

I reached Flagstaff at 6.30 pm and drove around for a time. Took photo of the sun setting over a snow capped peak. Had a pizza-spaghetti meal in a cafe and then drove around the town again finding and booking in at a motel for \$5 a night.

I went round to a Go Go Girl place and had my usual coke and lime. It and the place was rather dull and I left after 30 mins.

I rang the Patricks at 9 pm from the motel for some company. Long chat with Mary P. Tony hadn't enjoyed Palm Springs all that much. Expenses today. Gas \$10, food and lodging \$8. Started to write my Tucson article. Wrote postcard to the Scholtzs. Bed watching TV....

### Sun Feb 20

Checked out of the motel at 8.30 after storing all my clothes in the boot (trunk). Drove a mile round to the National Buffalo Park but it was closed for the winter.

I then drove to the famous Snowbowl Ski Resort about 14 miles away. Quite beautiful countryside and must surely resemble Switzerland. More gas. \$5. I'm going to go broke. Beautiful day although cold earlier on. High mountain ranges, beautiful valleys, lovely pine forests. Snow 3ft deep and all this 3 hrs drive from Phoenix, a winter hot weather resort!

How more spectacular can this country get? To hell with the cost, this is out of this world.

I drove the car up the long winding mountain road to the ski resort and lift. Spectacular views and what a height when I got there. I'm on top of the world and I really would have been had I gone up in the ski lift. Hundreds upon hundreds of skiers began to arrive. The 2 enormous ski lifts were quite magnificent. I wish I could have afforded to rent skis. The sun grew warmer until it was shirt sleeves.

I had intended buying more film at the Ski Lodge but they had sold out and after asking the many Instamatic owners if they might sell me a spare film I gave up and decided to return later, perhaps Tuesday. It wasn't economical to drive 14 miles back to Flagstaff for film. I had one pic left and I took this of a ski lift. I chatted with some of the college boys serving in the coffee shop and they told me all about this place.

I watched the skiers all day. Typical American gaiety. College races were taking place. Really beautiful scenery particularly from above the sled run where they used rubber rings to spin themselves down the slopes. It started to thaw but I had my golf shoes on by this time. Apparently all the skiers congregate at a motel at the foot of the mountain at the end of the day to eat drink and be merry.

At about 4.30 pm I slept in the car for about an hour and then drove down to that motel where I continued to write my diary. I then drove around to look for a suitable parking place if I was to sleep the night in the car. I wanted to scout around whilst it was still day light. I was feeling pretty hungry by this time as I had scarcely eaten anything for 24 hrs.

I went into the ski motel where things were beginning to hot up. I asked for some beer. Actually its the first time I have asked for a drink as the age is 21, but after my Polynesian drink the other night I decided to try my luck. I was accepted and I joined the college guys I had met at the ski lift. I didnt feel like drinking all that much as my stomach was still hungry but they didnt seem to want to eat so I waited. I was introduced to some other college students whose average age was 27! Pretty down and out lot really but nice enough.

Odd collection of nationalities. A Greek, an Ethiopian, a red Indian, an Irish-American and me a Scotsman. Really I ask you!. They offered to put me up at their motel but nothing more was said till later.

Finally after 1hrs drinking...I made sure I only had 2 beers on an empty stomach... they decided as I did, that a cheaper eating place could be found so we drove round via their motel to a Pizza bar where we all shared 2 enormous pizzas plus 2 jugs of ale. Again I held back wisely although they were persistent. One of them knew his motel owner well and he found me a bed at no cost. What a break. I didnt fancy the car.

After eating they all wanted to go back to the ski motel and all couldnt go in one car and as they had been so generous I gave some of them a lift although I was tired. They started drinking there again and George the Indian ordered 2 hamburgers, one for me apparently. I couldnt even face it.

We stayed there for about an hour and then I drove us back and George went to bed and the others went out on the town.

They tried to make me go but I'm not quite that type and managed to back out and not anger them too much in their drunkenness. Really what did I let myself in for? Actually without drink they were very nice guys. I went to bed a much wiser person about life.

I decided before going to sleep I would postpone going up the ski lift until Tuesday and go to the Grand Canyon for the whole day tomorrow.

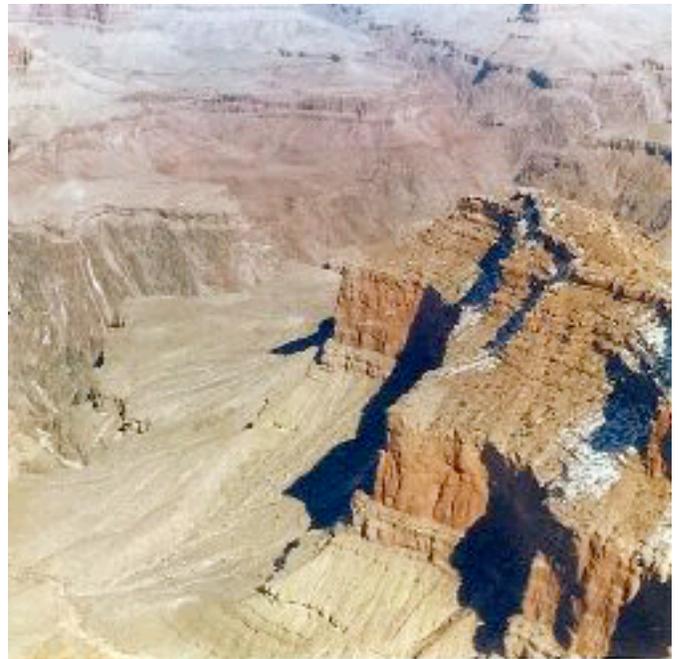
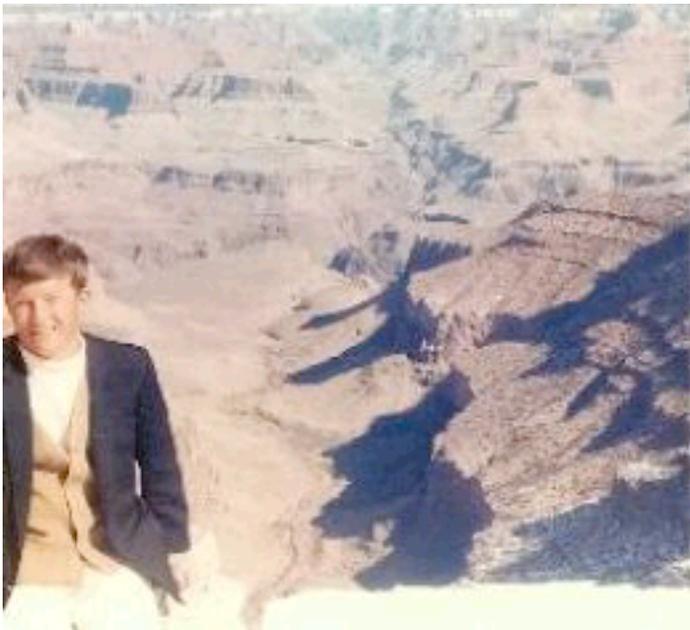
**Mon Feb 21** Grand Canyon poster: **"Grand opportunity for far sighted people."**

I left the motel with the room key as I intended staying there tonight. I bought more film and drove off on a marvellous 70 mile journey through the "Swiss Alps" to the South Rim of Grand Canyon. That's where I saw the poster above and also a camera ad: "Come to the Rim Loaded".

All along the route were bill boards advertising cheap land for sale.

I reached the Tollgate at 9.30 and paid my 50 cents and received a map of the area. The first sight seeing spot was only 2 miles away and what a view. This sparked off a chain of stop gos to take photos that entertained me throughout the day.

The peace and the silence; the breathtaking scenery; the awesome drops; all provide the USA with the greatest of the 7 wonders of the world and one cannot have lived without seeing the Grand Canyon.



**Grand Canyon**

My imagination ran wild as I crawled out to the very edges of snow clad precipices to get my picture. What a spectacular way to die, I thought.

I had breakfast at the Bright Angel Lodge...the Swiss style Inn where one books mule rides

down the foot wide trails to the bottom of the Canyon.

After that I watched a film made 50 years ago by the famous Kolb brothers who first successfully explored the Grand Canyon and rowed down the Colorado. What a film and what a river. Their trips were far more hazardous than going over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

I met a Swedish hand surgeon in the cinema and later we took pictures of each other hanging over sheer drops.

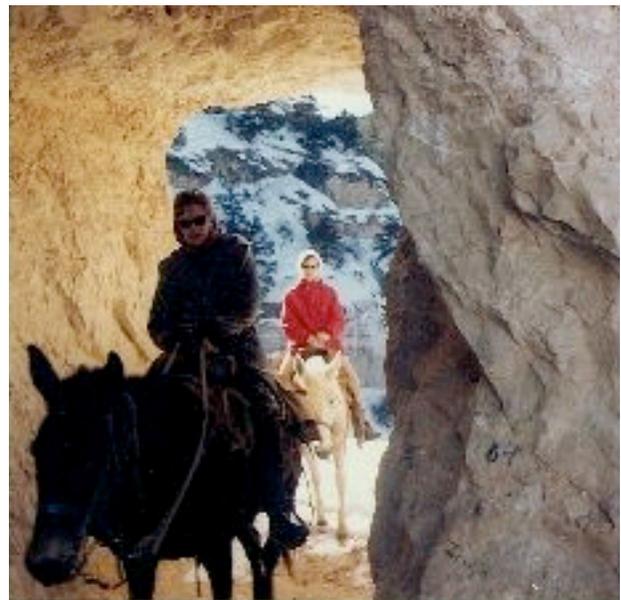
I then drove along a spectacular 5 mile route stopping at all the spots advertised for best pictures. At one view I just lay there looking out into the Canyon for 30 mins, it was so breathtaking.

About 4pm I returned to the Lodge and tried to clean my car with all its mud picked up at the ski lift yesterday.

I then walked a mile down one of these hard to believe mule trails worn down by mountain life for millions of years. I signed the hikers book which keeps track of the time a hiker goes down in case he gets lost...or worse!

I took pics of a passing mule party and tried not to think of the film's story of the 1st tourist to take a cine camera on a mule and when he filmed, the mule thought the whirring was a rattlesnake and jumped off with the owner aboard! .....

I took over 24 pics today and I hope the photos will tell all.



After walking back up I watched a staged Hopi Indian dance performed by Hopi Indians who used to live here. (well named)

I met my Swedish friend here. He had been on a coach tour. Earlier he had told me he was on his way to New Orleans by Greyhound and I offered him a lift. He has now accepted which

gives me company for my trip.

We went back to see the sun setting over Grand Canyon. He had been on a different route on the bus tour and hadn't seen what I saw.

After it was dark we went into the Lodge and I wrote my Tucson article after buying a paper for the results.

We had dinner and I rang Judy who was alone at home with a girl friend as her parents and sisters were away skiing. Only cost me 65 cents and I enjoyed all 3 mins of it!

We finished dinner and I learnt the nearest gas station for 60 miles was due to close in 15 mins. Luckily the Lodge rang them to stay open.

I filled the machine up again and it was now I discovered it only does 8 miles to the gallon! Thank God I have a passenger now.

I drove back in 1 hr 15 and dropped him at his motel. I will pick him up at 10 am tomorrow and we will try and go up the ski lift.

Expenses: 4 films \$5. Gas \$6. Food \$3.

ps. My accomplishment of the day?.... spending a penny over Grand Canyon!

## **Tues Feb 22                      George Washington Birthday National Holiday**

\* Must remember to write to dad to extend my travel insurance to match my new departure date

I completed my article which took me about an hour and then drove round to pick up Sune Johansson.

We left his motel at 10 am and I drove to the ski lift. Again a beautiful day but a little windy. Surprisingly few people at Snowbowl for a National holiday.

We had a sandwich and then paid \$2 to ride the ski lift to the top of the world or 7 states at least... What a journey! I thought I was going to die. 50 ft above the ground on a freezing cold day and no gloves and no boots.

Marvellous view but if I thought the trip to the top was cold a howling freezing gale was blowing at the summit until I thought my fingers and toes would drop off.

I scarcely had any desire to appreciate the spectacular view of 7 States.  
.....I have never been so cold!

We stayed at the top for about 30 mins and then took a chair back down. Fantastic view all the way down.



**Snow Bowl Ski Resort**



**Arizona**

I then thawed out for an hour in the sun before deciding we would leave for Phoenix today and not tomorrow.

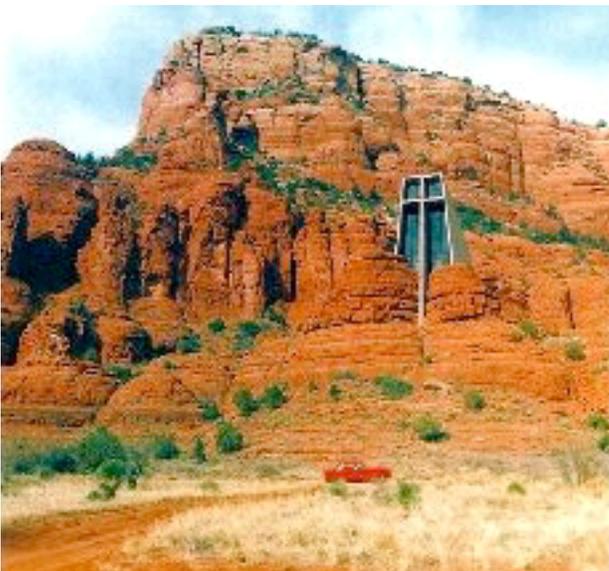
I drove Sune to his motel and after he checked out I returned my key to my motel and we set off.

Filled up with petrol yet again but Sune paid this time.

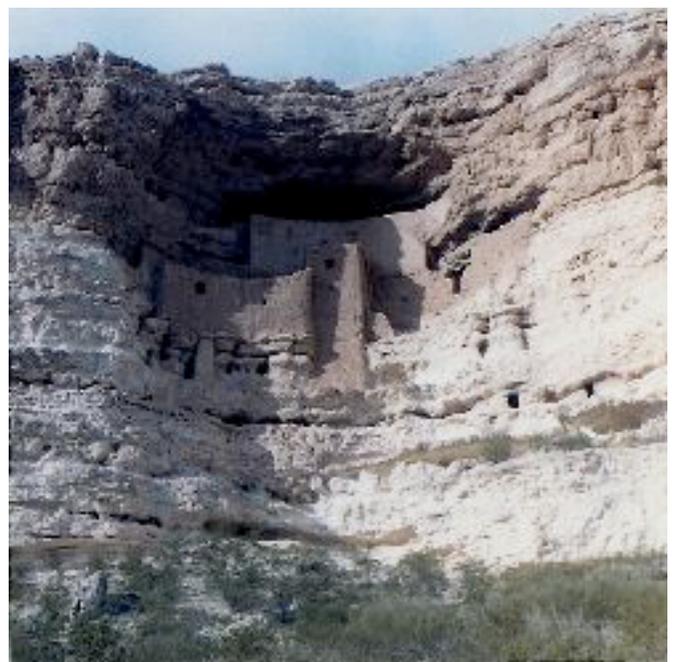
Took a beautiful new route back down to Phoenix via Old Canyon Trail, Chapel Hill, Sedona and Montezuma Castle. My photos should bring it all back to mind.

Reached Phoenix about 6.30 pm and checked into a motel for \$3 each.

Watched TV and bed.



**F Lloyd Wright's Holy Cross Chapel, Sedona**



**Montezuma Castle**



## The Tucson Open

by Andrew Haddow

### THEY DYE PART OF THE FAIRWAYS AT TUCSON

The USPGA waggon train moved even further into Indian country last week for the \$60,000 Tucson Open. Perhaps the territory was a little too hostile for the big names as each one seemed to find an excuse for not taking part. Arnold Palmer had business commitments, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player were fishing in South Africa and Tony Lema underwent an operation in his home town, Dallas, for a shoulder ailment. However full praise must be given to Billy Casper for moving out of one cauldron into another. He is in Vietnam entertaining the troops and for those who have never seen him some of his putts can be mighty entertaining!

The Tucson National Golf Club, like Palm Springs, sprung miraculously out of the desert as little as 4 years ago. Giant mountain ranges surround this strip of golfdom that was hewn from a river bed.

### COLES IN DIFFICULTY

The weather was ideal all week - a windless 70 deg - but unfortunately Neil Coles again found the conditions difficult and did not show the form he is capable of. One must sympathise with Coles, however, because this desert course was by no means easy and sported three variations of grasses, ranging from Bermuda (this in texture resembles a sand coloured coconut door mat) to the more agreeable rye grass. An aerial view of the course would reveal 3 shades of greenery; the final shade was almost impossible to believe and to coin a popular American phrase, it might be described as, "its' just unreal." On closer inspection one could see that parts of the fairways were dyed with a green vegetable dye specially for the TV coverage.....

With the absence of the "big five" Doug Sanders was the favourite to take the title but following closely in popular support was the holder Bob Charles and last week's Phoenix winner, Dudley Wysong. So new to the winner's rostrum was Wysong that one innocent Tucson spectator actually described him as the Chinese Open Champion until he was told this was wong.

### CIGAR - No 7

The final round saw the rise of some and the fall of others, but, as nearly always happens on the American circuit where competition is greater than anywhere in the world, this did not become apparent until the last 3 holes.

Doug Sanders, George Archer and Tommy Aaron all made a determined run for the money and at one time it looked as though half a dozen pros could be involved in a sudden death play off. This was not to be and the two men who thwarted the attempt were Joe Campbell and 1965 Ryder Cup member, Gene Littler, who incidentally so nearly won in Phoenix.

Campbell who sports a gold bag and shoes to match, needed a par at the 18th to win and puffing tentatively on his 7th "Churchillian" cigar (he normally smokes 6 a round but the pressure necessitated the extra one) he rifled a long drive over the first lake and short of the second.

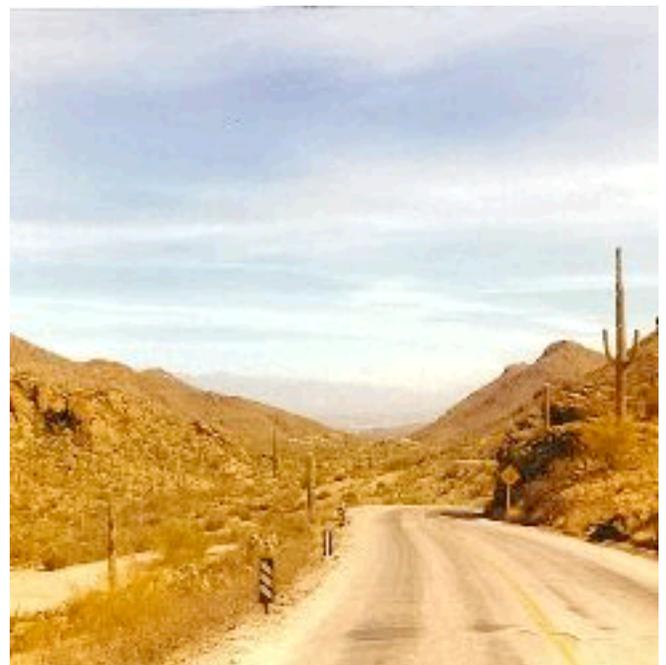
Watching him striding excitedly up the fairway it was hard to imagine him as a former basketball star. One rural spectator described his mid-riff in typical "hill-billy" manner as resembling "a grain sack tied in two".

However as Campbell played a long second shot to the 18th green his thoughts were not on a health spa but a rather nasty trap shot. He blasted out to 12 ft but then chose to play a lag putt. "I wanted the ball to die in the hole, not roll past and leave me a downhiller even if it meant a play off."

A play off it was after Littler parred the hole but yet another cigar inspired Campbell to a brilliant birdie at the first extra hole and he deservedly won. Gene Littler had to be satisfied with \$5000 and rue the 2 stroke penalty he incurred in the 3rd round when his caddy stepped through the crowd and stood on his ball.

### Wed Feb 23

Drove to Tucson and Sune took over the driving for the last 30 miles. A desert wind had arisen but the car concealed all that. Again took a different route.



Phoenix to Tucson

Arrived about 1pm and got a bit lost looking for motels. Eventually found one for \$3.50 each and checked in.

I took laundry to a laundrette nearby and was told the way to the Colossal Cave on Old Spanish Trail. Really interesting trip down through the famous limestone cave, hideout of countless bandits.

After that we drove to San Xavier Indian Mission named after Xavier. The Franciscan Order is established there.

Then I drove Sune round to see Old Tucson and he just made the last show. The road round there dipped continuously but one scarcely noticed it in the Lincoln.

Afterwards I drove round to collect my laundry. We ate at the next door Chinese-American restaurant.

One of the waitresses was a cockney and when I asked where she came from she said "same place as you luv!" " A bit further south"... I said.

I asked her where the Cactus Drive-In Cinema was as I wanted to see the double bill of "The Spy Who Came In From the Cold" and "The Cincinnatti Kid".

We had to drive to the other end of town but arrived just in time. I personally enjoyed McQueen's film better than Burton's.

We returned to the motel 11.30 pm and bed.

**a letter home:**

Tucson, Arizona

Dear Mummy and Dad

This is just a short note as I will write again as soon as I reach Pensacola.

I have just got back from my trip to the Grand Canyon and honestly in the 4 months I have been here I have never seen anything so dramatic or breathtaking. It was literally out of this world. My camera is going to be the

death of me as it urges me to climb out to the very edge of the precipices. On the way up to GC I stopped at the Snow Bowl, a ski resort near Flagstaff and this must really have been like Switzerland although I have never been. I didnt ski for fear a broken ankle would put me out of a job....but the weather was so beautiful, nothing but clear blue skies and warm sun the whole 4 days I was there. I really have done a lot of sightseeing in the last week.

I did mention in my last letter that I got your 2 letters. I dont know why Kemp didnt use my San Francisco article. What did you think of my quotes from Hope and Sanders? "Full of Hope" and "there's Hope for you all next year?" Nicely made up by me I thought, particularly as I wasnt even at Palm Springs for the final! There's more to a golf report than meets the eye.

I mentioned the Masters to Kemp when I sent him my Tucson article the other day and I said you would be discussing it with him, dad.

My flight is now April 24, all being well with my visa extension. I cant see the immigration authorities until 30 days before my 6 months is up. I was just thinking the other day that I only arranged personal insurance for 4 months so please could you extend this, dad. Sorry to be so morbid.

Today I am visiting my first Rodeo and will leave for Pensacola via New Orleans tonight. I have to be there about Sunday. I have about 4 people I can caddy for there but its tricky like Tucson, apparently. Expect to hear from you when I reach Pensacola.

Will write soon,  
lots of love,

Andrew     xxx

ps. I note 40 yrs on that at no time did I mention that  
I was driving that Cadillac.....wise beyond my years!

**Thurs Feb 24**

Checked out of motel after writing to mum and dad. Bought first supply of gas that the pro owner pays for.

Drove down town and we watched the Rodeo Parade.....

It is supposedly the largest horsedrawn parade in the world; some 600 different attractions.



**Tucson Rodeo Parade**

Very interesting to watch as the whole of Tucson went "western" for the day.

After that I drove round to the Arizona Hotel (where I stayed last week) to see if there was any mail for me. There wasnt and after a sandwich we drove 6 miles out to the Rodeo Ground where we had another snack before queueing up at the main entrance.

We were able to get good positions near the contestants' starting corral and waited more than an hour for the rodeo to start.

I really enjoyed myself this afternoon and we watched an excellent cross section of a typical Rodeo. The Grand Parade at the beginning, bareback riding, 2 man steer roping done by a "header" and a "roper"; calf throwing and roping; bucking bronco riding; some special guest artists including Tom Sweet "The White Knight".

The show ended with the toughest event...the Brahma bull riding contest.

I was most impressed with the way the rodeo clowns bravely distracted the bulls from the fallen riders.

One carried a flimsy scarecrow which he hid behind as the bull charged him. Once he actually pretended to be the scarecrow and "froze" in a stock still pose as the bull charged him/it... and veered away at the very last moment. Very brave.



**Tucson Rodeo Clowns**

After the Rodeo we started on our 2000 mile drive to New Orleans. I drove for the first stage until we stopped for gas and thus we changed roughly every 165 miles. We stopped to eat in Benson around 7.30 pm.

Sune took over at Lordsburg, our 1st pit stop and I tried to catch some sleep but could only rest as it was just 9 pm.

We came close to running out of gas at this stage as there wasnt a station open for 70 miles. We had about 16 miles of petrol left when we found one in Sierra Blanca.

I took over now from 11.30 - 4 am and Sune slept along the back seats. I damn nearly left my wallet in the station. (no credit cards, cash only '66) Really I seem to want to starve.

### **Fri Feb 25**

This stage was an easy drive although I took one slightly meandering route.

I had her up to 110 mph once or twice just to see but on the whole I was very careful as I knew I couldnt afford a ticket. However nothing much on the road at 3 am!

Sune took over at Fort Stockton and I slept like a log for 4 hrs. I then took over at Del Rio, 7 am, after putting the car clock forward an hour as we were well into Texas.

I drove about 60 miles and we stopped for breakfast and a wash. My eyes were sore but cold water soon altered that. I drove through San Antonio.

Very bad police substitute route through back streets and I was exhausted and bad tempered by the time I drove out and away.



### Texas hair pin bend!

I refuelled just outside SA and handed over the wheel. I cashed another \$50 Am. Express cheq. and now only have one more and the \$30 mum and dad sent me at Christmas.

Our car radio has been on for 15 hrs non stop now. I dozed in the car. We have already covered 1,144 miles and its only 2.45 pm Texas time. I took over just outside Houston and we still have another 340 miles to go.

Houston, I believe from what we saw, is a big oil Town. I kept a permanent eye out for speed cops. Reached Welsh where we refuelled and swapped seats 7.30 pm after stopping for a meal at Lake Charles.

We were told at Welsh there was still 240 miles to go to New Orleans but since we got there at 11pm after refuelling at Baton Rouge (red beacon...ie. oil rigs) there cant have been more than 150 miles.

We drove as far down town New Orleans as we could before checking into a motel for \$10.50. Thank goodness we are splitting this cost. Tomorrow sight seeing and onto Pensacola.

### New Orleans Quay

#### Sat Feb 26

I took the car to a nearby garage for a wash before we checked out and one of the negroes cleaning our windscreen described it exactly. "Man this car passes everything except gas stations!"..... It really looked different after the wash.

We checked out of the motel and drove down to Canal St. still with its colourful Mardi Gras decorations and finally parked near the famous "President" paddle steamer at the quay side.



We looked around the ship and then walked to the famous banana dock but it was closed.

Dull, drizzly day. Afterwards we drove around the well known "French Quarter" and I parked in a parking lot. We had breakfast about 11.30, walked around looking at French style houses and Sune checked in at a hotel. I decided to leave for Pensacola so I drove his luggage round and said goodbye and exchanged addresses.

It took me about 45 mins to find my way out to Highway 90 East. Very colourful route along the newly exploited Gulf Coast over innumerable bridges. Dull day still. Much tourism in this area. One stopping place sold monkeys and alligators. Bad stretch of road to Pensacola but I eventually got there at 6pm after filling up with gas for the last time.

I asked the way to the golf club but when I arrived at the club there was no one around, golf tournament wise, and a big cocktail party was under way which left me rather self conscious. I was told to enquire at the Holiday Inn where the Pro "barracks" would be but neither John Josephson nor Neil Coles were there when I rang. Most of the players wont come till tomorrow.

I was starving and ate as soon as I left the club. I then drove around looking for a place to stay and found a cheap motel near the Greyhound Station. \$3.60  
I went to bed at 7.30 pm exhausted.

## **Sun Feb 27**

Woke at 8.30 and was still tired after 12 hrs sleep. I packed in case I should leave in the afternoon and then drove out to the Pensacola CC. Some pros were there but neither John nor Neil Coles had registered. I decided to walk off the course and did so although much of it was waterlogged after last night's heavy rain.

Back at the clubhouse I picked up a letter from mum and dad. I then drove round to the Perdido CC where the special ProAm was on. Met John who seemed relieved to see me particularly as Chuck Matlack was worried about my driving his car. John wants me to caddy for him but he has to Monday qualify tomorrow.

I walked out and met Neil Coles on the course. He was doing well in the ProAm and I followed him right round. He should win \$200. He said I could caddy for him if his Tucson caddy doesnt turn up. Apparently the rumour is that no travelling caddies and only coloured caddies are allowed in the tournament. Everything should sort itself out tomorrow and if worse comes to worse I can sell programs.

I handed over the car to a relieved Chuck and we will sort out the gas money later....  
I got a ride back into Pensacola with Neil and anxious not to put him to any trouble I gave myself an awesome 2 mile walk to my motel. I was tired and hungry when I got there.

Primo, my caddy friend, was also staying there. Funny we should both pick the same hotel in Tucson and here.

He briefed me on the tournament set up and also where to eat at a rather nice cafeteria nearby. I ordered so much the waiter asked me how many he should set the table for!  
I should get a ride out with Primo tomorrow and am keeping my fingers crossed for a job. I need the money. Bed 9pm.