

**Mon Feb 28**

A "twister" struck last night. What a thunderstorm. I thought the motel was going to cave in...

Apparently I just missed a lift with Primo to the club and I had to take a bus. This ill fortune seemed to set the pattern of events for the rest of the day. When I arrived at the Club Neil Coles was practising his putting and said everything was OK for me to caddy for him. He introduced me to Bob Charles who seemed a very nice person. Neil said everything was OK....at least it was until we went to the caddymaster who declared only coloured caddies were allowed. Looking at the bunch who were there I could see Neil wasn't particularly happy so I said that the chances were they wouldn't assign anyone to him till Wednesday and I would caddy for him until then. As at Tucson I was busy collecting his practice balls when the caddymaster turned up with another caddy...

I watched Neil and Bob Charles practise and Neil asked me to caddy for him next week at Doral but remembering Al Johnson's offer I suggested Orlando the week after. I then went round to see how the few other white caddies were faring but they had the same treatment. I chatted to a caddy I last met at the PGA 4 Ball in Dec. It was then that I started talking to two student types, one of whom was an assistant pro. Both had driven all the way down from freezing Toronto to do a bit of caddying and see the sun. We got together and one had arranged to caddy for Randy Glover but this was also stopped.

Jay, and his friend Bruce and I then went in Jay's car back into Pensacola where they checked out of their motel (\$7 pd) and into mine at \$5 for two. They were even lower on money than I was. I suggested we go out to Perdido Bay CC and find out if we could caddy in the local medal there tomorrow. We did and when we arrived I noticed John and Matlack had qualified there and would still be around. We should be able to caddy tomorrow so we drove round to the clubhouse but we couldn't see anyone likely to be playing.

Jay and Bruce were anxious to hit the beach. It wasn't warm for Pensacola but boiling compared to Canada. Our luck was out here too as the tide was in and there was no sand in sight. We were starving by this time as none of us had eaten for 24 hrs. I took them to where I ate last night but it didn't open for 45 mins and we couldn't wait so we found a cafe elsewhere.

After this we went back to our rooms where I, for one, slept for a bit. I wasn't feeling too good. Probably the after effects of all the travel and boredom at nothing to do.

We then played a lot of cards (not my scene) and eventually Primo came round and said he had heard that travelling caddies might be allowed and would tell us more later. Nevertheless we ARE caddying in the medal tomorrow. I'm not risking waiting around at the Pensacola CC all day.

Jay and Bruce wanted to speak to their pros, Glover and King so we drove round to the motel they were staying in, but no luck. They were not in. I noticed the Skillet restaurant where Matlack had first suggested I leave his car yesterday so we stopped there in case he was there again and could pay me. He wasn't but John was and so was Randy Glover and

King. I chatted with Claude King who is playing in the Carling in the UK this year and he told me to contact a young girl student from Virginia who is attending Edinburgh University. We hung around there for 30 mins. John told me I shouldn't have told Matlack I drove the car to Grand Canyon!

We returned and went to bed.

ps. back to my one meal a day and that's probably why I'm not feeling so good

## Tues March 1

I woke J & B up at 8.30 and we drove out to the Perdido Bay CC for 9.30 am. We were absolutely starving and decided to overlook our one meal per day cost cutting and bought 2 doughnuts and an orange juice each....revived we went to the clubhouse and waited for a job.

The celebrities including James Garner were due to play a practice round before tomorrow's ProAm at Pensacola CC and we hoped we might get one of them. An official brought about 8 coloured caddies round but there were still plenty of jobs. Jay was eventually given 2 bags at 11 am but Bruce and I had to wait another 2 hrs before the co-owner of the club (co-owned with Doug Ford, 2 x major champ) said we could caddy for him and "Curly" in "Oklahoma" star Gordon Macrae. Garner never did turn up although we wanted to caddy for him.

Macrae turned up at 1 pm and we waited another hour for him to have lunch. I wasn't too impressed at his long haired, boozed appearance but he seemed a nice guy although understandably flamboyant. He had relatives in Paisley but he had never been there. They didn't pay us all that well, \$5 each for the 9 holes. However since we had agreed to split every thing 3 ways, unlucky Jay, carrying 2 bags for 18 holes would share the difference! He brought in \$12.... and Bruce and I couldn't stop laughing at how the cooky crumbles!

**ps.** In his later years Macrae devoted a lot of his time and energy to helping fellow AA members with their 12 Step programme.

Whilst Jay was still out sweating round the course Bruce and I drove to Pensacola CC where I gave Matlack the gas receipts and we arranged to meet at the Skillet restaurant later.

After we had picked up Jay we lounged around the motel for a bit and I finished my letter to mum and dad. We ate at Morrisons and then drove round to the Skillet. Matlack didn't turn up but I should see him tomorrow. We went back to the motel and bed. Tomorrow we get up at 6.30 hoping to caddy in the ProAm.



**Gordon Macrae**

**Wed March 2**

## **The Pensacola Open**

We had a very reasonably priced breakfast at the Skillet and I was told there that Chuck hadn't left me a cheq. We managed to get onto the course without paying an entrance and hoped for a job. I said hoped! Those afros kept pouring in till we realised we hadn't a hope.

Unable to find Matlack I rang John and asked him to give me the money and he could get it back from Chuck. He was about 2hrs in arriving and in the meantime I watched trains hold up play, Jim Garner practising and Sanders being photographed with the staff girls. John arrived and very kindly gave me the \$55. We then pushed off sick to death with Pensacola. We didn't even get to the famous beach.

We took the Tallahassee, Panama City route. Jay drove first and we stopped at 4pm, advancing the clock an hour and practising our golf in a field near the gas station. We used Jay's clubs and balls. Two of us retrieved while the other played. I drew first and hit the first 40 balls really well and then got tired. We enjoyed ourselves and the station owner seemed highly amused.

We needed this rest stop otherwise we would have hit Miami at 2 am. Bruce now took the wheel and drove right through an enormous thunderstorm. We even had to switch off the radio in case the car was struck. We were warned of forest fires. Finally we stopped to eat at Perry and I took over.

Everything seemed to happen...I wasn't used to this car but that didn't mean big bulls should wander across the road. Road "under water" signs and "look out for trains" were evident. Jay took over again just past Ocala and I tried to sleep...Bruce had the back seat! Ocala is famous for its Palomino horses, the forebears of Trigger, Roy Roger's famous horse and my boyhood hero!

We woke Bruce at 3.30 am and he drove 100 miles before I took over as I knew Miami. I drove to the Miami Beach front I had been to in Dec. and we parked there and slept till daylight.

Jay swam but I was too tired. An armed cop drove up but we told him we would leave soon after daylight. I was exhausted and hungry.

**Thurs March 3**

Jay and I had breakfast and washed but Bruce still wanted to sleep. Eventually we drove to Doral CC away on the other side of Miami near the airport. When we got there everything looked OK to caddy. Hundreds of millionaires. It looked an even wealthier club than Pensacola. We spoke to a Canadian boy, Mike, who is caddying the tour and hitchhikes.

After about an hour the rumour was we need police ID to caddy and anyway we couldn't go out till after lunch. We would have fallen asleep by then. We left in disgust and I have never been quite so nauseated by the sight of those so called caddies.

We drove back to Miami Beach and tried the Bayshore CC. The caddymaster was very helpful but wanted his regulars off first. Jay decided to sell his clubs and the caddymaster gave him his address.

We had had enough waiting by now and hit the beach. I saw one guy I had met in Dec. He must have sunbathed there every day for the last 4 months! Richard, my Dec. friend wasn't there but a lot of University students were and from them I found out about a cheap place for us to stay nearby.

We booked into a room for \$9 per day and so \$3 each. I paid as J&B had no money left. I bought my first ever bottle of suntan lotion and hit the surf. What a day....just lay on the beach in the 80 deg sun counting the bikinis. I swam about 4 times. This is the life.

Jay left after 2hrs; the sun was so hot. My skin must have conditioned in the last 4 months because I was OK. The characters Bruce and I saw on the sand could have come straight out of a movie. Old men with binoculars ogling the girls and Charles Atlas look alikes posing to the world. We have never laughed so much.

I got really brown and after about 5 hrs in the sun we returned to the hotel. The beds still hadn't been made up so we had a night without blankets or pillows. We went out for dinner in a large cafeteria and I have never been so sickened by the sight of old men and women dressed up to the nines. The town was literally swarming with them. Even our cafeteria was full of them. I think they must eat cheaply to save the hotel bills. Now I know what they mean when people talk about women wearing fur coats in the heat of the day.

We had a rather lousy rushed dinner. Everyone was pushed out to free the tables for new customers as soon as they had eaten. Not cheap either.

After this Jay wanted to drive to the caddyman's house to negotiate about his clubs. We passed the most enormous hotels you have ever seen. Mile after mile of them, side by side. Now we can appreciate our \$3 per night in possibly the richest area per sq ft in the world. (Our hotel is owned by a young man who inherited it and can't be bothered to develop it beyond the student hostel it was. Prostitutes live here I think.)

We decided to continue on to Fort Lauderdale, the holiday mecca for students throughout the USA, but there was nothing happening as it was Thursday. Saw the famous Mai Kai restaurant. Jay lent me some of his fake student ID so we could go anywhere.

After a couple of beers we started to feel the effects of the drive from Pensacola and got sleepy so we drove back and after 6 wrong turnings we reached our hotel.

We had to park the car in the lot near the beach as the hotel parking cost \$1. We already owe the Traffic Dept. \$1 for a parking offence. We had just parked it when a car drew up alongside and 2 guys, one with a handgun got out and said they were police. We wouldn't have believed them if they hadn't shown us their ID. My driving licence is coming in handy as ID...they wanted to know if we were working, probably to check we weren't vagrants or illegal immigrants. Or they thought we had broken into the car.

After that excitement we were ready for bed.

#### **Fri March 4**

I got them up at about 8.30 and we drove off to try to find the caddyman's house. After an hour of driving and retracing our steps in a jerky car that had us all shouting at each

other we phoned him and he chickened out of Jay's \$150 price for the woods. He told us to go to Normandy Shores GC where a man might buy them. We got there and I told the starter I was a caddy and I got a job almost immediately with a ghastly woman. The people she joined at the 10th were nice but I couldn't stand her. I was introduced to 2 English men playing behind us, one of whom was from Hertsbourne GC and was going to watch his club's pro, Bernard Hunt playing at Doral next week. We only went 9 holes and I got \$3.

I hung around waiting for Jay and Bruce to come in and Bruce arrived first with \$5. We both decided 9 holes was enough and wanted to hit the beach again. We waited and waited for Jay and when he finally arrived at the 9th we discovered the poor guy had to do 18 holes in the heat.

Bruce and I took the car to the beach and lazed around for 2.5 hrs before tossing for who should go and collect Jay. I won and relaxed in the sun while Bruce went. I took a picture of the dirty old man we saw ogling the girls yesterday and we called the "shark".



the "Shark" Miami Beach

Glorious day again. My nose was peeling and hurting but that was all.

When the others arrived Jay's face was burnt and he was very sore. He couldn't take the sun anymore and Bruce and I dropped him at the hotel on our way to buy some beer. This took us an hour and even then it wasn't very cold. Bruce was also feeling sunburnt and I am glad I wasn't.

Back in our room we drank the beer and dozed before going down to eat in the coffee shop in the hotel. After seeing this and some of the occupants of the hotel we decided this place was not what it looked like at first. We ate there just the same and watched the colour TV for a bit.

Up in the room we tossed as to who would go and pay the carpark meter and also get the keys out which we had locked inside! Jay lost. He came back with more beer and had spent far too much. Altogether we spent \$5 on beer which is something we could not afford. I fell asleep drinking it. At least we have pillows although no blankets, tonight.

## **Sat March 5**

We drove round to Doral about 11am paying our \$1 parking fine on the way. I spoke to the caddymaster who was very considerate but said we needed some form of ID to caddy here. He said we would all get jobs if we had this but we couldn't be promised our own pros as the local caddies could choose who they liked. Some of the pros were already here but I couldn't see Al Johnson. We now decided the British Consulate might help us but after driving back to Miami we found it was closed....Saturday.

I needed a comb and we decided to eat in the drugstore where I bought it. Bruce and Jay literally don't have a penny so I am paying for everything at the moment. We had a good meal....my first at lunchtime in about 2 months! It started to rain as forecast so we knew no one would be down at the beach.

Back at the hotel we slept most of the afternoon and then watched TV. I tried to ring Richard Paddock, my December friend, but he was out. We went out to eat at 7.30 pm and found a Royal Castle burger bar. My stomach had shrunk and I couldn't eat much which is rare! I paid for all the food and we returned to the hotel.

This hotel really is the strangest place...owned by the young man and he couldn't care less about the place. There are hundreds of girls here some of whom one hardly wants to know but I got talking to one who has the room next to us and she told me all about the hotel. She is a member of a nudist club and made me laugh when she said she was going down there tomorrow "if it didn't rain".

She asked for a lift to the Castaways Club but we never did get there and, instead, we visited the rather sharply decked out room in the hotel of a guy who is working at the Fontainebleu and stays at our hotel, The Surrey, for \$90 a month. After a while there were about 10 of us in his room....some pretty strange types and one with a beard.

I heard how one beautician at the Fontainebleu had been given \$100 by a client by mistake but she was so wealthy she didn't notice. I got to bed about 1.30 am.

## **Sun March 6**

I got them up again even though I had gone to bed much later. I suggested we try caddying at the much plusher Indian Creek CC on Miami Beach but when we drove round there we found security guards in charge of the private gates so we returned to the Normandy Shores GC. It was there I read that Neil Coles was lying 3rd after 2 rounds at Pensacola. I really would be annoyed if he wins. He could because he has been playing very well.

If he is leading after today's round I will ring Kemp at The Scotsman office in Edinburgh. He had better accept a collect call!

After waiting for an hour and half on a clear but not so warm day the caddymaster told us he had a call guaranteeing us \$10 at Miami CC. We drove there and got 2 bags almost immediately. Very plush club with 45 holes.

Bruce and I were in the same 4 and they were very nice guys, all employees of the Jackie Gleason TV Show. I saw Gleason playing in his gleaming gold cart. He has an enormous house

on the course with a pool room where he practised for his pool playing role in The Hustler opposite Paul Newman.

Most of the houses on the course are owned by people connected with the Gleason Show.

I gave Bruce the 2 lightest bags as his foot was hurting. I had the 2 enormous bags. However they played a very fast round and I was able to cope quite easily. I made \$12 whilst Bruce and Jay made \$10.

We returned to the hotel and I went down to the beach for a bit. I came back and found them both asleep so I did the same.

I woke starving at 7pm and we drove over the causeways into Miami itself and ate at the same place we did the other day but they were closing and we got the tail end of the food. Not too successful.

Back at the hotel I tried to listen in on the car radio to see if Coles was leading but couldn't find out. We managed to sneak the car in without paying the \$1. We still haven't paid any hotel bill but a clerk has come round to inquire.

Dell, the girl in the next room, came round with a hamburger and fries which we ate even though we weren't hungry. After starving most of the time we couldn't bear to see food go to waste. She gave me an address I might look up in Augusta. Wrote letter and bed.

ps. I was stiff after those 2 enormous bags.

### **Mon March 7**

Jay decided to make a certain \$10 with the men he caddied for yesterday so Bruce and I dropped him off at the Miami CC and drove onto Doral to try our luck again. The place was bristling with cops so we parked the car outside and got a lift in. I managed to bluff our way in without badges.

All the travelling caddies were there and said they had got badges by paying \$1 deposit and no ID was asked. Something had changed! and it was only when I spoke to Bob Charles I discovered what. The caddymaster had been sacked and the new one had instructions to give the player whoever he wanted. It was then I saw Al Johnston and I decided I would caddy for him and if he failed to qualify today I would caddy for Neil Coles.

Al wasn't due off until 1 pm so I wandered around. I spotted Bernard Hunt talking to Ramon Sota and spoke to him. Bruce got a job with a young pro also trying to qualify.

It was all hell at the practice tee with balls bouncing all over us. The round was even worse and I was exhausted by the time the 5hr round ended. Al lost interest by the 12th and played himself out of qualifying.

When it ended Bruce had also finished and we both went and bought badges. I signed to caddy for Neil. I said goodbye to Al. \$10. We then went round and picked up Jay. We thought

he had been waiting for us but he had played a bit of golf himself and helped move carts. Apparently we can play there and use a cart any time we want.

We ate in the same place in Miami as last night but an hour earlier so the food was much better and I had a good meal.

Back at the hotel I hadn't the energy to write any letters and we all fell asleep until Dell came in and woke us up. She hadn't taken the flight and wanted a lift to a nearby restaurant..... none of us had the energy to take her. A pillow burst and there were feathers all over the bed.

I ended up sleeping on just a mattress and woke up freezing.

## **Tues March 8                      The Doral Open**

All of us drove out to Doral and for once we found the right way. We were there by 8.30 am and I walked off the front nine. I chatted to Tommy Jacobs on the 1st hole. I took just over an hour and returned to find that Bruce's pro had lined Jay up with a friend of his. They went out to practise. I sat around thinking Coles might turn up.

I saw Bernard Hunt and he was also anxious to see Neil as he was supposed to be rooming with him. Arnie came in very much as a celebrity. I had a long chat with Bob, his caddy and he seemed very philosophical for a caddy.

I decided even if Neil drove immediately after yesterday's Pensacola 4th round he wouldn't be here till 4 pm so I walked off the back nine. I then watched all the pros come in off their practice round and said goodbye to John. He said I had about 5 letters but they were still in Pensacola. I am a bit fed up talking to all these pros and no job yet.

After waiting around all day Neil finally came in just before Bruce and Jay finished their round. I fixed everything with Neil and I have to be out here at 7 am tomorrow as he wants to play 9 holes before the course shuts for the ProAm. He has never played Doral but he is playing well now and won \$700 at Pensacola.

We returned to the hotel and Jay went out and ate. I wrote my Pensacola article and a letter to the Balcombes. Bruce and I then went out and ate 2 hamburgers...not much in 24 hrs. They then played cards whilst I tried to get some sleep. We have to be up at 6 am. We had our usual can of beer. Bruce paid this time.

Prince Philip flies in tomorrow.....I haven't been taking any photos and I am convinced it's because I am not by myself any more.

## **Wed March 9**

Jay and I woke just before our 6am room call and we left with Bruce swearing at having been woken. He went to the beach.

Jay and I got to Doral at 6.45 and already there were lots of caddies there. Coles and Hunt



arrived at 7.15 and Jay caddied for Bernard. We got in 9 holes ahead of the ProAm and I am clubbing Neil quite easily. He doesn't usually use yardages but he's relying on mine for this "Blue Monster" course. He played quite well and I'm quite hopeful for this week.

I had a long chat with Bernard about the "golf business" in Britain. He agreed with me that it is the sport with the most future, publicly, re TV etc. They are going to make a TV series of exhibition matches soon. There are no Fred Corcoran's of golf in GB. I'm thinking....!

A nice warm day developed. When we got in I hung around waiting for an amateur to caddy for in the ProAm as Neil couldn't play on the course till the afternoon.

I collected my mail while waiting. 2 letters from mum and dad. Mum apparently has tonsillitis. I hope she's OK now. One from the Balcombes; my leather golf bag arrived safely. And one from Mr Thomson thanking me for the postcards.

I eventually caddied double for 2 Doral members in a 4 ball, 9 holes on the Red course. Four quite nice fellows. \$7. When we got in I saw Jay and we decided to try and get the afternoon off. Neil admitted he might not even play, so we left and decided to go to the beach.

First I got a haircut. I couldn't stand Arnie and other pros' comments any longer. \$2.50. It's just as well as I shan't have another till I'm back home. It proved an expensive cut as I scraped Jay's car when I parked it at our hotel. He was annoyed and I apologised...I can't afford to pay for paint.

I finally got to the beach just as the sun went down. I swam and lay around for a bit. Back at the hotel I rang the Scholtzs as I decided tomorrow might be my last chance of seeing them if we missed the cut. Apparently mum wrote there thinking I would be staying with them. I forgot to tell them I couldn't. I'm to go round there at 6pm tomorrow. Neil is not off till 12.45 so it will be a push.

We went out to eat at a better hamburger stall and whilst I was eating my pizza I met the "wealthy" woman I had caddied for at Normandy Shores. Here she was eating a cheap hamburger just so she could afford to show off with a caddy. I have heard of this mentality but it is the first time I have seen it in action.

Back at the hotel I put on a tie and went round to view the Fontainebleu Hotel on the inside.....I just missed Prince Philip going into a banquet for which people paid \$100 per ticket. Marvellous Hotel. I have never seen anything so splendid with its bowling alley, gymnasium, ice rink and 2 pools, not even in London.

### **Thurs March 10**

All 3 of us had plenty of time before our start times but we were nearly at Doral when Bruce and I discovered we had forgotten our badges! Would you believe it? We dropped Jay off to hitch a lift there with passing pros and drove all the way back costing ourselves another 20 cents in tolls. Having collected the badges we decided to have breakfast and I must say I really felt much better for it. We hadn't had breakfast in a long time.

Out at the Club we debated whether to check the pin positions but I didnt want to miss Neil so I hung around the Club for 30 mins. Neil arrived and hit a bag of balls and was finding a groove. In short his round was then nothing to be disappointed about but he lost par badly twice and on this course its hard to pick up birdies and he finished with a 76. He didnt walk the front nine yesterday and so hadnt seen those holes before.

Lunch. 2 rolls and 2 cokes cost me \$2.20!

Bruce's pro scored 84 which pleased him as he cant caddy after Friday.

We then drove back to the hotel and I rang the Scholtzs to postpone my arrival time. I borrowed Jay's car and after nearly driving it into a road up sign and crashing down into the large maintenance hole in the street, I found my way there from memory, quite easily. I had a very nice evening and enjoyed seeing them all again. They had my letter from mum and also a book which the Hannah's had sent me for Christmas!

When I read the letter from mum it included my Tucson Scotsman article printed practically in full. Dad had had lunch with Kemp the editor and I gather I can write for them freelance as I am doing but they cant furnish me with any tournament passes as I am not on their staff. Never mind I can get a badge easy enough. Nothing about Golf World using my stuff yet.

I offered to take the Scholtzs out to dinner if we make the cut but they are busy all weekend.

I had a very nice evening and today was the first time I have eaten 3 times in a long time. I drove back to the hotel and we were all too tired to pack. We are to be called at 6 am tomorrow.

### **Fri March 11**

We packed and sorted things out so Bruce could take the car on to Orlando. I just kept my small black Mexican bag. We reached the club by 7.20. Would you believe that Bruce's pro who was due off 20 mins after us was on the practice ground 30 mins before Neil and hit about 3 times as many balls. He shot 84 remember, yesterday. Neil just hit about 20 range balls and didnt even have time to putt!

We started at the 10th with a very good birdie 4 and all was well until he took 6 at a par 3 and followed this with a 3 putt at the next. These were his only bad holes but it meant he was out in 39 and had to come back in about 33 to qualify. I told him he could easily do it but he still played just as casually and refused to get "pumped up". All of a sudden his putts started to drop and he made 4 brilliant birdies. I persuaded him to play the long par five 8th hole (our 17th) in 3 shots as we were in the water yesterday....and this time he just missed his birdie. He parred the last and we were back in 32 (71) and looked like making it.

He didnt want to wait around to hear and offered me a lift to Miami Beach as he and his wife Ann wanted to see it. I had to wait for Jay and Bruce.

....I took a pic of 54 year old Sam Snead driving off.



**Sam Snead driving**

**Doral CC**



**Arnie bends knees, Sam does not**

Bruce then drove Jay and I to Neil's motel and continued on to Orlando. It wasn't all that warm on the beach but whilst Jay and I sunbathed, Neil and Ann wandered along the shore looking like typical British sea side holiday makers... fully clothed.

Neil wore a sweater but surprisingly not the knotted handkerchief on his head!



**Ann and Neil Coles**

We drove back another way and Neil took some cine photos. We drove on to the club and discovered he had made it by 2 shots.

Bernard Hunt (Jay's man) had played poorly for a 78 and missed it. However my Christmas book from the Hannah's, "Harold Wilson's Bunkside Book", seemed to cheer him up!

Jay and I had to find a place nearby to stay and two caddies gave us a lift to their motel. Very nice apartment room, \$3.50 each. The other Canadian caddy, Mike, 16 yrs old, joined Jay and I to eat.

We used fake ID to get a pitcher of beer and I enjoyed my meal. The beer made me very tired though and I went to bed at 8.30 pm.

## Sat March 12

I got to Doral a little late as it took me 1.5 hrs to get there. My directions werent very good. I finally got a lift in with some caddies. However Neil had only just arrived. I had to put on white overalls supplied today to all the caddies. Doral's emblem is white. Neil practised for 30 mins and we were due off at 9.30.

I shant bother to describe the round in full but he started with a birdie and a series of little mistakes added up and although he was hitting the ball well no birdies came to make up for the early bogies and he finished with a 79. So easy to do on this course.

I watched a bit of golf afterwards and then Jay and I decided to go back and we got a lift part of the way and then had to walk 4 miles to get to the motel. I was exhausted and went to sleep.

We ate at the same place and whilst Jay and the Canadian boy, Mike, went off to a billiard hall I started my Doral article. Bed early again as tomorrow we are first off.

## Sun March 13

We were first off but I caught a bus right from the motel to near Neil's motel and he gave me a lift in as arranged.

He didnt bother to practise and scarcely had time for a putt. However he played his best golf of the week but although he hit every green except the 17th in regulation he couldnt sink the birdie putts and had to be satisfied with 3 birdies and one bogie for a 70. Really he should have been in the low sixties, it was such an easy round.

I watched the leaders set off afterwards as we had simply flashed round finishing four holes ahead of the next 4 ball. My friend Jay Dolan was leading but the whole tournament developed into an exciting finish.

I watched Arnie for a bit and Tommy Jacobs playing out of the water but I left after walking 9 holes as I was getting tired and wanted to get away before the rush.



Tommy Jacobs shoes off, 18th hole



Doral CC

I got another bus to the motel and watched the finish on TV. What a finish! I have never seen anything so exciting and Phil Rodgers ended his 2nd place run at last to win. I wrote my article...a long one so I hope they print all of it because I have spent a bit of time on it this time.

I went to eat at the same place but decided to carry it out rather than eat there. It was pouring with rain and I just made it across the road in front of cars. After I had eaten I again went to bed early as I was tired.



## The Doral Open

by Andrew Haddow

### PALMER FLIES HIS NINE-SEATER JET

### COLES NEEDS "PUMPED UP"

The Doral Country Club course, the Blue Monster, home of last week's \$100,000 Doral Open Golf Tournament, is typical of the modern trend, large greens and vast football-pitch size tees. These tees make the rubber mat at the 2nd hole of Edinburgh's Braid Hills course look a little ridiculous. And on the greens when asked the nature of a particular borrow one is tempted to say "it breaks away from the Bahamas", so vast and uncertain are the rolls.

At first the "Big Five" declined to participate, but shouts of "Who is afraid of the big blue monster?" and a new \$20,000 first prize brought Arnold Palmer flying in in his new nine-seater jet. Jack Nicklaus dropped his rod and line in South Africa but could not persuade his host Gary Player, to abandon "the one that got away".

Tony Lema's elbow had sufficiently recovered but two-time Doral winner, Billy Casper, heeded his doctor's advice that he was allergic to Florida grass.

### ZEPPELIN

As usual the ProAm event heralded the start of the tournament and the local millionaire comedian, Jackie Gleason arrived on the first tee to greet his partner, Palmer, by way of a Zeppelin. This huge air-filled tourist attraction descended twice, the first time to deliver the 20-stone comedian and the second to drop his gold-plated clubs. Ed Sullivan preferred

the quiet modesty of a silver Rolls-Royce.

I followed Neil Coles and Bernard Hunt on separate occasions during the opening round and both struck the ball very well but had great difficulty in reading these very fast greens. They were not alone for one pro remarked "those greens are as slick as the top of Sam Snead's head."

On Friday the mink coats were discarded and Hunt squeezed his bottle of suntan lotion vigorously all the way round. He never did get into his stride and failed to make the cut. Coles, however, just managed to get "hot" after an opening 39 and his excellent inward 32 put him two shots ahead of the axe.

Neil has been playing well recently and picked up \$700 at Pensacola but after watching the Americans in action over the past 4 months I wish he could, to coin a locker-room expression, get "pumped up" on occasion.

### 30,000 QUESTIONS

About 30,000 swarmed to Doral on the final day and 30,000 questions were asked as to who would win. Two young and relatively new tour pros led the field, Jay Dolan and Kermit Zarley. Why?... They could back up par golf with some excellent putting.

Where were Arnie and Jack? They were well in contention but so were some ten others, including veterans Sam Snead and Julius Boros.

Phil Rodgers, using his new 39 inch giant of a centre-shafted putter, posted a ten-under-par total to take the lead. Zarley just missed a 12-foot putt on the seventeenth to stay with him and both he and Dolan came to the eighteenth tee along with thousands of stampeding spectators needing a birdie 3 to tie.

The 18th hole is a dog-leg 440-yard par 4 and against the wind! What a pressure hole and what a target- \$20,000; every last cent of it guarded by two lakes and 20 traps. Dolan played first and his ball jumped a trap to the right of the green. Now it was Zarley's turn. He bravely powered a 3-iron to within eight feet of the pin. An enormous roar intermingled with the glint of many gold fillings greeted this brave attempt.

Dolan still had a chance and his pitch finished pin high only a foot from the hole. All eyes were on Zarley now as he lined up his putt at \$1000 a foot. This single stroke could raise him above the "pea-nut pros" for ever. The putter slid nervously back and the ball rolled straight for the cup...but what about the borrow?

The Blue Monster robbed this young man, at the very last instant, of the victory of a lifetime. Who would be a tournament pro?

.....only Phil Rodgers would gladly answer that question at that particular moment.