

Thurs Feb 10

Rained much of the day so I lazed around getting more and more sluggish. I did get up 9am to get breakfast but then went back to bed till 12am. Sorted some of the items I wanted to put in the golf bag to send back on the bus to Baltimore.

Wrote letter to the Balcombes. Generally lazed around all day. Began preparations for my Tucson trip. Apparently today's play was washed out at Phoenix so I might go there on Monday if the tournament is extended till then. I have a Grand Canyon trip in mind after Tucson.

Fri Feb 11

Wrote letter to parents and asked dad if he could secure me the Masters job with Longhurst at Augusta. Wrote to the Thomsons and sent them a photo I took of them. Wrote to Judy.

I went down town to collect my photos. They are really marvellous and Monterey looks magnificent. Two quite good pics of Judy. Cost me \$23 for 6 films x 12 prints. Really I'm going to be wiped out one of these days!

After that I went round to Greyhound and wangled a new book of tickets for emergencies. (\$99 for 99 days expired 2 weeks ago!!) I then called on American Express and postponed my air ticket till April 24. I hope they can find me a seat. I came back via a post office where I bought stamps.

Back at the ranch I looked over the P's Camper Wagon "Cleo". Its really marvellous. An American version of our Dormobile. So compact and is in effect a little house on wheels equipped with fridge, shower and TV.

I got 2 letters from Balcombes...first I have heard from them since I left at Christmas. They seem in good health and snowed in. Also I received my Crosby article from the Scotsman editor Mr Kemp which he had clipped from the paper. Very thoughtful of him.

I'm riding the range tomorrow equipped with a cowboy outfit which should be fun.

a letter home:

Rancho del Otay, Chula Vista, Ca.

Dear Mummy and Daddy,

Hi there.....Just hang on while I spit out my chewing gum and scratch my crew-cut!

It was wonderful to hear from you on Tuesday night and I'm sorry you had to make the call at 7.30am. How long you had to wait to book the call I dont know

but the chances are you had to be up at 6am? I have everything my own way dont I!

Here are the technical details of my financial position and my plans for the remainder of the trip....

The last 3 tournaments have left me fairly well in pocket and in fact until I went into Mexico the other day I had my original £100 in trav. cheqs. As I said I earned between \$20 and \$25 per day for 5 days at Palm Springs but my room and one meal a day cost me \$8 a day and that was cheap. Palm Springs had wealth beyond even my pecuniary imaginings.

Patience apparently is no longer a virtue as one of the Palm Springs "locals", tired of having to book tee times built his own course. His \$1.75 million house serves admirably as a club house. Next time Bill Scott swears at Jimmy the starter (Gullane GC) tell him his alternative wont you?

The temperature was a static 80 deg and one afternoon I went into Palm Springs and went up in the famous cable car which rises 1300ft in 20 mins and snow appears in half that time. You can ski and swim all in half an hour. I had to take the 2nd taxi of my life time because if I walked the 2 miles to the run the sun would have gone down and no photos. I was very reluctant all the same as Palm Springs is a place where you tip the cabby \$10!

I met some very nice amateurs in the Pro/Am and as I told you I have an invitation to stay with one at Augusta. He takes a house there every year for the Masters and shares it with Richard Davies, ex British Am Champ.

I left Palm Springs last Sunday morning and arrived at the Patrick's Ranch to 3 weeks worth of mail. I was very excited to see my Scotsman articles and was pleased to see that although they shortened them they did not alter any of my words.

I wonder now, dad, if you could discuss the possibility of my covering the Masters with Kemp. It would save the Scotsman sending someone across and give me press advantages at the Tournament. See what you can do please. Besides I'm sure my "colleagues" Longhurst and Crawley wouldnt object!

My plans for the future.... As I said I have Bobby Nichols for Tucson but travelling caddies arent allowed there as they take only locals but the majority of these are students so I reckon I should be OK with a little wangling.

After Tucson there is a 10 day break to allow players to reach Florida and I hope, depending on my finances, to go North to see Grand Canyon and other places of interest. I have no fear about transport as thanks to the maths of some Greyhound official my 99 days end on Feb 24! After that I will get lifts with the pros. Neil Coles and his wife have offered to do this so dont worry about that end.

I gave you a list of the remaining tournaments and their dates. Pensacola is March 3-6. In case you have lost them I will remind you where to write when I write you each week.

Dont worry about me and just understand if my letter is a day or so late, I have to write post cards to various people anxious to hear from me, plus my article. I'll try not to keep you waiting. I'm used to the loneliness of my travel now and thats why I am taking so many photos so I can discuss what I see with you later. Its costing me a fortune.

You were right, dad, about there being a road toll at Carmel, Monterey. How you remembered that I dont know. Its Steinbeck country and when I wrote that bit about Pebble Beach separating the "mice from the men" I was playing with the title of his book "Of Mice And Men" but the dull witted Scotsman Office failed to acknowledge that. Never mind.

Please keep one or two copies of my printed articles as I want to decorate my bedroom with my objet d'arts I have collected. Also try to get Kemp to increase my 2 guineas. It costs me 15 shillings by the time I have bought stamps and got my work copied. I had a picture of Doug Sanders in my collection and I sent it with my Hope Classic article so if you see Sanders swinging a club thats my picture. Also try and get hold of my original hand written copies from Kemp in case I lose my own copy.

The plastic folder in the wallet I sent you, dad, is for credit cards which are as yet non existent in "go-ahead" GB. You can also keep photos there. I have one in my own wallet of a certain little something I met in San Francisco.
lots of love

"Andy" xxx

Sat Feb 12

After half a grapefruit and some milk I drove off to the Ranch to meet Bob the foreman at 8am. I took the wrong turning and found myself confronted with a maze of farm roads miles from anywhere and nearly got stuck in the mud at every corner. I eventually found my way to the makeshift air strip where the small crop spray plane lands and was told the way. Even so I arrived shortly after 8am but it was Bob who was late.

Beautiful day. I helped him saddle up 2 horses. Mine was the bigger and I used Mrs P's Mexican cowboy saddle and equipped with her chaps and hat and my cowboy boots and my camera tied to the saddle, I was all set.



Rancho del Otay

Bob loaded the 2 horses into a wagon and we drove to a corral about 4 miles away and set off from there.

I had to use a block to mount as the chaps were as stiff as a board. I started off as Bob suggested with stirrups "long". This is the way they ride cowponies here. I had to bump trot.

Bob mounted, packing a bag of torn cloths. Dont know why? We sighted a couple of Hereford bulls he wanted to drive and we slowly herded those about 2 miles to an enclosed field high on a hill. Marvellous view and I was really enjoying myself. Coyotes, hare, weasel and wild life flashed past us. My chaps served well in the brush.

Bob was a character and very gentle with the horses. We "hooked" the 2 bulls up and Bob ingeniously fixed the broken fence. The bulls bellowed beautifully. After that we dismounted for a short break and I discovered the reason for the rag cloths when Bob disappeared discretely behind some brush. Riding long, I was discovering, was something of a laxative!....

After our "comfort break" we rode across the hill about 2 miles until we reached about 50 head of calves and very frisky.

I helped him drive those the 2.5 miles to the corral and in fact I was on my own much of the time as he scouted around for strays. I untied my camera and took 2 photos on horseback.

I was really enjoying myself but ever since I raised my stirrups my knees hurt. Bob was right.

We locked the herd safely up in the corral and I was just settling myself down to an interesting afternoon watching him single out the steers he wanted, when it happened... Horrors! My hip wallet had dropped out. Bob "comforted" me saying he had lost 2 or 3 that way. "The high saddle works them out of the back pocket". I nearly died...all my savings about \$80 and my drivers licence.

With my heart in my mouth I set off, alone, back to look for a needle in a hay stack.



After completely retracing my steps on the horse...its amazing what you can remember if you set your mind to it...and after inspecting everything from cow dung to tin cans, two hours later, I found it. Yes I did! My prayer was answered. How lucky can you get? I was even foreseeing the rapid conclusion of my trip. I found it sitting upright 100 yds from the end of my search. Truly miraculous. It contained \$82. I'll never keep that much in it again and I dont usually.

I was overjoyed and when we returned to the main ranch I thanked Bob and very stiffly climbed into the car. I then drove round to the golf club and collected the golf bag travel cover I had ordered. \$8.

Back at the house the Ps were amazed at my tale. I still cant believe it but its true.

After I recovered Mrs P very kindly took my photo in the cowboy outfit standing against their house corral, with my camera and her Polaroid. I have already got the Polaroid pics. Quiet evening with a nice relaxing glass of champagne. I dont particularly want to go out into the big world tomorrow but I must if I am to make Tucson in time.

Sun Feb 13

Most of the day I packed, cleaned my boots etc and sorted myself out for my departure on the 10.15 pm bus for Phoenix. I really was rather depressed at leaving.

I relaxed most of the afternoon realising I would have to sleep the night in the bus. Finished off letter to the Balcombes. I still cant get over my luck at finding my wallet. Tony Gadd left yesterday in the P's fabulous Camper for Palm Springs, after he had seen my photos.

Mary P took some polaroids of me and their S African Ridgeback dogs standing at the cocktail bar. My last glass of delicious Californian champagne to wash down a big bbq steak.



Patrick Patrick

Steve gave me his address to look up when I am in NY. He says he will have left Rancho by that time??

Mr P gave me his brother's address in Edinburgh and Mrs P gave the addresses of 2 English girls in London who had visited them earlier. All very nostalgic.

I finally left with Mr P (christened Patrick Patrick because his dad stuttered at his christening!) after watching the Ed Sullivan Show.

He very kindly drove me to the bus station. I had difficulty in (a) putting my leather golf bag on a bus to Baltimore... I posted the docket to the Balcombes and (b) my case to Tucson and (c) myself on a bus to Phoenix.

I said goodbye and hope I can see them all again soon. Marvellous people.

ps. met Tony Gadd again by chance 30 years later when he walked past me up on my ladder, decorating my Brighton house... and I recognised him!

Mon Feb 14

Valentine's Day

The Phoenix Open

I had quite a comfortable 350 mile trip in the bus and managed to fall asleep despite one woman nearby who did her best to describe in detail a rather gory recent operation.

Reached Phoenix 6.30 am and had to turn the clock forward one hour.
I'm in Arizona now....

I had breakfast in the depot and met a couple of caddies who told me the way to the Arizona CC. I caught a bus there and another caddy I met gave me his official tournament caddy cap so I could get on the course.

Armed with a notepad I got on the course easily and looked around. It was a beautiful day.

Arnie arrived dressed in his canary yellow pants (trousers). Bill Ezenicki was playing and lying 10th...just my luck! I met Bobby Nichols and everything is OK for tomorrow.

I followed the leader Gardner Dickinson and Doug Sanders all the way round. Also saw the last (leading) 4 pairs play the final holes. Very exciting finish.

I took pic of the winner, Dudley Wysong after his final putt.

I left about 5.30 and reached the bus station where I had my 2nd meal of the day and caught the 6.30 bus to Tucson. This arrived at 9.45pm

I collected my travel bag I had last seen in San Diego and met a caddy who said tomorrow I should go to the Ramada Inn, about a mile away where the pros were staying and I would get a lift to the course.

I looked around for somewhere to stay. Most places were full but I eventually found a comfortable place for \$3 per night. I was very tired.

Tues Feb 15

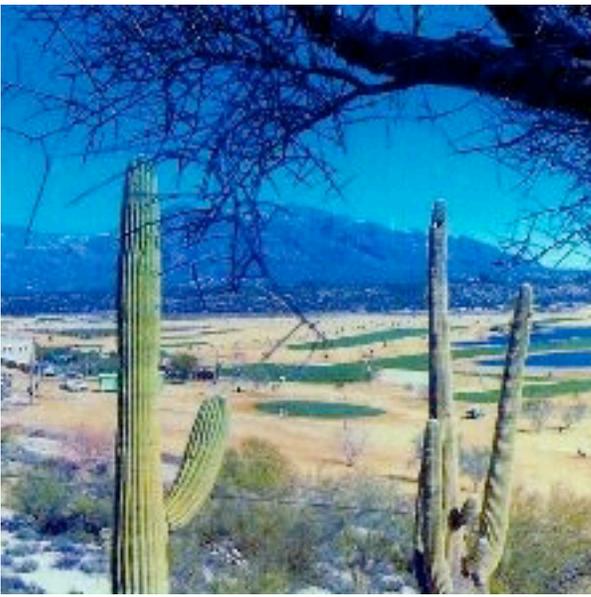
The Tucson Open

I was woken as I requested by the room call at 7.15 am and reached the Ramada by 8.30.

I had breakfast there and caught a ride out. I then studied the situation. Travelling caddies are definitely not allowed and some of them got really annoyed when I told them I might have a chance posing as a student. "Why should you caddy if I cant?"

I made friends with one or two of the students and hung around all morning waiting for Nichols. I chatted with Neil Coles.

This is a real desert club. Cacti all over. Cowboy style water bottles instead of drinking fountains!



Tucson National GC



ps. amazing golf course, The National. It has 3 types of grass and they even paint some of the fairways green by injecting vegetable dye through the sprinkler system!

Nichols eventually arrived at 2.30 and I walked down with him to a course lodge where he is staying. Its apparently a courtesy house for VIP players. I caddied for him for 9 holes...all there was time for.

Tommy Jacobs and Don January who played in the Ryder Cup at Birkdale were playing and I had a long chat.



US Ryder Cup 1967

l - r

A.Geiberger, J.Boros, A.Palmer, G.Dickinson, B.Hogan capt., G.Littler, B.Casper, J.Pott, B.Nichols, G.Brewer, D.Sanders.

After we had finished Bobby and his room mate gave me a lift down town. I discovered Fred Corcoran was his agent, as I thought he was.

I checked in at the hotel again and then went out and ate for \$1.75 which is much cheaper than I have been paying but then I had had breakfast!

Back at the hotel I chatted with 2 of the touring caddies also staying here and they seemed pleased I had got a job.

I wrote my Phoenix article and by that time I was so exhausted I didnt have time to write to anyone else.



The Phoenix Open

by Andrew Haddow

Last week at the star studded Bob Hope Desert Classic set amid the real-estate gold mine that is Palm Springs one could almost have imagined Cary Grant as the official starter. This week at The Arizona CC in Phoenix it could have been John Wayne sitting in the chair amid the giant cacti, for as they say in these parts, "Mister...this here is cowboy country."

However for the past 4 days golf shoes replaced the boots and spurs and jockey caps looked just as fitting as the stetson or occasional 10 gallon. But one couldnt forget that "hi" had now been replaced by "howdy" and whenever anyone laughed and said "go tell that one to the Indians" one was inclined to take him seriously.

A cold biting wind greeted the pros on Thursday, the first day of the \$60,000 tournament. A distinct contrast to the windless 80 deg that Palm Springs offered last week. However Phoenix is itself a winter resort and we "foreigners" were told that this was the tail end of the wintry blast that had plagued North America for the past month.

130 lb (9st 4lb) Gardner Dickinson from sunny Florida did his best to melt the hail stones with a sizzling first round 66 that left him 2 shots ahead of the far more porkily protected Mason Rudolph. Friday was even worse, so much so that like the Lucky International in San Francisco 2 weeks ago this round was abandoned. Ken Venturi had already walked off as the cold had aggravated the circulatory ailment in his hands unbearably; he could now re-enter the race.

Saturday warmed considerably but still it was little Dickinson, a consistent money winner, who set the pace with a 2nd round 69. Nevertheless Rudolph, Bob Rosburg and Hope Classic winner Doug Sanders were there and the pace and the weather began to grow hotter. On Sunday Dickinson again pitched and putted to keep his lead...this time by 4 shots. However the early cold had literally got to his bones and he was fighting a crippling back ailment with the help of pre round injections.

Last year Sanders won 2 tournaments in a row and having won last week (\$22,000) the

fact that he was in 3rd position going into Monday's final round meant he was a force to be reckoned with....particularly as it happened to be Valentine's Day!

Monday dawned bright and beautiful and it saw Dickinson still struggling with his back and to complete the first "wire to wire" victory of the year; and Sanders trying to clinch his two in a row.

These two were paired together in the last match and the suave, calm Sanders dressed in lincoln green with matching shoes and tees was sharply contrasted with the chain smoking, pain wracked Dickinson. On every green, the wiry Florida pro who models his game on Ben Hogan even down to the white cap left his cigarette smoking wispfully perhaps reminding some of the Navaho Indians dwelling peacefully now in the foothills nearby.

Arnold Palmer had taken most of the gallery even though he was not in the chase but the crowd that thronged the first green to watch the 2 leaders was still considerable. Sanders' putt for his birdie jumped wickedly out of the hole and the crowd gasped when Dickinson's did the same. "Who's in there?" queried Sanders as he pointed to the hole, closely followed as usual by some attractive Valentines as he walked to the next tee..... "Some say my shots are long chips" he joked. I personally think his putting stroke is the longest part of his swing.

Although he birdied the par 3 second to go 5 shots ahead Dickinson was a sick man and he now embarked on a trail of pitiful bogies. And at the par 5 seventh he had a six but Sanders missed his 3 ft putt for a four which would have left him only 2 shots behind. I, for one, felt he had missed his chance and when he took 5 at the par three 8th, I was positive.



Phil Rodgers, Billy Casper, Gene Littler

By the 14th a worried Dickinson with \$9000 at stake had managed to stop his run of bogies but was it too late? Gene Littler playing the 16th was also 4 under par but young Dudley Wysong had just sunk a 20 footer at the 17th to go 5 under and I watched him bravely sink

a 12 footer for a birdie at the par five 18th to clinch the affair?

Littler now needed an eagle at the last to tie and just missed his birdie putt....the ball hanging tantalisingly on the lip. This cost him the additional \$3000 he would have earned for 2nd place. Mason Rudolph now sunk a glorious 30 footer at the 18th to earn himself an extra \$2000...the stress of the pro game is as they say here "strictly for the birds!"

Now it was brave little Gardner Dickinson's turn to salvage as much loot as he could. He was faced with another cigarette and an agonising \$2000 three foot putt...one that curled. A great cheer rang out from a delighted gallery as his ball homed in on the hole with all the accuracy of an Indian arrow.

Just to end on the note that so many tournaments that are won and lost, end on. Sanders missed a careless 2.5 ft putt that cost him \$1000. Nevertheless he still managed to smile like he did last year when a reporter asked how he managed to take nine at the 16th in the 1st round of the British Open...." I just missed a 40 ft putt for an eight", he replied.



Dudley Wysong holes to win. Arizona CC

Wed Feb 16

Back at the Ramada Inn I waited 2 hrs for a lift to the club and luckily I didnt have to be there till 10.30.

I eventually got a lift out with a young 23 yrs amateur Craig Metz son of Dick Metz who defeated our senior pros at Gleneagles in 1960. He had rented a car and gave me a lift out. We lost our way by 10 miles and eventually arrived at 10.45. He was a very nice guy and married . I dont know how he can afford to play the Tour as an amateur.

Then came the mix up. I was carrying the practice balls down to the range when a caddy came up to Nichols saying he had been assigned to him. A dispute followed and eventually Bobby told the caddy he was sorry but he wasnt told earlier and I was his caddy.

Everything was just fine but then when I was collecting the balls a PGA official drove up and told Nichols he had to take the caddy assigned to him. Just my luck. There was no argument this time. I'll have Bobby for Pensacola but I was pretty disappointed. I didnt want to take

Bobby's money for today but I needed it.

I then caddied for 2 amateurs in the ProAm. 5 hrs, two bags and I was exhausted. Bobby Wallace, Nichols amateur friend, arranged I should caddy for the negro amateur Curtis Sifford as amateurs can take their own caddies.

After I had finished I received \$16 from the amateurs and \$12 from Nichols and he gave me a lift down town.

Spaghetti dinner. I then wrote to the Patricks and fell asleep in the middle....

Thurs Feb 17

Sifford, I found out, had his own caddy so I didnt go round to the Ramada till 9.30 am. Chatted with one or two of the pros and eventually caught a ride out with 2 negro pros who played the car radio's soul music station all the way out.

I met the high school boy who I had met on Tuesday when we both waited for our pros to arrive and he said his parents wanted me to come to dinner. I accepted Jimmy Gill's invite gladly.

Neil Coles arrived and I watched him practise. We then had a drink in the clubhouse and chatted for quite a while. He says he and his wife should be able to give me a lift from Pensacola to Miami and after Doral his wife returns to the UK and then although Bernard Hunt is arriving to join him he very kindly said I could travel with the two of them. I dont want to wangle my bus ticket too much longer but I will have to until Pensacola.

John Josephson came into the club with tales of woe about his round. He has lost confidence lately. He told me I had a letter (he allows me to have my letters addressed to the PGA c/o him) and when I collected it I found it was a Valentine from Judy!!!!!!

After reading it (I'm not writing what she said) I wandered around taking in the sun and set off to take a good pic of the course. I eventually found a good view behind an enormous cactus at the top of a hill overlooking the valley course.

I met Jim Mackay the ABC TV golf commentator whom Mr Groves knew well and told me to meet. I watched the TV crew at work. All very interesting.

I walked a few holes with Jim and found his job had taken him to golf courses all over the world. He has played at Gullane.

My friend Jim Gill had to leave and as I didnt want to miss this conversation with Mackay I forfeited my dinner invitation but asked him to thank his parents all the same.

I then went down to Bobby's lodge with his roommate and Nichols was sleeping off his 76; a result of six 3 putts. Easy to do on these huge greens. I helped myself to bread and cheese as I was pretty hungry.

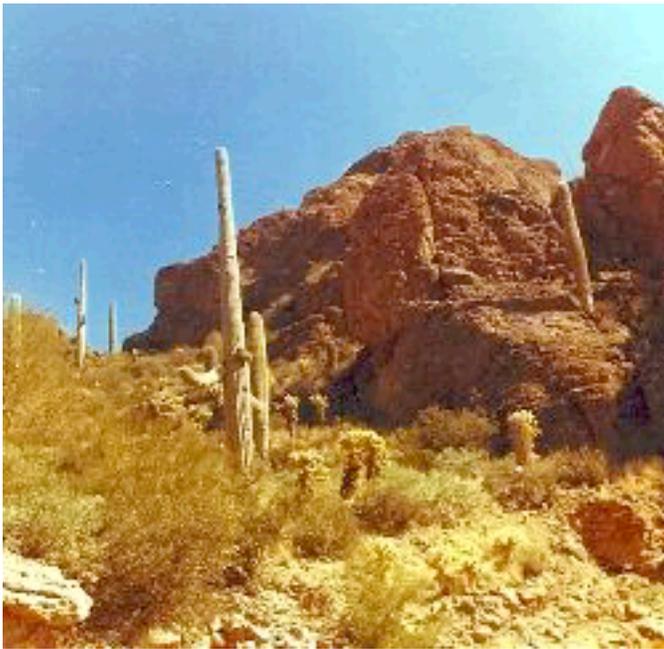
We watched the late starters playing by the lodge and Bobby then gave me a lift down town. I said good bye as I am going sight seeing tomorrow. He said I could caddy for him at

Pensacola if it could be arranged. If not I can caddy for him at Doral or later. I had dinner at a store cafe as I wasn't all that hungry after my bread and cheese. The waitress told me all about Tucson. After that I watched a show on the hotel tv and went to bed again very tired. I'll write to mum and dad tomorrow.

Fri Feb 18

Caught a GrayLine limousine tour vehicle (not enough passengers for a bus) taking passengers out along the Old Spanish Trail. Marvellous view of the mountains strewn with giant cacti.

Saw the new Desert Museum. Most interesting, with samples of all the desert has to offer. Plant and animal life.



Tucson Arizona

Afterwards the limo tour went to Old Tucson, a Disney style attraction. A replica of old Tucson constructed as a western town street 30 years ago by Columbia Film Corp.

Many westerns have been filmed there including Eldorado starring John Wayne, two months ago. Preparation for a new Paul Newman western, "Hombre", is underway now.

Took plenty of photos of a mock high street gun battle that is enacted daily for tourists but every time a gun went off my camera jumped!Really marvellous scenery. 70 deg.

The tour ended at 1pm and cost \$7 including admittances. I then slept for 2 hrs back at the hotel and wrote letter to mum and dad.

After that I walked round to John Josephson's room at the Ramada and found him and Canadian pro Al Johnson drowning their sorrows after picking up.

John told me I had 3 letters...one of the reasons I went round. Al then asked me if I would drive Chuck Matlack's Lincoln Continental to Pensacola. (2000 miles) Gas would be paid for.

I was astounded but after a while it began to sound a good idea and weighing up the pros and cons, as I didn't particularly want to use my forged bus ticket, I seriously thought it over. Finally I said I would drive the car out to the club and collect my mail and see if I could handle it ok. I did this and it was very easy.

I collected my mail. 2 letters from parents, a letter from Judy and my new revised return air ticket.

I drove back to the motel and arrived at the same time as Al's girl friend. It turns out that Al, a Canadian Canada Cup player, left Glasgow when he was 18. His parents are still there. He played in the Senior Service at Dalmahoy last year. Small world.

He offered to give me a lift down town. I am to go and discuss the car with him tomorrow. I can take it up to Grand Canyon if I like. On the way he very kindly asked me out to dinner with him and his girl friend who was very sweet.

I collected a tie and we drove to a Polynesian restaurant where I had 2 of those exotic drinks. Delicious. The 3 of us chatted for hours. Al asked me to caddy for him at Doral and said I could stay with him there. He wants me to ring his parents when I get home.

Marvellous dinner and I really enjoyed myself. They were very good natured and friendly. They drove me back to my hotel and I will see Al at 10 am tomorrow. He says he might drive up to Las Vegas with me. We'll see tomorrow.

Dad sent me my Hope Classic article as printed in the Scotsman. Judy's letter was very chatty. I'll give her a ring sometime.(tel call I mean!)

I'm still trying to work out the cost of this car trip to Pensacola. What a life. Never a dull moment. My flight home is now April 24.

Sat Feb 19

I got up fairly early and started to plan my Grand Canyon trip.

Brought my diary up to date. Wrote to Judy and then wandered round to Al and John's room. They said come about 10 am and I arrived at 10.30. They had just gone to bed after a night on the town.

Both were absolutely wrecked and it was as well I caught them before they fell asleep. I discussed my trip and Al showed me the owner's identification and all the rest of the formalities.

I said au revoir till Pensacola and drove the Lincoln round to the back of my hotel. I hung all my clothes on the rail above the back seat. Very handy, no need to pack.

I checked out of my room and didn't re book it for Wednesday night as I haven't made up my mind yet whether to return for the Rodeo.

I then drove round to the gas station nearby and the guy who had helped me with directions on Monday night was surprised to see what I was driving. I had her filled up. 12 galls. \$4.25. It eats gas apparently but its a joy to drive.

I left there and drove very carefully to Casa Grande about 60 miles away where I had breakfast/lunch 1.30 pm.

After that I made towards Phoenix through some beautiful countryside.

Really glorious day, 70 deg. I got a lot of side looks from kids as they drove alongside. I reckon I could put this car to good use socially if I wanted. I didnt have any difficulty driving except its not easy to keep to speed limit as it feels as if it is crawling at 60 mph.

I left Phoenix at 3 pm and started out on the beautiful mountain highway to Flagstaff.

I stopped and took a photo of a famous old cowboy pioneer trail and another of buffalo country. Thats the beauty of a car. However I had to stop again for gas. 13 gals. \$5, about 90 miles short of Flagstaff. It really does eat the stuff. About 15 mpg...but its a smaller gallon in this country.

I pass road signs...."Drink'n and Doz'n is Driv'n and Die'n"

Took pics of snow flaked mountain passes yet I was warm enough to be still in shirt sleeves. I chose the Copper Canyon route to Verde Trail. Eventually about 40 miles short of Flagstaff it was like Switzerland. Quite beautiful. This area is famed for its hunting, shooting and skiing.



Phoenix to Flagstaff