



# ARNOLD PALMER

## Professional Golf Exhibition

KERMIT ZARLEY, LES MOE and LLOYD HARRIS

Sponsored by  
**YAKIMA ROTARY CLUB**  
YAKIMA COUNTRY CLUB  
JUNE 20, 1972







## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

It is with pride and pleasure that Yakima Rotary presents on exhibition Arnold Palmer, one of the all-time greats of sport, and Kermit Zarley, who we in part claim as our own and, of course, who is making his own place in competitive golf.



The kindness of these men in coming to our event and the cooperation and enthusiasm of each of the local people as contributors and patrons makes it possible for Yakima Rotary to continue to serve the charitable needs of the community often overlooked by more formal and organized drives. Through the years more than a third of a million dollars of charities have come to help unfortunate children and worthy organizations by the efforts of our service club. Pilot funds for worthy projects as well as direct aid has been given with 100% charity money. No overhead or administrative costs have ever weakened these enterprises.

We are grateful to everyone in this effort to make Yakima a better and happier place to live.

Sincerely,  
Roderick G. MacKintosh

President, Yakima Rotary Club





## Introducing the Toyota Carina. It might be new to you but we've been living with it a long time.



We froze, drenched, buffeted, skidded and crash-tested the Carina prototypes without mercy. So just in case you don't show yours much mercy, it'll be better prepared.

The inside of the Carina was designed to give your family the feeling that they're riding in one of the biggest small cars around. Or one of the smallest big ones.

The price puts it under our Corona and a little over our low-priced Corolla 1600. But that price includes an awful lot. Reclining bucket seats. Nylon carpets. A locking glove box with a light. Even an electric rear window defroster. And that's just the inside.

Under the hood there's a spirited 1588 cc hemi-head engine that really performs.

Outside there are four head-lights. Each set into a grille that gives the Carina a styling personality all its own.

The bumpers were built to take bumps. In fact, they're big enough to house the turn signals. And the large vertical rear lights give the driver behind you plenty of notice.

The Carina comes with

power-assisted front disc brakes, whitewalls, wheel covers and a lot more standard features.

Options include air conditioning and a 3-speed automatic transmission.

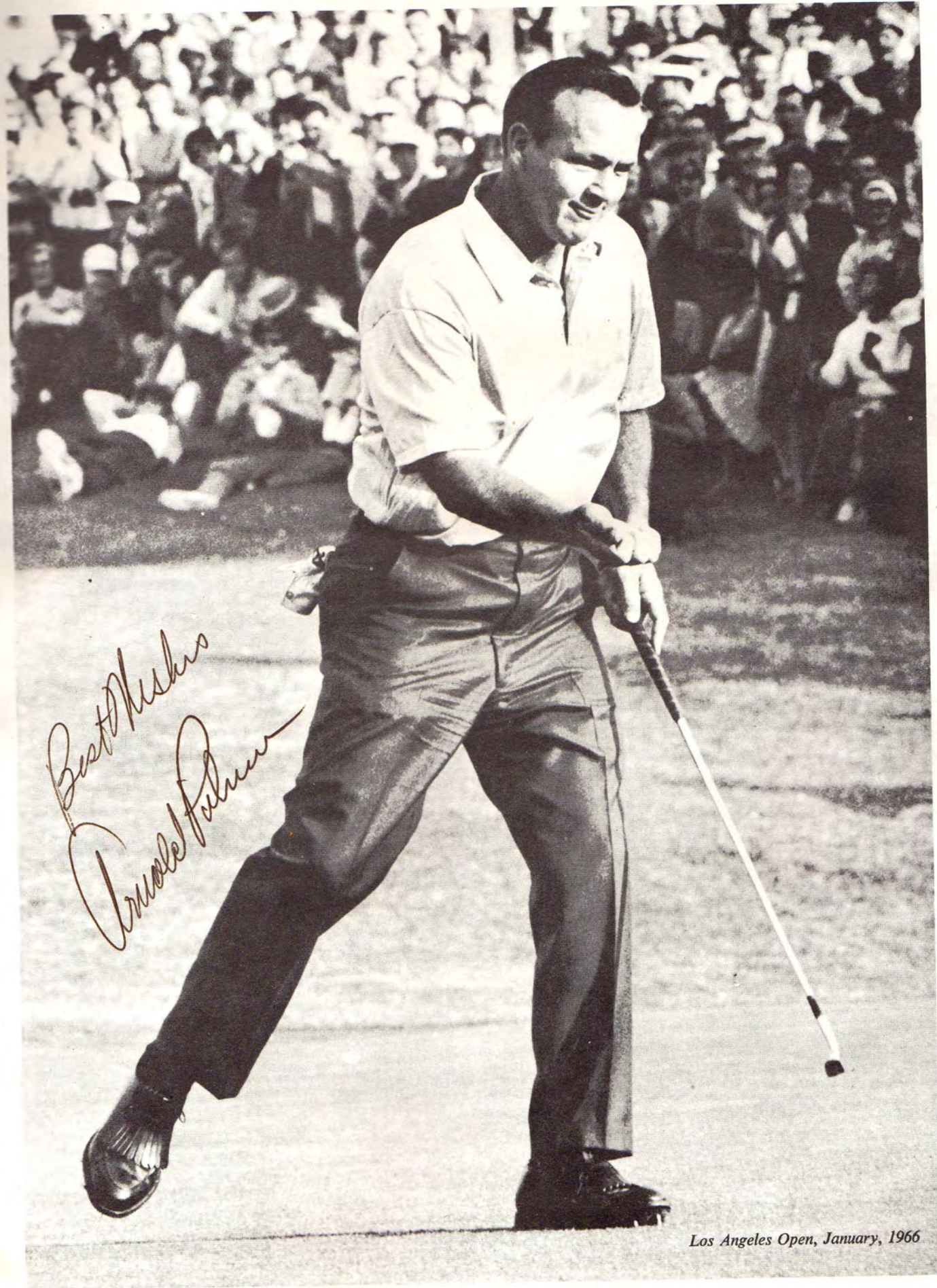
All this and we still haven't mentioned Toyota quality. Because we believe quality isn't something you just say. It's something you work on, sweat over, pound in, rip out, check and re-check. Until you get what you want.

Like the Toyota Carina.

# TOYOTA

See how much car your money can buy.





Los Angeles Open, January, 1966



## MAY NURSERY COMPANY

212 N. 3rd Ave.

GL 3-8219

---

## SUPERIOR ASPHALT & CONCRETE CO.

ASPHALT PAVING & SEALING

---

**Best Wishes**  
from  
**Roche Fruit Co., Inc.**



Yakima, Wash.

## Enjoy Watching the Pros Play Golf

and for the right new  
Goodyear Tires  
for your car . . .

**see  
the  
pros  
at...**



**LOVERING'S**  
THE PROFESSIONAL TIRE PEOPLE



IN YAKIMA AND SUNNYSIDE

**Promoting property is our business.**

*Associated*  
**REALTORS**

415 NORTH FIRST STREET, YAKIMA, WASHINGTON • CHestnut 8-5050

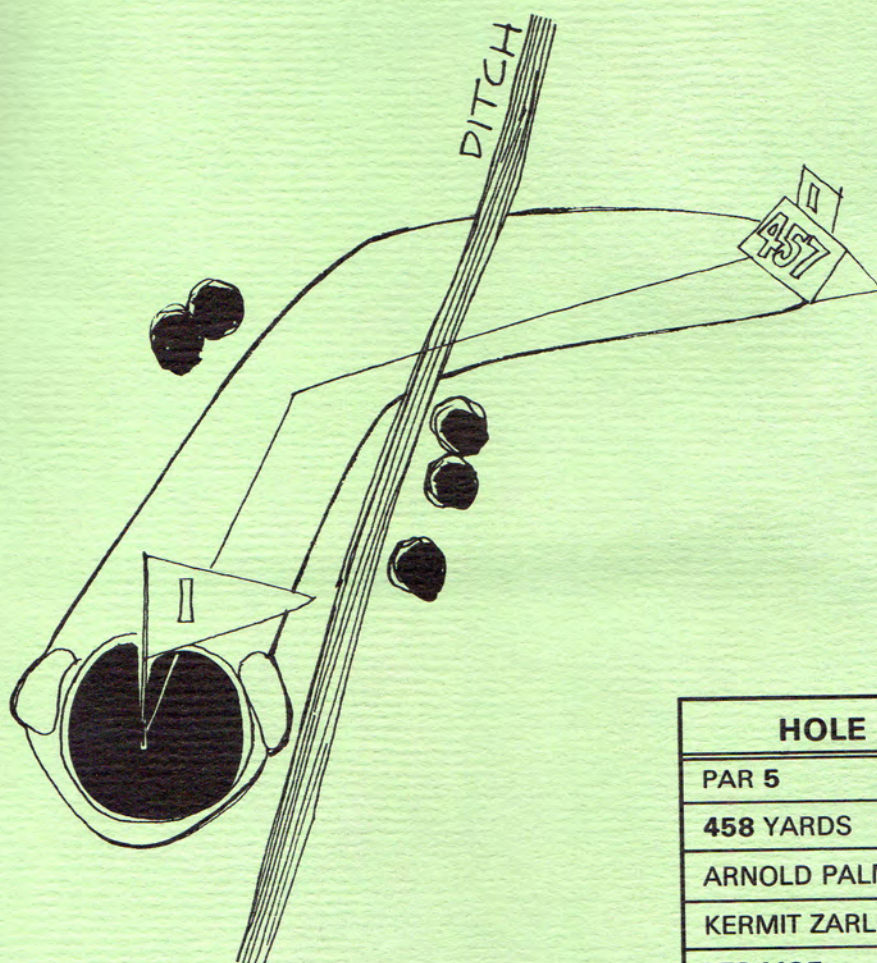
**COMMERCIAL**

**RESIDENTIAL**

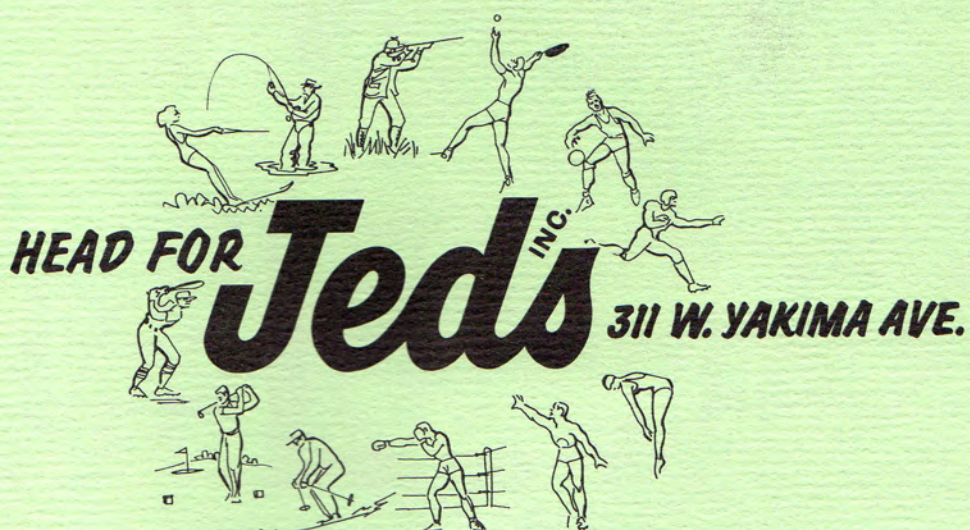
**INDUSTRIAL**

May we be of service to you, your family or your company?

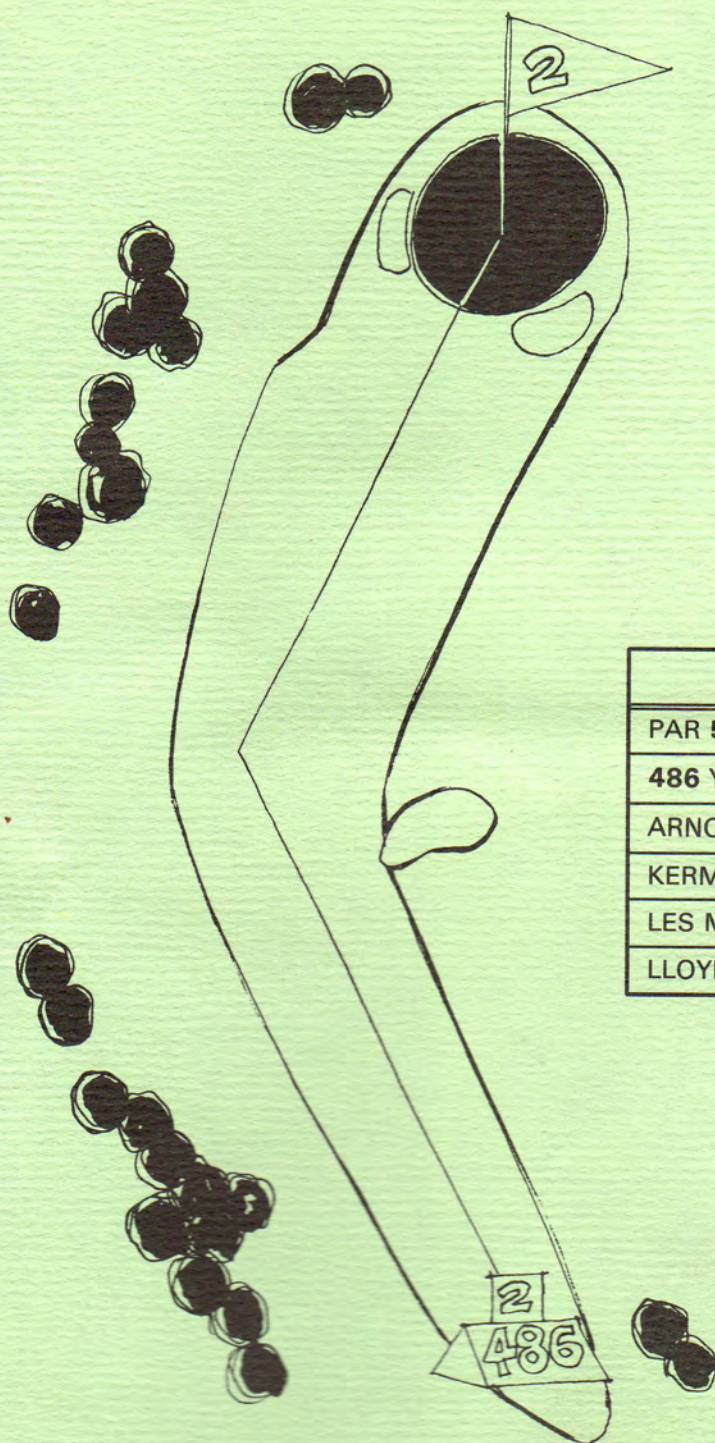




HOLE NO. 1	
PAR 5	
458 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	







HOLE NO. 2	
PAR 5	
486 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	

**BANK  
OF  
SUNNYSIDE**

**BANK  
OF  
YAKIMA**

**BANK  
OF  
PROSSER**

MEMBER F.D.I.C.



# **ARNOLD PALMER PROFESSIONAL GOLF EXHIBITION**

**Tuesday, June 20, 1972**

**Yakima Country Club**

**Yakima, Washington**

## **PROGRAM**

- |                   |  |
|-------------------|--|
| <b>10:30 A.M.</b> | <b>Press Conference</b>  |
| <b>11:00 A.M.</b> | <b>Golf Clinic</b>   |
| <b>12:00 Noon</b> | <b>Patrons Luncheon</b><br><b>John Gavin, Master of Ceremonies</b> |
| <b>1:30 P.M.</b>  | <b>Arnold Palmer Golf Exhibition</b>                               |

## **SPECTATOR COURTESY**

1. Marshals must be obeyed when commanding the gallery.
2. Do not run!
3. Stay behind ropes to assure smooth, uninterrupted play and to protect spectators from injury.
4. Stand still and remain quiet while players are putting and hitting.
5. To give as many as possible a good view, those in front rows are requested to kneel or squat down.
6. Photographers, be considerate in your timing.





Don't let lost cash spoil it all.

NOW AVAILABLE AT ALL  
**HOME FEDERAL**  
SAVINGS & LOAN ASSOCIATION  
OFFICES

Where you EARN DAILY INTEREST  
Compounded Daily—Paid Quarterly

**Main Office**  
502 W. Yakima Ave.  
CH 8-0250  
CH 8-6480

**Westpark Branch**  
17 Westpark  
966-7050

**Goldendale**  
412 So. Columbus  
773-5719

**Selah Branch**  
105 South First Street  
697-7236

## Industrial Air Products

Division of Liquid Air, Inc.

MEDICAL OXYGEN AND SUPPLIES  
WELDING GAS AND EQUIPMENT

2325 S. 1st St.

Yakima, Wash.

GL 3-5675

YAKIMA ELKS LODGE  
YAKIMA ELKS GOLF & COUNTRY CLUB  
BY THE SELAH OVERPASS

GOOD LUCK TO ROTARY & PALMER



**WESTERN KRAFT  
CORPORATION  
YAKIMA, WASH.**

Compliments of  
**Paul LaChance**  
LaChance Insurance Agency, Inc.  
(Surety Bonds)





Best Wishes from  
**NORTHWEST EQUIPMENT CO.**

Fruit Handling Equipment and  
Farm Machinery  
Yakima, Wash.

**ROSSER & SUTTON**



W.A. SUTTON    PAUL LYONS  
W.L. SUTTON

101 South Sixth Ave. • Yakima

OFFICE SUPPLIES, EQUIPMENT & FURNITURE  
SCHOOL SUPPLIES • BUSINESS MACHINES  
FACIT TYPEWRITERS • A B DICK DUPLICATING PRODUCTS

**Best Wishes**  
from  
**A Friend**

We may not be able to help  
your golf score, but to  
lower your handicap in grow-  
ing top quality fruit, see the  
PROS at

**YAKIMA VALLEY SPRAY CO.**  
1108 South First St., Yakima

**whole-in-one**  
**golf clothes**

Our game is outfitting you for your  
game. Select from our extensive collection  
of famous make sportswear.

**Munsing Golf Shirts from \$7<sup>00</sup>**

**Arnold Palmer Sweaters from \$25<sup>00</sup>**





# YAKIMA THEATRES, INC.

YAKIMA — CAPITOL  
CASCADE AND TOWER DRIVE-INS



ELWOOD E. MILLER'S

## YAKIMA TRANSFER & STORAGE

25 NORTH FRONT STREET  
YAKIMA, WASHINGTON 98901



5808 Summitview  
Ph. 966-2270

Your Complete Lawn and Garden Center

## Stewart Scott & Associates EQUITY FUNDING

705 A. E. LARSON BLDG.  
PHONE 452-3197  
YAKIMA

Contract Logging and  
Heavy Equipment Hauling

## BEATTIE & SANGER, INC.

Rt. 5, Box 233  
Yakima, Wash. 98903  
Phone 966-1990

HAVE YOU EVER . . . golfed in a wilderness?

There are no golf courses in a wilderness . . .  
nor can there ever be.

Washington State has over 3 million acres in  
limited use status today . . . the forest service  
is asking for advice on how to manage another  
3 million acres.

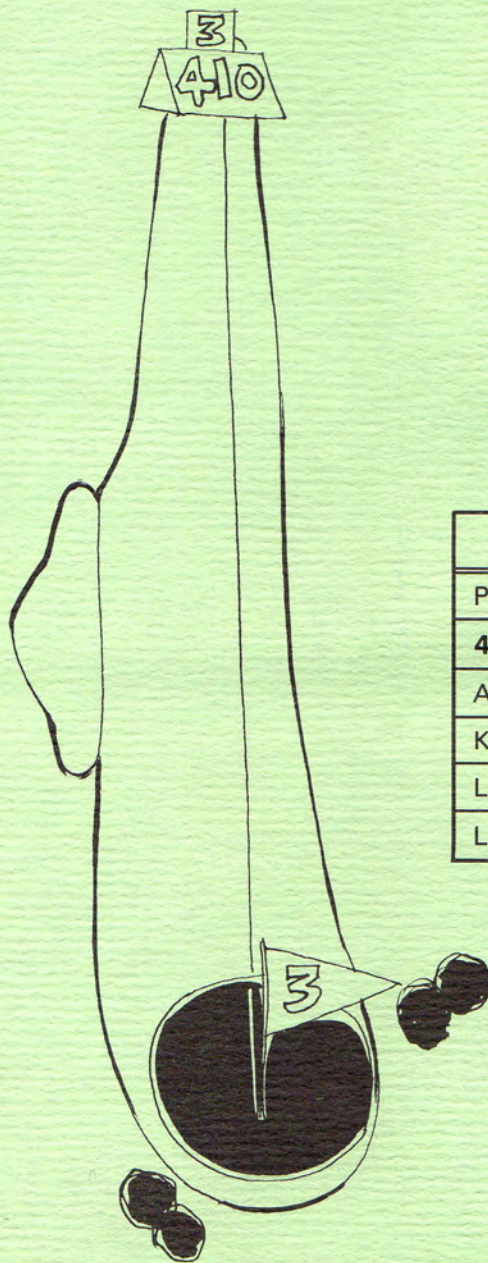
Express your support of multiple use.

Write to:

Honorable Henry M. Jackson  
United States Senate  
Washington, D.C. 20510

Boise Cascade Corporation  
P. O. Box 51  
Yakima, Wash. 98901





HOLE NO. 3	
PAR 4	
410 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	



**INLAND MACHINERY CO.**

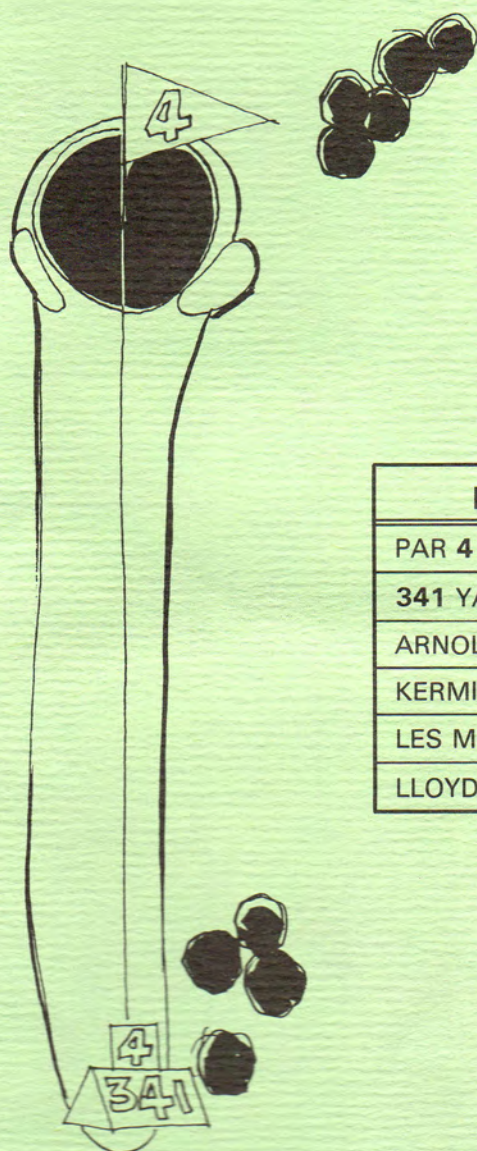
YOUR CATERPILLAR® DEALER



**CATERPILLAR**

Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.





HOLE NO. 4	
PAR 4	
341 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	

**Hole # 4 Is**  
**"BIG ORANGE & BLUE" COUNTRY!**



**YAKIMA CEMENT  
 PRODUCTS CO.**

1202 SOUTH FIRST STREET





## **Yakima Hearing and Speech Center — A Yakima Rotary Sponsored Project**

Proceeds from recent Yakima Rotary fund raising projects helped to bring this much-needed community facility into being one year ago, in June, 1971. Specially equipped and staffed by highly trained professionals, the center offers assistance previously unavailable in the Yakima area to people of all ages who have hearing and speech difficulties. Services include diagnosis of hearing and speech problems, teaching hard of hearing children how to talk, re-teaching older people who have suffered strokes how to speak again, and testing for hearing loss.

In its first year of operation the center has handled over 500 cases. Services are free to anyone who cannot afford payment, and those who can afford are charged fees according to their ability to pay. Located at 303 South 12th Avenue, near the Medical Center, the center works closely with local doctors and social agencies in locating and assisting those with hearing and speech problems.

Organized as a non-profit corporation, the center is administered by an all-volunteer board headed by Yakima Rotarian Grey M. Lusty.



**HOPCON, INC.**  
CONCENTRATE OF FINEST HOPS  
P. O. BOX 126  
WAPATO, WASHINGTON 98951



**Central PRE-MIX Concrete Co.**

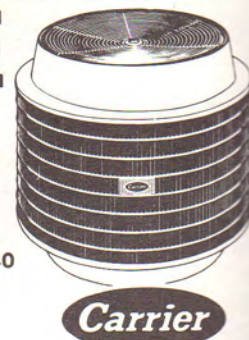
**YAKIMA BRANCH:**  
2000 E. BEECH  
P.O. BOX 551  
YAKIMA, WASHINGTON 98901  
PHONE (509) 248-2041

**THE ROUND  
ONE**

**BUREN**  
SHEET METAL CO. INC.

CH 8-4340

415 WEST WASHINGTON AVENUE  
YAKIMA, WASHINGTON - 98902



**Join our team  
of pros  
and improve your  
insurance score**

**Terril-Lewis & Wilke**

304 Larson Bldg. Phone GL 7-4193  
Representing UNITED PACIFIC Insurance Co.



**THE BON MARCHE**

**FIRST WITH THE NEWEST IN FASHION  
FOR WOMEN, CHILDREN AND MEN**

**17 NORTH THIRD STREET - GL 3-4711**

**STORE HOURS: Sunday 12-5; Monday-Friday 9:30 to 9:00 p.m.; Sat. 9:30-5:30**



*The DOLSEN*  
*Company*

# LEASING MAKES GOOD BUSINESS SENSE

## THE DOLSEN COMPANY

GENERAL EQUIPMENT AND TRUCK LEASING

### SEATTLE OFFICE

3236 - 78th Avenue, SE  
Mercer Island, Washington 980.  
Phone ADams 2-7744

### YAKIMA OFFICE

307 N. Third St. - Suite 3  
P. O. Box 1726  
Yakima, Washington 98907  
Phone CH 8-2831



## *Roy's Hardware Co., Inc.*

405 W. Yakima Avenue

Complete Hardware & Housewares  
BATH SHOP — GIFTS — GARDEN SUPPLIES

Owners

Dale & Pat Brolliar GL 3-4725

Compliments of

C. M. HOLTZINGER FRUIT CO., INC.

## PAGODA GARDENS NURSERY

Landscaping — Residential & Commercial

6701 W. Lincoln 966-1835



Container  
Corporation  
of America

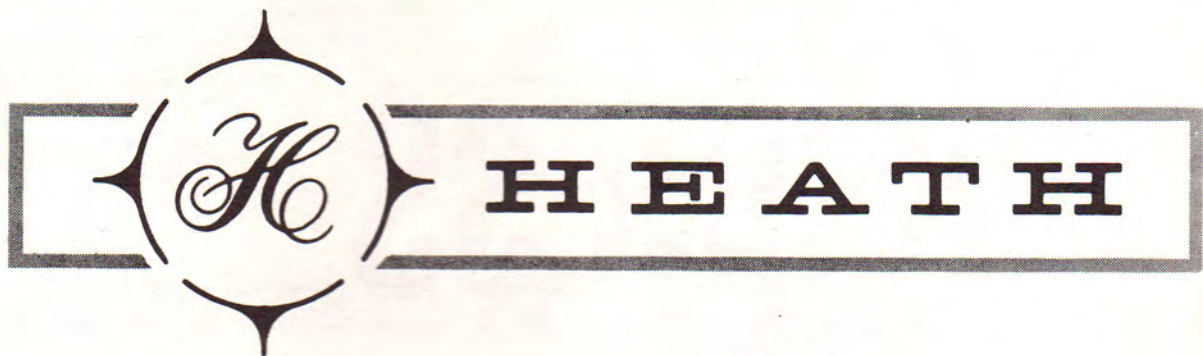


LLOYD HARRIS, PRO  
INVITES YOU TO PLAY

## SUNTIDES 18 HOLE PUBLIC COURSE

- DRIVING RANGE
- ELECTRIC CART RENTALS
- RESTAURANT
- GOLF EQUIPMENT

5 Minutes West of Yakima  
on Naches Highway (U.S. 12)



Distinctive Electrical Advertising  
Building Front Modernization

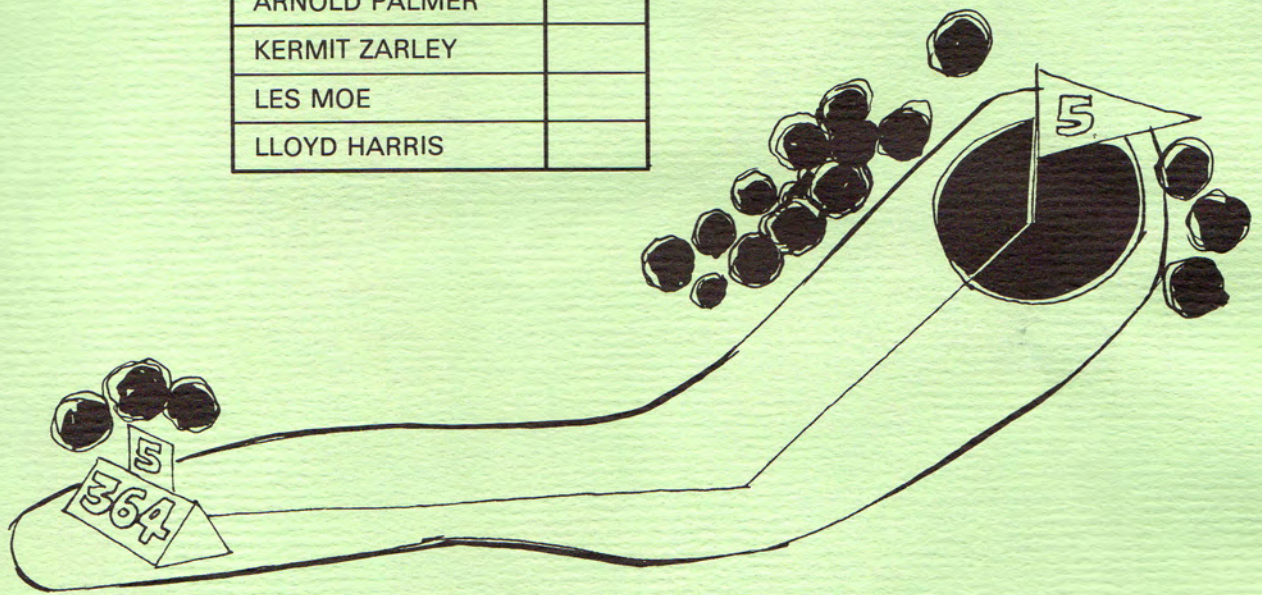
---

## HEATH NORTHWEST INC.

YAKIMA KENNEWICK MOSES LAKE PORTLAND



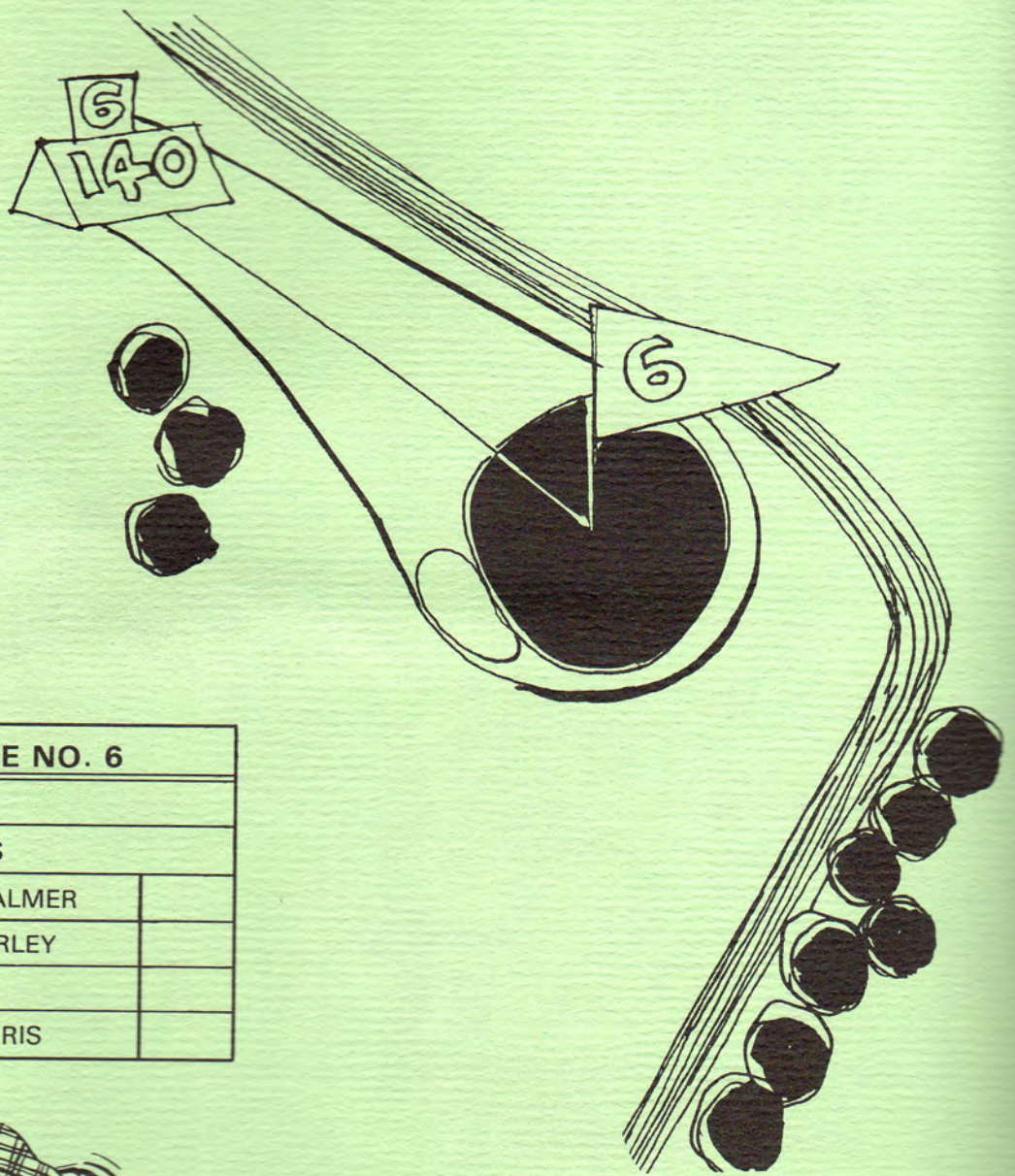
HOLE NO. 5	
PAR 4	
364 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	



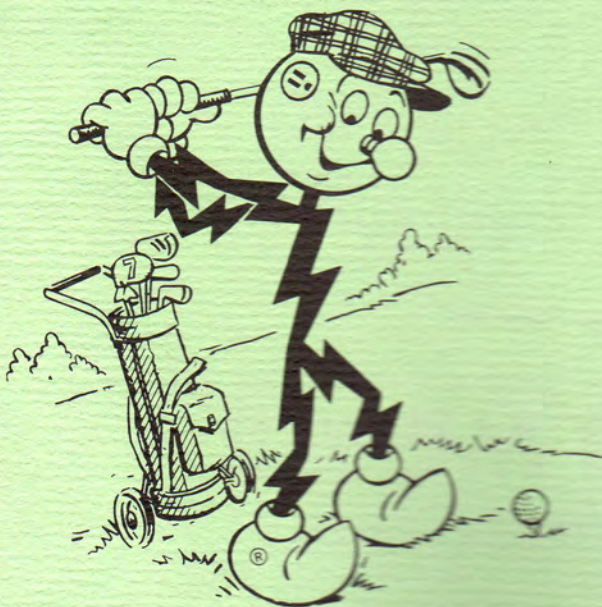
Sponsored by

**BRONSON and MOSER**





HOLE NO. 6	
PAR 3	
140 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	

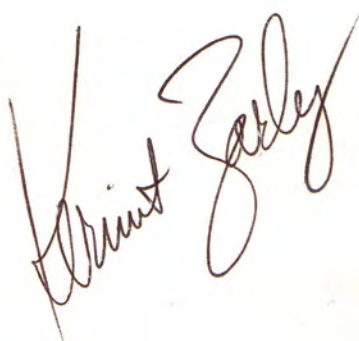


**PACIFIC POWER  
AND LIGHT CO.**

***Your partner in progress***



**KERMIT  
ZARLEY, JR.**



A former Yakima resident, Kermit Zarley, Jr. is one of the up and coming young golfers on the pro tour. A former NCAA champion while at the University of Houston, Zarley captured the national collegiate championship in 1962.

He turned pro shortly after graduation from college in 1963, but played in only two tournaments that season prior to a six-month hitch in the Army Reserves.

Zarley, called by Bob Hope "the pro from the moon," or the "golfer who sounds like a Hungarian sports car," is currently playing his ninth year on the pro tour.

He has finished well up in the money in several major tournaments this year, including a 17th place in the rich Jackie Gleason Inverrary Classic which was worth \$3,510. He took tenth in the Bob Hope Desert Classic with a five round total of 351, worth \$3,190.

Zarley's total money winnings in the 1971 season amounted to over \$49,000, and in the past eight seasons he was won \$290,395. He has won two major tour tournaments, the Canadian Open and the 1968 Kaiser International.



Where They Do So Many Things Right!



P.O. BOX 556  
419 N. 1st ST.  
YAKIMA

GL 7-6151

RIDE UP A MOUNTAIN  
ALL SUMMER

## WHITE PASS CHAIR LIFTS

Try It, You'll Like It!



SUPPLY COMPANY

WHOLESALE PLUMBING  
HEATING & INDUSTRIAL SUPPLIES

201 NORTH 2ND AVE., GL 3-4874

TACOMA ★ WENATCHEE ★ YAKIMA ★ VANCOUVER ★ LONGVIEW

WE ALSO RENT & REPAIR TANKS  
CLOSED SUNDAYS & MONDAYS  
HOURS: 10 A.M. - 6 P.M.

WATER LILIES & POOL FISH AVAILABLE  
OPEN EVENINGS BY APPOINTMENT

## WESTSIDE TROPICALS

403½ W. Nob Hill Blvd.

GL 3-4242

## EASLEY HAULING SERVICE

N. FIRST AVE. & QUINCE  
YAKIMA, WASH. 98902  
Phone (509) CH 8-2996



DECOTO AIRCRAFT, INC.

Welcome Arnold Palmer to the  
Fruit Bowl of the Nation

GILBERT ORCHARDS, INC.



120 DELUXE UNITS • 24 HR. RESTAURANT  
MEETING & BANQUET ROOMS

1507 N. 1st St.

GL 2-8585

Dwinell's

## CENTRAL NEON

YAKIMA • WALLA WALLA  
MOSES LAKE • TRI-CITIES

Don Dwinell, Owner



Peoples

DOWNTOWN  
YAKIMA MALL

... LIKES  
PEOPLE!

VISIT OUR STORE AND SEE THE COMPLETE SELEC-  
TION OF FINEST QUALITY MERCHANDISE FOR THE  
ENTIRE FAMILY. FRIENDLY, COURTEOUS SERVICE  
IS THE AIM OF THE PEOPLE AT PEOPLE'S.







## SNOKIST

is Washington State's largest fruit growing and marketing organization. SNOKIST fresh fruits and SNOKIST processed fruit, under the Blue Ribbon label, are recognized world wide for their excellence . . . the result of careful growing, grading and the highest packaging standards.







**MASCO PRODUCTS, INC.**



**Keith & Keith**

*Funeral Home*

Two Chapels Serving Yakima Area Families  
WEST YAKIMA AVENUE AT NINTH  
NEXT TO TERRACE HEIGHTS MEMORIAL PARK



**PLUMBING  
HEATING  
REFRIGERATION  
AIR CONDITIONING  
INDUSTRIAL PIPING**

**MECHANICAL CONTRACTORS**

912 NORTH 5th AVENUE  
POST OFFICE BOX 153  
YAKIMA, WASH 98907  
TELEPHONE GL 7-8158

**Pleasant  
Family Dining...**



**Sambo's**

**RESTAURANTS**

**STEAKS  
CHICKEN  
SANDWICHES  
SALADS**

All items available around the clock

314 N. First St. / CH 8-6224

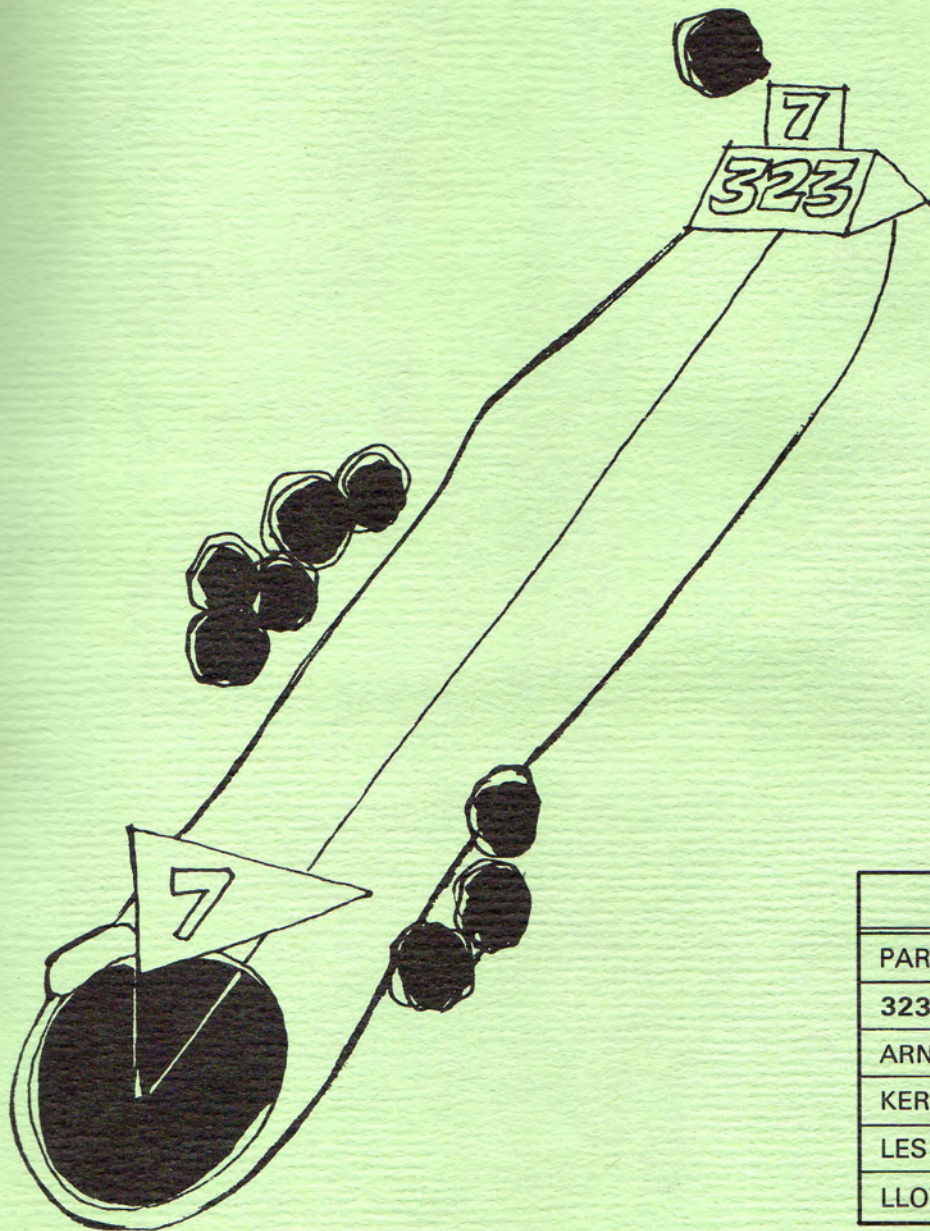
Visit the new J. C. Penney store in downtown Yakima's big, new exciting Yakima Mall. It's a whole new shopping environment for the whole family . . . You'll find savings, specials and values beyond belief in our new, exciting sporting goods. You'll find fishing, golf, baseball, basketball, football, tennis and camping equipment and much more. Whatever your game, it's right here.



**The big, new JCPenney  
at Yakima Mall in Yakima.**







HOLE NO. 7	
PAR 4	
323 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	



Ken Colvin



Ned Van Amburg



Don Emerick



Don Emerick Jr.

## Colvin, Van Amburg & Emerick

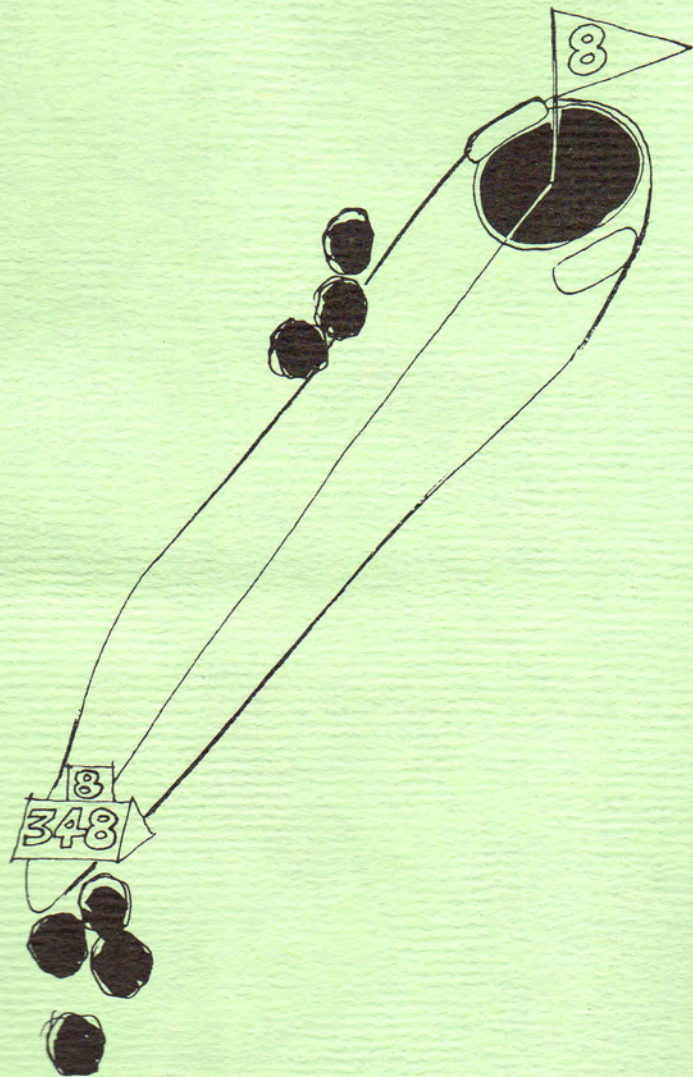
INSURANCE, INC.

201 E. LINCOLN • P.O. BOX 1437  
YAKIMA, WASH. 98901 • CH 8-5460





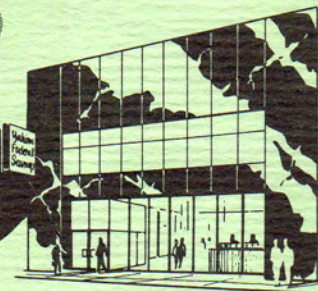
HOLE NO. 8	
PAR 4	
348 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	



We're Here On Your Account




**Yakima Federal  
Savings** AND LOAN  
ASSOCIATION



118 EAST YAKIMA AVENUE, YAKIMA

OFFICES IN PASCO, RICHLAND, PROSSER, SUNNYSIDE, ELLENSBURG





## The Right Approach to Your Banking

**CENTRAL YAKIMA BANKING CENTER**  
101 East Yakima Avenue, Yakima

**YAKIMA VALLEY BANKING CENTER**  
202 West Yakima Avenue, Yakima

**MABTON BANKING CENTER**  
408 B Street, Mabton

**NACHES BANKING CENTER**  
619 Second Street, Naches

**SELAH BANKING CENTER**  
102 East Naches Avenue, Selah



# Pacific National Bank of Washington

Member: F.D.I.C. • Federal Reserve System



**LES MOE**  
**Yakima Country Club Pro**



The 6,164 yard Yakima Country Club course on which the Arnold Palmer Professional Golf Exhibition will be played is familiar territory to one of the four participants.

As the pro at YCC since 1961, Les Moe has become well acquainted with the course and the way it plays. This home course advantage could prove to be crucial to Les and his local playing partner, Lloyd Harris, in their match with PGA touring pros Palmer and Zarley.

Les began his golfing career at Fircrest in Tacoma where he caddied from 1936 to 1942. A highlight of his caddying days was serving as caddy for golfing great Ben Hogan in a 1941 exhibition. Following service in the Navy from 1942 to 1948, Les returned to Fircrest as assistant pro, later moving to Overlake where he was head assistant until coming to Yakima in 1961.

A regular in Pacific Northwest golf competition during his pro career, Les won the Washington Assistants Tournament in 1959. In 1963 he teamed with Dick Lane to win the Columbia Edgewater Chapman two-ball event and was a member of the Hudson Cup team. He has been an eligible member of the Inland Empire Cup Team nine out of ten years.

Les has played in three National PGA Championships. In 1956, he lost to Lionel Hebert in the second round of match play.

His best round over his home course is a seven-under-par 65. Les and his wife, Beverly, have three children, Cherri, Terri and Pamela Sue.





**Yakima Country Club — Site of the Arnold Palmer Golf Exhibition**





# HOLIDAY MOTOR HOTEL

- Swimming Pool • Restaurant
- Color TV

1300 N. 1st St.

GL 2-9163

---

## WILSON ELECTRIC

Electrical Contractors

Industrial - Commerical

---

## *Four Winds!*

CHARCOAL BROILER  
1219 N. 1st St.



## M. G. Wagner Co., Inc.

1507 SOUTH 18th AVENUE  
YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

COMPLIMENTS OF

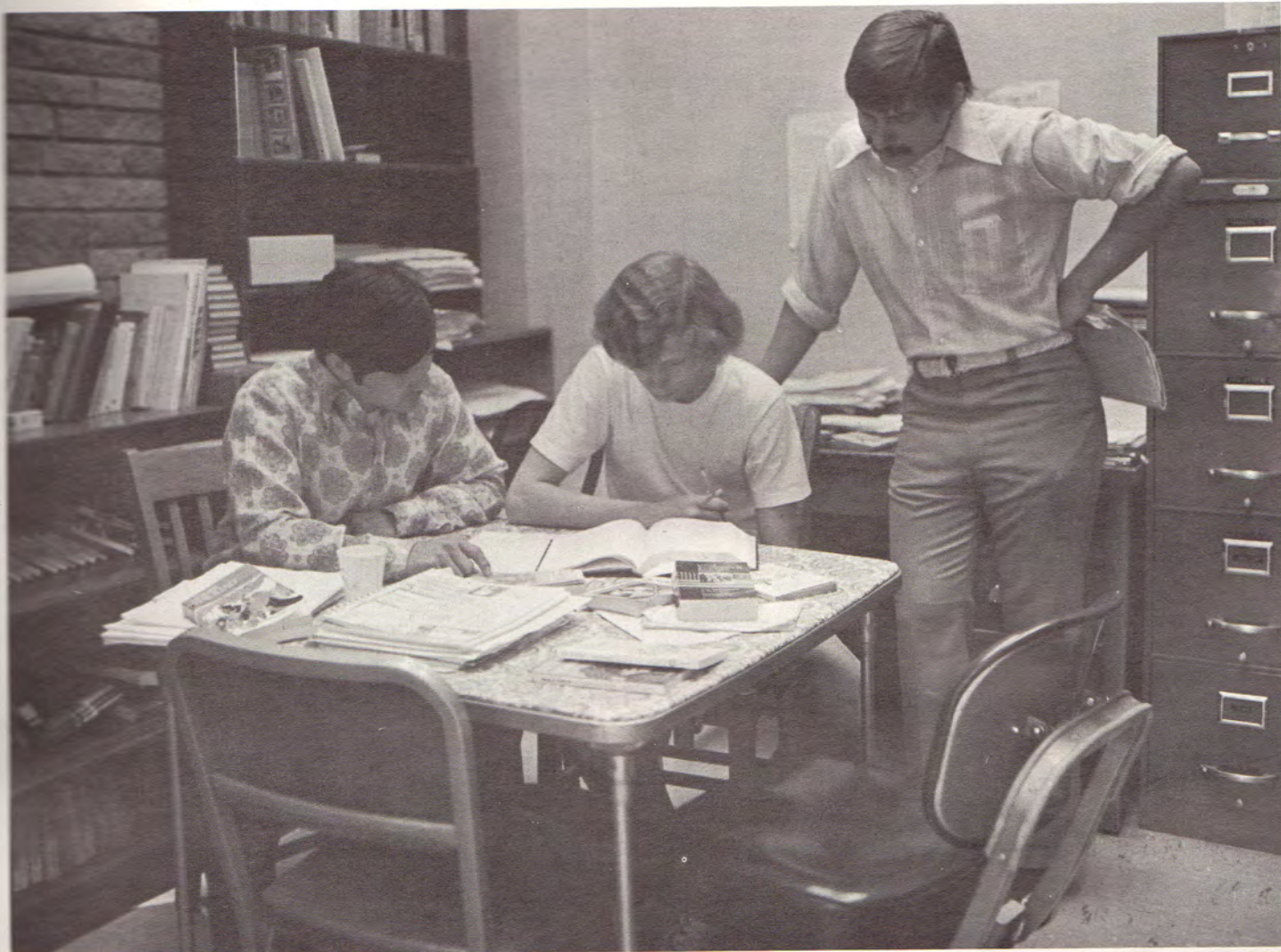
## JOHN I. HAAS, INC.

815 CONNECTICUT AVENUE  
WASHINGTON, D.C.



GROWERS OF CHOICE HOPS IN  
OREGON, WASHINGTON,  
CALIFORNIA and IDAHO





## **The Place – Helping to Reduce the High School Drop Out Rate**

A unique kind of un-school, The Place has proved highly successful in fitting the educational needs of young people who have had problems in adjusting at regular local high schools.

Started three years ago in a run-down house on South 8th Street, the Place has since grown into another house, called, naturally enough, "The Other Place." Students enrolled at the two Places receive individual counseling and assistance with completing courses necessary for graduation or preparation for a vocation or career.

The program is the result of a cooperative effort by the Yakima Public Schools, Yakima Rotary and other local service clubs.



# Congratulations



to the  
**YAKIMA ROTARY CLUB**  
on bringing the  
**ARNOLD PALMER**  
**Professional Golf Exhibition**  
to Yakima

and on the Community Service Projects  
sponsored by Yakima Rotary

## **WHITE SWAN LUMBER COMPANY**

The Best Slice in Town

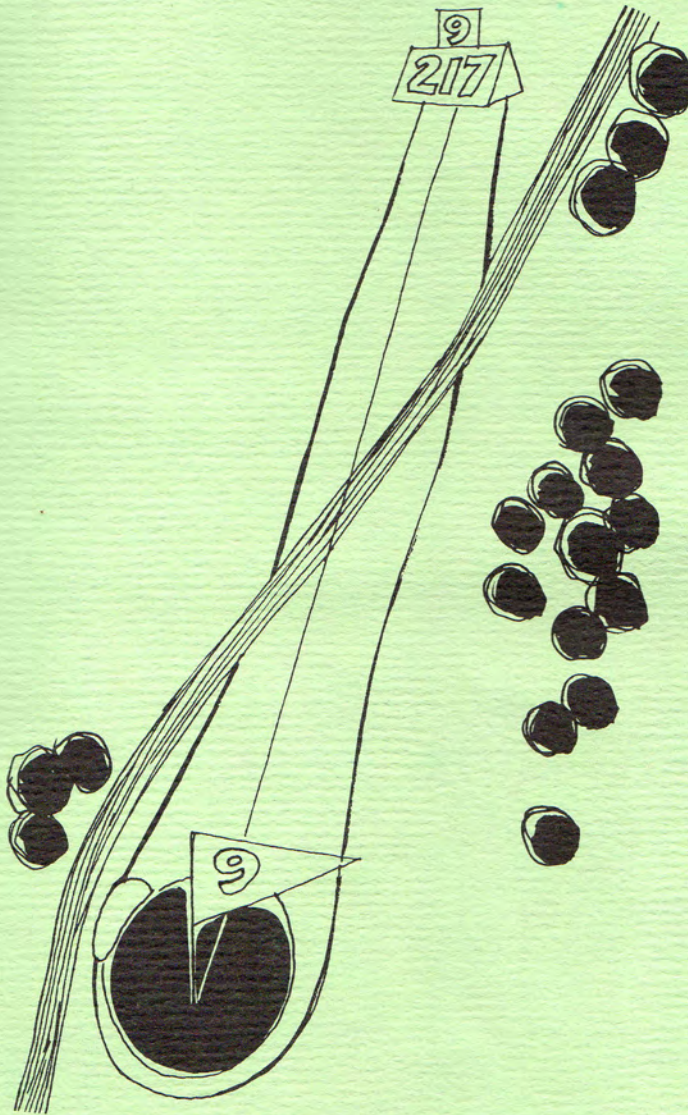
# NATURAL GRAIN BREAD

by *Snyder's*



**100% NATURAL  
INGREDIENTS**





HOLE NO. 9	
PAR 3	
217 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	

**Home Of The Volks-Visors**



**Al Lundgren Volkswagen**

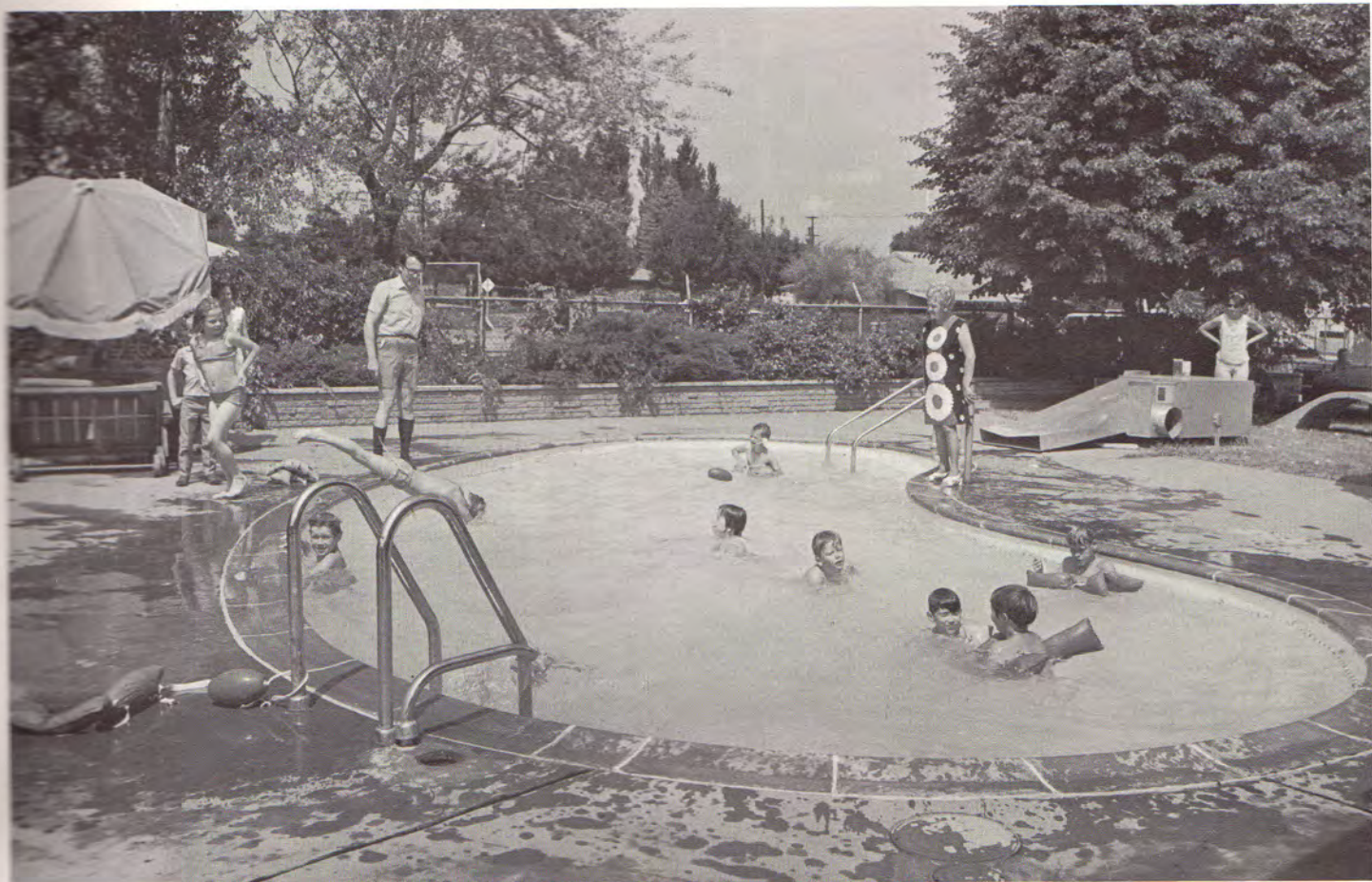
**S. 1st & MEAD**

**CH8-4700**



This Page Courtesy of  
**YAKIMA VALLEY DENTAL SOCIETY**





## Helping Crippled Children — A Rotary Project for the Past 48 Years

The child who is crippled through accident, disease or congenital deformity may require months, years, or a lifetime of special treatment and care. Many such children and their families receive aid each year from the Yakima Rotary Fund for the Handicapped, Inc. Financial assistance by the fund enables children from throughout Central Washington whose parents cannot meet the entire expense to receive needed medical attention at Children's Orthopedic Hospital in Seattle. Braces, artificial limbs, wheel chairs, special eye glasses and corrective shoes have also been provided for needy children by the Rotary Fund.

### Special Facilities for Handicapped Children at Hoover School Provided by Yakima Rotary

Handicapped children attending Hoover School in Yakima enjoy swim therapy in a special heated pool built in 1959 with funds donated by the Yakima Rotary Club. Additional funds have since been donated by the club to cover the pool for year-around use. A hydro-therapy tank and other special equipment at Hoover School have been provided by Yakima Rotary.

A non-profit corporation, the Yakima Rotary Fund for the Handicapped, Inc., was formed in 1964 to carry on and expand the program of helping crippled children begun by Yakima Rotary in 1924.



**LLOYD HARRIS**  
**Suntides Golf Course Pro**



A former professional basketball player turned golf pro will be one-half of the local team competing against Arnold Palmer and Kermit Zarley in the Rotary-sponsored benefit match in Yakima.

Lloyd Harris, pro at Suntides Golf Course for the past four years, will join Yakima Country Club pro Les Moe in challenging Palmer and Zarley.

Before becoming a golf pro, Harris played professional basketball with the old Minneapolis Lakers of the NBA. He also played on a Canadian basketball team which participated in the Pan American Games in Brazilia.

After leading Idaho State's golf team in his senior year, Harris attended the first PGA Tour School at Palm Beach, Fla. He placed seventh in the 1967 Montana Open and sixth in the Idaho Open the same year.

A member of Yakima Rotary, Harris is married and the father of two children, Dee, 12, and LeeAnn, 4.



# WIKSTROM MOTORS

BUICK — CADILLAC  
OPEL

217 S. 2nd St.

Yakima

## TOWN HOUSE MOTEL

DELUXE ACCOMMODATIONS

Downtown Location. Heated Pool.

607 E. Yakima Ave.

GL 3-7141



## TIRE SALES & SERVICE 1411 SOUTH FIRST STREET

GENERAL  
TIRE

PHONE  
453-4723

IF YOU DON'T KNOW

## DIAMONDS

KNOW YOUR JEWELER



PARK FREE  
PLAZA LANE

Convenient Credit  
We Invite Comparison

# SEARS ROEBUCK Welcomes Arnold Palmer to Yakima

Watch for the opening of the  
New Sears Store in the fall 1972



**It takes a  
foursome to plan  
your estate.**



**Get together with your lawyer, trust officer,  
accountant and your New York Life Agent.**

**Four!**

Yes, it takes four knowledgeable men to cover all the aspects.  
Iron out the complications. Make sure your heirs get the  
full inheritance you want them to have.

And your New York Life Agent can make a vital contribution.

He's had sound training. Can place valuable experience at  
your disposal. Understands certain difficulties you may face.  
In short, he knows the course like a professional. He belongs  
on your estate planning team.

Helping people achieve financial security is par for the course  
with a New York Life Agent.



## **THESE ARE THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENTS SERVING YOU IN THE YAKIMA VALLEY**

### **YAKIMA**

**GENE ADAMS  
HUGO CONTARDI  
BILL DUER  
PAUL FORTIER  
DAN FORTIER  
DENNIS GREEN  
ROGER HANNA  
KEN KOVERMAN  
WENDELL SNOW  
CARL WEST  
CHARLES WOOD**

### **ELLENSBURG**

**SHERM BAILEY  
EMIL KLUCK  
WALT MESSINGER  
"IKE" PURDY  
"MOSE" WIPPEL**

### **NACHES**

**GEORGE THOMAS**

### **TOPPENISH**

**JIM KEELING**

### **SUNNYSIDE**

**BOB HALL  
ROY SCHILLER**

### **GRANDVIEW**

**DON BREN**

## **NEW YORK LIFE — YAKIMA GEN. OFFICE**

**ALBERT H. COTE, GENERAL MANAGER  
117 NO. 3rd ST., YAKIMA, WASH. 98901**



**Arnold  
Palmer**

**the man  
and  
the golfer**





Winnie always finds time for family fun, no matter how busy he is. Here he is with Winnie, daughters Peggy (left) and Amy and their dog, Thunder.





# Good golf is a state of mind



**G**OLF is deceptively simple and endlessly complicated. A child can play it well, and a grown man can never master it. Any single round of it is full of unexpected triumphs and seemingly perfect shots that end in disaster. It is almost a science, yet it is a puzzle without an answer. It is gratifying and tantalizing, precise and unpredictable; it requires complete concentration and total relaxation. It satisfies the soul and frustrates the intellect. It is at the same time rewarding and maddening—and it is without doubt the greatest game mankind has ever invented.

No game is as pleasantly engrossing. I am a professional who has to keep winning to keep eating. Yet I love golf so much that I sometimes forget to play it as well as I can. You see, a golf course is an intoxicating place. This is especially true in the spring of the year, when the warm sun

presses down on your shoulders, when the grass has just been mowed for the first time and lies there damp and green with its fresh-cut smell, when the sky is a deep blue and an occasional cloud drifts by so brilliantly white that it dazzles your eyes.

This was the sort of day, this was the sort of happiness that we kept waiting for all winter when I was growing up in Western Pennsylvania. The winters are long and hard around Latrobe, my home town. The golf course where my father was and still is the pro usually froze over by the middle of December, and we had to content ourselves with skiing while we waited for that first perfect day to come along. We dreamed about it all winter, and we went slightly out of our minds when it finally arrived. I still have trouble keeping my feet on the ground on that kind of day; I want to march right up over the next hill and on and on. It is so great to be alive and playing golf, and the world is so perfect that my mind sloshes about aimlessly. I forget that the ball is there to be hit. I stare at it, its white enamel glistening in the grass, as if hypnotized. Physically I am on the golf course, but spiritually I am just floating around it in a happy daze. I have to make a deliberate effort to reach out, pull myself back to reality and get down to the business at hand.

What other people may find in poetry or art museums I find in the flight of a good drive—the white ball sailing up and up into that blue sky, growing smaller and smaller, then suddenly reaching its apex, curving, falling and finally dropping to the turf to roll some more, just the way I planned it. I even enjoy the mingled pleasure and discomfort of breaking in a new pair of golf shoes. I like the firmness of the leather, the solid feeling against the turf. Sometimes I have changed to a new pair of shoes in the middle of a tournament and have been carried away by the confidence they gave me and the excitement of the play. Not until I returned to the clubhouse would I notice that I had acquired a crop of blisters.

There are times, of course, when I get dead tired of golf. One tournament has followed another, day in and day out. I am mentally and physically exhausted. My back aches from the constant pivoting. My shoulders hurt from the repeated jar of clubhead biting into hard ground. I cannot wait to get back home, to toss the clubs into a dark closet, to sit down and relax and forget there ever was such a game. I sit for an entire day, and no thought of golf enters my head. The second morning also passes in freedom from the tyranny of the game. But by the second afternoon I am downstairs in my shop, fiddling with that three-wood that felt a little off balance in the last round. By dinnertime I have unscrewed the bottom plate, added a drop of solder for extra weight, swung the club a dozen times, filed away half the fresh solder, found myself satisfied at last with the three-wood and begun to wonder what kind of fraction-of-an-inch alteration would make my putter feel better to me. If you are a golfer you know what I mean. If you are about to become a golfer you will soon find out.

Many people—amateurs distressed by their failure to break 100, professionals weary of the travel and the strain of having to break par every day—swear to give up golf. Almost nobody ever does.

One reason for this is the subconscious suspicion that golf is not really hard to play. No golf book, I suspect, has ever started with the statement that golf is a simple game—or even that it is “deceptively simple,” the phrase that I have used. But here, I think, is where those of us who have been



writing about golf or teaching it have made a great mistake. We have been lured into too many complexities. We have forgotten that the game began with the very elementary discovery, by a Scottish shepherd who never had a lesson in his life, that he could knock a pebble an astounding distance with a good swift lick of his shepherd's crook—and that essentially the idea of the game even today is simply to pick up a stick and hit a ball with it, as straight and as hard as possible. The trouble, I suppose, is that most people do not take as naturally to swinging a golf stick as they do to throwing a baseball or knocking a tennis ball across a net. They usually have their difficulties at the beginning, and this makes them a captive audience for anyone who has learned to play at all. The game, therefore, lends itself to doubletalk. We pros seem to be in the possession of occult secrets denied to other men, so who can blame us if we stroke our beards and begin talking about the inside-out swing, turning in a barrel, starting the backswing with the shoulders, starting the downswing with the hips, pronating the wrists and all manner of mysterious things? I have seen many golf books—you must have, too, if you have been interested in the game for any length of time—that were as difficult to read as advanced textbooks in physics.

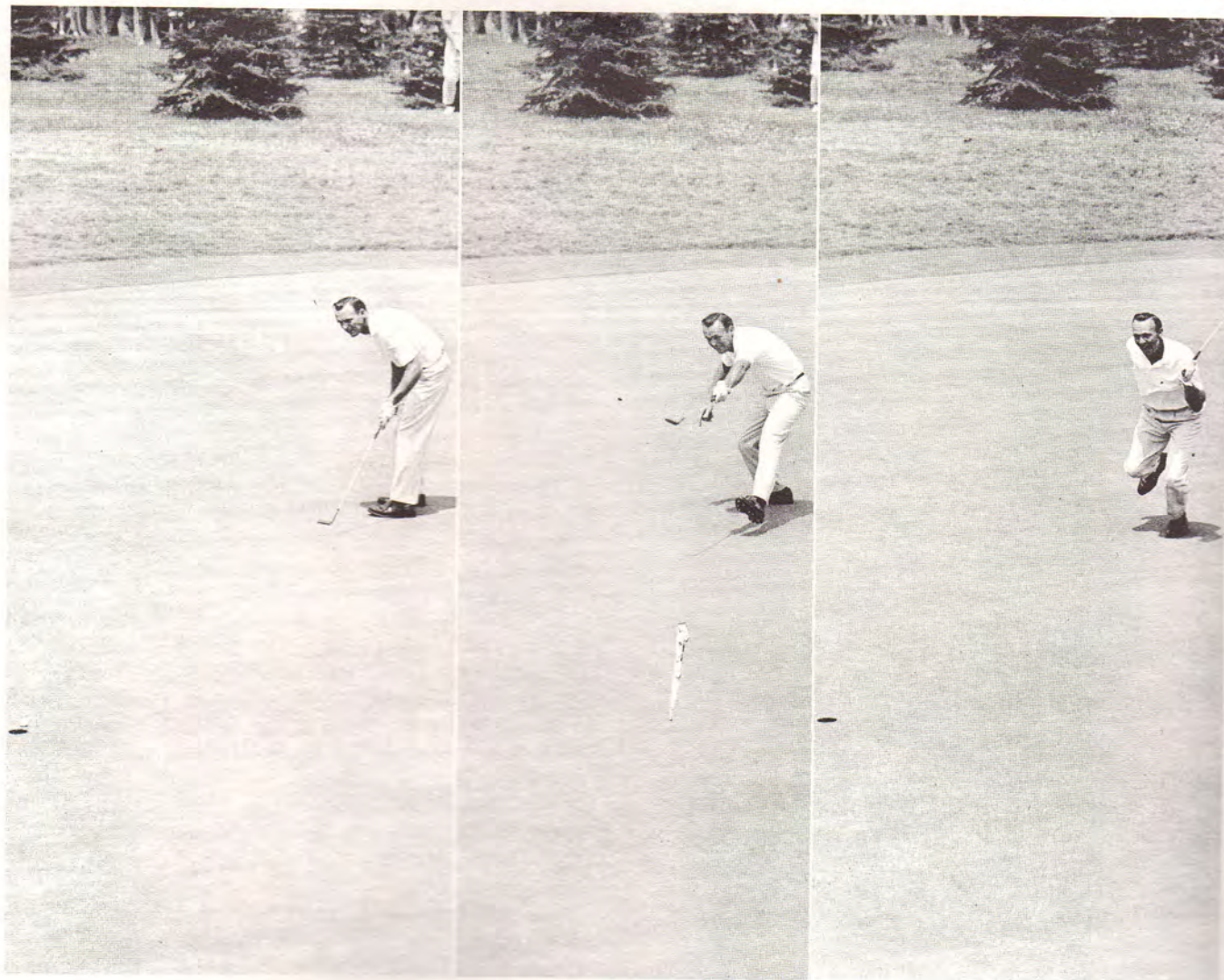
The temptation to talk and write like oracles has been

almost irresistible, and those who have succumbed to it (including me) were only being human. Unfortunately, we have done golf a disservice. We have made the game sound so difficult and so contrary to the body's natural instincts that we have surely scared away thousands of people who might otherwise have tried golf and enjoyed it. We have infected thousands of other people with inferiority complexes which have inhibited them from every playing their best and which, worst of all, have made them look upon a round of golf as an exhausting ordeal instead of a delight.

It is time now—to get back to first principles. Golf is a game, a great and glorious game. It is played for pleasure, for the modest and natural pleasure of walking around in the good clean air and for that other exquisite pleasure of hitting that rare perfect shot. Even those of us who earn our living at the game, I can assure you, play it more for pleasure than for money.

Contrary to what many amateurs have been led to believe, the golf ball is not a natural enemy of man. It is not an evil spirit put there to confound you if you should happen to forget the merest detail in a long list of mental musts and must nots. On the contrary, it is a friendly masterpiece of engineering skill, tightly wound, beautifully covered, gifted

(Continued on page 80)



*Willing the putt into the hole.*

*U. S. Open, Oakmont, Pennsylvania, 1962*





Arnold lets one go at the Riviera Country Club in California, 1962



## **L. P. Michelsen Company, Inc.**

*Fruit Packing  
Supply Distributors*

202 North 2nd Avenue  
Yakima, Washington

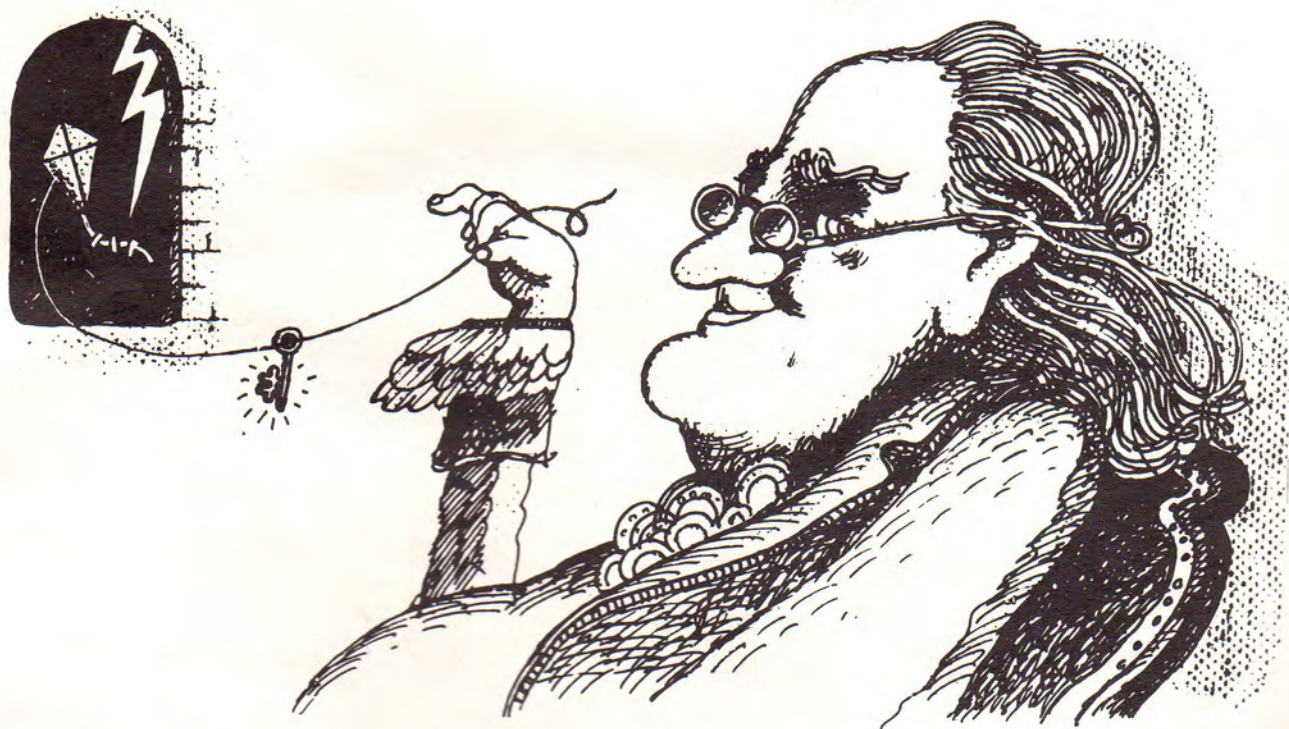
---

**Our Thanks to the  
Golfers and the  
Community for Helping  
Yakima Rotary Charities**

**O. E. Hollingbery & Son  
Hops**



# Spend 9 minutes in the City of Brotherly Love for \$2.35 or less.



## Just dial direct after 5 pm. weekdays.

You can spend nine minutes in the City of Brotherly Love—Philadelphia—for \$2.35 or less when you dial the call yourself after 5 pm weekdays. In fact,

you can direct dial a nine minute call anywhere in the continental United States for that same \$2.35 or less. And additional minutes? Just 25¢ or less!



**Pacific Northwest Bell**

Dial-direct rates do not apply to coin, credit card, collect, person-to-person, and hotel-guest calls, or to calls charged to another number.







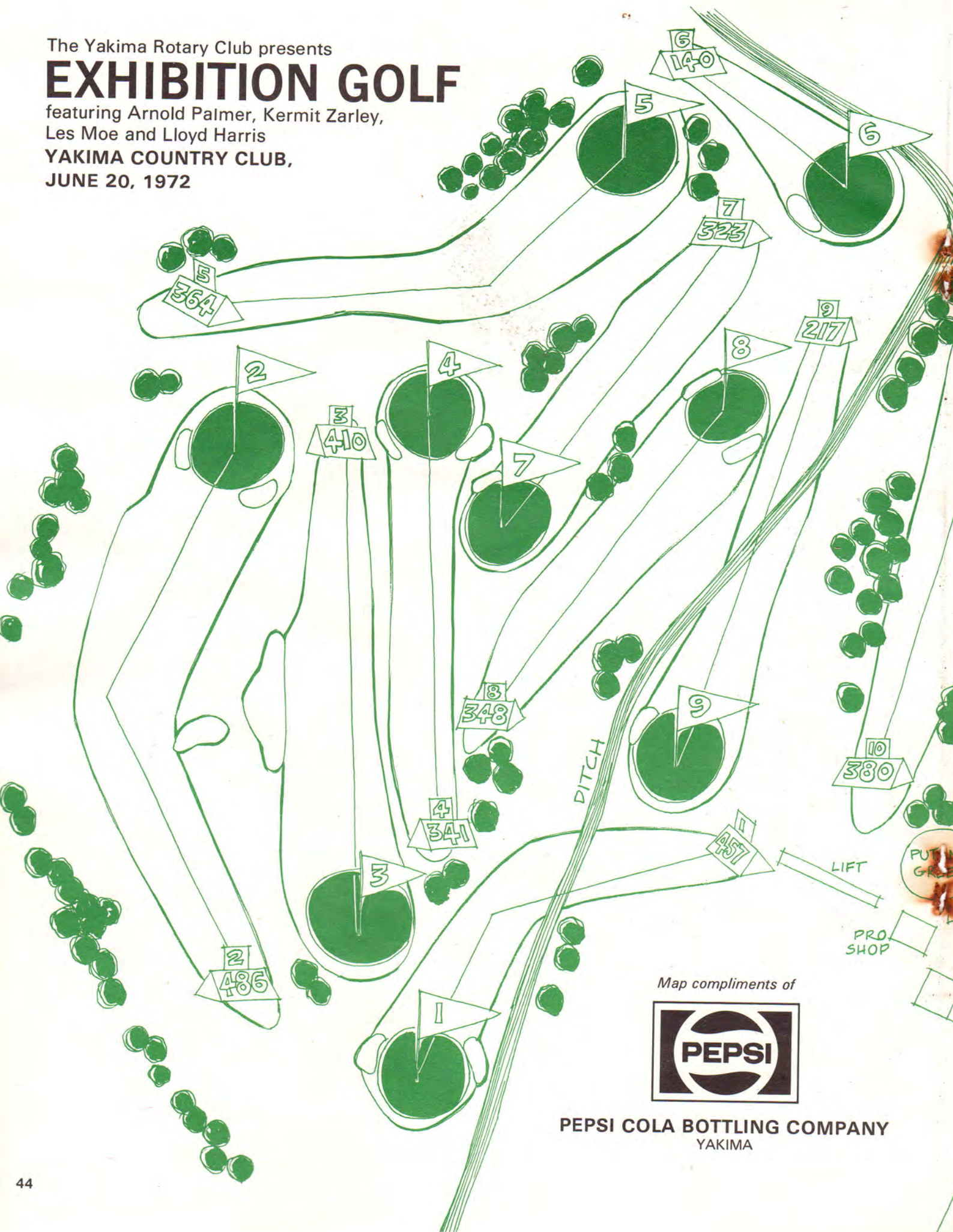
The Yakima Rotary Club presents

# EXHIBITION GOLF

featuring Arnold Palmer, Kermit Zarley,  
Les Moe and Lloyd Harris

**YAKIMA COUNTRY CLUB,**

**JUNE 20, 1972**













## CADDIES

Representing Golf Teams of Yakima Valley High Schools

CARROLL — John Kennedy

DAVIS — Ray Gallipo

EAST VALLEY — Gary Hotaling

EISENHOWER — Mel Pfeif

HIGHLAND — Dave Willard

NACHES — Greg Bostrom

SELAH — Tim Vetter

WEST VALLEY — Phil Curran

金

**GOLDEN WHEEL**  
CHINESE-AMERICAN RESTAURANT - 9 S. 1st St.

輪



the  
Printing  
Pros

*Eastern Washington's Most Diversified Printing Plant*



**SHIELDS BAG AND PRINTING CO.**

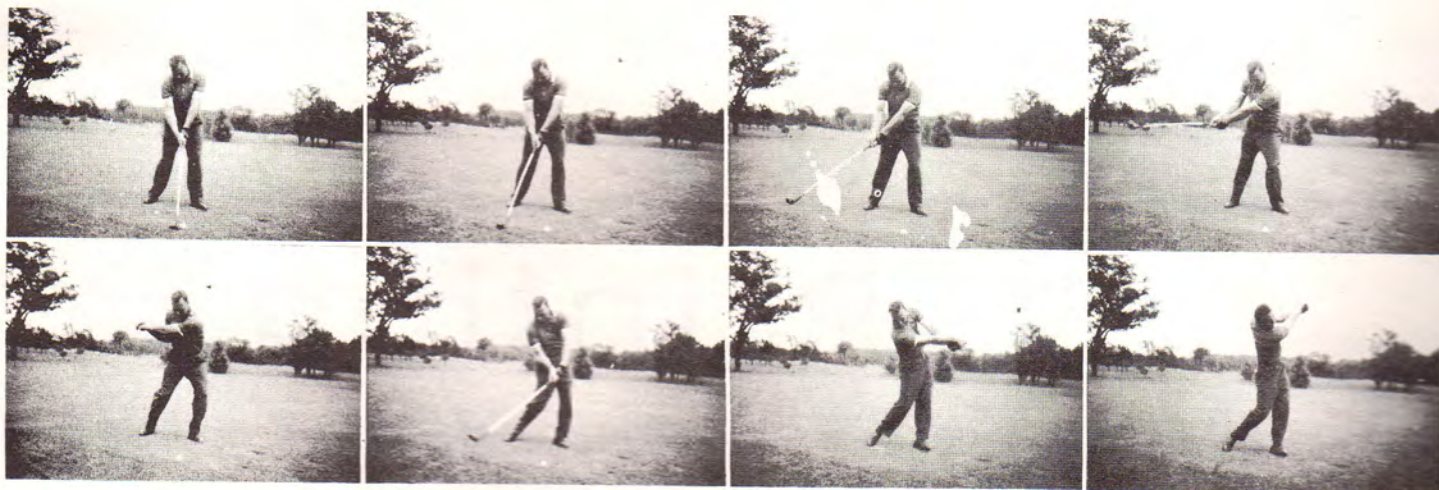
1009 Rock Avenue, Yakima, Wash.

GL 2-6551

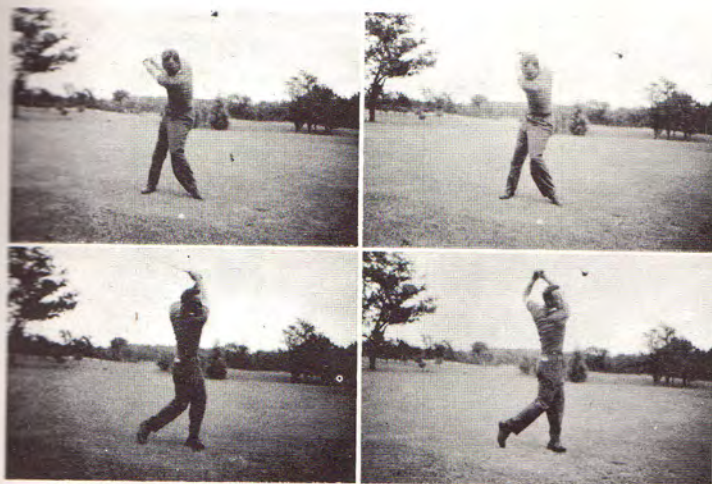
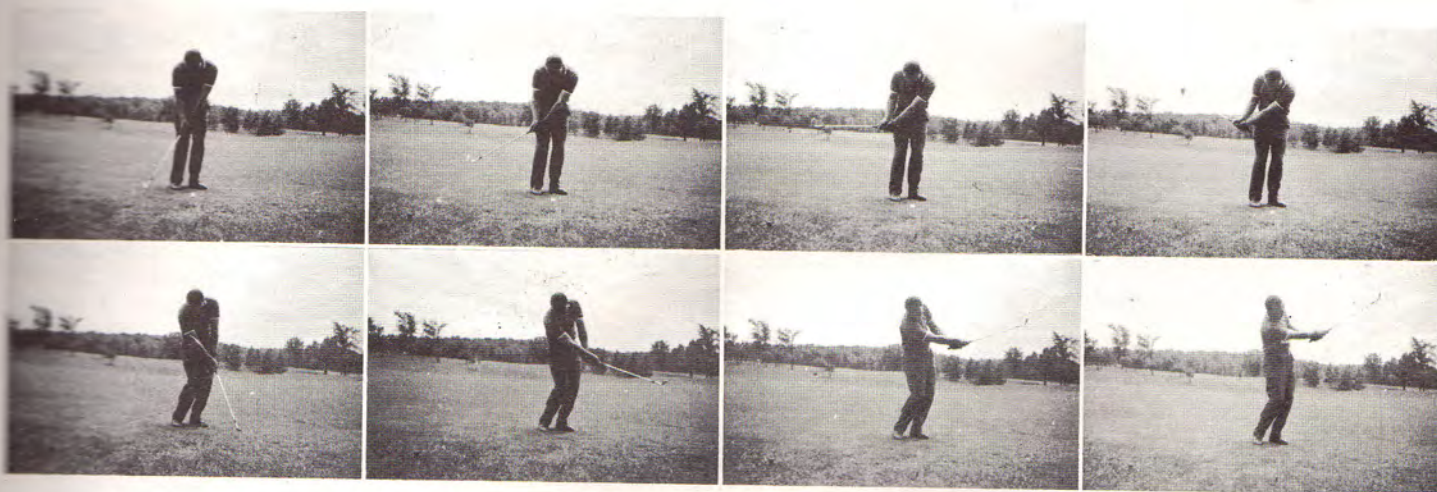


# Arnold Palmer's million-dollar swing

**A**RNIE accounts for every preliminary requisite such as club selection, direction of flight, stance, alignment and one of golf's most neglected fundamentals, the grip *before he steps up to the ball*. The proper grip cannot be over-emphasized because, without it, consistency is unattainable. He then is able to concentrate only on the proper execution of the shot. At the start, the club-head is taken back low and without any wrist break the first 12 inches. He flexes his knees as though about to sit on a chair or dive off the edge of a swimming pool. His weight shifts gradually to the right, staying within the limitations of his body build. With the irons, he never presses for extra distance or strains.







**T**HROUGHOUT the swing, Arnie's head remains steady. This represents his second unyielding characteristic which, along with the proper grip, keeps his game at razor-sharp edge. At the top, his balance is maintained and the change in direction of motion is handled compactly with the left hip perhaps making the initial move back to the ball. You will notice in frame # 5 that the left hip and left knee have moved laterally as the hands seem to maintain their position above the shoulders from there through frame #6. The shoulders continue to lag behind the hips as the hands start their downward pull. Here you might pay attention to the manner in which the right knee, never stiff, starts to flex first toward the ball, then toward the line of flight and the hands, moving fastest at impact, take the club into and through the ball. The right elbow hugs the right hip in frames # 7 to 8, keeping the club in its efficient plane, and the right shoulder stays inside the line as the left arm leads. Frame # 9, also discloses the delayed wrist action and the power of centrifugal force. The left side firms up and the right side is completely released as the clubhead contacts the ball just before the bottom of its arc, taking a divot after the hit is made. The clubface is square and is traveling in a straight line at impact, guided throughout by Arnie's "minimum of air space" grip. Then the extended arm and the force of the swing start to pull his head from its fixed position, the first movement noticed in his swing. All concentration has remained on the execution of the shot.



# Arnold Palmer Plays Arnold Palmer

In a schizophrenic round of golf, an all-time great pro tests his modern steel-shafted clubs against hickories like those used 30 years ago

I EXPECTED that playing a round of golf with the old style hickory-shafted clubs after 30 years of using the steel shafts would be like trying to fly an old Curtiss Jenny after 3000 hours in a jet. The difference was not that great, but I'm glad I was born 30 years too late.

The story began when *Popular Mechanics* asked me to play a round of golf with the old clubs to compare them with the modern professional equipment I personally designed for the Arnold Palmer Company. I have been experimenting with club designs for years down in my workshop, and the new clubs incorporated all my favorite ideas. It seemed obvious to me that they would be unquestionably better. But how much better? And in what ways were the old-timers really bad? The more I thought about it the more intrigued I became with the idea of an all-out "battle of clubs."

After we had decided to go ahead with the project, I did some research into the old style hickory-shafted clubs.

Scotland is the home of golf, and, as might be expected, all the best early golf clubs came from that country. Iron club-heads were hand forged of mild steel and woods laboriously turned one at a time.

The shafts were turned on

a lathe from carefully dried hickory, selected for weight, straightness of grain and flexibility. After the so-called blank was turned, it was again allowed to "age" until the clubmaker selected it for a certain clubhead. Working with a plane, a file and sandpaper, he would draw on his years of experience to fit the club to the player.

By varying the amount of stock that he took from the shaft (while still keeping it round), he could alter both its weight and flexibility. The player who wanted a heavier but flexible shaft would find that his was thicker with more of a curve than the player who wanted a light, stiff shaft.

Keeping the old clubs in the right condition was always the big problem, though. One former pro says, "When I first started, we had to 'pop them' often (rub with linseed oil and shellac) or they'd warp and dry quickly, shattering into splinters whenever even a good pass was made at the ball." If that happened, the golfer would begin again, hopefully swinging clubs by the dozen until he found an approximate match. Actually, there were no real "matched" sets in the early days. A player could buy a set of clubs but their matching meant only that they were all made by the same clubmaker and all (hopefully) had the same approximate weight and





flexibility. But after a few months, weather would take its toll and the oil and shellac used to preserve the wooden shafts would begin to dry out. Then, each club took on a different temperament.

After playing with the clubs for a while, the golfer would find that he liked, say, five of the clubs in his set, but couldn't get used to the "feel" of the other two. Then he'd begin the search—swinging and comparing, swinging and comparing—until he found replacements that he liked. By contrast, my own clubs are matched so that every club balances at the same point on the shaft, assuming a uniform "shield" throughout the set. And by adapting the firmness of each shaft to the weight of its head, we are able to give every club the same flex characteristic. Precise measurements have replaced the old-timer's hunch.

Weather affected the old clubs, too. On a damp day, the clubs had a completely different feel than they did on dry days. On a damp day, you could slug the ball a little harder, while on a dry day you just had to baby certain shots for fear of shattering your shaft.

In the late 20s and early 30s the tubular steel shaft had been perfected and put into production, but they didn't take over the golf world by storm.

You just can't change the thinking of several hundred thousand golfers overnight. In fact, as late as 1939 one big manufacturer was advertising that his steel-shaft clubs were the only ones "with the shape and feel of hickory." The changeover was inevitable, however, and one by one the club makers and the golfers made it.

The courses changed, too. As the boys watching the record books and keeping the greens saw the scores begin to dip downward as a result of the steel shafts, they tightened up the rules and began their never-ending struggle to keep their courses as challenging and still as beautiful as possible. Some greenskeepers today literally spend as much time working on their roughs as the old greensmen used to spend on their greens and fairways.

Compare courses as they were in 1925 to what they are now, and you find many efforts have been made to minimize the advantages of the steel club. Let's look at a few examples.

The steel-shafted club should hit the same golf ball farther. Fine—so that



*Two sets of clubs confused Palmer at times. Concentrating too much on unfamiliar hickories, he lost his concentration on shots with his own clubs.*



*Hickory clubs "really sling the ball," Palmer said after the round. Extreme whip action forced him to slow down his swing and bothered his control.*



string of bunkers that ran across the fairway 210 yards out in 1925 (the average drive for the better golfer in those days) is now out at 250 to 265 yards, erasing the distance advantage the steel shaft gave for getting past the bunkers.

Sand traps were not nearly as deep, nor as wide, nor did they ring the greens on most courses as they do now. The old golfer who needed a long, but inaccurate, iron shot and then a short, accurate punch to the green can now reach it with a moderately accurate mid-iron, so they've made it tougher on him and demanded even more accuracy.

Roughs were not as demanding, nor as ardently nurtured as they are today. Again, in the old days, the prudent golfer would chip directly back to the fairway and then reach for the green. Today's golfer, with stronger shafts and low-numbered irons of great accuracy, will often elect to go right for the green. Now the greenskeeper lets the grass in the rough grow a little longer, so its long blades can reach up and grab the club head, slowing it or turning it just enough to impair the shot.

In the old days, the pros continually reminded their students, particularly the stronger and more enthusiastic swingers, to let the club hit the ball. "Swing easy, don't try to kill it."

My dad (and I think luckily for me) realized that the game would undergo a big change, one that might not be felt for a long while, but one that would put the advantage on the side of the player who had the power. So, when I first started winging a ball, he encouraged me to give it all I had. I've been told that, even when I was five years old, my feet would leave the ground as I connected with the ball.

The steel shaft gave us two main qualities that let us develop this concept of power hitting. The first was its reliability—we no longer had to fear that a shaft might break right in the middle of a crucial round, so we could give every shot all we had.

The other was consistency—forging techniques had perfected matched heads, but even the most closely matched set of heads relied on the ability and patience of the clubmaker to find and prepare a set of hickory shafts to go with them. Technology gave us the matched and graduated steel shafts which forgive us many of our sins. But even most of these scientifically engineered instruments are not perfection by a long way. That's why, for years, I spent endless hours filing, sawing, weighting, balancing and

re-balancing hundreds of the best available steel-shafted clubs. I was determined to have a set of perfect clubs even if I had to make them myself. Eventually, that's exactly what I did. My Arnold Palmer golf clubs are the result, and they are as close to perfectly matched clubs as a set of clubs ever will be, I'm convinced. To make them just the



*Typical Swing with his own clubs shows Palmer, with full, powerful arc and high follow-through, every muscle participating.*

way I wanted them, I had to set up my own company, where we can keep a sharp eye on quality control. We have limited their sale through pro shops only, since they are engineered for serious golfers. But for any average golfer, the new clubs can overcome those minor errors that creep into his swing after a short layoff. The first holes on an early Saturday round are often not quite so difficult when a good, well-matched set of clubs is along to ease the burden. The golfer can concentrate on hitting the ball, knowing that his regular swing will fit the shot.

Again, swinging one of the low-numbered irons for distance used to be a problem, and shots with these clubs are

still an anathema to many golfers. With properly matched clubs, the swing that makes the 5-iron such a deadly scorer for Mr. Average should not need much adjustment to be just as successful with a 2-iron.

#### New Shafts for Old Hickories

I was quite pleased and surprised to see the hickory clubs that *Popular Mechanics* assembled for me for the round. In the early days of golf in this country, there were only seven clubs used in most tournaments—Francis Ouimet used that many when he won the Open in 1913. But those seven clubs were often assembled over a period of years, as each golfer put together his own "right" combination. To give me a chance to attempt the same thing in a short space of time, *PM's* editors had found almost three dozen irons and nine woods and had them all reshafted. I had my pick of them for the round.

*(Editor: We assembled the clubs by placing newspaper ads and collecting well over five dozen clubs in various stages of repair.)*

*It was a wild assortment ranging from drugstore branded souvenirs to hand-made "special" clubs that belong in a golf museum. The ones we finally selected had warped shafts, rusty heads, and ragged and rotten leather grips. Varnish on the heads of the woods had long since turned white, and rust covered all but those few of the irons that were chrome or stainless steel.*

*A single pin through the neck of the iron head held it to the shaft, and once this pin had been located and punched out it was a simple task to remove the old shaft. The head was then cleaned with steel wool, emery cloth and, in some cases, a short soaking in muriatic acid.*

*We let a professional club maker, Bert Dargie, remove the wood heads from their shafts. As it turned out, he had to pull an almost-forgotten trick out of his hat and steam the heads off!*

*Equipped with two barrels of blanks turned for us by the C. F. Work Company, he rebuilt the assortment we sent him.*

*Each shaft was carefully fitted to its head, cut to the proper length, and then a delicate curve painstakingly planed into its length.*

*Following the final shaping, the shafts were sanded, given a few coats of spar varnish and allowed to dry. Then the new grips, made of leather treated to keep a tacky feel, were applied.*

*With the wood heads, Dargie followed*



*the same practice, first having removed all of the old varnish and filler from them.*

### The Round

The course selected for the round was La Gorce Country Club, one of the oldest in Miami Beach, Florida.

My first impression after swinging a few of the hickory-shafted clubs was that they were extremely light. I hadn't really expected to see the clubs in such good shape, either.

I went through all the assembled clubs, picking out those which I thought would most likely fit my swing. With an armload of clubs we headed for the practice tee. I always warm up before a round, and for this round I began with my own clubs, starting with the nine iron and working up gradually to the low numbers and then through the woods. I like to hit five or six balls with each club I select, gradually getting the muscles loosened up and renewing the "feel" that is so important.

Once I'd warmed up, I attempted to repeat the process with the hickory shaft clubs, beginning with the niblick, going to a spade mashie, then a mashie niblick, another spade mashie with less loft, and then three of the first irons to be manufactured with numbers rather than names—a 5, a 3 and a 2. I should perhaps have picked others with the more traditional nomenclature stamped on them, but I liked the feel of those numbered clubs. By then, I was getting anx-

ious to get out onto the course and see what I could do with them in comparison with my own. (The box gives a hole by hole description of my double round.)

### The Nineteenth Hole

When it was over, I had a renewed appreciation of players like Ouimet, Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen. They had problems that we don't have today.

I can appreciate now why the old pros told their students to swing easy. The hickory shafts have so much whip to them that swinging hard and fast, like I do, will only get you into trouble with them.

Because of the whip, and the torque, you can get plenty of distance with them but you can't control them. I just didn't feel I knew where the ball was going to land. The torque—get an old hickory and hold the ends in either hand and twist it; you can't do that with a steel shaft—also twisted the clubhead during the downswing. That's one more thing to control.

Well, what did we prove? My answer is, "Nothing!" We didn't expect to. We knew when we started that modern golf clubs would be better than the old ones.

For our nine holes, the difference was 3 strokes—let's say 6 for eighteen holes. With some practice with these clubs and some better work with the putter, I believe I could reduce that to about 4

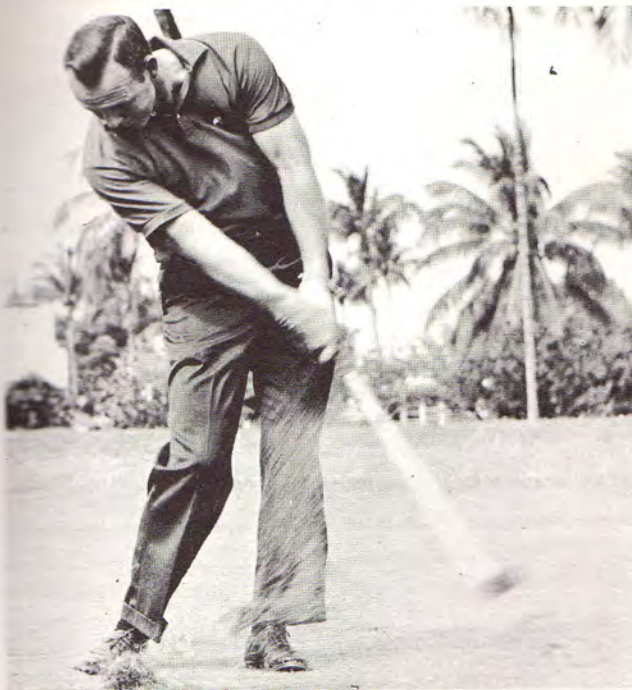
strokes. If you look at the records, the differences in tournament scores from the '20s to the '60s average about the same—from about 300 down to 284—or 4 strokes per round.

The average player wouldn't have noticed as much difference in the clubs as I did, but I play every day and practice many hours. Much of that practice is devoted to developing a feel for each shot in the bag and learning to sense exactly what the club will do every time I swing it. I can notice the slightest change in the weight of a club. Even a few thousandths of an inch change in the thickness of the grip can change the feel of a club for me.

For the average golfer, whose swing is not as well-tuned through constant practice, the hickory clubs offer too much chance for error. What would feel like a good shot during the downstroke and at the moment of impact could well be a bad slice or a yardage-gaining hook, but he'd never be sure what caused the difference.

A perfectly matched set like my own enables the golfer to "fly blind" on occasion. Even with a tricky shot, he doesn't have to adjust the swing because the club helps him swing properly so his shots must be better, no matter how tough.

So if our experiment proved anything about golf, it's that today's equipment is better for both of us, the pro and the amateur.



*Fairway shots were tossups between steel-shafts and hickories, except for accuracy. Palmer had no confidence where the hickory shot was going to land.*

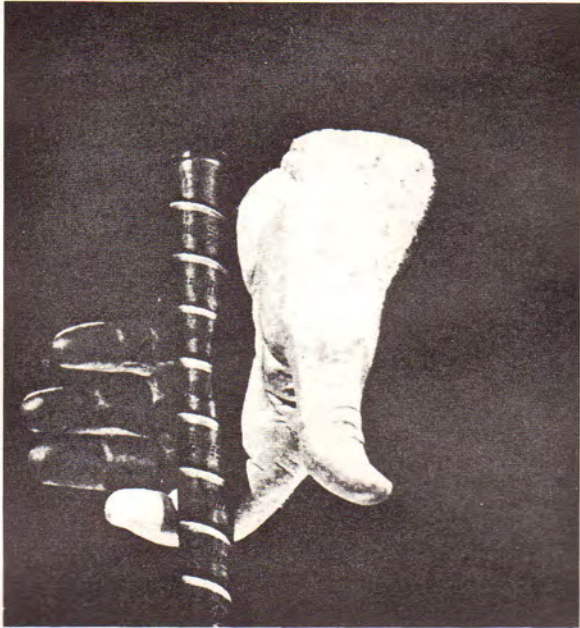


*Sand trap was another problem with hickories. Set had no sand wedge, so Palmer used niblick with poor results. He scooped ball and it overran green.*



# The Grip...The most important fundamental of Golf

Hitting a golf ball is not the difficult feat most instructors would have you believe. Forget all those complex axioms of the game.



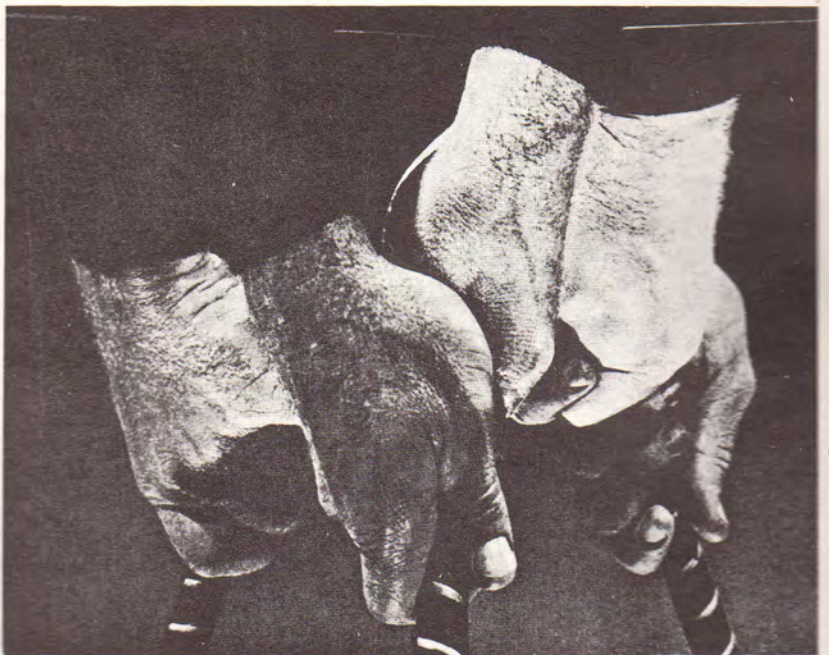
*Palmer, his hands colored to accent pressures on fingers (dark), shows how the left-hand grip starts.*



*Mirrored images at left and right give a unique multisided view of the complete left-hand grip.*



*The right palm can now fit firmly over the left thumb, with two fingers applying pressure.*



*This view of the Palmer grip, and its mirrored images, shows the final position of both hands.*



GOLF is a deceptively simple game. It is 90% mental. It is a game to be relished, savored and enjoyed, and it is only played well when these pleasures are in evidence. Books, and indeed whole series of books, have been written analyzing the hitting of a golf ball as if it were a rocket launching that involved half a million complicated parts, any one of which might suddenly fail. It isn't.

## The Grip

The single most fundamental and most neglected aspect of golf is the grip. Without the right grip on the club you can practice for years, you can develop a swing that is a perfect picture of grace and balance and yet you can never play anywhere near your potential. With the right grip you can make all kinds of other mistakes. It is the cardinal virtue that can compensate for a dozen golfing sins. Yet rare is the golfer with a good grip. Even some of the touring pros have never learned its secret.

The first thing a person does when he decides to give golf a try is to pick up a club. Unfortunately, the "natural" way to pick it up—after years of holding baseball bats, suitcase handles, brooms or frying pans—is the wrong way, and it is at this moment that lifelong duffers are born.

There is only one right way to grip a golf club. The grip has to keep both hands locked together and working together, and it has to hold the club tight enough to avoid even the slightest turning in the hands, while at the same time leaving the muscles sufficiently relaxed for a nice easy swing. Refer to the color photographs, and I will explain how to accomplish this double objective.

Let us start with the left hand, where the last three fingers do the work. They have to hold the shaft tight against the palm—tight enough so that it can't turn, yet not so tight as to get cramped and stiff. You lay the shaft diagonally across the left palm, from the base of the index finger to the opposite corner, then close the last three fingers snugly. The forefinger and thumb play a secondary role. They help steady your hold on the club and give you the necessary sense of "feel."

Now put the right hand on the club. Here the two middle fingers do the job. Like the last three fingers of the left hand, they apply the pressure—tight enough to keep the club from turning, but not unnaturally tight. The little finger of the right hand overlaps the index finger of the left hand and forms a link between the two, keeping them working together. (This is, of course, the Vardon overlapping grip, which is used by almost all golfers today.) The thumb and forefinger, like the thumb and forefinger of the left hand, help steady your grip and give you the feel of the club. But it is the middle two fingers that do most of the work. I have heavy callouses running almost the entire length of my two middle fingers (see below) and almost no callouses anywhere else.

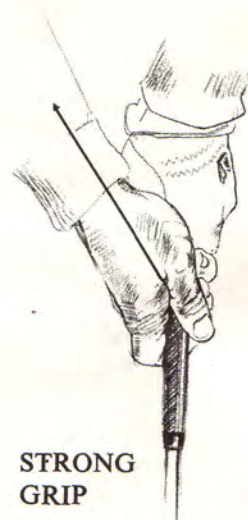
There is one other thing to watch about the right hand.



*When the grip is correct, callouses will develop in the sections shaded in color.*



**WEAK  
GRIP**



**STRONG  
GRIP**

*Moving the Vs controls hook or slice. The strong grip is best for amateurs.*



**INTERLOCKING  
GRIP**



**BASEBALL  
GRIP**

*These two less common grips have some advantages for certain types of players.*



Notice that if you start to close the fingers of your hand, as if about to make a fist, a little pocket forms in the palm. It runs from the heel of the hand—the lower left corner as you look at it—diagonally up toward the base of the index finger. This pocket is very important. When you put your right hand on the club this pocket must fit over your left thumb. Then the part of your right hand lying below the thumb must close firmly, pressing against the left thumb with a good, snug hold.

If you are holding the club with the last three fingers of your left hand and the middle two fingers of your right hand, and if your left thumb is cradled firmly in that little pocket of your right hand, with the part of the right hand below the thumb keeping a steady pressure, then you've got it.

What you have done—and you can see this for yourself—is firm up and consolidate your grip to the point where there is an absolute minimum of air space anywhere between your hand and the club. Your grip is so steady that the stress of the backswing is not going to jar it loose at any point. Nor will the shock of impact when you hit the ball, a shock that is much more violent than golfers realize. At the same time, you have got your hands nicely locked together so that they can work as a team. As your wrists start breaking on the backswing, they can move in perfect unison; they won't fight each other as they do in most bad grips. On the downswing they are free to put into the club all the whip of which your muscles are capable.

You may not be happy with your grip at the start. You can tell by looking at it that it is absolutely right, according to all principles of physiology and engineering, but it probably won't feel good the first time you try it—there is an old saying around golf courses that if a grip feels comfortable at the start there is probably something wrong with it. You may find that the two pressure fingers of your right hand are not used to doing that kind of work and tend to get tired and sore. You may have trouble keeping the pressure on with your right hand below the thumb. But believe me, this is

the right way to hold the club. Master it and you are more than halfway home as a golfer.

Now then, about those famous Vs. I have left them until last because their importance has been stressed so much in recent golf teaching that the basic principle of the grip has been neglected. They are important, all right. But they are a refinement of the grip, not the fundamental part of it.

The Vs are the angles formed by your thumbs and forefingers as you grip the club, and where the Vs point depends on where you have placed your hands on the shaft. The standard advice given by most pros is that you should place the left hand on the shaft so that when you look down on it from the position in which you address the shot, you can see two knuckles, the knuckle of the index finger and the one next to it. Then, after you have put your right hand on the club, you should have the Vs of both hands pointing toward your right shoulder.

This is a useful generalization, and as true as most generalizations, but it can get you into trouble. A little golfing theory is in order here. If you address the ball with your hands somewhat toward the right as they lie on the club—that is to say, with those Vs aimed at the point of your right shoulder, or even beyond—then your hands, as they move into their natural position in the hitting area, will be closing the face of the club a little.

When the Vs point well to the right we call it a “strong” grip (*see above*). By closing the club face at the point of impact; the “strong” grip tends to overcome any natural inclination to slice.

When the Vs point straight up and down we call it a “weak” grip. By opening the club face at the point of impact, this “weak” grip tends to overcome any natural tendency to hook.

So the fact of the matter is that no two golfers should ever see exactly the same number of knuckles on the left hand. The ideal number for you may just happen to be two, as the guidebook says—but it is much more likely to be some queer fraction like 2.367 or 1.835. Your Vs should perhaps point to the seam of your sweater on your right

shoulder or to your Adam's apple, all depending on your swing. Every player is a little different, and all players may change from time to time.

Most professional golfers have a natural tendency to hook the ball. (A slight hook is a great asset. All other things being equal, the beginner who finds that he hooks the ball right from the start will turn out to be a better golfer than the beginner who slices it.) Playing day in and day out, moreover, develops the hands and wrists, and this further encourages a hook. So a great many pros use the weak grip. You can see in the color photographs that my own grip is very much in this direction. The V of my left hand usually points to my chin, the V of my right hand to the inside of my right shoulder. But don't copy my Vs. They quite likely are not right for you.

Most weekend amateurs have a tendency to slice and should use the strong grip. This is particularly true at the start of the season, after a long winter in which the golfing muscles were never used. It would be less true in the middle of a long vacation when the amateur was playing every day. At such a time, when lots of golf has toned up his muscles, he will almost surely start hooking the ball unless he moves his hands a little to the left. The best way to find out for sure where your Vs should point is to take some lessons and get your pro's advice. The only other way is through trial and error. If you are consistently slicing, move the Vs to the right. If you are consistently hooking, move them to the left. But don't let any shifting of the hands on the club cause you to change the proper pressures and positions of the basic grip. Nothing must change that.

There are two other types of grip: the baseball and the interlocking. If your hands are unusually weak or unusually small, you may get a better hold on the club with one of these. Many women, I think, would profit from using the baseball grip. So probably would many older players who have begun to get a touch of arthritis or rheumatism in their hands. Both these grips, however, are simply variations on a theme. You still have to apply the same pressures and firmness as you do when using the Vardon grip.

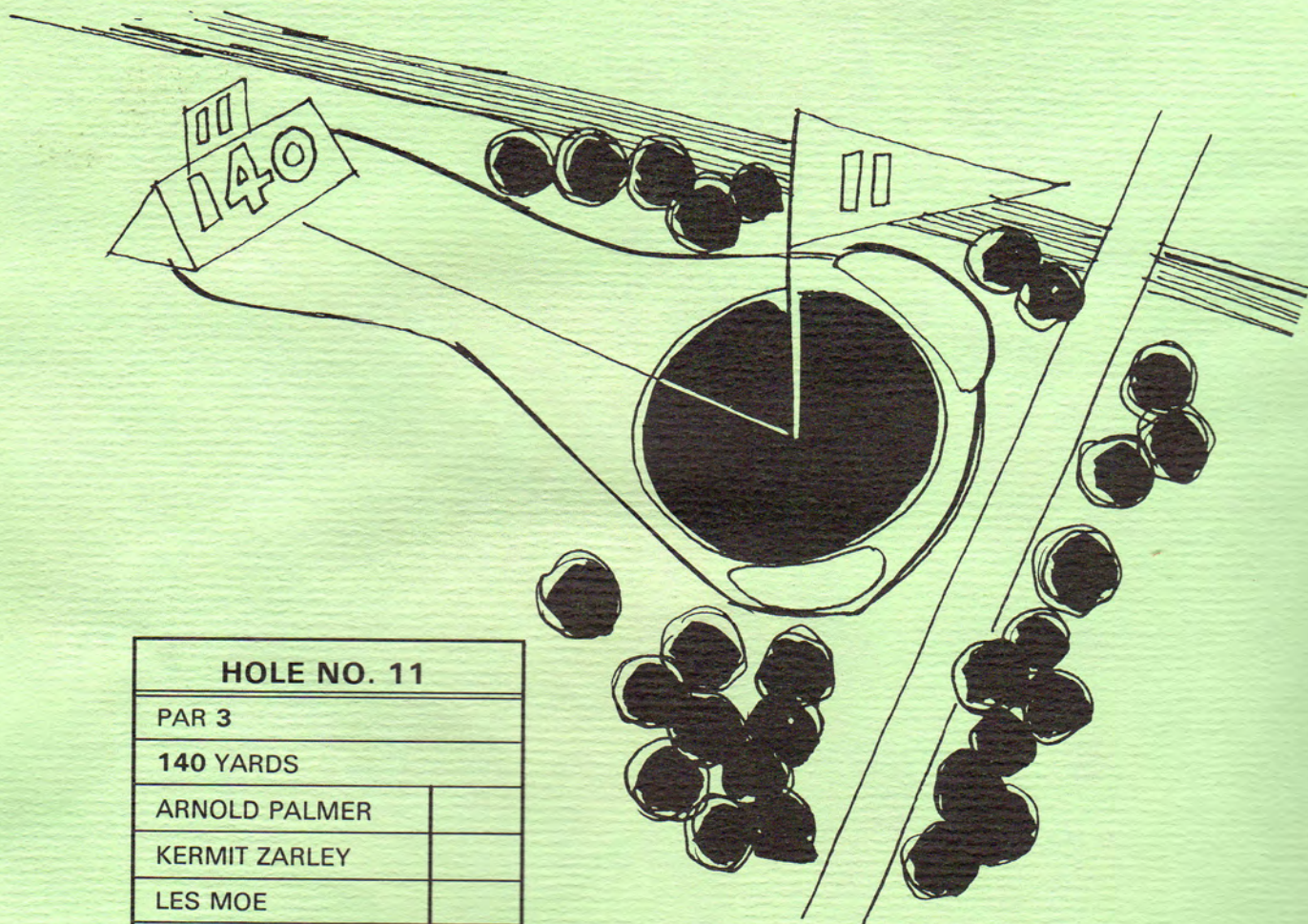




HOLE NO. 10	
PAR 4	
380 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	

**FRUIT PACKERS SUPPLY**





HOLE NO. 11	
PAR 3	
140 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	

Complete Sports Coverage Every Day in  
**The Herald-Republic**





*When Arnie makes his charge, his "Army" fires him up to the point of miracles. "They think I can birdie every hole," he says, "and they get me thinking that way, too."*

## **When Tree Top captured the taste of crisp, sweet apples, it captured the top spot in the apple juice market.**

**PURE APPLE JUICE — APPLE CIDER**

**FROZEN PURE CONCENTRATED APPLE JUICE**

New Products Recently Developed, Broadening Tree Top's Market Base:

**FROZEN CIDER CONCENTRATE**

**NATURAL UNFILTERED PURE APPLE JUICE**

**INSTANT APPLE SAUCE — Regular and Cinnamon Flavored**

Just Add Hot Water and Stir

**\*INSTANT APPLE PIE MIX — Add Water, Pour into Crust and Bake**

\*Soon Available in Selected Markets.

**TREE TOP**  
INCORPORATED

GENERAL OFFICES: • PHONE 509/697-7251 • BOX 248, SELAH, WASHINGTON 98942





*"Well, here's Palmer the lumberjack blasting through the last tree trunk at Brookline. It happened at the 11th hole during the playoff for the 1963 U.S. Open. The ball was inside the stump, but I got it out—all of three feet out."*



# The joys of trouble

In all the long, exciting history of tournament golf, never has a dominant figure managed to get himself into such spectacular trouble — water, woods, sand, brush, rocks and rough — as Arnold Palmer. But, more important, no player has been able to get himself out of that trouble as colorfully and successfully as this famed champion. He is the man who brought the word “attack” to the game. For Palmer, a golf course has always been a natural enemy — an enemy of his explosive strength and unceasing determination to win. But a noble enemy. As he has often said of his favorite course, Augusta National, “I like that place. It fights you back.” Actually, all courses seem to fight Palmer back, and he has never run from one yet, for deep within him is the conviction that no shot is really impossible. It is Palmer’s thesis that trouble shots are actually fun because of the challenge they present.



*“So, I’m smiling . . . you would smile, too, after a \$25,000 recovery shot, which is what this one at the 1963 Thunderbird was worth since I went on to win in a play off.”*





*With jaw set and brow wrinkled in concentration, Arnold Palmer looks around a tall tree to see where his second shot is headed, on the third hole at Aronimink Golf Club, July 20, 1962 at Newton Square, Pennsylvania. Play was in the second round of the PGA, the only major championship Palmer has never walked away with.*

*Below: Arnold Palmer looks for a ball that dropped into the surf on the 17th hole during the Crosby Pro-Am Tourney At Pebble Beach, California, January 18, 1964*



*"Here I am getting to know a foreign country the hard way. It is the 9th hole at Victoria in 1964 during the Australian Masters and my ball is lodged about 20 feet up a gum tree. The gallery egged me on, a burly policeman gave me a boost and up I went. It took about 15 minutes, but once I got up there I just slashed the ball down with a one-iron. Somebody asked what club I used. I said, 'A tree iron.' If I hadn't missed a three-foot putt I would have parred the hole. As it was, I still saved a stroke and got away with a bogey."*

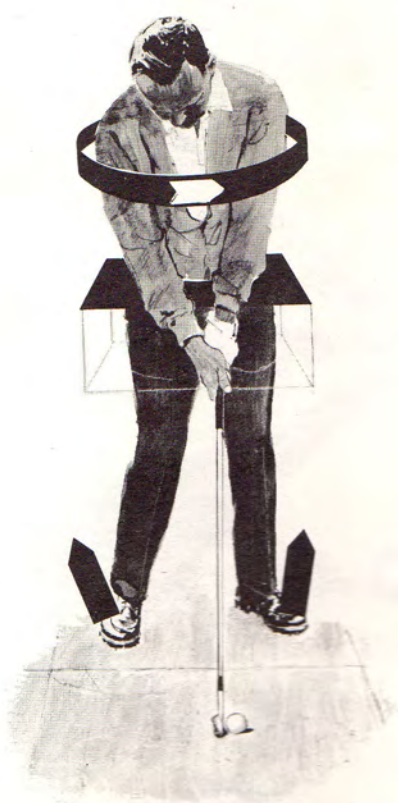




*For that nasty in-between shot from a fairway bunker, imagine the ball is actually on a firm surface, since you do not want the club head to get as deep into the sand as you would with an explosion.*



*The swing is something between a pitch shot and a chip, with the back-swing shortened and just the least amount of sand coming out with the ball. The pivot is fairly full and so is the follow-through.*

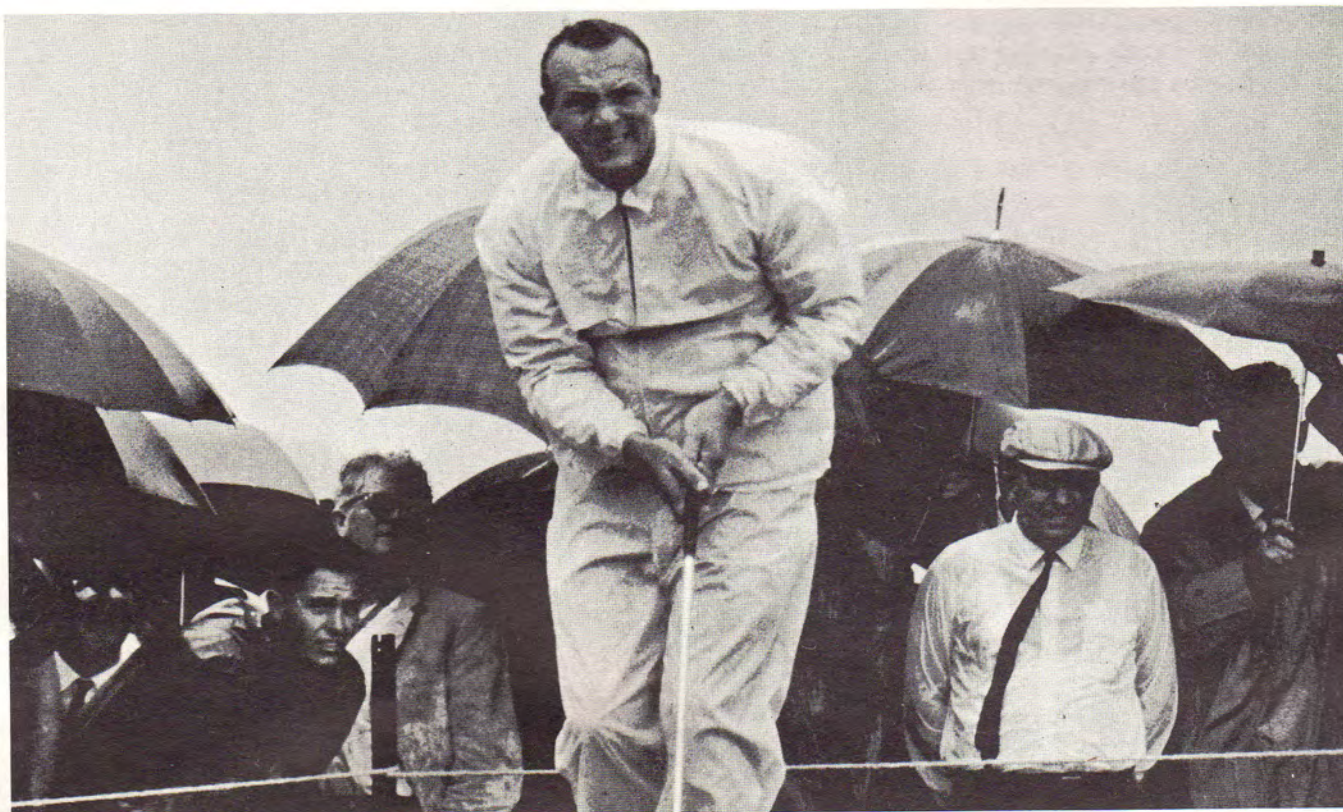


*When hitting from a surface that is very hard, weight is lightly placed, hips are restricted and swing is just with the arms.*



*When hitting from a slick, wet surface, the feet are dug well into mud for stability and the ball is simply swept into the air.*





*Rain or shine Arnie always is in there giving his all*

# Junior Aid

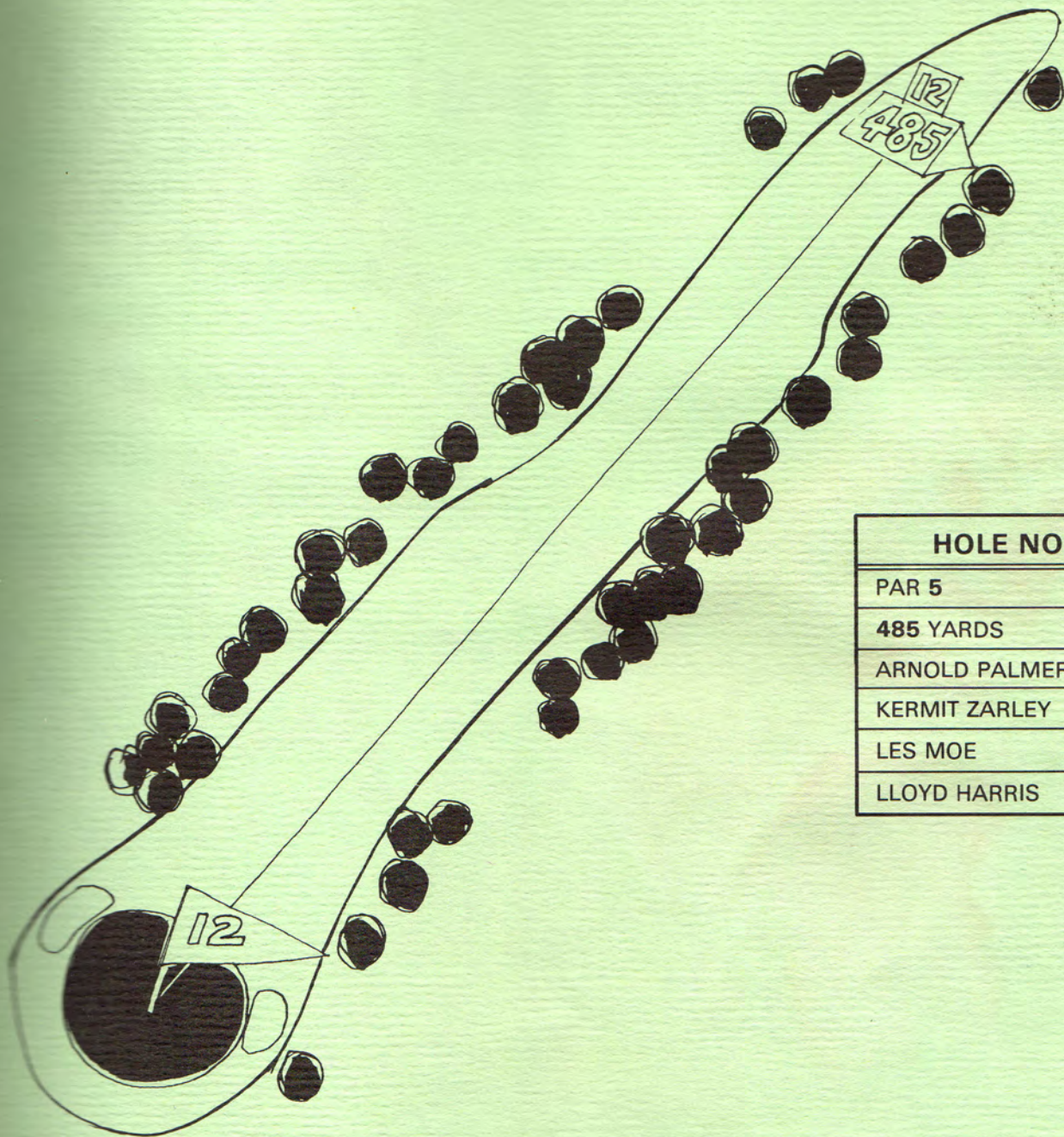
Through the years, Junior Aid has contributed in time, effort and money to many and varied community projects. Volunteer help is given in special education classrooms at Franklin Junior High and Apple Valley Schools. We continue to support the fine arts in the community as one of our major endeavors. Junior Aid has made many improvements at the Warehouse which enable the member groups of the Allied Arts Council to utilize the facilities throughout the year. The changing needs of the community govern the areas in which we give service. Some members assist with the annual Red Cross summer swim program while others prefer working at Juvenile Hall or the Volunteer Bureau. Other areas of interest include Portia House, Planned Parenthood, UGN, Youth Services, Mental Health, the Southeast Community Center, Hospitals, The Place and the Library.

*Community Arts*

*Community Service*

*Special Education*



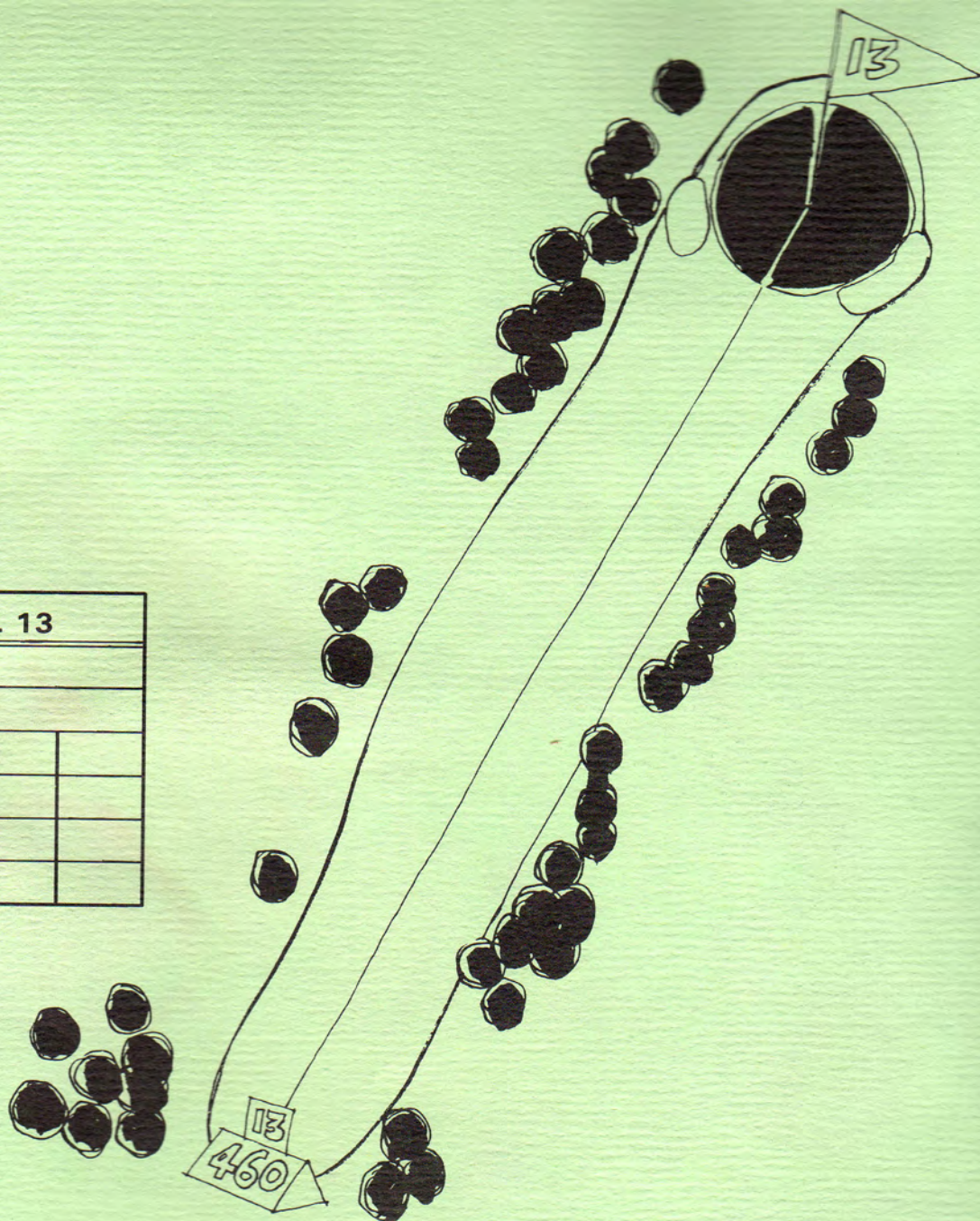


HOLE NO. 12	
PAR 5	
485 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	

**Hop Extract Corp. of America**



HOLE NO. 13	
PAR 5	
460 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	



**discover the deal**

**VALLEY FORD**



# My golf has been my life

**I**N ONE WAY, this article summarizes the mental attitudes and physical techniques that I have developed in nearly 30 years of playing golf. But in a literal sense, of course, it is not the story of my life, for it has not explained how I

learned this game that gives me so much pleasure, or what occurred in those years that I was working up to the handsome living that golf gives me today. Yet I feel that some of this has to be included, too.

I was born in Latrobe, Pa., and I

started swinging a club at the age of 4. I was completely hooked on golf by the time I was 7 or 8. We had some caddies at the Latrobe Country Club who played a good game, and because I was the pro's son they let me play. Soon I was

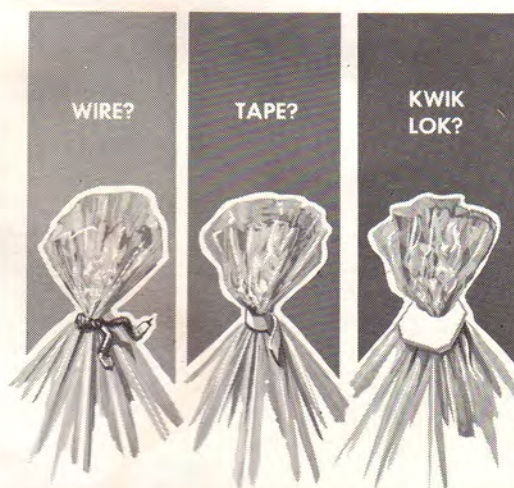






Arnie likes to play pool, and he's tough at that sport, too. He gives his daughter Amy a few pointers.

## ONLY ONE BAG CLOSURE MEETS THE CONVENIENCE TEST.



IT'S  
**KWIK  
LOK**



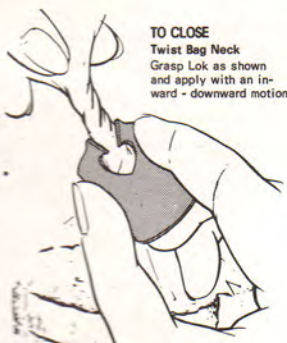
- EASY TO OPEN
- EASY TO CLOSE
- REUSABLE
- SAFE



**TO OPEN**  
Twist Bag Neck  
with 2 fingers be-  
neath, thumb on top,  
lift upward & outward.

**GIVE YOUR  
CUSTOMERS A  
CONVENIENCE  
PACKAGE ....**

**CLOSE WITH  
KWIK  
LOK**



**TO CLOSE**  
Twist Bag Neck  
Grasp Lok as shown  
and apply with an in-  
ward - downward motion

**CONTACT US FOR DETAILS**

**Kwik Lok** CORPORATION  
P.O. BOX 2098 - TACOMA, WASHINGTON

beating most of them, despite the age difference, and it was a wonderful feeling. Like most other boys, I had been interested in baseball and football, but I gradually pushed these other sports into the background. Somehow I felt that golf was more competitive, that it had more thrills and satisfactions. I was on my own at golf. I did not have to depend on anybody else. If I won, it was *my* victory.

Even in those days, I hated to hit a bad shot. It made me feel awful. Without constant pressure from my teachers I would never have done my school homework, but nobody had to urge me to do my golfing homework. When something went wrong with my shots I couldn't wait to get back to the practice tee and go to work.

I began caddying at 11 and eventually became caddie master at Latrobe. All through the golf season, I worked around the course as a sort of third assistant greenkeeper from 7 a.m. until noon, had lunch, then worked in the pro shop until 7 or 8 p.m. My father says I was the worst caddie master he had ever seen or heard of in his life, because when no one was looking I would lock up the place and go to the practice tee. I don't think I was half as bad as he insists. I learned how to whip a golf club and do a professional job of shel-lacking a wood by the time I was 14. (I am glad I did, for working on my own clubs is now one of my greatest pleasures, and may give me a competi-tive edge over the pros who cannot do such things for themselves.)

We had a high school golf team at La-trobe, and I could hardly wait to gradu-ate from elementary school and join it. I could beat most of the high school players when I was in the seventh and



By 9, Arnie had a 45.





*Deacon Palmer (left) and his son Arnold wait to hit in a match at Latrobe.*



*Sparks flying by his face, Palmer reshapes an iron in his chilly workshop.*

eighth grades. In my first match on the team, as a freshman in 1943, I shot a 71 and defeated a left-hander from the town of Jeannette. His name was Bill Denko, and that match with him gave me almost as big a thrill as winning my first Masters.

The more I played, the better I got, and the better I got, the more I wanted to play. A junior amateur championship in 1946 in Detroit was my first national tournament, and none of us could get even close to Bob Rosburg that year. But something happened that was even better than winning. It was there that I first met Bud Worsham. He persuaded me to go to Wake Forest College with him. The next three and a half years were in many ways the happiest of my life. There were six or seven top-notch golfers at Wake Forest, and we spent all of our spare time playing against one another, a dollar a match. It was more than any of us could afford, and we played our hearts out.

After Bud Worsham was killed in an auto accident, school was never the same for me. The same scenes and same companions I had once enjoyed so much were no longer endurable. I quit college and, without really knowing what I was doing, signed up with the Coast Guard for three years.

For a year I played hardly any golf at all. Then I was transferred to Cleveland and found myself in the company of some fellows who had been scratch-to-12-handicap shooters in civilian life. I took up the game again—avidly. Not even winter stopped our group. We would go to a course called Lake Shore and play when the pins were frozen solid in the cups. We played eightsomes, bundled in our winter gear, with a hand warmer inside each heavy mitten and another one inside our pockets to keep the golf balls from getting as solid as stones.

When I got out of the Coast Guard I was 24 and I went back to school. This was the only thing, I realized, that made any sense. But my heart still was not in it. I quit again, with one semester to go on my degree. I returned to Cleveland to work as a salesman, and to try to make something of myself as an amateur golfer.

At the time, I still had no real thought of turning pro. Although it is hard to remember now, in these good new days when the pros play for \$2 million a year in tour prize money and are more than welcome wherever they go, there was a

(Continued on page 74)



# Washington Mutual Savings Bank is pleased to announce that no news is good news

Savings account interest rates may be tumbling all around us, but Washington Mutual will not be budged.  
We're still paying a full five percent per annum on regular passbook savings accounts.  
No minimum balances. No time limitations.

Why settle for less?



**WASHINGTON MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK**

The Northwest's oldest and largest savings institution • Member F.D.I.C.  
32 N. 3rd St., Yakima, Washington

## ORCHARD RITE TO SERVE YOUR IRRIGATION NEEDS

- \*Permanent set over tree and under tree systems
- \*Permanent set pasture aluminum systems
- \*Hose pull and trickle systems
- \*Lawn and garden systems

Phone 452-2161 or 966-4460

## HEATING SYSTEMS:

\*Pressure Oil

\*Centralized Propane

Phone 966-4460

# YAKIMA HARDWARE COMPANY



... Home Of The  
Sound of Music

“Where You’re Always in the  
Swing of Things”

**\*MAGNAVOX TV** SALES AND SERVICE

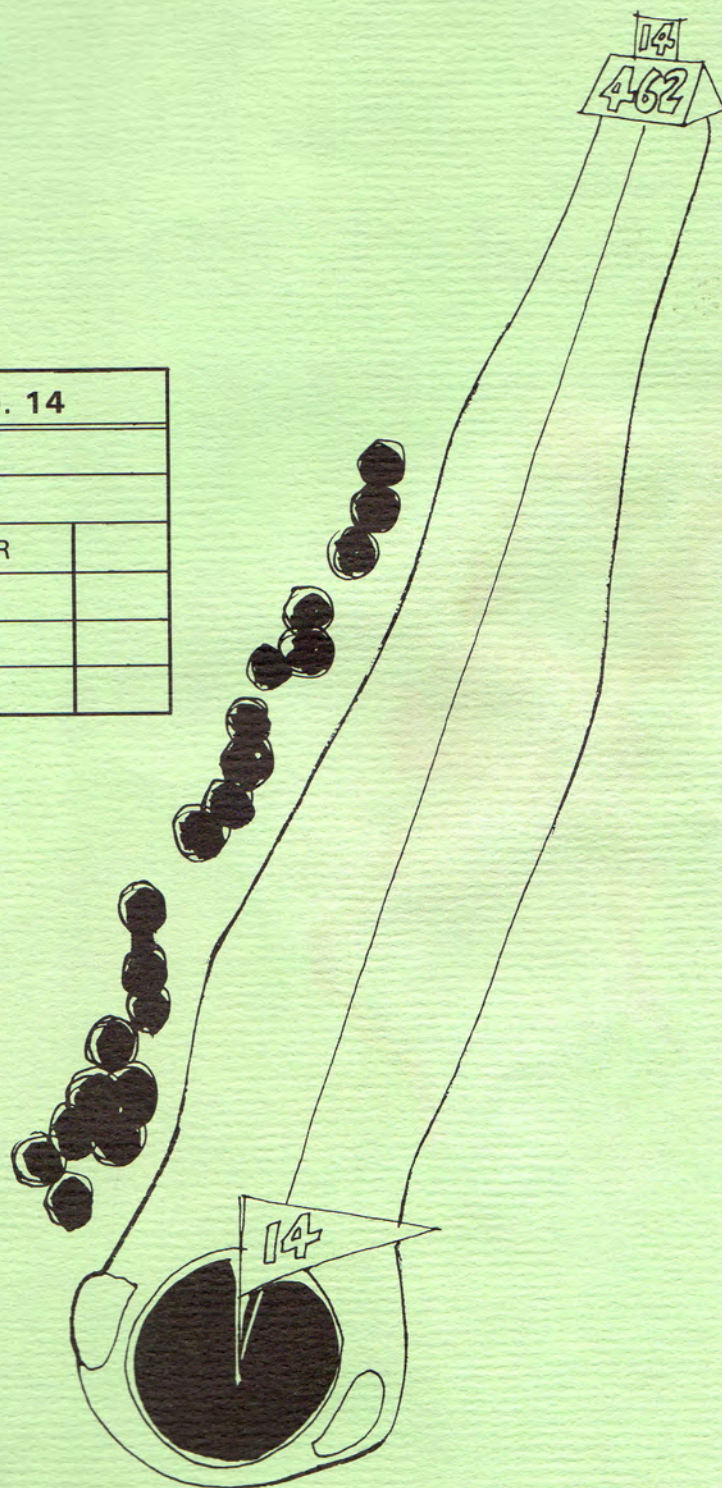
**\*STEREO COMPONENT  
DEPARTMENT**

**\*MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**  
**Downtown Yakima**

**\*PIANOS — ORGANS**  
**Downtown Sunnyside**

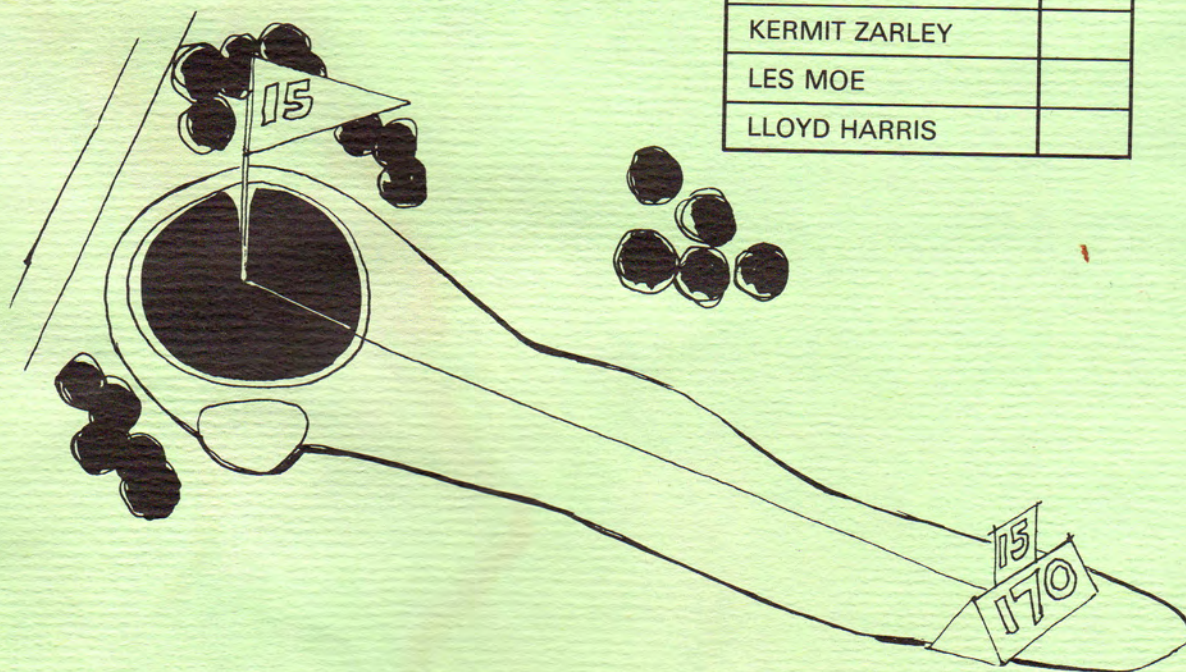


HOLE NO. 14	
PAR 5	
462 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	



**S.S. STEINER, INC.**





HOLE NO. 15	
PAR 3	
170 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	

**GAMACHE BROS. HOPS**



# Facing up to big-time golf — the Palmer way

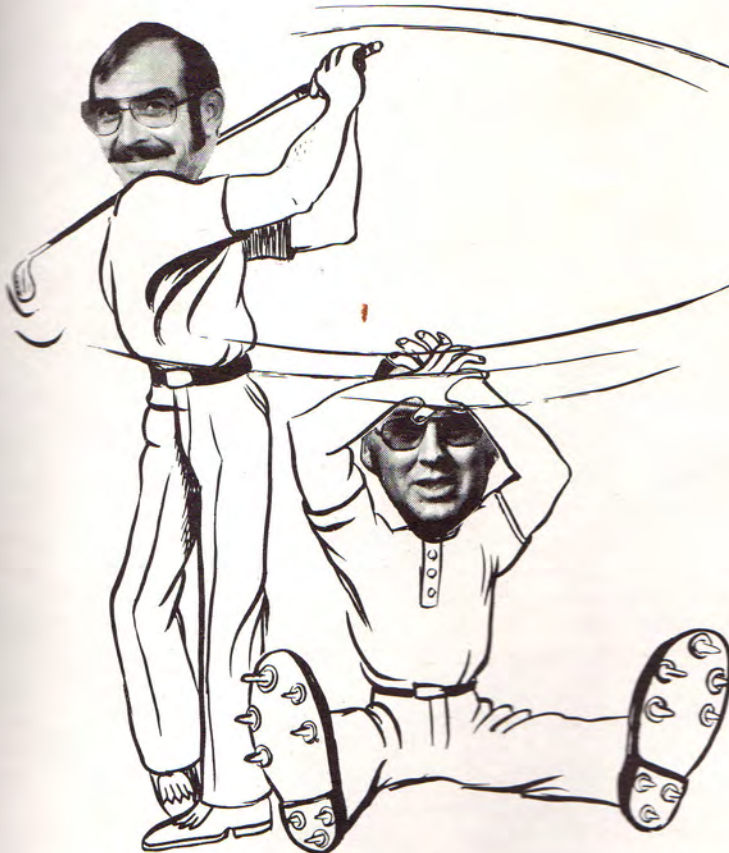
Any sports editor will tell you that Arnold Palmer is not only the King of the Fairways—he's also the King of the Facemakers. Just one look at that top row of expressions made by Arnie during some of his recent tournaments and you realize how right that King of the Fairways title is. Of course, every king should have a queen and Arnie's turns out to be none other than his pretty wife, Winnie, also an expert in the art of physiognomy twisting—as these shots of her during the 1963 Thunderbird Classic clearly show.

his



1. We blew that one . . . 2. It won't make it . . . 3. What a day . . . 4. Hey, it went in!

hers



## CONTACT SPORT???

Golf isn't usually considered a 'contact sport' . . . but if it is . . . could be your eyewear isn't 'up to par'! Better get down to Physicians Optical and let Jack Ball or Darrol Hesse show you the great new wire frames and Photo-grey lenses. Get rid of your reputation as the 'great Divot-Maker' and let them start calling you 'Eagle-Eye'! When you show up to play in new, up-to-date eyewear! So don't 'putt' it off . . . tell 'em a 'Little Birdie' sent you!







*Former President and professional Golfer Arnold Palmer enjoy a joke together at the Laurel Valley Country Club, the site of the PGA Tournament in 1965.*

(Continued from page 69)

time not so long ago when the golf professional was not even admitted to his own clubhouse. I knew some of the disadvantages of the business from listening to my father, and I was too proud to live my life like some kind of second-class citizen. So I had a vague hope of becoming a businessman and a top amateur golfer, too, playing in all the country's big amateur tournaments.

One of the things that changed my mind was meeting Winnie. She was 20, the daughter of a Coopersburg, Pa. manufacturer. It was a case of love at first sight—on my part, at least—but golf helped pave the way. Some of my golfing friends lured me into a trip to Pine Valley, the famous New Jersey course, and into a bet where I was to receive \$100 for every stroke I shot under 72 but would have to pay \$100 for every stroke over 80. I had no idea, when I made the agreement, how really tough Pine Valley is. It was a sucker bet—but I was young and in love, and nothing could scare me. I had to sink a 30-foot putt on the first hole to get a bogey, and my game could have gone to pieces right there as I started contemplating how much money I was likely to owe at the end of the day. I settled down, though, and shot a 68. I won \$400 on my original bet and \$400 more on side bets, and promptly spent most of it on an engagement ring.

In the fall of 1954 I made the big decision. I had won the National Amateur and was supposed to go to England with the Walker Cup team. I wanted to go

very badly. But suddenly I realized how impossible it was. I did not feel I could afford the trip to England, and I was not about to make much more money as long as I divided my energies between business and golf. I called Winnie long-distance and asked her if she would mind if I skipped the Walker Cup matches and turned pro instead. She said, "I want you to do whatever you want to do,"—which is the kind of girl she is. So I became a professional.

One of my first tournaments as a pro was in Miami. My father and I drove down there together and stayed in the same motel room. We were both full of confidence, but I failed even to make the cut. After the second day of the tournament I was o-u-t, out. I did not go back to the motel. I ducked my father and went out on the town. When I finally got back early in the morning, my father was awake and waiting for me. "What's wrong with you?" he asked. "Are you too lovesick to play?" I said I guessed that I was. "Well, then marry her," he said. "Get it over with."

I got a few hours' sleep, put my dad on a plane and drove to Winnie's home. She was willing to marry me then and there, but her parents did not like the idea, and I could hardly blame them. How would you like a daughter to run off with a young fellow who had just turned pro, had thus far failed to earn a nickel at his new job and who showed up like a wild man badly in need of sleep and a shave? We settled that problem. We eloped. Our future was unsure,

at best. Who would have thought it would develop so brightly?

Winnie and I started off on the tour with not much but a set of golf clubs, an old secondhand trailer to live in and plenty of conviction. Soon we moved up to a new trailer—thanks to a \$600 loan from Winnie's parents, who by now were used to the idea of a golf pro for a son-in-law. Then we were out of the trailer class completely, and Winnie and I found ourselves having our first home built. It was across the road from the Latrobe Country Club, and I have to smile a little bit now when I remember how tough I was with Winnie about the cost of the house. I insisted we could not build it any bigger than I could pay for—with cash. I guess I was a little conservative. The house, for sure, turned out to be conservative. We have been adding rooms to it ever since.

It is hard even for me to realize how much the professional tour has changed in that short interval between our first trailer and our latest playroom. I have become part of a truly amazing sports business, one that is growing faster than the wildest optimist could have dreamed. It is now perfectly possible for the top 10 or so golfers to have total incomes exceeding \$75,000 a year.

This in turn means that today's touring professional has had to become a far different kind of person from those who dominated the game 20 years ago. He has to do things that are quite foreign to an athlete's normal activities and temperament. He has to keep careful





U. S. Open, Oakmont, Pennsylvania, 1962



fore he goes to bed he has to prove where he has been and what he has done to the satisfaction of his own tax man and of Uncle Sam. He has to plan his life far in advance. He cannot just drive into a city where a tournament is being held and expect to find a hotel or motel room five minutes away from the course anymore.

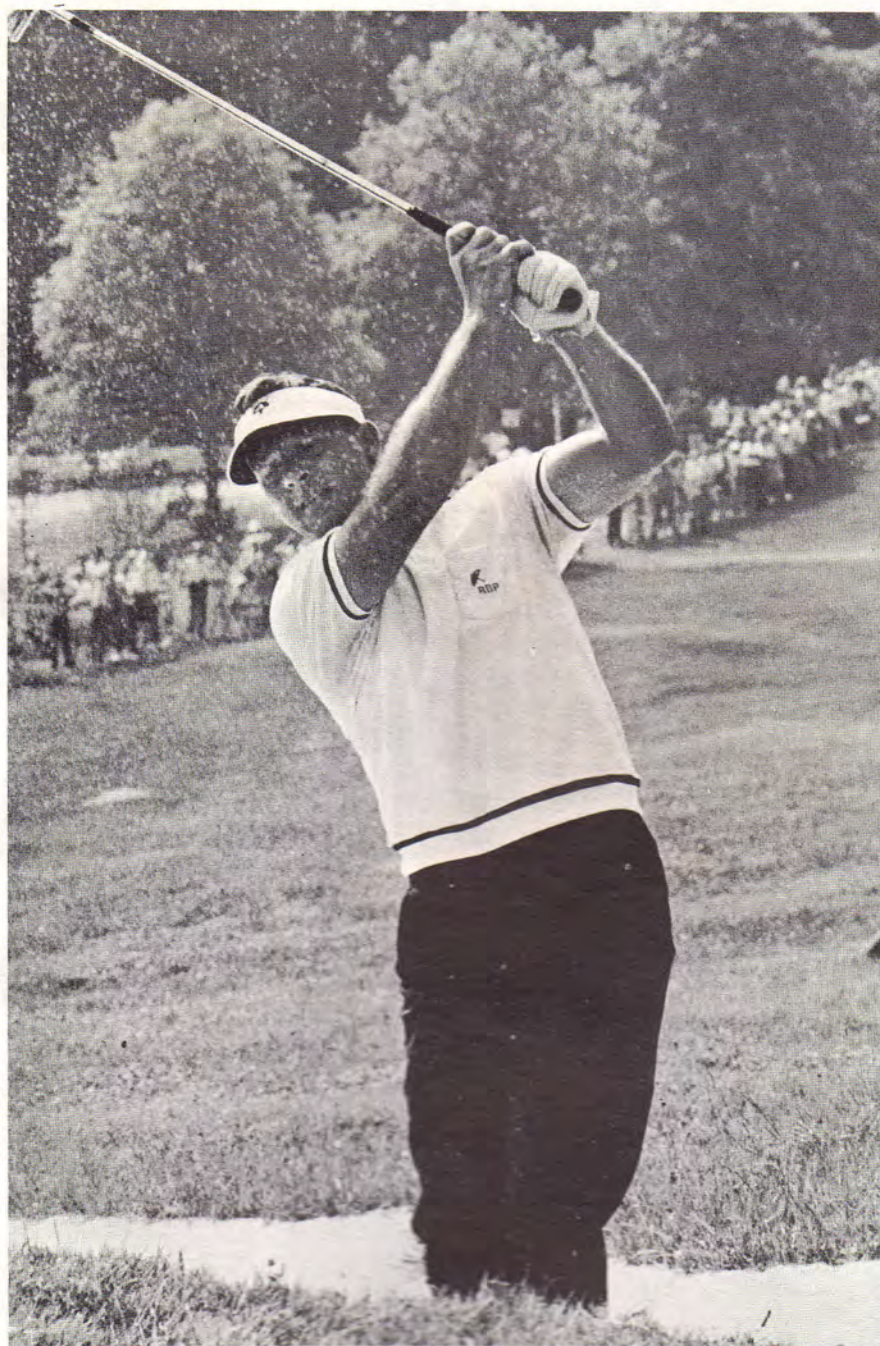
The more successful the golfer, the more the distractions. Believe me, I am not knocking it. I love the opportunity and security that come from my outside business interests. I am glad there is such

help plan my career and to write my contracts. I am delighted that newspapermen like to interview me and that people seek my autograph. But sometimes the outside pressures do get in the way. While I was delayed at this year's Phoenix Open because of two rained-out rounds, I could not help thinking that half a dozen important businessmen, directors of the Palmer Company, were losing the entire day because we had planned a board meeting in Chattanooga. When I have to start a tournament after posing all morning for photo-

an interest; and some newspapermen have been interviewing me during the breaks; and I get word that my lawyer has been trying to get hold of me on the phone; and there is a wire at the golf course asking me to take part in a charity television show — when all these things happen, as they so often do, I sometimes long for the old days when all I had to do was practice and play golf, practice and play golf.

So my concentration oozes away, my game becomes ragged. It is then that I take a break between tournaments. I step into my airplane and fly home, something that I could not have done until I became successful at golf, something that none of yesterday's pros could afford to do. It is a plane that golf bought me, and it takes me to a home that golf bought me, and to a family that would never have had its present comforts and opportunities without golf. I think about all the wonderful things that have happened to me. I think how, as a smalltown boy, I used to marvel at the movie stars who, according to rumor, made such miraculous sums as \$100 a week. I think how I used to stare starstruck at Bob Hope, and I marvel at the fact that Bob Hope is now a friend of mine: I remember the day I helped him win the pro-am at Phoenix, and how he spent the entire evening calling all his friends around the country to brag about it. I think about playing golf with Dwight D. Eisenhower, while he was President of the United States, and since then, too. That is another fabulous thing about golf. It brings men together within the firm bonds of a strong mutual interest. Golfers are automatically friends. I can feel comfortable and take intense pleasure playing golf with a President—or with a local grocer.

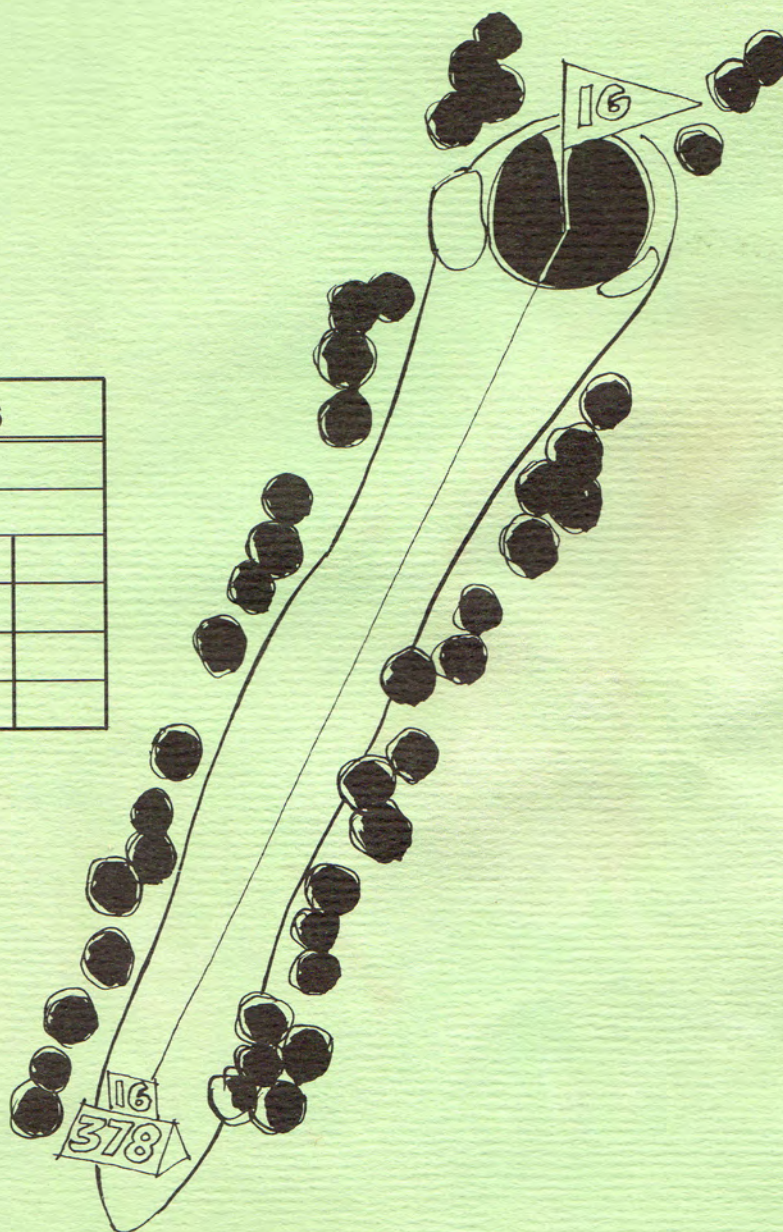
I think about the trips I have taken: to South Africa to play a series of exhibitions with my good friend Gary Player, to Canada, to England, to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Greece, Italy, Japan, Hong Kong, to the Philippines, Australia, Rhodesia, the Belgian Congo, to Mexico, Argentina, Panama and Colombia. I think how golf has become one of the most international of all sports, and how I have had my part in helping it grow. I consider all this, and then I do what any man would do in my situation. I sit back and I relax. And I think, "My, you are a lucky fellow, Arnold Palmer." Thank you, golf.



*U. S. Open, Congressional, 1964*



HOLE NO. 16	
PAR 4	
378 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	



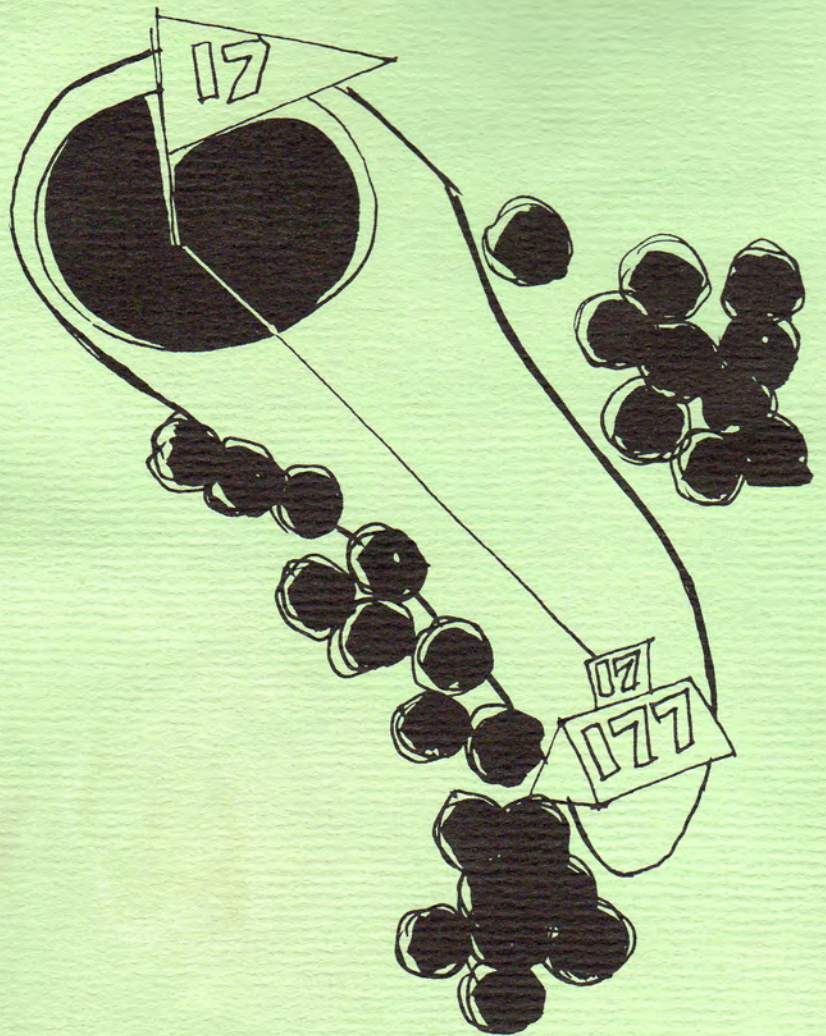
HAROLD H. SCHULTZ  
*Furniture*

CENTRAL  
WASHINGTON'S  
HOME FURNISHING  
CENTER

5th & West Yakima Avenue







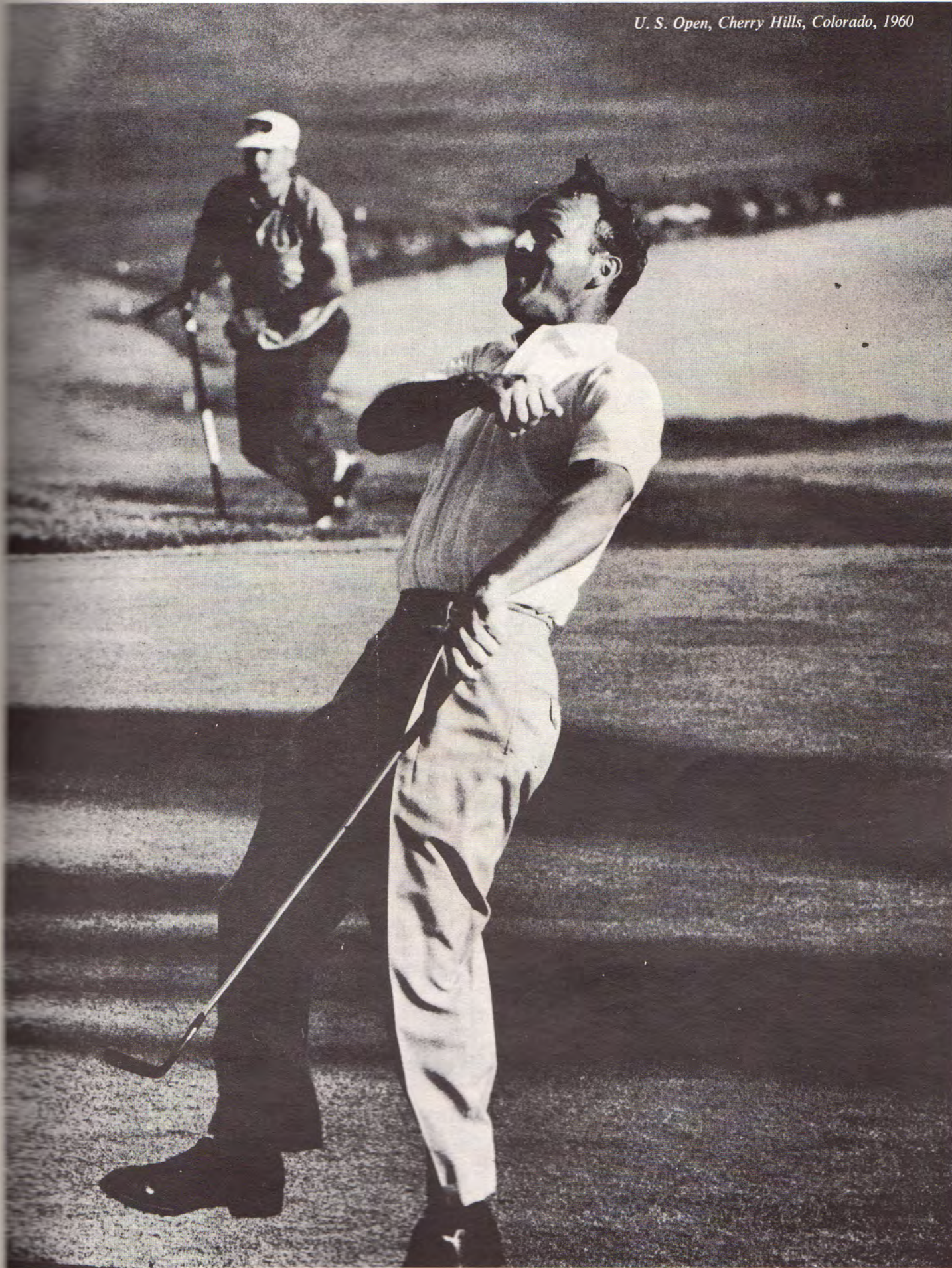
HOLE NO. 17	
PAR 3	
177 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	

# it's the real thing



CASCADE-COLUMBIA BEVERAGES, INC.







with the possibility of reaching a great velocity and dimpled to make it fly straight and true. So the next time you go out on a golf course, forget the fancy theory, shake your inferiority complex, give the ball a good healthy whack—and enjoy yourself. If you must have rules, call this Palmer's First Law of Golf.

I learned this from my father, whom I consider one of the greatest teaching pros in the business—and a pretty fair player, too, even today at 60. My father has never pretended that golf is as complicated as the blueprints for a spacecraft. Instead he has preached this simple motto: "With a good grip, a little ability and a lot of desire, anybody can become a good golfer."

I probably first heard this common-sense remark at the age of 4, when I began swinging a sawed-off club. It has been the entire foundation of my career, and to this day it remains the most useful thing anybody has ever told me about golf.

Let us examine the motto a little more closely. The grip is the single most important physical element in the golf

swing, and the most neglected. There is nothing the least bit difficult about it. It is as easy to have a good grip as a bad one. Yet not one player in 50 has a good grip, even though all of the other 49 certainly could.

The necessary talent you surely have, for neither age nor physical ability is a major factor in the scoring potential of the weekend player.

That brings us to the will to excel and the will to win—attitudes that my father sums up with the one word "desire." This mental aspect of golf is much more important than has ever been fully appreciated. It wins and loses tournaments on the pro circuit, and it plays a far larger role than physical differences in determining which amateurs will shoot in the 70s and which will keep struggling vainly to break 100. It is my earnest belief that every player has to feel that he wants to play a very good game, or else he will never play even a respectable game. So from this point on you are going to read a lot about the mental part of golf.

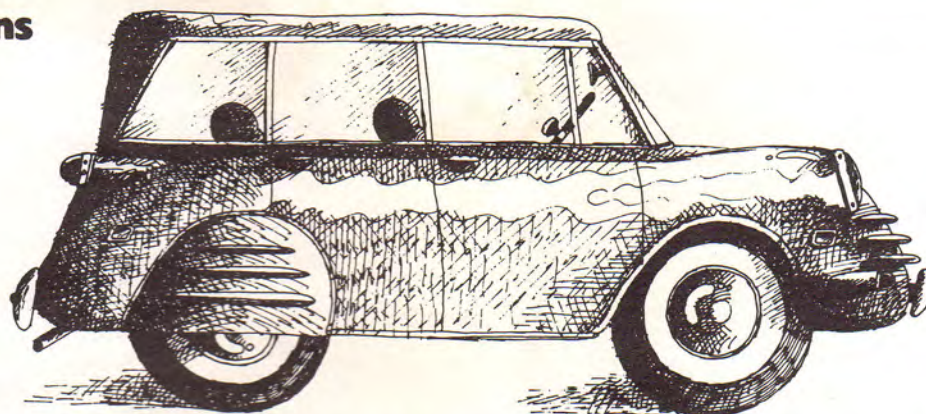
The fundamentals of the grip and the swing are reasonably simple, even

though widely misunderstood. The psychology of golf—demanding as it does its peculiar compromise between concentration and relaxation, between a fierce determination to conquer and a refusal to take any game too seriously—is far more complicated. We can put it this way:

What you need to know in order to go out on a golf course for the first time, or to go out next time and beat your previous score by many strokes, is as simple as the rules of checkers, which any child can learn in one session. But over and above these fundamentals there is an art to golf that you need to know in order to enjoy the game to the utmost and to realize your own full potential, and this art has as many combinations and variations on a theme as does chess. You will never master it, and neither, I fear, will any professional golfer. The fun of the game, the fun that I constantly enjoy and that you, too, can learn to savor, is in trying.

The harder you work at playing the game—the more relaxed you will feel about it and the more you will enjoy it. There is a great deal to be said for the

## Auto Loans



**First Bank now makes  
loans on the phone.  
Just call 1-(800)552-0720.**

Monday through Saturday 6 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.,  
and on Sunday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.



**SEATTLE-FIRST  
NATIONAL BANK**

MEMBER F.D.I.C.

YAKIMA VALLEY BRANCH / 101 N. Second St.

UNION GAP BRANCH / 2802 Main St.



power of positive thinking in golf. The man who contents himself with hoping to break 100 probably will never do it. If the same man starts thinking about breaking 70, he actually has a chance.

I would like to begin by letting you in on the mental approach I use to tournament golf. You aren't Palmer trying to win the Open, but you will see that some of this applies to your golf, too.

The newspapermen and magazine writers who follow the tournament tour think of me as a fast finisher, and because so much has been written about me in these terms I suppose the public has come to feel the same way. I have been known as a come-from-behind guy who just fools around in the early stages of a tournament, then gets down to business on the last 18 holes.

Looking back, I have to concede that an exceptional number of tournaments have seemed to go that way. In the Los Angeles Open this year I was in sixth place, three strokes behind the leader, going into the last day; yet I managed to finish on top by three strokes. In 1962 I came from fourth place to win the Texas Open and third place to win the Palm Springs Classic.

But, believe me, I don't do it deliberately. Nobody in his right mind would want to live so dangerously—and I could also claim there are a lot of tournaments that I haven't finished well in.

When I walk up to the first tee on the first day of a tournament, the only thought in my head is to play every shot as well as I can from beginning to end. I keep in mind another of my father's sayings: "If you don't birdie the first hole, you can't birdie them all."

I am playing for that birdie on the first hole and on the 2nd and the 3rd. The thing is that I don't always get it. Golf is that kind of game. You are bound to have holes where nothing goes right, no matter how hard you try. (Remember the 12 I had on the 9th hole at Los Angeles in 1962?) You are bound to have days when nothing goes right on any of the 18 holes. I have shot as high as 86 in tournament play.

The trick when this happens is to stay serene. One of golf's biggest secrets, and this applies to the beginner as well as to the pro, is to cultivate a mental approach that will enable you to shrug off the bad shots, shrug off the bad days, keep patient and know that sooner or later you will be back on top.

A tournament that stands out in my memory is the National Open in Den-

ver in 1960. I was feeling great at the time. It seemed I had never felt better when I got up in the morning, never been more comfortable standing over the ball. Every muscle in my body was toned just right. The clubs were nice and light in my hands. I knew I could hit the ball clean out of sight in that clear mountain air.

So what happened?

In the early rounds, nothing. I was always on the verge of playing well. Some of my shots were so fine that I watched them in amazement as they sailed away. Yet my scores were nothing



*Arnold in Orlando, Florida*

to brag about. I made a few thoughtless shots that were costly. My putting was off just a touch. I felt on top of the world, but all I had to show for it was a 72—71—72. I was in 15th place, seven strokes behind Mike Souchak, who was the leader.

Then on the last round the thing that I had been waiting for finally took place. The way I was feeling, I knew it had to happen, and it did. My putts started to fall. I had gotten all the careless mistakes out of my system, and I made no more of them. I birdied six of the first seven holes, shot a 65 and won the tournament.

That is the great thing about golf. If you can just keep your confidence, if you don't let the game get you down, eventually everything falls into place, and you have one of those rounds that you can remember with joy all the rest of your life.

If I am a fast finisher it is because I am always mentally receptive to a fast finish. I play to win when common sense should tell me that I no longer have a chance. Even when I have been hitting the ball very badly, or when all the breaks have been going against me, I approach each new day, each new hole, as a grand opportunity to get going again. I refuse to let up. I will not give in to the temptation to stop concentrating.

When I was in England for the British Open of 1962, I got to talking about concentration with a British writer. We were trying to put the secret of golfing concentration into words, and he began wondering if the golfer's attitude was anything like that of the late Harry Houdini, the magician and escape artist. Houdini, as you perhaps remember, trained himself to perform all sorts of amazing physical feats. As the British writer told it, Houdini was once traveling through Europe and found that a train he planned to take was about to pull out without his baggage. To keep the train there until his baggage arrived, he jumped onto the tracks in front of the locomotive and grasped the rails with his hands. He expected some one to try to pull him away, so he gripped with all the power of his muscles and all the determination he could muster in his mind. When it came time to let go, after the baggage had arrived, his grip was locked so tight that it took him five minutes to release the muscles. His fingers, when he finally pulled them away, were cut and bloody.

This is one type of concentration, and for some people it works. It enabled Houdini to perform superhuman feats of strength. It is the kind of concentration that many good boxers have, and probably the men who drive in automobile races. But it would never work in golf.

There are other forms of concentration. Many artists and writers like to shut themselves off from the ordinary events and rhythms of life; they work alone, not thinking about heat or cold or regular mealtimes. Then there are people who think they cannot do their best unless they have deliberately made themselves uncomfortable; they have to starve themselves or go too long without sleep or worry and fret to reach a peak of concentration. This is all well and good in some circumstances, I suppose. Don't try it on a golf course, however.



But how should a golfer concentrate? Well, here is my kind of concentration, and how I try to build up to it. As you read this bear in mind, of course, that the amateur who is simply seeking to enjoy a good, competent, soul-satisfying 18 holes on a sunny Saturday morning isn't going to go through the same concentration process that I am. But there are similarities between how I prepare myself mentally and how you should prepare yourself.

When I can afford to do it, and the tournament is one that I desperately want to win, like the Masters or the U.S. Open, I start getting ready at least three days in advance, sometimes more. I try systematically to put everything except golf out of my mind. I do not mean that I want to shut myself away from humanity, and I am happy that my wife Winnie understands this. She would never think of trying to help me by bundling up my two daughters and taking them to grandmother's so that she and the children would be out of the way. I don't want that at all. I would be lost without the normal, everyday routines of life to lean against. I want to be able to concentrate, all right, but I do not want life suddenly to become something strange and different from my usual world.

I do not want my wife to start babying me, either. I do not want her to start shushing the children or bringing me hot tea and aspirin every hour on the hour. If she seemed to be worried about me, all the concentration I am aiming for would vanish.

What Winnie does do, bless her, is pretend that nothing is any different, that the tournament is still weeks away, that I have all the time in the world. But quietly, and without my ever knowing it, she starts to insulate me from anything that would get in the way of my concentration. She doesn't talk to me in those crucial days before the tournament about any problems. If the roof has sprung a leak, or if one of the children has a sore throat, or if the butcher has sold her a bad cut of meat, I never hear about it—not until the tournament is over and done with and life is back to a more normal routine.

Without my being aware of it, without anything seeming to change, my wife sets herself up as a buffer between my concentration and the problems of ordinary life. She intercepts my telephone calls and puts through only those she knows will give me pleasure. She screens



*The putt that didn't drop which ultimately cost Arnold the 1962 U.S. Open.*

the mail and explains to our friends that we are not accepting any invitations. It is not easy to do this, of course, and it does not really suit my nature. I am a gregarious fellow. I like to have lots of people around. On the golf course, for example, the bigger the gallery, the better I play.

But I know that the ideal way for me to prepare for a tournament is to shut out as many things as I can. It is best that I don't meet any body. It is best that I don't read the mail. I don't want to have to think very hard about anything at all during these days, not even golf. I get up in the morning when my brain decides to awake. I have a leisurely breakfast, go out to the course and hit a few balls. When I feel like quitting, I quit. If I feel like having lunch, I eat. Then I hit some more practice balls if I feel like it, or maybe I start around the course. If I feel like keeping on, I play the whole 18. If I feel like stopping, I stop. I do it all by instinct. I feel my way toward the state of mind I am seeking.

In the evening, nursing a whisky and water while waiting for dinner, I let my mind mosey along over the details of the day—how I was hitting the ball, how I

was putting, the problem I got into on the 3rd hole because I tried to cut the corner of a dogleg too fine, the lesson I learned about how a putt breaks on the 7th green. I am not really thinking with my conscious mind, just letting my subconscious do the job. I may sit in silence, or I may chatter away to my wife about anything that pops to my tongue.

All this while something very important is happening inside me. I hardly know how to describe it. My mind, you might say, is getting cleared out. The part of my brain that deals with all the everyday problems of setting the alarm clock, and driving to the hardware store, and thinking about the children and answering my mail has nothing to do. So it stops working. It quits sending out any messages about unfinished business or unanswered problems that might worry me, tighten my nerves or tense my muscles.

I am seeking what I guess you would call peace of mind. I make it possible by deliberately sweeping everything else out of my brain. It is then and only then that I am ready for a particular tournament.



HOLE NO. 18	
PAR 4	
425 YARDS	
ARNOLD PALMER	
KERMIT ZARLEY	
LES MOE	
LLOYD HARRIS	



**THE  
GOOD  
TIME  
SOUND**

**1460  
RADIO  
KMWX**



# The Yakima Rotary Club Appreciates the Support of these PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE

Richard E. Muzzall, M.D.

*T. J. Kerns, M.D.*

Arden E. Evanger, M.D.

*Paul D. Redman*

*Michael A. Taylor*

Frederick E. Geisert, M.D.

*Robert J. Weiss*

*Lee Andrews*

Lee F. Ghormley, D.O.

Dr. & Mrs. W. Shuler Ginn

R. H. Thomas, M.D.

*Howard E. Gorman*

Leonard M. Cockrill

*Jack C. Linn*

Jay T. Johnson, M.D.

Bruce Hudson, M.D.

*Douglas S. Corpron*

Richard J. Vorenkamp, M.D.

*Donald L. McGuinness M.D.*

John A. Wolf, Jr., M.D.

*Dr & Mrs Karsten*

James J. Haven, M.D.

E. D. Lynch, M.D.

Douglas Morningstar, M.D.

*G. H. Parsons M.D. INC. P.D.*



## PATRONS

Frank Bacon  
Joe Baughman  
Terry Brooks  
Ralph Coffey  
Frank Coleman  
Jim Connell  
John Gavin  
Jack Goetz  
Lloyd Harris  
Jack Humphrey  
Wiley Hurst  
Dick Lane  
Jack Larson  
Alan McDonald  
Cecil Mellinger  
George Pinnell  
Bill Rounds  
Walt Shields  
Charles Todd  
Jim Whiteside  
Bob Wight  
Bud Applegate  
Chuck Boone  
Frank Devine  
Elmer Erickson  
Wayne Hogue  
Bus Hollingbery

O. E. Hollingbery  
Mel Hubregtse  
Bill Hubregtse  
Dennis Lowe  
Don Oppelt  
John Laird  
Leland Lugar  
Lou Predilleto  
Jack Sousley  
Fred Young  
Dave Clevenger  
Robert Fisher  
R. C. Kissling  
Dr. Rod MacKintosh  
Rod Shaw  
Karl Steinhilb  
John Trowbridge  
Leslie Welker  
Bill Gilmore  
Shuler Ginn  
Fred Halverson  
Sarg Hubbard  
Dr. Dale Miller  
Robert Ward  
Philip Olson  
Richard Twiss



**General Chairman**  
**Bus Hollingbery**



# COMMITTEE





**ADVERTISING**

Jack Ball, Chairman  
Todd Smith, Assistant Chairman  
Terry Brooks, Assistant Chairman

**BEAUTIFICATION**

Ollie Nelson

**GALLERY CONTROL**

Dave Connell

**LUNCHEON AND COCKTAIL PARTY**

Frank Bacon, Co-Chairman  
Al Lundgren, Co-Chairman

**PATRONS AND GALLERY TICKETS**

Earl Pratt

**PROGRAMS**

Bob Phillips, Co-Chairman  
Bill Paddock, Co-Chairman

**PUBLICITY**

Gordon Smith  
Monte DeVon

**SECRETARY**

Bert Broad

**SPONSORS**

Joe Baughman  
John Noel, Jr.

**TRAFFIC CONTROL**

Capt. Harold Murphy

**TREASURER**

Dick Woods



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

OREGON TRANSFER CO. — E. C. Sammons, Jr. • MOTOROLA CO. and YAKIMA ANSWERING SERVICE • INTERNATIONAL MANAGEMENT, INC. — Al Mulberry, Mary Falan

The Employees of PEPSI-COLA BOTTLING CO., Yakima • ONC MOTOR FREIGHT — Ken Goudy

YAKIMA COUNTRY CLUB — the Board of Directors and Members for the use of their golf course and clubhouse.

John Bezemer, Manager

Les Moe, Pro

Walt Keierleber, Greens Keeper

Mrs. Gerald Stockor and JUNIOR LEAGUE OF SPOKANE, without whose help this exhibition would not have been possible.

MARINE RESERVES • YAKIMA FIRING CENTER — Col. Immel

KIMA TV Channel 29 • KNDO TV Channel 23 • KAPP TV Channel 35

Radio Stations KMWX • KIT • KUTI • KQOT • KBBO

The YAKIMA HERALD REPUBLIC • The YAKIMA SUN

CREST LINEN SUPPLY • RAINFORD LTD.

Jim Whiteside • Bob Allgaier



Bring in your Arnold Palmer pictures  
for FAST FILM FINISHING!

**CLIFF MILLER'S**

• CAMERAS • OFFICE MACHINES  
• SOUND EQUIPMENT







## Score Card and Autographs

Holes		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
YARDS		458	486	410	341	364	140	323	348	217	3087
PAR		5	5	4	4	4	3	4	4	3	36
HANDICAP		3	1	5	13	7	17	9	11	15	
NAME											
DATE											
TIME											
HAIR											

	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL	Check Course Played
	380	140	485	460	462	170	378	177	425	3077	6164	COURSE RATING 68
	4	3	5	5	5	3	4	3	4	36	72	
	10	16	4	6	2	18	12	14	8		GROSS	HDCP. NET
P												
Z												
M												
H												

Olympia Brewing Company.

"It's the Water"