



# GOLF.

A Weekly Record of "The Royal and Ancient Game."

"Far and Sure."

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## Fixtures.

### DECEMBER.

- Dec. 6.—Clapham: Cronin Medal.  
United Service (Portsmouth); Davies Gold Medal and Sweepstake.  
Royal Ascot: Club Cup and Silver Putter.  
Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers; Dinner, Windsor Hotel.  
Redhill and Reigate: Allen Medal.  
Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.  
Haydock Park: Captain's Cup.  
London Scottish: Monthly Medal.  
Whitley: Wyndham Cup.  
Prestwick St. Nicholas: Bailie Wilson's Medal.  
Monifieth: Mudie Medal and other Prizes.  
Manchester: Monthly Medal.  
Edinburgh University.
- Dec. 9.—Royal Epping Forest: Kentish Cup.  
Whitley: The Joicey Cup.
- Dec. 11.—Royal Blackheath: Photograph Medal and Calcutta Cup.
- Dec. 13.—West Herts: Handicap Medal.  
Lytham and St. Anne's: Captain's Cup Competition.  
Guildford: Monthly Medal.  
Tooting Bec: Monthly Medal.  
Monifieth: Foursome, Archie and Bob Simpson with W. Young and Geo. Wright.
- Dec. 15.—Brighton and Hove: Tournament for Mr. W. Carr's Prize.
- Dec. 17.—Royal Epping Forest: Monthly Competition; Spurling-Kentish Gold Medal; and Noakes Cup.
- Dec. 19 and 20.—Brighton and Hove: Winter Prize Meeting.
- Dec. 20.—Disley: Second Winter Handicap.  
Royal Epping Forest; Gordon Challenge Cup.  
Formby: Sweepstake Competition.

- Epsom: Monthly Medal.  
Dublin: Monthly Medal Competition.  
Redhill and Reigate: Club Medal.  
Whitley: Emmerson Prize.  
Birkdale: Club Medal (2nd round).
- Dec. 23.—Royal Isle of Wight: Christmas Meeting.  
Whitley: The Joicey Cup.
- Dec. 26.—Bembridge: Gold Medal, Eaton Memorial Putter and Fisher Prize.  
Clapham: Challenge Handicap Cup.  
Felixstowe: Club Prize, value 2 guineas.  
Southport: Club Prize.  
Seaford: Monthly Medal.
- Dec. 26 and 27.—Guildford: Christmas Meeting.
- Dec. 27.—Buxton and High Peak: Monthly Competition, under Handicap, with Sweepstake.  
Felixstowe: Monthly Challenge Cup.  
Royal Ascot: Mr. Haig's Prize.  
Royal Epping Forest: Gordon Challenge Cup and Captain's Prize.  
Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.  
Haydock Park: Legh Challenge Cup.  
Royal Wimbledon: Monthly Medal.
- Dec. 27 and 29.—Ashdown Forest and Tunbridge Wells: Christmas Meeting.
- Dec. 29 and 30.—Royal Eastbourne: Winter Meeting.

### 1891.

### JANUARY.

- Jan. 1.—Prestwick St. Nicholas: Club (scratch) and Handicap Medals.
- Jan. 6.—Birkdale: Ladies' Prize (3rd round)
- Jan. 10.—Whitley: Wyndham Cup.
- Jan. 13.—Whitley: The Joicey Cup.
- Jan. 17.—Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.  
Lytham and St. Anne's: Captain's Cup Competition.  
Birkdale: Club Medal (3rd round).  
Whitley: Emmerson Prize.
- Jan. 24.—Birkdale: The Captain's Cup.  
Whitley: Crawley Prize.
- Jan. 27.—Whitley: The Joicey Cup.
- Jan. 31.—Seaford: Monthly Medal.  
Prestwick St. Nicholas: Bailie Wilson's Medal.  
Royal Liverpool: Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.

To-morrow (December 6th), weather permitting, a match will be played between Harry Hunter, the professional of the Ashdown Forest and Tunbridge Wells Club, and Douglas Rolland, the professional of the Limpsfield Chart Golf Club. The two men are to play eighteen holes over each course. In the afternoon it is hoped that a foursome may be arranged between Hunter and Mr. F. G. Tait, against Rolland and the best member that Limpsfield can send. The day is not yet fixed for the return match at Limpsfield.



### "OLD TOM."

TO all golfers who have visited St. Andrews in the summer, the scene of the accompanying sketch will be familiar. Who among them, on a warm summer's day, has not stopped at this sort of temporary "Half-way House," to quench his thirst with the excellent home-brewed "ginger pop," or well-made lemon squash provided by old "Daw"?

The principal character in the sketch, standing with his favourite driver in his hand, is the veteran professional, Tom Morris, who, as Mr. Horace Hutchinson says, is probably the best known man in Scotland, and is familiarly known by all golfers, rich and poor alike, as "Old Tom." Born in

the year 1821, he started in life as an apprentice and journeyman club-maker to the well-known Allan Robertson, at whose death in 1864 he was appointed green-keeper at St. Andrews. He was one of the foremost golfers of his day, and even yet, though an old man of nearly seventy, he nearly always gets a place of honour in professional competitions, and is willing to back himself against all comers (amateurs, of course) just for "six baws"! A more genial, cheery old man does not exist; he is a perfect example to all the other professionals, and there is not one of them, nor, we believe, any amateur living, who does not look up to him, even though he may only know Tom by hearsay, with veneration and respect. We are sure, therefore, that this homely sketch, from a photograph taken by Mr. A. F. Macfie, will be welcomed by golfers throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Overheard in the hut, Westward Ho! during the "Eclipse" ball boom:—

ANCIENT AND EXPERIENCED GOLFER (to didactic beginner). —"Look here, my young friend, the first thing you have to do in Golf is to hit your ball; the next is to hit it straight; and the third is to send it the required distance. When you have mastered those three essentials I'll talk to you about 'gutties' and 'putties.'"

While recently playing Golf on the Kolhapur Gymkhana Links, Colonel Wodehouse holed the ball at the second hole in one stroke—the measured distance between the holes being two hundred and five yards! A double row of trees has to be cleared, but, bar this, there are no special difficulties, as far as length of drive is concerned, the ground being rather in favour of the striker. This will take a good deal to beat.—*Civil and Military Gazette.*

THE PACE OF A GOLF-BALL.

As, in the course of this article, I shall have to make a few observations which readers are likely to receive with some reserve, I may as well commence with one which will be generally disbelieved—probably ridiculed. No one need attempt to read further who is not prepared to accept my statement that:—

“A good drive at Golf is effected in less than the ten-thousandth of a second, and the average force exerted by the club on the ball during that time is about seven tons weight.”

On some future occasion, I may give grounds for these assertions. I have employed them for the moment merely to warn off those who certainly could not profit by reading this article, which has for its object an estimate of the *speed* of a golf-ball; and to exhibit the grounds on which I calculate it to be (at best) about 500 feet per second, or about one-third of the pace of a rifle bullet.

Numerical data (except mere counting of heads, as in a census) are in great measure obtained by indirect, often by exceedingly circuitous processes. To find the sun's distance from the earth, Captain Cook and his party of astronomers sailed many thousands of miles, and observed a transit of Venus! Nowadays we find the sun's distance by measuring the speed of light! Robins, indeed, long ago gave us a means of directly measuring the speed of a cannon-ball; and electricity has recently supplied a better. But we can guide a cannon-ball so that it must pass into the measuring instrument. Who can be sure of directing a golf-ball? Hence we are driven to employ indirect methods. The whole circumstances (including, of course, the speed at each instant) of the flight of a well-struck golf-ball, so long at least as wind does not interfere with it, can easily be calculated from the three following independent data:—

1. The greatest height reached by it.
2. Its speed when at this highest point.
3. The resistance of the air (in terms of the weight of the ball) for some assigned speed.

The first of these, only, admits of direct measurement. But as the other features of the carry can be calculated in terms of these three, these may in their turn be found indirectly from such features of the carry as can be conveniently measured. I have recently availed myself of one or two exceptionally calm days, on which I noted approximately such data as presented themselves in matches where really good players were at work. Sometimes I stood near the striker, sometimes near the end of the carry, and sometimes I went considerably to one side of the course. I have endeavoured to piece together these fragments of information so as to make a consistent whole.

When we know the circumstances of genuine play, it is very easy to pass from them to the corresponding characteristics of every-day duffing. But, as this species of eye observation is by no means so easy as at first sight it appears, and as I greatly desire to obtain additional data from which to improve my approximate results, I will go into a little detail about the things to be observed and the proper mode of observing them:

Measures of distance present no real difficulty. Maps of most of the important greens have been drawn to scale, and the natural features (such as bunkers, &c.) are shown on them. Even without these, fair approximations to the length of a carry may be made by careful pacing. Height is not so easy to estimate, except where (as in the first hole at St. Andrews) high houses border the course.

Measures of angle, such as that which the path of the ball from the tee makes with the horizon (a most important datum) are much more difficult, and are generally exaggerated to a frightful extent. Witness the estimates of slopes given by certain Alpine travellers!

By endeavouring to judge at what distance from the tee a six-foot man would just have escaped damage to his head, we may make a fair estimate of the angle of projection. A very highly trained observer would be required to estimate with any accuracy the angle of descent.

In measuring the time of flight a stop-watch is to be preferred, of course in the hands of a person who can use it.

This is not nearly so simple as it looks. But if we use an ordinary watch, ticking four times per second, and held to the ear, we must not count (as most people do) *one*, two, three, four; *two*, two, three, four, &c., introducing at once a whole second of error; but thus: *nought*, one, two, three; *one*, one, two, three, &c., and we shall then with ease be exact to less than a quarter of a second.

If any one should feel inclined to call this advice *pedantic*, or (less offensively) *professorial*, he is welcome to do so; but I think he will eventually see cause to thank me for such hints:—at least I hope he will; of course, for his own sake, not for mine.

By far the most remarkable feature of Golf is the *very* small gain in carry which the best drivers secure from the most strenuous efforts consistent with accurate striking. From the theoretical data it appears that, to gain ten per cent. of additional carry, a long driver must apply nearly fifty per cent. additional energy. For twenty per cent. additional carry (some forty yards at most) more than double energy is required. The better, therefore is a drive the more terribly is it penalized! And well that it is so! otherwise the long drivers themselves would fall into classes, first, second, third, perhaps even fourth; and moderate drivers, however good at all other points of the game, would simply *not be in it*. The man who now carries 190 yards would, if there were no penalty, carry 1,250; while the 130 yard man would compass some 450 only. He would require three drives for each one made by his antagonist; with whom indeed what we now call “a club and an iron” would represent a mile of walking!! An 18-hole course, with a record of eighty strokes, would be considerably over twenty miles round!!!

The cause of these anomalies is of course the resistance of the air, which increases in proportion to the *square* of the speed of the ball. So far as I know, no direct experiments have been made on golf-balls with the object of measuring its amount; but it has been carefully determined by Bashforth for military projectiles, such as round shot and shell; and from these determinations the effect on a golf-ball can be at least approximately calculated. It appears that the resistance to a golf-ball is equal to its weight when the ball moves at about ninety-five feet per second. Such is, therefore, the utmost speed which could be acquired by golf-balls if a sackful of them were emptied from a balloon.

Were it not for the resistance of the air, hail-stones from a high cloud would fall with a speed little less than that of small shot from a fowling-piece.

Again, whatever be the speed of a golf-ball, moving horizontally, the resistance reduces it to half in a space of about 65 yards. As doubled speed corresponds to fourfold energy, three-fourths of the result of the golfer's labour is expended in the first 65 yards of the path, fifteen-sixteenths in the first 130 yards, while only one sixty-fourth is left after the first 195 yards.

I find that, if we assume Bashforth's datum above given, and take (from Mr. Hodge's observations with a clinometer) 13° 5' as the initial inclination of the path to the horizon, the following should be the dimensions of the path if the initial speed be taken at 480 feet per second:—

Whole carry	...	...	...	542 feet
Greatest height	...	...	...	58 "
Horizontal distance of this from tee	...	...	...	350 "
Speed at greatest height	...	...	...	131 feet per second.
Final speed	...	...	...	80 1/2 " "
Final angle	...	...	...	38° 5' "
Time of flight	...	...	...	3 1/6 seconds.

Though these numbers agree in a very remarkable way with the data I have myself obtained, I regard them only as a first approximation to the truth. My main object in writing this article has been to interest in the subject those who may be able to furnish me with additional data. *To be of any real value the data must amount to three at least for each drive observed; and most particular attention must be paid to absence of wind and to clean striking.* A light wind, or the slightest trace of heeling, slicing, &c., renders the data practically useless. When we have something like adequate knowledge of the path of a well-struck ball in a calm atmosphere, it will be time to attempt the measurement of the effects of wind, and of the rotation of the ball. Any reader who desires greater detail



Admirers of cricket throughout England look with a respect almost approaching veneration upon Lord's, the head-quarters of the M.C.C., itself not only the chief cricket club in the world, but also the deciding authority in all matters relating to the game. They will rejoice to know that an influential meeting was held on Saturday to consider what steps should be taken to frustrate the threatened scheme of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company to construct a line through Hampstead and St. John's Wood, passing in an open cutting through Lord's. As cricket is not Golf, it is obvious that a "hazard" of this formidable description would materially interfere with the possibility of the game. Mr. Seager Hunt, M.P., occupied the chair, and was supported by his colleague in the representation of Marylebone, Mr. E. Bulnois; the Church being represented by the presence of Canon Duckworth and Canon Elwyn, and Art by Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., and Mr. Faed, R.A. The scheme was denounced as an attempt wantonly to destroy a purely residential quarter of London, and a committee was formed to offer strenuous opposition to it. A public meeting will shortly be held on the subject.

An impecunious caddie, named Sweenum, ventured to ask the loan of a sixpence from Mr. C., for whom he had long been accustomed to carry. Upon Mr. C. replying that he had nothing less than half-a-crown, Sweenum eagerly offered to obtain change at a public-house close by. The half-crown changed hands, and Sweenum darted into the public-house, Mr. C. meanwhile waiting his return outside. Some time elapsed, and as there was no appearance of Sweenum, Mr. C., who was getting impatient, entered the house in quest of him. No one, however, had seen anything of Sweenum, and after making a search of the public rooms without success, Mr. C. was about to leave, when it was pointed out to him that a passage led through the house into the next street, and that of this means of dodging his benevolent patron Sweenum had evidently availed himself. It was some time before Sweenum ventured to put in an appearance on the links, and when he did so he took especial pains to avoid Mr. C. One day, however, that gentleman spied him, and without making any reference to the incident just related, engaged him to carry for the day. Sweenum was agreeably surprised at this unexpected development of an affair which might have led to serious consequences; but his surprise was considerably tinged with disappointment when the game being over, Mr. C. took his clubs and thus addressed him: "You remember the half-crown, Sweenum? We're quits now."

The formation of a Golf club at Johannesburg, South Africa, appears to hang fire a little, Mr. John Tudhope thus writes under date 30th October to the *Johannesburg Star*:—"It has been with some disappointment that I and some others, admirers of the 'Ancient and Royal' game have observed that there has been no response to the appeal made in your columns to its votaries to form a Golf club in Johannesburg. It seems a pity that the proposal should come to premature grief for lack of some one to take the initiative. I, therefore, venture to invite all favourably disposed persons—golfers *in esse* as well as *in posse*—to meet at my office, Barnato Buildings, on Monday afternoon next, at four o'clock, to talk the matter over. Let me add just a word or two in support of the reasons you have already urged for the formation of this club. It comes as a 'boon and a blessing' to men who, like myself, are debarred from taking an active part in the sport of our youth, and are engaged in sedentary pursuits: for it contains sufficient mental excitement with plenty of healthy out-door exercise, to make it highly interesting, while in the breezy heights above the Hospital, or on the open downs near the race-course, there are already magnificent 'Links' available for the purpose."

A correspondent writes:—"Golf at Pau is only getting into full swing, all the far holes beyond the L. T. have been clear under several feet of water owing to the desperate floods, and we have not played them until Saturday. The course is otherwise in lovely order, and much lengthened (18 holes), Lloyd having put back all the tees. It will take a lot of doing, and I fancy 84 will be a good scratch score, but I will give a better opinion later. Mr. Borul and Mr. Lawrence are the best men we have at present,

the latter a lovely player when in practice, and he "plays the game all round," and the best of his fun he finds "with hare and hound." Mr. Goldney is here, and playing well. Morris Post is playing well also, and Mr. Macnab is keener than ever, and I never saw him play so well. Hercules Ross, of Indian Mutiny fame, is a wonderful beginner. He is over fifty, and only a year old golfer, and plays mortal well this moment. He will very soon hold any of them with three or four strokes. Mr. Malcolm Patten is also playing a very good game. We have had some quick drags, and I fancy we have a very tidy lot of quick hounds, but mange broke out and played havoc among them, but they are mending fast."

The Edinburgh University Golf Club has been constituted for the season, the following being the office-bearers: captain, B. Hall Blyth; vice-captain, D. W. K. Lyall; secretary, T. A. Bigbie, 90, Thirleslane Road, Edinburgh; treasurer, C. L. Blaikie, C.A., 88, George Street; committee: Dr. H. A. Thomson, Dr. Blaikie, J. E. Gordon, T. M. Bassaus, L. V. Laurie, J. L. M. Govan, W. H. Bryce. Six competitions are on the card—three at Musselburgh, on December 6th, March 7th, and June 6th respectively, while at Gullane on Saturday, May 9th, a challenge cup and club prizes are to be competed for, and at North Berwick on June 27th, the club medal and other prizes will be decided. A competition by holes for a challenge cleek will be carried on among the members who enter their names with the secretary by February 2nd. The club, which is popular and flourishing, has a club-room at 2, Links Place, Musselburgh. It has not yet included the Braids among its greens. The Physical Society of the University is to be favoured, during the winter, with a lecture on "The dynamics of Golf," which will, no doubt, be both interesting and valuable.

#### THE EVE OF ST. ANDREW.

AS many of our golfing exiles—or, rather, those entrusted with a civilising mission south of the Tweed—carefully selected their well-scoured irons and cleeks, and their well-oiled clubs from among their ample stock, preparatory to bearing a valiant part in many of the St. Andrew's gatherings announced for last week, some among them at least must have had some misgivings as to whether the weather was not disposed to be a little too unkind. A steadily falling temperature, a biting northerly wind, a frost keen as the finest damascened blade, and lowering leaden skies betokened a storing up of Nature's elemental energy which, when set free, was likely to prove at once inconvenient and disconcerting. And so the result has proved, For once, at any rate, the meteorological warnings chronicled in the daily press, and served up with the breakfast rolls to the weather sceptic, have proved to be correct. "A wave of cold is setting in over these islands," admonishes the cheerful weather commentator, "accompanied by so many degrees of frost; wind northerly to north-easterly; squally; sleet, and probably heavy snowfall." It is another case of "I told you so" in the ear of the doubting golfer, who probably thought that as the predictions had been falsified so many times before he would risk the result just for this once. Accordingly, he carefully packed his clubs and balls in his bag, had his best golfing shoes polished like a mirror, went home to dine with a cheerful and sanguine mind, and a digestion proof against all disappointment.

"What need I care for the weather?" ruminates our imaginary golfer as he draws the curtains, settles himself

cosily by the fire, lights his favourite pipe, and fills his glass with careful discrimination in the quality of his whisky. "There are only two sections of animate creation that really care a jot for the weather—school urchins and collie dogs, and by a peculiar coincidence in the barbarity of their tastes both the school urchins and the collie dogs like plenty of frost and plenty of snow. Well, it seems to me this will be exactly the weather that will suit them. There is plenty of frost, and no doubt the snow will be here anon. It is really a matter of indifference to me, however, whether it rains, freezes, snows, hails, thunders, or broils. My aim is to cultivate a philosophic content which shall be proof against petty worries such as these. Yet I am playing a strong game at this moment, and I feel sure that I could have swept the board to-morrow. I do hope it won't snow to-night and knock my little St. Andrew journey on the head, for I should greatly like to put a really good, thick, broad-wheeled waggon spoke in the ricketty golfing wheel of that McNiblick, who flatters himself he can beat me. I really hope it won't snow; if it does I believe I shall be profane for the first time in my life." And then the dinner and the genial warmth of the apartment began to have their customary effect. The train of imaginative thought began to be less coherent; sometimes Golf got most grotesquely jumbled up with stocks and shares, the price of copper, or railway dividends. Then the McNiblick burst into full view, playing three more in "Pandemonium," the kaleidoscope of the imagination shifting with such startling suddenness as to confuse the player, niblick aloft in the bunker, with the mercenary wretch who murdered the miser in the last "shilling shocker." "A malediction on the weather, say I; what care I whether it snows or not on St. Andrew's day. What a funny name! St. Andrew's day? We all know St. Swithin's day, because it is always bright, beautiful weather then, although the almanacks, in some most unaccountable way, say that it will rain for forty days. But who is St. Andrew, and what did he do to associate himself with Golf and frost and snow—the last-mentioned elements coming so awkwardly at a time when there is so much jewelled pottery to be won? Let me see now—dear me, I have nearly forgotten all I ever learnt at Dotheboy's Hall. Yes, now I have it. Was he not the brother of Simon Peter, and had he not been a disciple of John the Baptist? Did he not renounce the calling of fisherman and become a fisher of men, betaking himself in the exercise of his ministry to Scythia, Greece, and Thrace, afterwards suffering crucifixion in Achaia on the *crux decussata*? Is it not the case also that he is the patron saint of Scotland, and is held in great veneration in Russia as the apostle who first preached the Gospel in that country? How was it that he became the patron saint of Scotland? Tradition has it that St. Andrew's cross appeared in heaven to Achaius, King of Scots, and Hungus, King of Picts, as a sign of victory which they should gain the following day over Athelstane, King of England, and when the prophecy was fulfilled they made a vow to bear the cross on their ensigns

and banners. I do not know whether this is veracious history; I tell the tale as 'twas told to me. But I remember to have read that there was a closer connection than this between the patron saint and the country which has adopted him as its tutelary figure-head. I'll just refill this pipe and think over it."

His "thinking over it" ended in a kind of subdued slumber. It was not sufficiently deep to obliterate consciousness, or to hinder the imaginative faculties from playing unrestrainedly on that mysterious border line between the conscious and the unconscious; and this is what he saw in the mind's eye. He saw a band of holy men, eight or ten in number, headed by one whose aspect was dignified and commanding. Two of their number carried with manifest tokens of respectful regard a little square box, containing treasured relics of some kind, which was placed on the ground with great care when a halt was signalled. Each of those men was clad in a strong, coarse, frowsy, dark material, which encased the body from neck to heel, and was girdled at the waist by a stout cord. Each carried in front of him a small cross, and as they marched with stately step to a creek on the shores of the Bosphorus, a chant, plaintive and low, mingled with the not distant splash of the sea, reverberated with murmuring cadence amid the gloom of the surrounding hills and forests. It was at that soft, mysterious hour, when the gaunt and pallid shadows of grim night flee before the awakening glories of the dawn; and as forest top and mountain top were gilded in succession by the rich vermilion of awaking day, our band of pilgrims knelt on the shingle close by the sea, and upraised their voices in united prayer. Judging by the gourds filled with wine and the packages of provisions, a long and distant voyage was about to be undertaken. Sails were set to the freshening breeze, and with a fervent and pious *Deus nobiscum* the ill-shapen, not too robust craft, bore away from the land in a westerly direction. Past the islands of the Dardanelles, threading its way amid many buffetings of wind and sea among the busy Phœnician craft, laden with mineral ore from Albion and gold and ivory from the East, running the gauntlet of cruel, tyrannous pirates, the little coracle of our pilgrims skirted the sunny shores of Hispania and sailed in thankful safety through the Pillars of Hercules. To round the rock-bound, tempest-beaten coast of Cæsar's Gallia was the work of many days, but the danger was past, and the soft, undulating line of Albion rose out of the sea, and barred the view of the pilgrim wanderers on the horizon. Westward, still westward bore the little craft with its freight of holy men, and then there was descried the green isle of Eire, with its humid-laden atmosphere and its strange traditions of learning and civilisation. For come there not to us from the long night of the past many strange glimmerings of an extraordinary civilisation existing there in a very remote antiquity, and of a widespread renown which the island once enjoyed as a peculiarly favourite seat of letters, arts, and religion? Hath not Giraldus Cambrensis, or some

other historian, told us that during a considerable portion of the period we are accustomed to call the Dark Ages the light of learning and civilisation continued to shine in Eire after it had been extinguished throughout all Christendom? But it was not here that our pilgrims intended to make the haven of their rest. Northward their course was shaped, and passed the bold rocky promontories of Caledonia, and eastward through the dangerous tempest-driven seas of the Pentlands. A southerly gale sprung up, the clouds were piled in rich, massed confusion in the sky, rearing their tops like gigantic cones of black wool; the sea was flecked with foam, and threatened ever and anon to submerge the little craft, with its occupants; the rain, like a sheeted flood, swept mercilessly over the pilgrims, and chilled them to the marrow. But their courage never sank, and southwards they scudded as best they might at the capricious fury of the gale. The morning rose over the troubled waters, and revealed to their gaze the welcome sight of land not far off:

"In the orient, Lammer's daughters—  
A distant giant range, are seen;  
North Berwick law, with cone of green,  
And Bass amid the waters."

While more visible in the foreground could be descried—

"The May, whose midnight light,  
Like Vestal virgins' off'rings undecay'd,  
To mariners bewilder'd acts the part  
Of social friendship, guiding those that err  
With kindly radiance to their destined port."

"Let us try and make for the shelter of yonder little bay," says the leader of the pilgrim band, weary and pallid with anxiety and watching. "Amen to that, O! most holy Regulus," rejoin the others in chorus. With difficulty and no little danger was the little battered bark navigated within the pleasing shelter of the forest-crowned headland, and seeking out a soft sandy beach, where the waters lapped placidly, the pilgrims shot their vessel aground, and leaped with joy ashore, to fall down in prayerful thanksgiving that their perilous voyage had ended so happily. "Lo! in yonder cave, partly hidden by bracken and dog-rose, let us place the bones of St Andrew, which we have brought with us. Let us enshrine them, and make the spot an object of veneration for evermore." The bones were enshrined accordingly, and throughout many centuries bands of faithful pilgrims wended their way in storm and sunshine to the little shrine of Mucros, looking out on the picturesque bay of St. Andrews.

The continuity of our dreamer's thoughts were suddenly broken, and somehow or another the image of St. Andrews Bay and pilgrimages suggested the idea of old Tom Morris and Golf clubs and balls. Many is the visit which he has paid to that shrine, and many is the offering of broken clubs which he has deposited at the feet of that high priest of the golfers' calling. A favourite theory of his when awake was to energetically combat Sir Walter Simpson's theory as to the origin of Golf being due to a lucky find of a smooth pebble and a crooked stick by a couple of enterprising swineherds on St. Andrews links. Not at all; the

jolly old pilgrims belonging to the band of St. Regulus played Golf by way of relaxation; the balls were brought from Thrace along with the bones of St. Andrew, and it was one of these balls which was disinterred long centuries afterwards. There is nothing new under the sun was his favourite maxim, and he preached it in season and out of season. Now he began to imagine himself taking part in that St. Andrew's day tournament, upon which he had built so many high hopes; he thought that he had won the much coveted Order of the Thistle, that he had responded for his health at the dinner in appropriate terms, and that he had wound up his speech with the patriotic tag of *nemo me impune lacessit*. Presently there was a smothered shriek and yell of pain. He woke up with a start, rubbed his eyes, and muttered, "a quarter to two o'clock; bless me, I have been asleep," and then he proceeded to pick out the pieces of smouldering tobacco which had fallen out of his pipe among the thick coat of his collie, which had also slumbered. The southing wind had fallen; there was a muffled stillness about the outside air; he crept to the window and looked out; the streets were coated with a few inches of snow, and it was falling with steady persistence; as he once more pulled the curtains and returned to the fire, he thought it must have been on such a night as this that

"The sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

"There'll be no Golf to-morrow, laddie," said our golfer, caressing his dog, "so I'll light another pipe, and then hie me to bed."

## Correspondence.

### WOMAN AND GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Your printers call me a "Hudden-doun Husband." Apparently you, and they, and Madame Ismailia, my fair enemy, are not Scotch. "Hadden-doun" is the proper spelling. As to the opposition of Ismailia, I disdain to introduce personalities. I may have "failed to get any woman to care for me," or the unsolicited attentions of the sex, always fluttering round intellect and beauty, may more frequently have "left me mourning." *Non omnia possumus omnes*, as Partridge very wisely remarked. I have heard of literary women, though Ismailia doubts it, and very little good of them; they are the bane of my existence. The sex has produced putters—ladies who really putt well—I admit, but it is also rich in such poets, and painters, and amateur novelists, as the world could well dispense with. Yes, I have heard that a lady "beat the men at Cambridge." Ladies occasionally mention the circumstance. But, mark, it was at *Cambridge!* The poet observes—

"This was not Oxford's case,  
These were but *Cambridge* men."

But what has all this disquisition got to do with Golf? Women might have produced, in their own persons, of course, several poets, instead of one only, "the last, the Lesbian." They might have got Firsts at Oxford, which, of course, they have not done, naturally, as logic is part of the work at Oxford. Nothing would follow as regards the question in hand, which is this: Has the toilsome bread-winner, after ten months on the Stock Exchange, or in Literature, or at the Bar, a right to play Golf, or must Mrs. Breadwinner drag him from the links to a country

of "hills and dales," where Golf is impossible? Unless I misunderstand Ismailia, that is her desire. And then she lectures me about Cambridge Senior Classics, and literary and artistic ladies. "Woman has to do all the self-denying," and, by way of unselfishness, she will not even let her laborious partner play Golf in his holidays. "Woman's day is coming when she will have her revenge for centuries of oppression." Coming, indeed; it has come, when woman drags golfing man in his few hours of leisure from the links to "hills and dales." It is "for" married woman such as these "that I have an objection," especially for the grammar of Ismailia. I cannot satisfy Ismailia's idle and improper curiosity as to *when* "my liking for the girl suddenly disappears." It is "when the kitten grows a cat," as in James Boswell-Younger, of Auchinleck, says in his epigram. Was James Boswell a golfer? He may have played at Prestwick. As to Ismailia's theory that it is to be "all dog" on my system, let us put her theory in a tabular form, thus:—

CAT. Shops. Dinners. Sermons. Picture Galleries. Plays. Evening Parties. The Park. Concerts. Female Pals. Flirtation, if desired. Dressmakers.	} Ten Months and a Fortnight.	DOG. Toil. Tedium. Sufferance. Drawing Cheques. Late Hours.
DOG. Golf	} Six Weeks.	CAT. ?

In this arrangement Ismailia would add to Cat's share six weeks of I know not what diversions in "hills and dales," while she would abstract Golf from the lot of Dog, and leave him what? The society of girls? Probably not even that. Perhaps I should add that I do not think Ismailia's self-denying scheme is, as yet, universal among married women. But "woman's day is coming." Ah, before it comes may the grave of Walkinshaw shelter

#### A HUDDEN-DOWN HUSBAND.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—A ladies' column! Why? Why should a paper devoted in all seriousness to the interests of Golf open its columns to subjects discussed abundantly in other papers, that are suited to the readers of those papers, and that could not possibly bear on Golf at all? For what has Golf to do with such things as interest ladies? With dress, for instance, or—scandal? Of course, many of the fair sex play the game, and these will read the paper for its own sake, for love of Golf; they will not expect to find a ladies' column. They have *The Queen and Truth* for ladies' topics, and will look for news of Golf in GOLF. We are too much in earnest to discuss clothes and gossip.

A lady said to a friend, not long ago, "My dear, whatever else you do, don't let your husband take to Golf; whatever happens, keep him from that. Do you know what it means? He will talk of nothing, think of nothing, dream of nothing else. A golfer once seriously advised me to *live* at Westward Ho! because the links there are good! Hunting is nothing to it. The very worst that can be said of hunting is that men are sleepy after dinner four or five nights in the week from November to March. But Golf! I am sorry for you if he has begun to play it."

Such a view of Golf is a little staggering. Exaggerated as it is, it was really taken by a lady. The story is a fact. Conceive the state of affairs at the fireside of a golfer, whose wife shared that lady's feelings. Conceive them, too, from *her* side of the question. Has it not been said that life would be very tolerable indeed but for the bores, and now her husband has become an unmitigated bore. Poor woman! Are there many devotees of the Royal game with wives, as ignorant, as much to be pitied as this? If so, let a paper "devoted to the interests of Golf" be "very much in earnest" in trying to enlighten and

conciliate the ladies. Certainly opposition on their part, tacit or loudly expressed, will not tend to increase the popularity of the game. And to find their husbands *reading* GOLF, as well as thinking and dreaming it—to find a new paper in the house, without to them, one readable article in it, will not tend to smooth matters. By all means have a ladies' column, and let it contain the very best that you can give the ladies—not necessarily all dress and gossip, women are abundantly supplied with that elsewhere. They are not any more "mostly fools" than men. Let their column be the most interesting and readable one in the paper, and let it educate them to appreciate the charms of Golf.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
OLIVIA.

November 27th.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I, too, am a golfer's wife, and according to Ismailia, much to be pitied. I venture to doubt, however, if her judgment be altogether sound, for her last letter shows so unenviable a want of appreciation of humour, so strong a determination to put a harsh construction on what a "Huddendown Husband" has said, and to charge him and the rest of his sex with all sorts of envy and uncharitableness towards her own, that there evidently is to be only one side to a question, which, just because it is *her* side, must never be found fault with even in jest. So severe indeed is she, that one is almost tempted to wonder if the "Huddendown Husband" is not her own!

In this matter as in your favourite Golf, Mr. Editor, the middle course is the safest line to follow, I fancy, and if a wife takes a reasonable degree of interest in her husband's pursuits and tries to appreciate them (as I think she ought to do), I believe she will find that her husband is only too pleased to have her with him on the links (for she will know enough of the game not to be in the way), and he will in turn, I have equally little doubt, pay increased attention to *her* occupations (as he certainly ought to do, too), and at times forsake even his Golf for her pleasure. Nay, I think apart from this, the effort to enter into the husband's game will bring with it an advantage of its own, for though I am no golfer I have learned to appreciate a good drive or approach shot, or a clever putt, as well as any old stager, and can so follow the game as to be able to take a real interest in what at first seemed absolutely uninteresting. Then again, if Darby and Joan will only show this mutual consideration, it will indeed be unfortunate if among the present number of golfing resorts no place can be found where there are amusements and occupations for Joan as well as her spouse. Whether these suggestions commend themselves to Ismailia and her friends or not, I beg, Mr. Editor, you will endeavour to moderate their rancour, for if the mild opposition Ismailia has already encountered raises her to such a pitch of wrath as appears from her last letter, it will not be long ere we find our husbands going about with niblicks to defend themselves from the assaults of an "anti-golfing" sisterhood.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
YET ANOTHER WIFE.

#### THE CLIMATE AT NAIRN.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—It is not generally known that this place is the mildest in Great Britain all the winter, and the rainfall the smallest in the United Kingdom. At North Berwick, St. Andrews, and along the East Coast, the cold blast is severely felt; but here, during the winter months, the climate is all that could be desired.

There is a very sporting Golf course of 18 holes quite close, and I should say that 82 was a very fair scratch score. The only regret is that Nairn, as a Golf resort, is not better known.

Good accommodation is to be obtained within a short distance of the links.

I am, Sir, &c.,  
Nairn, N.B., 24th November. SMALL BUNKER.



## GOLF AT BIARRITZ.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Some of your readers may like to hear some account of our links at Biarritz. Our club, which is getting on for three years old, is now in a most flourishing condition, having gone through some difficulties, pecuniary and otherwise, during its infancy. The links are rapidly improving, and bad lies through the green, though still, alas! not uncommon, are steadily getting less frequent; while the putting-greens are really very fair for so young a course, and turf does not grow so kindly as it does at Pau and other places. The hazards are numerous and varied—the Bay of Biscay being one of our largest—and comprise whins, ravines, roads, lanes, banks, and almost every variety, except, perhaps, sand bunkers, for although this is a sea-side place, our links are more of the nature of an inland course, being situated high up, many feet above the sea level. The view from the links is very fine, having the broad expanse of the Bay of Biscay to the west. The snow-clad mountains of the high Pyrenees to the east, long stretches of pine forest to the north, and the low Pyrenees and the Spanish hills to the south. The club-house, a commodious villa, stands very conveniently in the centre of the ground, and is not a quarter of an hour's walk from several hotels, British Club, &c. Our resident professional, Willie Dunn, late of North Berwick, is always on hand to give lessons, and has a large stock of clubs, balls, and every golfing requisite. There is a ladies' club, and their course of nine holes is separate from the other links, and is a very sporting course, with plenty of hazards, not too difficult, but just difficult enough. I can only say that any golfers wishing to spend the winter in the south will meet with a hearty welcome, and opportunities of playing the game under by no means unfavourable conditions.

The following is a brief account of the nine holes, and it will take a scratch player fully forty to do the round on a fair golfing day. For medals and prizes, two rounds, of course, are played:—

1st Hole.—The "Pigeon Hole," so called from its being near the pigeon-shooting house. A fair drive brings you to the edge of some rough, broken ground, covered with clumps of sedge grass, 160 yards from the tee; a cleek, or brassy shot will easily carry the rough ground, which is about 80 yards in extent, and a short iron shot will be probably wanted to reach the green, which is 300 yards from the tee.

2nd Hole.—The "Sea Hole." A good drive will get you on towards the corner of the road, which is 200 yards from the tee; from here, a full iron shot will reach the green. A careful approach is wanted here, as the hole is on a strip of turf, 30 yards wide, between the road and the edge of the cliff; a ball pulled round to the left will go over the cliff into the Bay of Biscay, a ball sent too much to the right will drop out of bounds, into some cultivated land, which entails loss of stroke and distance, while too gay a shot in the right direction will land you in some whins beyond the hole. The hole is 260 yards.

3rd Hole.—The "Chasm Hole." "Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm," as the Poet Laureate says, and on the edge of this chasm is the teeing ground for the third hole. The chasm is 80 yards across to the further edge, so you *must* loft that much. If you top your ball and go down, you tee another and play three, as there is no playing out of the chasm. The caddies, however, can get down and recover balls, so let not the golfer who has a frugal mind be deterred from coming here on that account. The green is 120 yards on from the further edge, so it may be reached easily in a drive and an iron shot.

4th Hole.—The "Long Hole." Ten yards in front of the tee is a large and "hairy" hedge, then comes a skittle ground, and then a corner of a cultivated field, which is out of bounds, so a topped or fozled ball entails the loss of stroke and distance. But 60 yards clears all these impediments, and after the teed shot there are no formidable hazards to be encountered, only a disused road with a small ditch on each side, which runs parallel with the line to the hole for some distance. This hole is 480 yards.

5th Hole.—The "Punch-bowl Hole." Any drive over 120 yards will clear a bank and narrow lane which crosses the line to the hole; a good brassy shot will then bring you somewhere

near the Punchbowl, a deep circular pit, with nearly perpendicular sides, and about thirty yards in diameter. This hazard is in the direct line to the hole, and some 300 yards from the tee, and 80 yards in front of the hole. The green may be reached in two good drives and an iron shot, and is 400 yards from the tee.

6th Hole.—"Shand's." A fair drive of 160 yards brings you to the edge of "Shand's Ravine," called after our President, Lord Shand; a cleek or brassy shot will take you over, but the lies are not bad if you get in, and a short approach shot will lay you on the green. This hole is 320 yards.

7th Hole.—The "Hole Across." This is an iron shot of about 115 yards across what used to be a maize field, and if the ball drops on the green this hole may be done, and often is, in two.

8th Hole.—The "Dell Hole." This hole is also a short one, being about 160 yards, a fozled ball is punished by bad lies, and in front of the hole is a deepish dell about forty yards across, but which is quite easy to play out of if you drop in, as many do.

9th Hole.—The "Home Hole." This wants an accurately directed teed shot, as there is the Punchbowl on the right, and the Dell on the left, both about 130 yards from the tee; but having avoided these hazards, you have good lying ground for 200 yards, then a narrow lane, with deep banks to cross, and 80 yards on to the hole. This hole is 360 yards.

Thus the nine holes are a few yards short of a mile and a half, and form a very fair and sporting course.

The ladies' round is a little more than 700 yards in length, and the holes vary from 50 to 120 yards, and want plenty of iron play.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

C. DE LACY-LACY, Hon. Sec.

Biarritz, November 29th.

## SEAFORD LINKS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I much regret that, through ignorance of the existence of Golf links at Seaford, no mention should have been made of them in my article, "Golf Links on the South Downs." It is only fair, however, to premise that the paper was not intended to be taken as an enumeration of *all* the courses on the South Downs. For a task so extensive, possibly more of your space would be required than you could conveniently spare.

The remembrance of Seaford Head, upreared in sunshine, lingers a vision of beauty in my memory. The Stygian blackness of the storm that swept our decks so soon after, and tore asunder the gathered clouds that rested, heap on heap, on Beachy Head, intensifies the beauty of that vision.

To the fascinations of memory, the letter of "H. H. B." has added the whetstone of a curiosity, whose goad I feel to be more poignant than the sting of Ion's gadfly.

As I write, I determine, ere long, to go to Seaford Links, where the sun may be still shining, and where the edge of the pitiless wind that at present is blowing will, doubtless, be tempered. Under any circumstances, a cup of tea of Mrs. Russell's brewing will be acceptable, and I hope will be forthcoming.

I am, Sir, &amp;c.,

MARIAN VERRAN.

November 28th.

## THE SUPPLY OF GOLF CUPS AND MEDALS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Having noticed in your correspondence columns letters inquiring for the names and the addresses of firms who supply Golf prizes in the shape of cups, medals, and other jewellery, it has occurred to me that it would be well worthy the attention of the leading silversmiths, who supply such articles, to advertise in your interesting paper. I can, of course, understand that the circulation of such a new venture as yours among the general public cannot yet be very large, but as a medium of advertisement I am sure it cannot fail to be most useful, not only to the particular trade to whom the letters already

published refer, but to almost every kind of trader who caters for the wants of a rich and prosperous class of our society.

In addition to the needs of the golfer, necessitated purely by his playing of the game, there are other numerous wants which he has to supply like other members of the community. Golfers as a class contain an enormous proportion of men who are passing rich in the world's gear, and who have besides ample leisure. Their occupations also have been, and are, exceedingly varied. Many of them have been wanderers over the globe, on a civilising mission intent, and their own prosperity. Many have been in the army abroad, in the consular and diplomatic service, or engaged in finance and large commercial undertakings; but whether stay-at-homes, wanderers, busy or idle, robust or feeble, athletic or otherwise, they are for the most part men who hunt, ply the rod, handle the gun, the oar, the cricket and lawn-tennis bat, the racket, the Golf club; and who find a not unprofitable solace in intermitting their sporting proclivities by becoming at intervals scientific or literary students, keen readers of novels and shilling "shockers."

Judging from my observations, therefore, in every Golf club I have visited recently—Golf clubs numbering several hundreds of members—as well as in the large clubs in the West-end, at the majority of which I see that your paper is read, it would be obvious that already your readers number several thousands of the rich and well-to-do leisured classes. It is very interesting for us to scan the goodly array of Golf-club makers, who adorn your pages with the announcements of their wares, and I know many personal friends who have supplied themselves with clubs and balls from makers who have appeared on your pages, whereas formerly they were at a loss where to go for material. But we cannot all live on Golf clubs and balls alone. Your correspondent wants silver cups and medals; I want toys occasionally for my children, a sealskin for my wife, a gun and fishing-rod for myself, or a pair of boots. Talking about silver cups and medals reminds me that recently a club in the South, of which I am a member, wanted some jewellery for the prizes at their autumn meeting. They did not know where to go for them, and it would undoubtedly be a benefit to golf-club authorities and to the widespread and varied golfing community among whom your paper circulates, were the trade to take advantage of your advertising columns more freely.

Your obedient servant,

November 27th.

J. LORIMER.

### POT-HUNTING.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I should like to direct the attention of committees of English Golf clubs to a subject of some importance, namely, the policy hitherto adopted with regard to prizes and handicaps, which bids fair to degrade the game, as played in England, to a lower level than it occupies in Scotland.

Some years ago, when the Golf greens of England could be counted on the fingers of one hand and English scratch players on those of the other, luckless wights who had contracted the disease during a holiday month at North Berwick or St. Andrews would return disconsolate to their golfless English homes, with a glance of fond regret at the silly set of clubs literally shelved on the opposite rack of the railway carriage. This was the cold fit of the attack, but it never lasted very long. The next stage was a fine day, a yearning, an iron, a couple of old balls, and a brisk walk to the nearest down, or common, where a succession of beautiful approaches at imaginary holes usually ended in the loss of both balls and the quenching of joy and hope for the future.

Next stage—why not have proper holes and putting-greens? That means money, and money means contributors. Alas! to break new ground in Golf is denied to a man of average means, except as a gregarious animal. Well, form a Golf club. The enterprising patient secures a visit from a professional to lay out the ground, and has to pay him out of his own pocket. So far so good. This is a beginning. Then follows a pause; then much thinking, contriving, soliciting, button-holing and touting for members. There are no local players; the game is unknown, and perhaps the practical illustration given by the enthusiastic patient is not such as to enlist local interest. The club must

depend, at first at least, on its success in diverting a portion of the stream of golfers pouring out of London to the older greens at Easter, Whitsuntide, and in the autumn. Hence come puffs in the Press, and an assiduous dissemination of programmes of meetings, with long lists of prizes, chiefly under handicap, with values appended in parenthesis by way of aside. The small measure of success thus attained has to be supplemented by the temptation offered by enormous handicaps to local athletes to take to the game, in the hope that with a week's practice they may win a prize; and so extravagant are the handicaps allowed that this hope is occasionally realised, reducing the competition to a farce.

I fancy many an originator of a now prosperous Golf club will recognise as true this picture of the genesis of a new green; and I am far from saying that, with the lack of interest for this outlandish pastime in the average English breast some years ago, any other course was open to those energetic pioneers to whom many of us have so much reason to be grateful. But now that the game has penetrated every corner of the country, like an epidemic, sparing neither age nor sex, and promises, unlike an epidemic, to remain a permanent and most popular feature of our national life, I submit it is high time for Golf clubs to reconsider the policy of bolstering up the game by the expedients hitherto adopted. Golf is now out of leading strings, and can walk alone, without the aid of long prize lists and long handicaps. The position is reversed, and the demand is no longer for members, but for new greens. Clubs are already endeavouring to protect themselves against the ever increasing rush of converts by limiting the number of their members and raising the entrance-fee and subscription. Will they not also consider what can be done to uphold the dignity of the game, as well as consult the comfort of its votaries? Scope for healthy rivalry among Golf clubs may still be found in endeavours to make their links more accessible from populous centres, by obtaining concessions from railway companies, and in improving their greens and club-house accommodation.

The custom of making a long prize list the chief attraction of a Golf meeting has, I fear, fostered a spirit of pot-hunting among beginners which augurs ill for the future of the game. Many a young player hugs and nurses his long handicap, the true golfer's brand of shame and incompetence, hoping to win something therewith in the general scramble at the next meeting, and grumbling furiously if he is discovered and cut down in time. One obvious remedy is to limit the number of prizes. At a recent meeting, two wonderful scores by the same player secured for him no fewer than eight prizes, a result only one degree less objectionable than if the honours of the meeting had been frittered away among eight competitors. I hate competitions, with the crowding and delay, the grim anxiety, testy recrimination and gaunt despair, and the general absence of the usual jollity and good humour that attend a friendly match; but I suppose competitions are inevitable in the nature of things, as the best mode of organising the crowds of players on Bank holidays. At least let us have in the result a degree of honour commensurate with the solemnity and discomfort of the occasion. At present the answer to the usual question, "Who won at your meeting?" too often has to be, "A won the Smith medal, B the Brown jug, C the Jones's tongs, D the Robinson warming-pan," &c., &c. I should like to see the honours of a meeting concentrated in one scratch winner and one handicap winner; and, where meetings extend over two days, the scratch medal and handicap challenge prize respectively should be given for the aggregate of the two days play, with handsome mementos. Fine single scores on either day would be sufficiently rewarded by the day's sweep. It should not be very difficult for a committee already overburdened with prizes to select the best six to be played for at the three meetings of the year, and arrange with the donors of the rest to turn them into mementos, or exchange them for donations to the prize fund. Of course, future benefactions should be received only in the shape of contributions to that fund, a list of donors' names, with the amount of their donation, being posted up in the club-room and read over at the annual meeting and dinner. Above all, let no prizes with fanciful conditions be accepted. The least objectionable of these fancy prizes is one for the latter half of the round, which has often proved a source of consolation to those who have come to grief at the first few holes, and hope springing eternal at the tenth

tee has redeemed a long day from utter wretchedness or wretchedness. But I have known prizes given for certain selected holes. Then why not for one selected hole, or for the longest tee shot or putt, or the biggest fluke? Again, second and third prizes are an abomination, and should be discouraged. Was ever anyone proud of the honour of winning a third prize? Prizes for aggregates for the year are, of course, the most honourable objects of a golfer's ambition. I think reforms in the direction I have suggested would do something to check the spirit of unfastidious pot-hunting, by substituting an appetite for the honour of being the winner *par excellence*.

The second objectionable feature of competitions at present, the inordinate handicaps given in some clubs to beginners, is an even more fruitful incitement to pot hunting. "What is your handicap?" is the question at the first tie. "Twenty-four," is the answer, with a heightened colour. Is it an apologetic blush of shame at want of skill, or a flush of joy at the anticipation of a stolen success? In these days, who can tell? I know a club, not a hundred miles from London, where a poor wretch whose form is known, and who has been handicapped down to the uttermost farthing, has to face a string of 36's long enough to appal the most sanguine. I have even heard of a handicap of 70 being given, with which an average football player might kick the ball round and win. But then his performance would not be Golf, any more than the performances of those who require these long handicaps. I would limit all handicaps to eighteen, an arbitrary figure, it is true, but one suggested by a stroke a hole over a full 18 hole course. Men requiring longer handicaps may be divided into three classes:—

(1.) Beginners, who should wait until they begin to play the game they are capable of, and learn the rules, before they compete for prizes. These are beyond the pale of sympathy, if excluded by a limit of eighteen.

(2.) Men who from some physical defect or awkwardness, or from want of training at games, can never hope to get within eighteen of scratch. These must make up their minds, that Golf is not their *forte*.

(3.) Old men, who have been fair golfers but have fallen off in their game owing to advancing years. These very often play very good Golf, within the limits imposed by failing powers, and are worthy of all sympathy. But they have had their day. Golfers in the last two categories must be content with the enjoyment and health attending the game, and leave the laurels to the young, the strong, and the supple. It is true that Golf is an old man's game, but it is a young man's game in a still greater degree.

The convenience of handicaps over eighteen as a basis for making close matches is very much overrated, seeing that the number of strokes taken for a round allows so many opportunities for saving a stroke or two at almost every hole, that the handicap cannot be trusted as a fair gauge of the player's form on any given occasion.

Most of the actual members of English Golf clubs are men who have taken to the game rather late in life. We shall be succeeded by a generation who have learnt as boys; and then it may be found expedient still further to reduce the limit of eighteen now proposed.

Apologising for the great length of this letter, I yet venture to hope you will find space in a later issue for some suggestions I would offer as to the best means of securing an approach to uniformity and certainty in handicapping.

I am, Sir, &c.,

November 27th, 1890.

F. S.

### GOLF AT SANDWICH.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I expect to spend the month of January at Folkestone, and as the nearest Golf links seem to be Sandwich and Littlestone, I should be greatly obliged if some one of your readers would kindly inform me if it is practicable to get to either, or both of these greens in a day, and get the usual two rounds of Golf as well. As far as I can make out from that interesting work, "Bradshaw," it occupies a considerable time to get to Sandwich (somewhere about two hours and a half, starting at eight a.m.), whilst to get to Littlestone it seems necessary

to go *viâ* Ashford Junction, and apparently occupies much the same time as the other journey. If some one will kindly enlighten me on this subject, I shall be greatly obliged to them.

A second point on which I am seeking advice is the following: The links on which I am in the habit of playing are inland ones, and are consequently, during mild weather, very subject to worm casts, which, if rolled off every day, sadly rob the grass, whilst, if left on the green, they interfere terribly with accurate putting. The question, therefore, to which I seek an answer, is—Is there any known dressing for Golf greens which will kill the worms and not weaken the grass? Anyone who will answer this question will, I am sure, confer a great benefit on others, besides

Yours truly,  
NOVICE.

### QUESTIONS ON THE RULES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—While "Ismalia" and a "Hudden-doun Husband" hold the field, and our attention is taken up by the discussion in your paper of such trivialities as wifely duty, and matrimonial happiness, there is great danger of the important business of life (Golf to wit) being neglected. May I recall your readers to more serious considerations?

It has frequently been remarked in your columns, and justly so I think, that Golf is not always played nowadays with the strict regard to rules that it ought to be. This no doubt arises from the numerous beginners, who, for the present at all events, are "a law unto themselves," and will right itself in due course; but it is certainly desirable that those beginners, and older players too occasionally, should be reminded of the existence and requirements of the rules under which we are supposed to play. Now, Sir, I am one of a band of golfers who are anxious to abide by the strictest laws of the game, but who, notwithstanding a certain amount of experience, find it difficult to interpret some of the rules so as to apply them to all the various circumstances and situations in which a ball comes to be placed. If you, or some of your correspondents, will aid us (and the motive of our letter shows, I think, that we are deserving of help) you will earn our gratitude.

My queries to-day relate to the St. Andrew's rule which runs, "When a ball lies in a bunker, sand, road, or any other hazard, there shall be no impression made by the club whilst addressing the ball, nor sand or other obstacles removed before striking at the ball." May I ask an explanation of this?

1. Does "any other hazard" refer to hazards *ejusdem generis* with "bunker, sand, or road" only? *e.g.*, it will not apply to whins, rushes, or the like, perhaps, because no impression can be made upon them, and you may ground your club there if you like—and can!

2. Is the *spirit*, or the strict *letter*, of this rule usually and properly observed, or to be observed? The *spirit*, as my brethren and I understand it, is that your club-head is not to be put down in any of the places mentioned in the rule, whether such places be hard or soft. The *letter* speaks only of an "impression," and would thus admit of the club being put down in any place where the lie is hard. We think that the *spirit* of the rule is what ought to be observed (and our view is strengthened by an *obiter dictum* in an article in your paper a week or two ago), but we cannot close our eyes to the fact that several old and good golfers, whose fairness is above suspicion, take the *letter* as their guide.

3. Assuming our view of the matter (the observance of the *spirit* of the rule) to be correct, will such a place as the bottom of a dry ditch, consisting of hard mud, form a hazard where your club may not be put down?

4. On the contrary assumption, may the club be put down on the hard or caked bottom of a bunker, or, on either assumption, on grass in a bunker—such little oases occasionally occurring—or is the ground within the confines of a bunker sacred from all touch?

5. Is a mass of mud occasioned by traffic over some low-lying grass ground in wet weather, but which in dry weather will resume its normal grassy condition, temporarily converted into a hazard, and, as such, within the rule in question?

6. We presume that a piece of bare ground in an ordinary grass course, where the grass has been removed or worn away, is not such a hazard if the ground be hard. If, however, the ground be soft and allows of an impression being made, does it, by the letter, no less than by the spirit, become a forbidden spot? A local difficulty occurs in our own case through the existence on the links of several very large bare places where cricket pitches have been made, and the grass all worn away. The right to put the club down on these would often be of great advantage, and we think they cannot be classed among the accidental or occasional bare spots mentioned at the beginning of this question. In what light must these be regarded?

7. We further presume that not only the intentional laying down of the club in any such hazard as we are discussing, but any accidental and unintentional touching of the ground by the club while addressing the ball (however slight and temporary), comes within the purview of the rule and must be penalised.

I am aware that some of these questions may seem puerile, but though we have formed our own opinion upon them, and are pretty clear as to what is the correct answer, we are so far removed from the chance of conferring with any undoubted golfing oracle upon our difficulties that we venture to apply to you for a solution of them.

Another week, if I do not make myself a nuisance to you and your readers, I shall ask your help on the momentous question of a "moved ball."

I am, Sir, &c.,  
STICKLER.

## THE ELEMENTS OF GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Some six years ago three friends and your humble servant, staying at a country house in Scotland, found some Golf clubs in a cupboard, and sent to Glasgow for a box of balls and a copy of the St. Andrew's rules. The result of trying to play the game from the information given in these rules was so utterly comic that I have always intended to pen a "Description of the Game," such as one finds at the beginning of rules for every other game—for the use of beginners.

This sketch follows, and I shall be grateful if your readers will send you or me suggestions and criticisms sufficient to make it worth using as a preface to books of rules. Any suggestion must of course be written in such a way that beginners, utterly ignorant of the game, can understand them.

Yours truly,  
J. FRANKLIN-ADAMS.

Grange Cottage, Wimbledon,  
December 2nd, 1890.

## GOLF.—DESCRIPTION OF THE GAME.

The game of Golf is played upon a grassy expanse, generally of some hundreds of acres, which is called a "links."

In certain fixed places on the links are smooth, but not necessarily level, plats called putting-greens.† These greens are kept as smooth as possible, either artificially by mowing and rolling, or naturally, by sheep or rabbit-feeding; the number of these greens vary on different links, 7, 9, 13, 18, &c., but the number on nearly all first-class links is 18.

Somewhere on each of these eighteen greens, a hole is made of four inches diameter, and at least six inches deep; the holes are sometimes lined with a metal tube, which should be at least half an inch below the surface. In each of these holes is usually stuck a moveable flag and stick, or a metal disc, with or without the number of the hole painted on it for the convenience of strangers.

Dotted about the links, are "hazards," either natural ones, such as broken sandy ground (bunkers) gorse bushes, long grass, &c., or artificial ones, such as ditches, roads, banks, &c. These are left in a rough state for the purposes of the game.

Within a few yards of each green, sometimes, indeed, upon the edge of it, is a fairly level spot, called a teeing ground; upon it is indicated a line about six or eight yards in length.

Each player has one ball, of any size or material (generally of gutta-percha), and any number of clubs, of any size, shape, weight, or material, generally of wood or iron.

A man or boy, called a caddie, is usually employed by each player to carry his clubs, and act as his servant for the time.

PLAY.—The game is played as follows: Upon the first teeing ground, and within two club lengths behind the line laid down, a ball is placed either upon a smooth spot, or upon a pinch of sand (called a tee), and from this spot, or tee, the player strikes the ball towards the first hole (from tee to hole is also called a hole, say a "long hole," or a "short hole"). The length of the holes varies much, but is usually somewhere between 80 and 800 yards; the player then walks to the ball, and without touching it by hand (excepting under certain conditions laid down in the rules), again strikes the ball with one of his clubs; he follows the ball, and plays in the same way a third, fourth stroke, &c., until the ball is in the hole, or "holed." Very rarely a ball is holed in one; the average number for a good player is from three to six, according to distance, wind, &c.

THE GAME.—The game is played in several ways, but the most usual, that of a "match" between two players, will be described first.

Each player (or his caddie) tees a ball at the first teeing ground (or tee as it is called), and one player by toss or by having won the last match, strikes off; this precedence is called "the honour," and is kept, tee after tee, until he loses a hole; the other player now drives, as this striking from the tee is called; each player walks to his ball, and the one who has driven the lesser distance towards the hole plays again, or "the odd" or "one more" than his opponent, and he plays two more and so on until he is nearer to the hole than the first player, who in his turn plays one off two or the like according to the number of strokes, and so on until the ball is holed by one player and either holed or missed in the same number of strokes by the other. Whoever holes in the smaller number of strokes wins the hole and is said to be "one up;" but if each hole in the same number of strokes, the hole is said to be halved, and the game is "all even."

The players now walk to the second tee and play the next hole in like manner and the score will be "all even," "one up" or "two up" as the holes are won or lost; the rest of the holes are played in the same way until the last, or until one player is so many holes to the good that the other cannot overtake him; for instance: if one is 7 up, and there only remain 6 holes to play, the game is won by 7 holes up and 6 to play. Another match is now made in like manner of the remaining 6 holes; this is called a bye, and in a very uneven match there may be three byes. If a player be the same number of holes up as there remain holes to play, he is said to be dormy; for instance, 3 up and 3 to play is called dormy three; 10 up and 8 to play is of course the greatest number of holes by which a game can be won.

Another game is a "three-ball match," sometimes played when the green (as the links are also called) is not crowded, and no risk is run of keeping others back by what is generally a slow game; here each player plays a match against the other two.

More than three players seldom play a ball each, because if four players wish to play together, they usually play two against two, or a "foursome." In this game, each side has one ball, and the game is played exactly like a match, each player playing alternately until the first hole is finished; the partner of either side who did not strike off first at the first tee, plays off at the second tee, and so on, and this alternation keeps on hole by hole, notwithstanding any penalties of strokes (to be hereafter noticed), for instance, if A and B be partners, A has struck off, B plays the second and incurs a penalty of a stroke for something in contravention to the rules, it is A who has to play the fourth stroke. There is an exception, however, to this exception (more apparent than real) and it is this: if A strike at the ball and miss it, a stroke is counted notwithstanding, and, although the ball has not been touched, B plays two.

A two-ball match can also be played by three players, two against one. Here one player plays as in an ordinary match the other two play alternately as in a foursome

\* Pronounced *Goff*. † Pronounced as the *t* in cutting.

Still another game is played by three players—one strong player against two weaker ones—and is called “playing the best of two balls.” Say A *versus* B and C, if A holes in 5, B in 5 and C in 8, the hole is halved, and so on.

**HANDICAPPING**—Players of different powers are brought together by (a) allowances of strokes seldom more than a stroke a hole; a 6 strokes allowance is called “a third” (a stroke at every third hole); 9 is called a half, and 12 two-thirds; (b) by Bisesques, which are strokes that may be taken at any time before teeing off for another hole. Holes up are an imaginary number of holes which the weaker player is supposed to have won before starting; one hole up is roughly equal to two strokes, and 3 Bisesques are roughly equal to 5 strokes.

**PENALTIES**.—Each infringement of the rules which follow is penalised by the loss of a stroke, and thus we see that the word “stroke” has in Golf three meanings: (a) the act of hitting the ball; (b) odds given; (c) penalty of any imaginary stroke taken.

**CLUB, &C., COMPETITIONS**.—The above described game for two, three, or four players is inapplicable to competitions between a large number; then the play must be (a) by matches in a tournament, or (b) by what is called Medal-play. In a tournament the “byes” should be played off on one day so as to leave 4, 8, 16, or 32 couples to start together upon another day. If the byes be left until the end, it becomes manifestly very unfair for one player to have two, or perhaps, three stiff matches, as compared with his opponent’s one. Twelve players, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, J, K, L, will therefore, play as follows:—

A v. B	?	}
C v. D	?	}
E v. F	?	}
G v. H	?	}
	I	}
	J	}
	K	}
	L	}

In “Medal-play” the game is by strokes instead of by holes. Two players play together (preferably by ballot), and keep score for each other. The score is now 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, &c., instead of odd, two more, &c. The result of each hole is written on a card, and the total of the 18 holes added up after the eighteenth hole is played. Of course, the player who does the round in the least number of strokes wins the medal or other prize.

**CONCLUSION**.—A thorough knowledge of the rules and custom of the game can hardly be acquired without actual play with old golfers, but with the foregoing description the rules will become fairly comprehensible to anyone studying them carefully. And remember: BE SCRUPULOUSLY CAREFUL TO ABIDE BY THE RULES IN THEIR STRICTEST SENSE, AND THIS ESPECIALLY IN MEDAL PLAY, when, as you are playing against a whole club, your opponent cannot in fairness to others give you any license whatever.

THE LAYING OUT OF GOLF LINKS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Having to-day been introduced to your new publication, GOLF, I immediately determined on using it, with your kind permission, as a means of informing an ignoramus in the game. Can you in your next issue inform me—

1. As to the length and breadth necessary for links.
2. As to the probable cost of preparing it.
3. The best method of forming a club, and the average rate of subscription usually charged.
4. Is it necessary or advisable to have a links with trees on it. (My proposed one is without any trees, and consists of a sandy soil, rough, and almost covered with gorse bushes).
5. What would be a fair rent for such, of about two miles long by 100 yards wide.

Perhaps there is some book which would give me part of the information?

I am, Sir, &c.,

J. W. STEVENS.

Childe Okeford, Blandford, Nov. 29th.

THE DRAINAGE OF PUTTING-GREENS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Could any of your readers inform me of a simple and effective way of draining the 4-inch holes on the putting-greens? It is a very common thing on many greens for the holes to be continually half full of mud and water, and to be always having your ball fished out, covered with slimy mud, is the cause of a loss of time while being cleaned. I should be glad to hear of a simple method by which the holes can be kept dry.

I am, Sir, &c.,

R. G. H.

Rochdale, November 30th.

LENGTH OF DRIVES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Mr. E. Edwards, in your last issue, asks whether any one has ever seen a Golf ball carry 180 yards with no wind to help it.

In reply I can only tell him, that Willie Park assured me, that he ought to carry over 180 yards every time. Rolland, who is about the longest driver, tells me that he has carried 235 yards with no wind to help. Not long ago some of Mr. Mure Ferguson’s drives were measured at Felixstowe, and the carry was nearer 190 yards than 180. Of course, the names I mention are well known long drivers. In my article, I was referring to “long drives,” and not average drives, and what I said was, that drives of 170 to 190 yards were frequent. Good, fair average drivers ought certainly to carry 150 to 160 yards.

A. L.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—As an old golfer and one who for the last twenty-five years has closely watched the progress of the game and seen nearly all the best players of the day, I entirely agree with Mr. Horace Hutchinson when, in the “Badminton” book, he describes a drive of 180 yards as a long one.

On a calm day 180 yards is a *very* long drive, run included, and there are very few golfers (if any), professional or amateur, who will drive 170 yards on a fairly flat piece of links. This summer, Alexander Herd, of St. Andrews, who was at Portrush as professional for about six weeks, playing to the last hole on one occasion, made the longest drive I ever heard of. I must state that the teeing-ground at this hole is nearly forty feet above the level of the links, and Herd had the advantage of a strong following wind. The drive measured 264 yards. This I can vouch for, as I taped it very carefully.

I am, Sir, &c.,

“CELT.”

THE RED COAT—PUTTING—DRIVES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—May I be allowed to point out to two of your correspondents:

1st. He will find that the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers within a few years passed a rule recommending red coats. I believe if all clubs did the same we would soon see more uniforms on the links. Men are growing sick of seedy clothes, but no man has the courage to wear red without a colourable excuse.

2nd. If anyone would like to break the hammer-headed putter patent, I may inform him that there is one of the judges in the Supreme Court at Edinburgh who played with such a club some years ago. It is probably in his box now.

3rd. From a good lie 180 yards is the extreme distance any one can drive. *With a good lie* any carry is possible. There will be young men to *bear him out* if any golfer asserts that he has seen a ball carry 200 yards and *fall dead*.

I am, Sir, &c.,

A. A. IAS.

# Competitions.

## FORMBY GOLF CLUB.

The second monthly competition of this club took place on Saturday, the 22nd ult. The following are the returns:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. J. W. Fowler...	96	1	95	Mr. John Shepherd	107	5	102
Mr. F. E. M. Dixon	99	4	95	Mr. J. E. Pearson...	118	15	103
Mr. G. R. Cox, jun.	101	3	98	Mr. D. Webster	120	11	109

The following made no return:—J. Ainsworth, A. Bright, jun., T. Carlyle, A. B. Canty, J. E. Dean, E. Hewer, H. H. Hosack, E. C. Lowe, J. K. Osgood, J. Quinn, G. Rheam, and R. Rockliff.

## EDINBURGH LICENSED VICTUALLERS' GOLF CLUB.

The members of this club and friends, to the number of fifty, held their first annual dinner in the Café Royal Hotel, West Register Street, last week. Mr. Donald Fisher (captain) presided, with Mr. Robert Veitch as croupier. After dinner the chairman proposed the customary loyal and patriotic toasts. In giving the toast of the evening, "Success to the Licensed Victuallers' Golf Club," Mr. R. O. Cameron congratulated the club on its great success during its brief existence. Mr. Fisher replied. Other toasts were "The Prize Winners," by the croupier, to which Mr. John Doig responded; "The Prize Donors," by Mr. John Robertson; "The Press," by Mr. Porter, &c. From the statistics supplied by the secretary (Mr. Walter R. M'Niven) it appeared that the club was initiated in the spring of this year. Since then five competitions had taken place, the principal winners being as follows:—Fisher cup, Mr. Dougal; Morrison prize, Mr. W. Gordon; Hannen medal, Mr. Alexander Macdonald; Omand prize, Mr. Thomas Young; and the champion medal, Mr. John Doig. Thereafter a capital programme of songs and recitations was taken part in, amongst others, by Messrs. Dale, Paterson, Mickel, Porter, Hogg, A. Clark, Alex. Macdonald (Gaelic song), and G. Morrison.

## WHITLEY CLUB.

The first of the competitions for the silver cup, value fifteen guineas, the gift of Mr. J. G. Joicey, took place on the 25th ult., at Whitley. The trophy is to be competed for twelve times before becoming the property of the ultimate winner. The weather was boisterous, and a strong wind made the scoring very high. Five and a-half couples entered, but eight of them, owing to "rude Boreas," made no returns. Mr. R. T. Thomson secured first honours from one behind scratch, his net score being 104. Results:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. R. T. Thomson	103	+1	104	Mr. J. Hansell	130	25	105
Mr. G. W. Williams	105	scr.	105				

## ROYAL BLACKHEATH GOLF CLUB.

The foursome competition for two cups presented by Robert Whyte, Esq., the captain, was advanced a further stage last week, all the matches in the second heat of the competition having been decided, with the following results:—Messrs. S. Clarke and H. H. Turner beat Messrs. C. Lethbridge and J. R. J. Bramly; Messrs. G. Humphreys and W. H. M. Christie beat Messrs. E. A. Walker and W. R. M. Glasier; Messrs. C. W. Harrison and F. J. Walker beat Messrs. T. A. Raynes and W. Morris; Messrs. F. S. Ireland and G. O. Jacob beat Messrs. T. J. and R. A. Baillie; Messrs. E. F. S. Tylecote and W. O. S. Bell beat Messrs. W. K. Graham and W. Noakes; and Mr. G. H. Ireland and Capt. H. Gillon beat Col. E. H. Kennard and Mr. J. G. Gibson. Two couples, Messrs. W. G. Barnes and W. A. Adam and Messrs. A. Schacht and G. Spurling had walks over, their respective opponents being unable to meet them.

## LITTLEHAMPTON GOLF CLUB.

Friday, November 21st.—Mr. A. Z. Constable's medal:—

Gross Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. R. Holmes	111	15	96	Mr. R. A. Blagden...	119	20	99
Mr. H. E. Harris	127	30	97	Mr. A. Holmes	115	15	100
Mr. A. Z. Constable	116	17	99	Mr. J. C. Constable	157	35	122

Saturday, November 22nd.—Monthly club handicap:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. R. Holmes	110	15	95	Mr. E. C. R. Goff...	120	17	103
Mr. A. Z. Constable	112	17	95	Mr. H. E. Harris...	138	30	108
Mr. C. E. Farmer...	114	17	97	Mr. R. A. Blagden	131	20	111
Mr. J. G. Constable	136	35	101	Mr. A. Holmes	128	15	113
Mr. C. Bartlett	132	30	102				

## WIMBLEDON.—MEDAL DAY.

The medal that ought to have been played at Wimbledon on Saturday was practically stopped by the frost and snow. Nevertheless Mr. A. Molesworth and Mr. W. R. Portal played round, Mr. Molesworth making a score of 106, +3=109, beat Mr. Portal, who was 160, less 20=140. As these were the only two gentlemen who handed in their score there is not much to be derived from the performance.

Owing to the snow the committee decided to extend the first heat of the silver iron foursomes over another week, thus extending the date to the 13th inst, on or before which date the matches must be played.

## OXFORD UNIVERSITY GOLF CLUB.

The final round for the inter-collegiate "irons" was played off on Wednesday, November 26th, between New College (holders) and University College, and resulted in favour of New College, after a good match, by two up and one to play. New College was represented by the hon. secretary, G. M. Style and J. B. Pease, and University by L. A. Selby, Bigge, and R. W. Macan. The previous rounds resulted as follows:—

FIRST ROUND.—Queen's beat Trinity; Exeter beat Lincoln. Magdalen, Oriol, University, Christ Church, Brasenose and New (byes).

SECOND ROUND.—Magdalen beat Oriol; University beat Queen's; Exeter beat Christ Church; New College beat Brasenose.

THIRD ROUND.—University beat Magdalen; New College beat Exeter.

FINAL ROUND.—New College beat University.

Snow prevented the weekly handicap being played on Friday.

## WEST CORNWALL GOLF CLUB.

The November handicap was played on Saturday, November 29th, with snow on the ground, and the thermometer several degrees below freezing point. The returns are, as might be expected, few and high:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.			
R. F. Tyacke...	131	18	113	T. Madge	No return.	15
A. Stokes	164	18	146	Capt. Malone		35
G. E. W. James	196	35	161			

## TROON CLUB.

There was a goodly turn-out at Troon on Saturday, most of the players entering the competitions for the Sandhills monthly handicap medal, and for places in the monthly handicap medals final. The weather was very fine, but the ground was very hard, and in parts white with hoar-frost, and red balls were to some extent in requisition. The following went out:—Messrs. William Logan, David Fullarton, J. M. Orr, A. C. Burton, A. Foulis, Geo. Morton, J. M. Jamieson, D. McMillan, M. Fraser, A. Morrison, Rev. A. L. Henderson, Wm. Rowan, H. Lauder, J. A. Anderson, Alex. Gilmour, Jas. W. Walker, Wm. Morrison, A. S. Craig, F. W. Robertson, Alex. Walker (Irvine), A. Lauder, J. Lauder, A. McMurray, And. Johnston, Jas. Irvine, Robert White, Wm. Findlay, D. Cook, and J. M. Cowan. Thirteen cards were handed in, and these, on being compared, showed that the lowest handicap score was that of Mr. A. Johnston,

who was accordingly declared the winner of the Sandhills medal. The places in the monthly medal final were won by Mr. A. Gilmour for first-class, handicap 0 to 4; Mr. A. Johnston for second-class, handicap 5 to 14; and Mr. D. McMillan and Mr. J. M. Orr tied for third-class, handicap 15 to 24. Curiously enough Mr. Gilmour was the only player who played without handicap, or with less handicap than four, which accounts for such a high figure getting into the scratch list. The following are the scores:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
And. Johnston	101	12	89	A. C. Burton	108	10	98
D. McMillan	108	18	90	H. Lauder	114	16	98
J. M. Orr	112	22	90	W. Findlay	105	6	99
A. Walker	108	16	92	A. T. Craig	109	6	103
J. M. Jamieson	109	16	93	J. M. Walker	120	12	108
D. Fullarton	111	18	93	A. Gilmour	117	0	117
J. A. Anderson	111	14	97				

ROYAL NORTH DEVON GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal and the usual sweepstakes were played for on Saturday last. The memento accompanying the medal this month was an umbrella, a very useful and appropriate present. There was no snow on the links, but the greens were a little hard and bumpy. The general state of the course may easily be judged of by the fact that wooden clubs could be played with perfect ease and safety. The average daily attendance exceeds twenty.

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. C. A. Smith (M. S.)	108	17	91
Dr. Siddall (M.)	101	7	94
Mr. C. Wilson (M. S.)	119	24	95
Mr. W. Toller (M. S.)	106	9	97
Mr. W. E. Law (S.)	130	27	103
Mr. W. King (M.)	122	15	107
Mr. W. Dumbleby (S.)	162	18	144
Mr. J. C. McLaren (M. S.)		1	
Mr. J. J. Harding (M. S.)	No return.	6	
Lieut.-Col. Winterscale (M. S.)		10	

Major Hopkins, Rev. G. Willes, Capt. Templer, Messrs. F. Cooke, J. W. Cooke, Heathcote, Eden, Mitchell, &c., also played, but did not compete.

NORTH BERWICK.

The severe weather experienced during the past week interfered to an appreciable extent with play over the North Berwick course. Towards the end of the week the links assumed a thoroughly wintry aspect, being clad in a snowy robe, and almost entirely deserted. On Friday last a very few of the more enthusiastic exponents of the Royal game ventured forth with an ample provision of red-coloured balls, and found a round of the green rather exhilarating. On Saturday, owing to the continuance of the frost, comparatively few golfers arrived per the rail in the course of the day. As, however, the weather proved bright, and the putting-greens were cleaned and trimmed for play, several ladies as well as gentlemen drove from the tee, both in the forenoon and afternoon. Among those over the course during the day were Sir George and Lady Clark, Captain N. M. Wylie, Mr. J. C. Innes, Mr. Esson, and Ben Sayers and David Grant, professionals. Monday resembled a fine day in midsummer, presenting a marked contrast to the keen frost of Saturday. The links were also completely free from snow, and several of the resident golfers embraced the very favourable opportunity of enjoying a round. Last week, the ladies own links here were pretty much unoccupied, and play in the district generally ruled quiet.

WEST HERTS GOLF CLUB.

The winter meeting of this club, arranged for Saturday, was, in consequence of snow and frost, postponed until the 13th inst. The club dinner was held in the evening at The Hall, Bushey, Herts.

ROYAL EPPING FOREST GOLF CLUB.

The Gordon Challenge Cup and Captain's prize competitions, fixed for Saturday at Chingford, were postponed on account of he weather.

FORFARSHIRE.

A sharp spell of wintry weather put a stop to golfing operations last week, the various courses in the district being coated an inch thick with snow. Several enthusiasts were out on Saturday, playing with red balls, but there was trouble on the putting-greens. On account of the snow the last competition of the Broughty Club for the season, which was to have taken place at Monifieth, had to be postponed. The date of the foursome to be taken part in by the brothers Simpson, of Carnoustie, and Messrs. Young and Wright, of Monifieth, had also been altered, and it was proposed that the match should have been played off on Saturday last. It will now be played as announced in GOLF of last week, on Saturday, Dec. 13th.

The fourth and concluding competition for the season of the Montrose Ladies' Golf Club was held on Thursday of last week under favourable conditions. Eighteen members put in an appearance, and two rounds of the course were played. On the cards being handed in, it was seen that the prizewinners were as follows:—1, and winner of gold medal, Miss Watson, 105; 2, and silver medal, Mrs. R. H. Millar, 107; 3 and 4, Mrs. Boothby and Miss Annie Watson, both 111; 5, Miss Paton, Cairnbank, 113.

At the autumn meeting of the Panmure Golf Club, held in the beginning of October, the question of the maintenance of Monifieth links was discussed, and it was resolved that a man should be appointed who could devote his sole time to the care of the course. Subscriptions were promised by the other clubs who play at Monifieth, and we are glad to say that the matter has at last taken practical shape. Mr. Alexander Donaldson has received the appointment of greenkeeper, and has entered upon his duties. The appointment is a very popular one in the village, the opinion being expressed that "Sandy" will soon effect a much-needed improvement in the course, portions of which he has already returned, though frost has interfered with this operation. The Monifieth people know a good man when they have got him, and such an one is Mr. Andrew Walker, the Secretary of the Monifieth Golf Club. Mr. Walker has held the post for almost a quarter of a century, and we understand that his club-mates have resolved to celebrate his official semi-jubilee in a manner which will give adequate expression to the esteem in which his services are held. Certain rumours about a "tombstone" have been heard on the links; but we do not at present feel at liberty to indicate the form that the testimonial will take. We may only add, in reference to this matter, that Mr. Walker has for all these years been the life and soul of the Monifieth Club. His enthusiasm and energy have carried it through every difficulty. His time has ever been ungrudgingly given to the furtherance of its interests, while no one was ever more ready to take out a young player, many a first-class golfer testifying to his success as an instructor. As a custodian of the green, whose authority no one would think of questioning, he has always administered reproof to delinquents with even-handed impartiality.

The Monifieth Club are to have quite a field-day to-morrow (6th) when they bring the season's competitions to a close. The events to be played for are the Mudie gold medal (scratch), the average silver medal (handicap); the 3rd competition for the golf clubs presented by Mr. David Anderson, of the Grange, also the best aggregate for knives, &c., presented by another member of the club; last competition for fifteen prizes, presented by the captain of the club—scratch 1st and 2nd balls; best aggregate balls, 1st and 2nd in each—1st class most 4's, 2nd class most 5's, 3rd class most 6's. There will also be a consolation prize, so that every member may start with a certain degree of hope.

ROYAL ASCOT GOLF CLUB.

Owing to the links being covered with snow, there was no Golf at Ascot on Saturday last, the 29th ult. The ladies' competition for club prizes came off on Thursday, November 27th, with the following results:—

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.		Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
*Miss V. Hanbury	105	18	87	Miss C. Bruce	103	8	95
†Miss R. Haig	94	3	91	Hon. E. Milman	100	2	98
Miss Clement	106	15	91	Baroness Berkeley	107	8	99
Miss M. Clement	96	4	92				

\* Handicap prize. † Scratch prize.  
No return from Miss Morris.

COVENTRY GOLF CLUB.

The final of a series of competitions for a handsome prize presented by the president of the club, Mr. Edward Petal, was played off on Monday last. During the preceding week the weather had been everything that a golfer could wish, and the links were in capital order for good scoring.

On Wednesday there was a competition for a prize presented by Mr. Fridlander. Below are the scores of those who made under the 100 net.

PRESIDENT'S PRIZE.—Final round :—					
Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. H. Rotherham... 103	18	85	Mr. T. Latham ... 109	16	93
Mr. G. F. Twist ... 100	14	86	Mr. K. Rotherham 115	21	94
Mr. FRIDLANDER'S PRIZE :—					
Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.		
Mr. T. Latham ... 101	16	85	Mr. W. Hillman .. 108	16	92
Mr. E. Blackburne... 122	34	88	Mr. F. Twist ... .. 116	22	94
Mr. W. Wyley ... 128	40	88	Mr. A. E. Jagger ... 130	34	96
Mr. J. H. Mitchell... 112	21	91	Mr. A. P. Pridmore 118	22	96
Mr. G. F. Twist ... 106	14	92			

SEATON CAREW GOLF CLUB.

The record of the sporting hole of this course was broken on Saturday by Kay, the professional, when playing with Mr. C. H. Backhouse. The drive for the Doctor's hole is over a bunker 140 yards, the hole being twenty yards beyond. Kay made a clean drive, cleared the bunker, landed on the green, and holed. Although more or less a fluke, it is a fine stroke which has never been done before, and which deserves to be chronicled.

BEMBRIDGE.

The St. Andrews meeting of the Royal Isle of Wight Golf Club took place on Saturday, the 29th of November. It is not often that the Driver is seen with a coating of snow, but it was clad so far that it was necessary for the competitors to have fore-caddies, and the snow accounts for the high scoring that took place. Mr. Fisher came again to the front, neck and neck with the always steady Mr. Forrester Brown. The former took the scratch prize and first sweep, and the latter the cup presented by Sir Arthur Clarke-Jervoise, Bart. Major Bethune took third place, winning the Moreton Cup. In the evening the members sat down to a Scotch dinner at the Spithead Hotel, and did justice to an excellent haggis sent down on purpose from "Auld Reekie" by Mr. W. Mitchell-Innes. The following are the scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
W. F. Fisher ... 95	3	92	Capt. T. F. C. Hamil-
A. F. Brown ... 100	8	92	ton ... .. 109
Major Bethune ... 98	5	93	T. H. Mudie ... .. 106
A. C. Richards ... 106	12	94	H. Bradby ... .. 110
Rev. C. Shilson ... 108	14	94	Rev. W. H. Richards 125
Lieut. Innes-Gairdner 100	3	97	

No returns from Sir A. Clarke-Jervoise, Col. T. M. Harris, Capt. C. W. Knox, Col. P. W. McLaren, Capt. Twynam, and T. W. Wright.

ABERDEEN.

VICTORIA CLUB.—The members of this club held their first competition for the season on Wednesday and Saturday last week, over the course on Aberdeen Links. The weather was favourable on both days, though on Saturday the ground was rather hard owing to the frost, and there was a large turn-out of competitors, some seventeen couples in all starting. The prizes competed for were the scratch prize, and Messrs. J. Williams's and John R. Smith's prizes, Mr. W. Williams's prize going to first-class players, and Mr. Smith's to players in the second class. When the various cards handed in had been compared, it was found that Mr. J. Russell, with a score of 88, had won the scratch prize; Mr. J. Raitt, with a score of 98 (12 off) 86, Mr. Williams's prize; and Mr. A. D. Leiper, with a score of 106 (15 off) 91, Mr. Smith's prize. Among the remaining cards the following had the lowest scores :—Mr. A. McConnachie 89, Messrs. R. Anderson (2), and J. Forrest, 95 each, and Mr. W. H. Reid 98.

PRESTWICK CLUB.

The usual monthly medal competition of the Prestwick Golf Club fell on Saturday, being the last Saturday of the month. The conditions were not altogether propitious for good Golf. The ground was as hard as iron from the frost, and in great measure covered with rime. There were between fifty and sixty players out, but only about half of these engaged in the contest for the medal. Those who entered were Sheriff Lees, R. Cassells, John Knox, W. S. Wilson, Harry Hart, J. H. Wilson, R. Hutchison, John McNeil, C. G. Hay, A. Neilson, C. E. Grant, J. S. Alston, J. A. Neilson, Major Cox, W. Lowers-Clark, J. S. Higginbotham, Col. D. D. Whigham, Capt. Broadhurst, Hugh R. Wallace, Jas. M. Glen, Wm. Alston. On account of the hardness and lumpiness of the course the play was not up to the average, and only five cards were handed in. These were :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
A. Neilson ... .. 107	24	83	C. E. Grant ... .. 112
C. E. Hay ... .. 111	20	91	J. H. Wilson ... 101
Harry Hart ... .. 107	15	92	

Mr. Neilson having the lowest handicap score was declared the winner of the medal.

ROYAL LIVERPOOL GOLF CLUB.

The St. Andrew's day competition was held at Hoylake last Saturday, the prizes to be played for being the St. Andrew's gold cross (scratch) and two handicap prizes given by the club. The day was fine, but a keen frost prevailed, making the ground very hard and the play difficult, especially the putting. Some thirty-three couples competed, and on the cards being examined it was found that Mr. John Ball, jun., had won the medal with a score of 87, being closely followed by Mr. W. E. Fairlie, 88, Mr. F. A. Fairlie, 89, Mr. F. P. Crowther, 90, and Mr. John Ball, sen., 92. The first club handicap prize was won by Mr. W. Hodge Wilson with a score of 99, less 17=82; the second being tied for by Messrs. W. E. Fairlie, Hugh Pierce, J. Hornby, and H. M. Blythe, with their respective net scores of 85. The first three named gentlemen divided the second and third sweepstakes. Mr. W. Hodge Wilson securing the first. The result of the play was as follows :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
W. Hodge Wilson... 99	17	82	"H. Henry" ... 104
W. E. Fairlie ... 88	3	85	Wm. Thomson ... 108
J. Hornby ... .. 97	12	85	C. B. Taylor ... 109
H. M. Blythe ... 105	20	85	A. Turpin ... .. 95
Hugh Pierce ... 107	22	85	A. H. Doleman ... 96
John Farrar ... 97	11	86	Jas. Cullen ... .. 97
J. B. Hinshaw ... 98	11	87	J. J. Crossfield ... 110
H. B. Steel... .. 105	18	87	P. W. Atkin ... .. 114
Theo. Turpin ... 107	20	87	Rev. T. P. William-
L. S. M. Munro ... 94	6	88	son ... .. 102
G. B. Cadell ... 99	11	88	F. W. Carson ... 115
C. T. Dixon ... 106	18	88	James Hume ... 115
F. A. Fairlie ... 89	scr.	89	John Ball, jun. ... 87
F. Hermon ... .. 94	5	89	H. C. R. Sievwright 99
A. H. Higgins ... 96	7	89	Dr. A. Hamilton ... 110
C. Darbyshire ... 99	10	89	Chas. Holt ... .. 110
F. P. Crowther ... 90	scr.	90	J. Ravenscroft (2) ... 120
John Ball ... .. 92	2	90	J. A. Smith... .. 112
T. W. Crowther ... 94	4	90	E. Whineray ... 100
Jas. Fairclough ... 95	5	90	R. J. Kerr... .. 106
M. Pole ... .. 102	12	90	St. Clare Byrne ... 133
J. K. Crooks ... 105	15	90	*H. E. B. Harrison 108
J. H. Silberlach ... 109	19	90	*W. S. Patterson ... 111

\* Not handicapped.

Twenty-three competitors made no return.

WARWICKSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

Although there were two inches of snow over the whole common and deep drifts in places, several members mustered for competition in the Club Cup (handicap) on Saturday. They all played with red balls, and were preceded by two fore-caddies. The scores were very large, owing to the snow. Mr. N. W. Brown, 122, less 12=110, was the winner; Colonel Boothby (president of the club), 122, less 4=118, came second; and the Rev. E. H. Oldham, 130, less 10=120, third.