

## **Mon March 14**

I checked out of the motel at 9.30 after ringing the British Consulate to find out where I should go for a visa extension. I was told the Federal Building and I caught a bus into Miami and soon found it. Everything went much quicker and smoother than I expected and after a bit of ribbing about "money" from a female immigration official my visa was extended until the day of my return flight, April 24.

I caught a bus to near Neil's motel and met him and Bernard there. They had just seen Ann off on her flight back to GB.

We now had an hilarious drive to Orlando, stopping for lunch on the way. I had already eaten so didn't have much.

Bernard had us all on the look out for alligators and armadillos...there were many, so much so that Neil forgot to look at the petrol gauge. I noticed we were on empty and it was the sort of area where there might not be a station for miles. Thunderstorms were breaking out and I have never laughed so much. Every time we drove over a brow the terrain would stretch out desolate for miles. We were in hysterics.

I took a photo of them from my back seat. We finally reached a gas station after running on empty for 24 miles. (according to the attendant the gauge was faulty so we were probably OK anyway)



**Front seat hysterics...Neil and Bernard**

We eventually found our way to the Rio Pinar CC near Orlando and parked alongside Peter Butler's car quite by accident. I was introduced to Peter and his wife and we all went into the club to check for mail.

One letter from mum and dad with a letter from Suzanne inside. Hell I haven't written to her for months. I laughed when I noticed an invitation to her 18th birthday dance. Nothing like travelling 3000 miles to Brussels just for a party!

Neil and Bernard had to go miles to a motel they had been booked into so I was given a lift into Orlando by the Butlers. They were most concerned at dropping me off in the rain but I told them not to worry and they dropped me off at the bus station. From there I was directed to a very nice hotel for \$5.50 pd. and I am staying the night.

Tues March 15

Orlando

The Citrus Open

I didnt wake till 8.45 and hurriedly got ready and walked the mile to the Cherry Plaza Hotel where Peter Butler said he would pick me up. I waited till after our agreed time and then got a ride to the course with another person. Apparently I just missed Peter for he arrived the same time I did. All 3 Englishmen practised together.

I met Jay and Bruce there and Jay and I went off with Neil and Bernard while Bruce waited for Randy Glover. We had a very enjoyable 18 holes on a very picturesque but tough course. No free orange juice on offer yet at the Citrus Open....

They decided to play another nine after they had eaten so whilst we were waiting I watched Gary Player practising. Really amazing. He has got to be the most talented pro on the tour. He played a round with Arnie afterwards. Apparently Arnie flew in earlier and circled the clubhouse in his new jet.



Rio Pinar CC, Orlando Gary Player



Gary.... and Jack Nicklaus

We played another 9 and arranged to do the rest before the ProAm tomorrow. I then watched Sanders, Nichols and Player practising. Apparently the tournament promoter's son was caddying for Player and was a complete novice.

After waiting for Mike the Canadian caddy who had teamed up with us, we drove down town to find somewhere to stay. One of the caddies who I cant stand persuaded Jay that his place was good so we drove round. I have never seen such a place. Far worse than the condition of my \$7.50 per week room in San Francisco.

Bruce and I decided this was too awful so I suggested he and I go to my hotel and use my

room for the price of one....if we could wangle it. We could but I couldnt get the same room and the one we got only had a double bed. Never mind. We moved in and made sure we werent seen together.

After we had eaten we met Jay and Mike who had found a better place and we drove round motels for a while looking for Randy Glover. I had a chat with Bill Ezenicki at one of the motels we visited. He said he is hitting the ball well and cant wait to play.

Back at our hotel I rang down asking for an early morning call but I said "could WE have a 6.30 call" completely forgetting I should have been the only one in the room.

### **Wed March 16**

The 6.30 am phone rang and I realised we had arranged to meet Jay at 6.30 outside the hotel. He rang us 5 mins later to remind us of the fact. We were on our way in Jay's car in 15 mins which does no one any good at that time.

On the way to the club Bruce spotted Randy Glover so we followed his car till he stopped at a breakfast place which gave us the excuse for a coffee. It also made Jay and I a bit late for Neil and Bernard. However we made it in time to tee off before the start of the ProAm.



**Rio Pinar CC, Orlando**



**Bernard Hunt**

Lovely morning and we were in after the 9 holes by 9.30. Jay and I went off to try and get an amateur bag. I bought a pint of chocolate milk for 25 cents which served as food as well. I changed my mind about caddying and watched the pros practising.

I saw the trail in the sky of Gemini 8 which was launched from Cape Kennedy at 10.45 and Arnie's jet as he flew low over the golf course. I saw him when he drove in about 45 mins later. I asked him if he was flying tomorrow as I didnt have time to take a photo. He gave

me a picture brochure of himself and the month old \$800,000 jet, instead. I will get him to autograph it later.



**Jet Commander ad:** "I had breakfast at home in Latrobe" said Arnie, about day one with the jet..."I flew to New Orleans where I had a magazine photo session. Then I gave a clinic at 10.30.. had lunch and played an exhibition at 1pm with George Gobel, Doug Sanders and Pat Boone and flew back home in time for dinner"..... **air miles: 2500**

I got an amateur bag after all as Jay had gone out and I knew I would have to wait for him anyway. My guy was teamed with Chi Chi Rodriguez and the round was very entertaining although I was utterly exhausted at the end.

Neil and Bernard went out for another 9 apparently. Then we found Jay's car battery was dead as we tried to leave and I had to push start it. By this time, I, too, was dead. We stopped at a good " all you can eat" for \$2.50 and I ate my biggest meal in months. My stomach must have shrunk as I could hardly hold it. I struggled back to the hotel and bed.

ps. \$5.50 for hotel laundry. Thats the last time I do that and its just as well I earned the extra \$10 this afternoon. And that reminds me the amateur said "where about in Scotland do you come from?" after I had said only a few words!

**Thurs March 17**

Alarm at 7am but I was up before it. Jay and Bruce weren't needed till 11am so I had to find a lift out. I left Bruce asleep and set out for the Cherry Plaza but luckily realised I hadn't got my golf shoes and ran back for them.

At Cherry Plaza I got a ride fairly soon with Dave Marr ('65 PGA Champ) and we had a very interesting conversation. He isn't going to play in the British Open or the Carling this year but he will be across for a Shell World of Golf match at Turnberry.



**18th Rio Pinar CC**



**Dave Marr USPGA Champion 1965**

Neil was having breakfast so I changed into my official white caddy overalls and green plastic safety helmet. He didn't practise long.

He began the 1st round with a double bogie, followed by 2 bogies to be 4 over after 3 holes. 2 more bad holes and he was out in 41 on the easier 9! However again he mystified me by not missing a green on the back 9 and putted brilliantly to be back in 34. (75)

I got a bus back to near downtown and waited ages for a ride to the hotel. I finally got one with a young guy who took me all the way there and recommended the Coconut Club for the under 21s. Tomorrow??

I managed to wangle an extra key (Bruce had the other one) and went straight to bed weak with hunger and exhaustion.

I got up at 5.30 pm and went out to eat. Completely revived....I'll have to have breakfast tomorrow....I returned and wrote a letter to mum and dad and to the Patricks. Got a letter from mum today.

Bruce returned about 7pm. Glover and Hunt both shot 75 as did Arnie and Gary. Maybe I could be caddying in a big name game if we make the cut.

We tossed for cokes and I won and Bruce's 10 cents went a long way as the machine coughed up 4 cans for the price of one!

I rang the Kearns but only Tommy's mother was there looking after the kids. She couldn't find a pencil so it was an expensive search.

### **Fri March 18**

I got up at 9 am and had a good breakfast. I felt 100% better for it.

Over at the Cherry Plaza I met Dave Marr again but he wasn't going out to the club for quite a while. Actually I think he probably left before me as I had to wait over an hour for a ride. I eventually got one with some spectators.

Neil was looking around for me when I got there. He hit balls for 15 mins and then couldn't be bothered to practise his putting.

He putted well for his outward 40 but his attitude had changed...he sat on the bench at the 2nd and looked exhausted and coming up the 9th he said he wished it was the 18th! What kind of attitude is that? I told him jokingly I would drop his bag if he didn't buck up. All he needed were three birdies on the back nine and he would make the cut; the easier nine as well.

I talked about kicking him up the backside if he didn't waken up.

It seemed to have an effect for at the par five 10th he put his 2 wood 2nd shot 8ft from the flag and at the 11th a seven iron finished the same distance away. However on this 9 he couldn't sink the putts. This sent him into despondency again and I couldn't rally him. I even tried betting him he would hole the putts. I finished 25 cents richer.

He missed the cut as did Hunt and Butler.... What a 3 some!

Bruce's Randy Glover scored 68 and is lying 12th. Jay had also finished and Dave Marr gave us a ride to the car park. I asked him if he needed a caddy in the next two tournaments but he has a travelling caddy.

Back at the hotel we lay down for an hour and I went downstairs for a steak dinner. We then went out to the under 21 club but it wasn't much good...maybe tomorrow night.

### **Sat March 19**

I had a good breakfast again and we all 3 went out to the club. What a day 85 deg. Jay and I watched for most of the day whilst Bruce caddied for Randy Glover. He didn't do so well and his drives (despite using a new ball at every hole) were mostly to blame for his 73.

Jay has decided to ask Homero Blancas for next week and I have, possibly over ambitiously, set my sights on Tony Lema. I asked him in the locker room after his round and he said yes if the caddy situation allowed it at Jacksonville it was OK with him. I am to meet him there on Wednesday.

Letter from dad saying he had contacted "Longthirst" (Coles and Hunt's nickname for Henry) about my helping him at the Masters and I am to meet him in Augusta. He has plenty of need for me apparently. Things are looking up!

I was tired with all that sun and when Bruce finished we drove back to the hotel, stopping for a hamburger on the way.

Bruce fell asleep about 7.30 so I went out and Jay and I tried the Kokonut Club again. I cant stand the hair combing, gum chewing type of girls that were there.

When I got back to the hotel I knocked on our door but no reply. I was almost certain Bruce was in there but after 20 mins of knocking and key twisting I wasnt so sure.

I decided to go down and get another key but this wouldnt turn either so I assumed a key on the inside was jamming it.

I now decided to ring Bruce from a hotel phone as I knew the tel. would wake him. However when I asked for my own room with a handkerchief over the mouth piece to disguise my accent the operator rang off. This annoyed me as I thought he must have cottoned on to our two to a room ruse.

I tried the door again and this time Bruce woke up. Boy was I annoyed especially as he was too sleepy to make any sense. I then went to bed and drank the coke I had bought him!



**Bruce**



**Orlando**

### **Sun March 20**

Jay and I went sun bathing at one of the lakes in Orlando. What a day...every bit as hot and windless as yesterday. It proved too hot for Jay and he went back to his hotel.

He came back at 3pm to pick me up and we went out to the course to pick up Bruce. Randy Glover had shot 67 and was well up the field.

We didnt stay to watch what was going to be a very tight finish. Earlier we had decided to stay another night but then Jay changed his mind so we packed hurriedly and checked out by 4.30 pm.

The 3 of us + Mike reached Daytona Beach about 7 pm after an hour stop for engine repairs. Daytona was already crowded with campus girls on a holiday break. We think we might come back to Daytona after Jacksonville for a day or two.

We ate at a Howard Johnson's despite arguing with each other about the expense and we saw quite a bit of Daytona with its 2000 motels before heading on for Jacksonville. On route we stopped at a very reasonable motel. \$2 each and it had TV.

Outside the lodges were 4 motorbikes. We thought the Black Angels had camped! They belonged to four racers who had come down for an event at the famous Daytona race track with their girl friends.

### **Mon March 21**

5 am blast off....! The Black Angels moved out and everyone else virtually had to move with them.

I managed to get to sleep again when the smell of exhaust fumes evaporated.

We reached Jacksonville Beach (name of the town) about 8 am and had breakfast at a very reasonable price.

Out at the golf course Jay and Mike waited around to caddy for their pros trying to Monday qualify whilst Bruce and I drove off to the beach.

We found a very reasonable motel....fridge, TV etc at \$2.50 each per night right on the ocean front. It is a windless 85 deg. What a life!

We were on the beach for 4 or 5 hrs and really have a tan coming. We used the motel chairs to sun bathe!

The Easter campus students are supposed to swarm in any time so things should really swing....hundreds of cars were actually on the beach. Surfers etc.

We went back to the club to pick up the others but after waiting for an hour we pushed off when they didnt appear.

I collected a letter from dad. It contained a letter from Henry Longhurst to Mr Hunter and it seems I'm all set for a job at the Masters....

**Letter from Henry Longhurst to Frank Hunter, retired ex secretary of Royal Lytham St Annes GC.....**

HASSOCKS 4253

CLAYTON WINDMILLS,  
HASSOCKS,  
SUSSEX.

15 March 66

Dear Frank

I should be most happy to have the assistance of Andrew Haddow at the Masters. He could be of real assistance to me on the Saturday as I have been engaged to do a television commentary, which is a great honour though of course I do not talk too much about it ! This means that at the later stages of Saturday I might have a conflict of interests regarding the Sunday Times and he could not only fill in for me with short messages towards the end of the day but could also do the telephoning.

I think I can be reasonably sure of getting a Press badge for him and should be happy to pay him a tenner towards his expenses. I shall be arriving, all being well, on the evening of Monday April 4 and shall be staying at one of the cottages at the Club - the Augusta National. It might be possible to get a badge sent to him, if he will give me an address. Otherwise he must let me know where he is in Augusta, so that I can meet him at the gate at a given time on the Tuesday.

Once he is there, I should have thought that the Scotsman would welcome some stuff. I thought that the cuttings you sent me were extremely interesting and well done. Most readable. On the other hand the Scotsman is "one of ours" and they may want something from me, though I hope not !

To have Haddow around could be useful to me and would be a way of giving back a little something in return for all the good times I have had myself.

All the best.

Henry



## The Florida Citrus Open

by Andrew Haddow

### extracts:

The sight of the ill-fated Gemini 8 spiralling into space somehow seemed to "launch" the Florida Citrus Open at the Rio Pinar CC in Orlando and so no one needed to smash a champagne bottle laced with orange juice! I say orange juice because thanks to the zeal of the sponsors Florida Citrus Fruits, there was scarcely a pithless drink to be found, short of the 19th hole.

Arnold Palmer nearly missed playing in Wednesday's ProAm, for as he told me, he was getting a bird's eye view of the Cape Kennedy launch from the comfort of his brand new \$800,000 jet at the imposing height of 22000 ft. One member of his adoring gallery, spotting his plane in the sky, cracked "Arnie just doesnt seem able to leave those birdies alone". Another comedian suggested he "might be checking the pin positions".

This really was a fun tournament and had you been there you might have seen that "young rookie", Sam Snead, habitually picking his ball out the hole without bending his knees or Gary Player's bottom lip bleeding as he gritted his teeth in determination. There again you might have overheard Doug Sander's conversation with Player as he greeted the bronzed and immensely fit South African; "have you done all your push ups for today, laddie?" (Player greets everyone with "hello laddie!") Gary roared with laughter when Sanders said he executed two such push ups each day..."one in the morning and one at night." Knowing Sanders appetite for night life its my guess he does both those press ups in the morning. Certainly his pink shirt and pink shoes reminded me of those "19th hole" neck ties one sees around!

In the Wednesday ProAm I caddied for an amateur who partnered Chi Chi Rodriguez. Chi Chi tells his favourite jokes wherever he plays and against himself! In America a 2nd rate tour pro is called a "peanut pro"...the inference being that that is all he ever wins. Chi Chi calls himself a "hot-dog pro" because he claims he overheard 2 spectators discussing him. One said to the other after consulting his program "Say that must be Rodriguez over there?" "Sure" said his knowledgeable companion. To which the other said "Lets go get a hot-dog."

I caddied for Neil Coles again in this event and this time new arrival Peter Butler, joined Bernard Hunt and Neil in practice. Even Bernard forced a smile when a group of Florida school boys rushed up to him at the end of the round and asked for his autograph "because he lived near the Beatles"... I couldnt help laughing because Bernard had just had his hair cut!

**Tues March 22**

## **The Greater Jacksonville Open**

Jay and Mike went out to the Selva Marina CC early and Bruce and I eventually got there about 9.30 am. I met Neil Coles and he kindly agreed not to get a caddy until tomorrow so that I wouldn't be out of a job if I couldn't get Lema. I caddied 18 holes for him....he played with Hunt and Butler and then I hit the beach after checking that Lema hadn't arrived. He said Wednesday and I wasn't going to wait around all day on the off chance he came a day early.

I sunbathed for 2 hrs and then went for a swim...quite cold water but very refreshing. Marvellous tan coming up. It seemed to be a day of losses. I couldn't trace \$6 and can't find my waterproof trousers and my watch won't work. Bruce and Jay drank far too much beer and life was unbearable when it took effect. Apparently Bruce won the whole of the double bed to himself in a toss but I soon put a stop to that nonsense.

**Wed March 23**

Lema won't arrive till about 10 am, I thought, so I slept on whilst the other 3 went out to the course. I waited around for an hour and a half at the entrance to Selva Marina so I knew I wouldn't miss him. There were the other caddies "hustling" the players as they came in but I didn't tell them who I was waiting for. Lema eventually arrived about 10.30 in a luxurious convertible. He recognised me and said if it was OK with the caddymaster it was OK with him. Boy was I excited and a little nervous as I chatted to him in the locker room. I had to chuck out his Dunlop balls. He was secretly trying out Titleist. Sam Snead and Ray Floyd were there and Floyd was trying on the most outrageous trousers I have ever seen. Lema dressed as he played, smooth; Scottish cashmere and alligator shoes!

Out on the practice ground I had a little difficulty in seeing his shots as they landed and a little difficulty in seeing him 250 yards away but I managed to collect the balls without too much disgrace. Compared to Coles he is like a film star....a real pro and full of colour. He was very friendly but very professional.

I was glad I had walked the course and knew all the distances because he asked me all the way round. I didn't think he would ask me to name clubs but he did and at one particular short hole he said "is it a 6 or a 7 ?" I took my heart in hand and said "six". Thank God the wind blew and I was right.... He played very well and had a very easy 70, sinking no putts whatsoever. I have a feeling we will do well this week.

The 3 amateurs he was paired with in the ProAm were all over the place and I had only had a sandwich all day and was exhausted physically when we finished. Very hot day again. He plays at 8.15 tomorrow with Doug Sanders so I will be out there at 7 am. He gave me the Titleist he used and talked about Ma Wilson....his cook in St Andrews when he won The Open 20 months ago! I spoke to Neil and he is getting another caddy.

Back at the motel I wrote to mum and dad and come 8 pm I rang the Kearns in Greensboro. I am staying with them next week. They got the tammies for Christmas.

I only hope I don't wake up at 8 am tomorrow or I am sunk. We have no alarm and the others all sleep like logs!