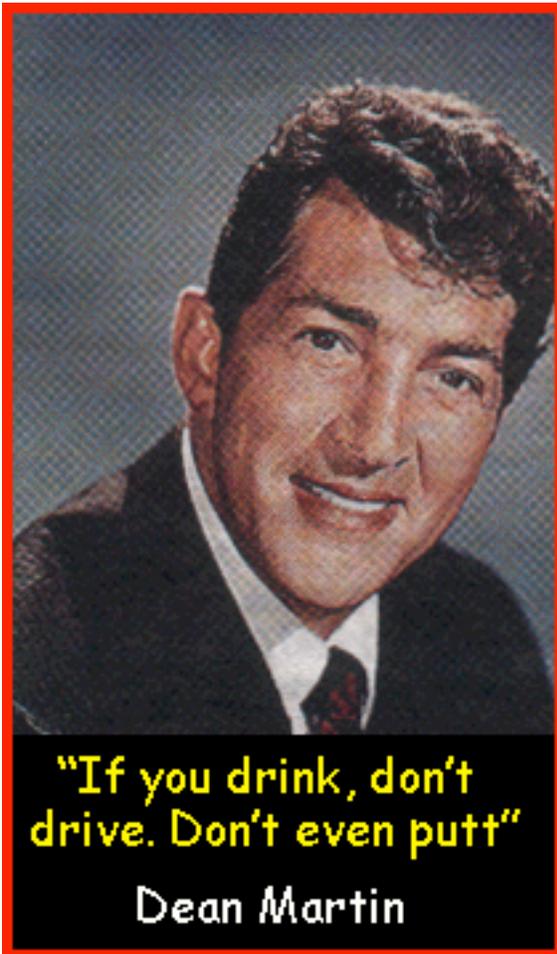
I leave 9am to San Francisco tomorrow. Lots of sightseers in this tourist village. Golf is the main talk and every shop welcomes spectators.

Back at the Groves I watched the golf on colour tv. Then wrote my article completely differently from my first draft. Mr Groves gave me the name of a golf commentator friend, Jim Mackay of ABC TV.

Found out where Harding Park GC in S. Francisco is. Mrs Groves' sister is giving me a lift to Monterey tomorrow. I would have loved to have played here and am determined to play in the Tournament sometime in my life. Bernard Hunt and Peter Butler played last year. John gave me \$40 for 3 days caddying.

Sun Jan 23

Alarm at 7.30 and said sorry goodbye to the Groves and Mrs Stannyson when she dropped me at the bus. Reached San Francisco in 2.5 hrs at 11.30am and at first sight was most unimpressed. A drunken caddy colleague of mine was also on the bus. Caught a local bus to within 100 yds of Harding Park GC and walked across the footbridge to the club house. The course is almost completely surrounded by a lake.



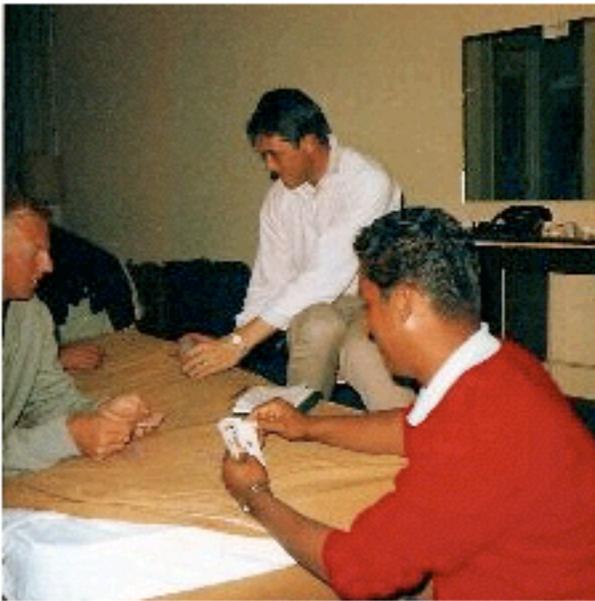
Met John and Ed having their breakfast. They have to Monday Qualify tomorrow on the famous Olympic course where the US Open will be played in June. We went there and I walked off last 9 holes whilst John practised. Ed and he then played 18. Marvellous views of San Francisco hills and bay but no camera. Very hilly city. Played last hole almost pitch dark.

Back at their motel I had a bed this time. Large room with fold down couches. Homero Blancas and Dave Hill came round and the bunch of them plus a few onlookers played gin rummy for 4 hrs.

I didnt eat till 11.45pm! John and Ed wound up winning \$50. Typical day in the life of a Tour pro. John plays at 9.10am tomorrow.

NB. Don Massengale won the Crosby and Arnie came 2nd.

ps. I noticed the half way house at Olympic had dice so golfers could toss for who buys the burgers!



Ed, John and Homero Blancas



Olympic Athletic Golf Club

Mon Jan 24

Alarm at 7am and we reached Harding Park by 8 where we had breakfast. John and I left before Ed to go to Olympic. He practised for 45 mins and then teed off. To cut a long story short he played badly but could still have scored well; his mental attitude defeated him though and he missed the cut. He is terribly disappointed particularly as he played so well last week. So am I as he leaves for Palm Springs tomorrow. Luckily Ed made it but they still leave their room tomorrow so I dont know where I'll stay. I might be able to join Ed in the room he is moving into with 2 others but I dont know.

I finished my article in the car after the round and I tried to get it copied in a press machine but it wouldnt work so I bought some carbon paper and re wrote out the whole thing for 3 copies. I wrote to mum and dad.

Ed and I went out to dinner with the 2 pros he is to room with for the week. An Italian restaurant. I ate a lot as I hadnt had anything since breakfast but Dean Refram, one of the pros, ate the most enormous meal I have ever seen. A family size pizza to himself. He has only one meal a day, he said....

Ed is going to help me get a job tomorrow. If I dont get one I shall probably sightsee for two days and go back down to San Diego. I cant afford it here.

After dinner I finished my copying and went to bed whilst the others played gin rummy.



The Bing Crosby National Pro-Am

"Crosby golf goes with a swing....by Andrew Haddow"

With the strains of "straight down the middle" echoing from the majority of local radio stations and golf course "police" on the look out for Bob Hope everyone knows that the Bing Crosby National ProAm is underway on this the silver anniversary of the Tournament.

Once again such stars as Dean Martin and Andy Williams mingled with their equally glamorous golfing counterparts among whom only Gary Player appeared to be absent. This charity "Clambake" as Bing describes it evolved 25 years ago and has grown from a "little get together" into a \$100,000 unofficial Tournament incorporating a typical degree of American organisation and wealthy extravagance. A fleet of "Bing -mobiles" were at hand for transportation services and hundreds of friendly posters, pleading for crowd etiquette, were signed "Bing".

Saturday's and Sunday's play was televised nationwide and it appeared everything possible was done to surpass Bob Hope's tournament which takes place in 2 weeks. Even an extra \$4000 was found boosting the total prize money to \$104,000. Hope offers \$100,000!

The Tournament took place over three Monterey Peninsula courses, two of which, Pebble Beach and Cypress Point would provide sufficient excitement for spectators even with the absence of such golf and film personalities.

One can hardly imagine the pure beauty of these world famous links that are hewn amid the very countryside that inspired John Steinbeck. "Cannery Row" is forgotten this week but to a certain extent Pebble Beach and Cypress Point separate the "mice" from the "men" where a battle against par is concerned.

At Pebble nearly every hole flirts with a beautiful swelling, rumbling Pacific Ocean and at the 8th hole in particular, drives come so close to a sheer 100 ft cliff that any golfer with a particularly acute follow through has to consult his life assurance policy! The day before I walked around Cypress Point I treated myself to the world famous "Jungle Ride" at Disneyland, outside Los Angeles, and now in the Course of 18 holes I was once more entertained by the animal kingdom, but authentically this time.

Deer grazed daintily beside the 10 inland greens set amid cypress groves, duck flew disinterestedly over rolling sand-dunes and a grand wild life finale greeted me from the 15th hole on. One remembers Joyce Wethered's famous reply of "what train?" in answer to a spectator's query of whether a loud train hoot at the St Andrews road hole had upset her but I wonder if she would have remained oblivious to a seal's trumpeting salutation or the hiss of a distant whale throwing water. On the last four holes the ocean is a matter of feet away and rigid control is necessary to prevent any unscripted testing of waterproof shoes.

The world famous 16th short hole is surrounded by crashing waves on three sides and if you could possibly imagine Troon's "postage stamp" hole afloat, this would test your wildest imaginings. It is perhaps the only par 3 in the world that the wise play as a four in the hope of a three. Some go for it and triumph only to 3 putt! Others fall by the sea side and it is easy to see how Arnold Palmer once chalked up a 9 and Ed "Porky" Oliver, a past winner, a 16!

To the ignorant spectator the rolling surf, the sweet smell of softly swaying pine, disguise the hidden horrors but when the weather changes and a once innocent beauty is transformed by raging seas and a 50 mph wind, the full severity of Pebble Beach and Cypress Point is revealed.

Last year the average score for the 3rd round which can be played over any one of the 3 courses was 76 and Tony Lema, who eventually finished 2nd, shot a 79 and Palmer an 80. Rain has lashed this tournament practically into abandonment and one year an unprecedented snow fall hindered play when Bing's Christmas prayer was answered a little too late....

What of this week? Well the sun shone and the crowds came. For the first time in many a year perfect weather greeted the Crosby. Scarcely a wind and a relentless blue sky saw Al Geiberger in the lead after the first day with a 3 under par 68 over Monterey. However the Crosby can be likened to a sprint track in that the field plays 3 different courses of varying difficulties and only when they turn for the final stretch on Sunday do you really know who is leading. Thus Palmer with his 70 over Cypress Point could arguably be in the lead after the 1st round.

On Friday, the 2nd day of the tournament, Palmer played the Monterey course and was 6 under par after 11 holes but came unstuck in the trees on 17 and 18 and finished with a 70, 3 shots behind Don Massengale but maintained his 2nd position.

On the third day Geiberger shot into the lead again with a magnificent 67 over Cypress while Massengale fell back with a 76. Arnie was still a model of consistency and only a bogie 6 on

the 14th disturbed his enormous gallery. Tony Lema was there too and he joined Palmer on the no 2 spot with a solid 72 over the same course, Pebble Beach. Where was Jack Nicklaus? He was having trouble with his putting but was still in good position with 73-71-75 for his 3 rounds.

Sunday dawned bright and beautiful but Arnie didnt think so as he took a double bogie on the first hole. The first 3 holes lost him 5 strokes to Don Massengale who began par, eagle, birdie to lead the early stages. However Arnie got back into the stride which had won him the Los Angeles Open early in January and which beat Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player in a TV match last week when the rest of the pros were playing in the San Diego Open. He holed his pressure birdie putt at the 18th and all eyes were now on Massengale to see if he could hold his slender lead.

Calmed by playing partner Tony Lema who had "blown" with a 79, Massengale kept his head and took a chance with an 8 iron under the trees for his 3rd shot to the par five 18th; this and a nerve racking short putt clinched his slender one shot lead and \$11000. Geiberger and Bill Martindale came in 2 shots back for \$4000 each.

Last year Massengale more than once led the field early on and faded but this year he has a new control over himself and showed that he could "hang on" over the toughest of courses and against the strongest opposition. We should see a lot more of him.

The weather may have been extremely kind but just to show how tough these courses are Palmer was second, yet never broke 70! Nicklaus was one under par and among the leaders when he tee'd up at the 18th on Sunday afternoon. He then proceeded to hit 2 drives into the Pacific and wound up with an 8. However he still managed to see the funny side when a PGA official stepped into the ocean whilst giving a ruling on his ball.

They say everything happens at the Crosby and this year a steward fell down a cliff while marshalling the crowd. I believe his last words were "Please step back!"

I will end on a typical after tournament note namely the perennial remarks by players on the putts they "just missed". I am not usually sympathetic but this time I am. Bob Goalby shot 74 over Cypress on Thursday, finishing bogie, bogie, double bogie. He missed 6 putts of 5ft and under. Then on Friday over Monterey he carded a bogie on each of the last 4 holes for a 67.

On Saturday over Pebble he finished double bogie, bogie, double bogie for a 74. On Sunday he finished in exactly the same fashion for a 75 and yet stood only 3 over par for the 4 rounds. He could have won the Tournament by 6 shots. I said could have!



Don Massengale

Tues Jan 25

San Francisco

The Lucky International

The day dawned with no job and no place to stay. What a life. However John gave me his golf bag which had been replaced by Spalding for a new model yesterday. I can sell this for about \$30. I got a lift to Harding Park GC where I had breakfast, caught sight of Dave Stockton and his beauty queen wife and then joined the "hustlers".

I managed to catch a pro in the car park and I have got him for the week. Bill Ezinicki. The athletic type and he practises for hours! He played 18 holes and then I shagged balls for 1.5 hrs. However my day brightened when out of the blue I spotted Neil Coles. I didnt even get a chance to speak to him as I was rushed out to collect balls. I hope to do so tomorrow.

I got a lift back to the motel where I collected my stuff...except for the golf bag which I am leaving there. I then got a tram....! Yes they still use them here as the city is so hilly. I checked in at a City Centre hotel one of the better caddys had told me about. \$7.50 for the week! Its awful but its cheap. Never mind.

I hadnt eaten since breakfast and I found a buffet place with an "eat as much as you like" offer for \$1.60. I did and the food was good.

I tried to ring a friend Mr Thomson in NY had told me to get in touch with, Mr Menzies, but he was out. I hope to catch him at his office tomorrow before I go to the course.

I returned to the hotel and wrote a thank you letter to the *Groves and went to bed. Tomorrow is the ProAm and my man isnt playing so it will probably be just practice. Forecast is storms!

*ps. I met the Groves again in 1967 when they came on their annual 3 month visit...6 weeks staying in The Dorchester and 6 weeks in The Metropole Hotel, Brighton. Frank and I played the Old Course at my Club, Walton Heath. He drove the 275 yds 1st green, in his 70s!

Wed Jan 26

Woken at 8am and everything went smoothly till I lost my room key. That delayed me. I then waited an hour for a bus to Harding Park until I realised it didnt stop at my stop. You live and learn!

I reached the club by 11am, an hour late. However it so happened my pro didnt arrive till 12.45 although I looked around for him.

I met with Neil Coles and he struck me as typically English. Undemonstrative. He and his wife had motored right across the States. I might be caddying for him next week and he offered me a lift in his hire car when my ticket runs out.

I rang Mr Menzies and he asked me to "a young people's party" for his children on Friday night at his house. Things are looking up... However when my pro arrived he gave me a work out. The ProAm was on so he couldnt play the course but he calmly hit 600 balls... each picked up by me! I was exhausted.

We finished when it started to drizzle at 4.30 pm and his friend gave me a lift into town. He is picking me up tomorrow.

I found my key and then went out to eat at the same place as last night. I was starved. After that I went to see the movie "Moll Flanders". There were 3 films altogether so I didn't get to bed till 11.30.

Thurs Jan 27

Paged at 7am I was highly organised today and I rendezvous with my "driver", Bill's friend at 8am. It was a marvellous day and we stopped at a particularly good view and I photographed.

Bill was there at the club when we arrived and it's just as well we had had breakfast on the way as I was set to work straightaway. He was due on the tee at 11.16 so he finished practising at 11am. 2 hrs worth!

I was told by his friend not to advise Bill on anything during the round as he was the Ben Hogan type.

In short Bill shot a wonderful 68, 2 shots off the lead and he never looked like being any more than that. In fact he could easily have been 5 shots better. He had only 3 single putts and they were for the three birdies that gave him his 3 under par 68. No bogies and he reached every green in regulation. He is really in the groove and we might easily be in the money this week. Arnie took 73 and Neil Coles 76!

We finished and Bill practised for another 1.5 hrs. After that I took a few evening pics of the lake surrounding the course and caught a bus downtown. The driver was chatty and I learnt he earned from \$100-\$150 a week. Our clippies earn \$25!

I then caught an old fashioned tourist "pulley" tram bus to the top of the hill off Market St and went up the famous "outside" glass lift at the Fairmont Hotel. This has glass sides and is very awe inspiring giving a breath taking view of the city at night.

I am beginning to like San Francisco with its quaint narrow and fantastically steep streets criss crossing with modern thoroughfares. The people are nice.

The Fairmont Hotel was very plush and I felt conspicuous in my sweat shirt and sandals walking amongst evening dress and passing special functions such as a Jewish mens dinner. They all wore "gully gully" hats.

After that I went down to the famous Fisherman's Wharf where I strolled around eating fresh shrimps. I spent \$4 on a fish dinner at a Wharfside restaurant.

From there I rang Mr Menzies. I am to go to his office after lunch tomorrow where I will meet his daughter (one of them!) and she is going to drive me across the Golden Gate Bridge etc. I am really looking forward to this. Then she will take me back to their house for

the party. Things certainly are looking up. My first party in about 3 months or more. After I caught the pulley back to Market St. I walked to the hotel and bed. I have to be up at 5am tomorrow as Bill wants to practise before his 7.30am start.

ps. today one guy 3 putted the 18th and got so mad he slammed his practice ball bag against a portable toilet for 30 mins until it burst and all the balls flew out. He then ripped it to bits.

Fri Jan 28

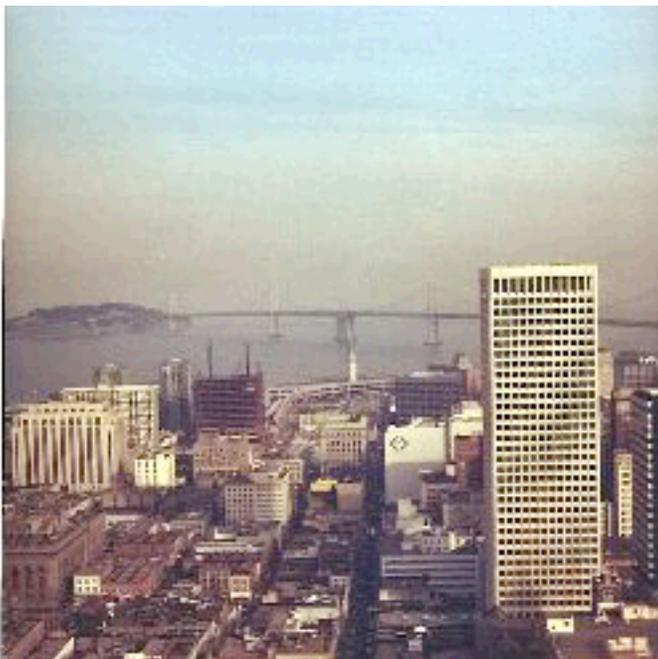
Oh boy what a day. Up at 5am and freezing I reached the Club by 6.45 and had to climb a gate where a fall would mean a soaking in the lake, in the pitch dark. Dawn didnt really break till 7.15 and we were due off at 7.30. We practised in semi darkness.

It was cold and damp and Bill started bogie, bogie and after a round of missed putts scored 75! I knew his putting was faulty even when he shot 68 but he strikes his other shots so well. He asks me about clubs a lot now.

He let me off after the round so I could see the sights and I went back to my "hotel" (you can see daylight through the shower wall!) and changed, ready for the evening. I packed my small bag in case I was invited to stay somewhere.

I then walked to Mr Menzies office. He is in the booze trade like Mr Thomson and very nice and I met Judy for the first time....Woweee! I talked with Mr M until Judy had finished her typing and stood up...6ft?? He and his wife had often been to Scotland.

Judy drove me (I did the talking) to the Fairmont Hotel so I could see what I saw last night, in day light, from the glass lift (elevator). Panoramic view of the Bay so click, click.



view to 18th green Harding Park Muni.GC

We then drove the Mercedes back to the house. Very beautiful and large in the high posh area of SF. Swapped Merc for their stationwagon.

I met Mrs Menzies, a charming person and Judy looks exactly like her. I also met the youngest daughter, Molly aged 11.

Judy is a month younger than me and looks about 21. As a result of tall parents she happens to be 2" taller or more even than Vicki. They look a lot alike actually.

After we left I took over the wheel. I didnt like being driven by the opposite sex even if she is taller.

I drove across the Golden Gate Bridge and because the steering was slack (power steering) and I had to watch the road I didnt see much of the view but it so happened that when we arrived at the look out point on the other side....no camera! I had left it at their house. Hilariously funny particularly as I wanted to photograph before the sun went down.

So \$1 for tolls and 30 mins later we were back again with my camera and Judy at the wheel. A really marvellous view of SF and the Bridge. I have never seen anything like it. Alcatraz in the background.

After this we drove to the picturesque village of Sausalito where I bought film and ice creams on board a converted schooner. Marvellous view again. I bought a post card as security in case my photo fails.

Saw Mt Tama and its giant redwood pines in the distance, shrouded in mist.

After that Judy showed me popular positions from which to photo the Bridge. One was directly underneath it on the SF side. It was dusk and the lights glistened against the famous red paint.



view from Fairmont Hotel

San Francisco



Golden Gate Bridge

Judy showed me the Legion of Honour Building high on the hill. Then we went back and the cocktail party was just about to start. I met brother Michael (22) and sister Melinda (23).

The party was to see off Michael on a happy go lucky trip to Europe. He is seeing our end of the world like I am his. Young and old came in and I chatted with friends of Mr and Mrs M and Mrs M's sister gave me the name of 2 people who are playing in the Bob Hope in Palm Springs as amateurs. Booze flowed from their full size bar and caterers were everywhere. Judy and I were the youngest there.

The party eventually dissolved. Mike and his friends went off to a restaurant. I was trying all evening to ring the golf club so I would know what time I had to be there in the morning. Bill had made the cut by 2 shots... but no reply.

Marvellous evening and I didnt get to bed till 3am...chatting to Judy! I showed her my photos and she has kept one of me carrying 2 bags at Five Farms CC...

ps. saw China Town. SF has the largest Chinese community in the USA.

Sat Jan 29

I had to get up at 5am as I decided I had better make sure I got to the club early and not keep Bill waiting. I washed. I wanted to go out quietly but Mrs M was awake and Melinda was going skiing at 6am. Then Mike came in drunk thinking he was coming in unnoticed and found all the household, except Mr M, up!

I got a lift down town with Melinda and her boy friend on their way to Squaw Valley and I collected my waterproofs from the hotel as it looked showery.

I got out to the club early and had breakfast. We werent due off till 9.30. In short the rain did come and it was like Dalmahoy at the Senior Service. Saturday's play was abandoned after we had played (swum) 14 holes.

I was absolutely soaked and caught a bus down town and changed at the hotel.

I then went out to the Menzies as we had arranged and they were just about to leave to spend Saturday night with friends. I was supposed to take Judy out when she got back from her picnic date around 4.30. The others left and I went to sleep for an hour to catch up.

Judy and friend arrived and she made some sandwiches. We chatted and he (yes he...popular girl!) left to go to the Chinese New Year Festival. It was still pouring.

Judy and I had planned to go out to dinner and a movie. Its the first time I have ever had my own money to do so.! However she was tired and not feeling too good and I was still tired so we stayed at home and chatted.

She's a lot like me in a way as she likes words and is full of life!? I showed her my golf writings and we helped ourselves in the bar.

We were supposed to cook steaks if we didnt go out according to Mrs M but lazyness conquered hunger and I went to bed around 11am having eaten nothing.