



GOLF.

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

"Far and Sure."

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

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Fixtures.

NOVEMBER.

- Nov. 29.—Royal Liverpool: St. Andrews Meeting.
Buxton and High Peak: Monthly Competition, under Handicap, and Sweepstake.
Royal Isle of Wight: St. Andrews Meeting.
Royal Ascot: Mr. Haig's Prize.
Royal Epping Forest: Gordon Challenge Cup and Captain's Prize.
West Herts: Winter Meeting; Club Medal; Captain's Cup; and Dinner, The Hall, Bushey, 6 p.m.
Seaford: Monthly Medal.
Haydock Park: Legh Challenge Cup.
Royal Wimbledon: Monthly Medal.
Whitley: Emmerson Prize.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 1.—Cambridge University: St. Andrews Medal; Special General Meeting, 8.30.
Dec. 2.—Birkdale: Ladies' Prize.
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.
Dec. 9.—Royal Epping Forest: Kentish Cup.
Whitley: The Joicey Cup.

- Dec. 13.—West Herts: Handicap Medal.
Lytham and St. Anne's: Captain's Cup Competition.
Guildford: Monthly Medal.
Tooting Bec: Monthly Medal.
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. 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.

What reason is there for supposing that Ananias was a first-rate golfer?

Answer.—Because he lay dead after a bad lie.

WESTWARD HO!

The editor of a great comic paper was lately staying at Westward Ho! and he wrote to a member of his staff, saying, "I think you would like this place, there are very good golfing sands (sic) here."

The editor was a humorous man, but on this occasion his humour had the essential quality of the best humour—it was quite unconscious. For, as his remark suggests, he had the misfortune not to be a golfer. The real piquancy of his innocent words lies in the fact that the enemies of Westward Ho! (it has such, for who shall escape calumny?) charge it with the felony of being too san'y. So the editor well hit off a great characteristic.

The feature of Westward Ho! as a Golf links, are those vast Sahara-like bunkers, not to be flown but by the driving of the sons of Jehu, trackless, save to the native of the soil. But who, that is not of the sons of Jehu, can play for many days at Westward Ho! and not feel himself a native—at least, of the bunkers? Westward Ho! has extended itself of late years. The first three and last two holes of the course are on new golfing ground—over that level common yclept the Northam Burrows, over which, in the olden days, the golfer used to drive on wheels. The course now begins at the near edge—the Westward Ho! and Northam edge—the south edge of the common, and the three first holes lead straight out seaward, northward, and towards that notorious pebble ridge. So that in these first three holes the new comer is led gently onward to his work over ground innocent even of a sheep track or a sand bunker, and not till he takes up the old course, *en route* to present hole No. 4 does he find himself within driving distance of the Saharas. But let him not think that these first holes partake of the happy dulness of Elysian Fields. For he tees on the edge of a burn which he could kick the ball over, but which he does not always drive over with his elaborate tee-shot. Then there is an intricate network of surface drainage, which variegates these three outward holes—its outline marked for the stranger by means of whitewashed stones stolen from the Pebble Ridge. When a skimming ball hits one of these pebbles and rebounds into perdition, it takes a fine store of Christian fortitude to recognise the beneficence of the erection. And there are rushes—little rushes in big beds—like the rushes at Hoylake, but not worthy to be compared with the assegai rushes, which will impale the golfer subsequently. But these hazards make it sufficiently good work to reach the first hole in two drives and an iron, the second in a drive and a long cleek, and the third in a drive and an iron; and if you hole out on each occasion in two more there is every prospect of your being one, if not two, holes to the good. The fourth hole brings you to the first sand bunker—a long, straggling thing which most men can get into, but no man can get over, when the tee is on its medal pitch. So, playing short, you cannot quite get home with your second, and will not do amiss if you hole in five. To the left of the hole, and beyond, are rushes—not Hoylake rushes, but the real Westward Ho! assegaïs. They do not fly at you, like the Zulu assegai, unless you try to niblick your ball out of them, but this at once seems to endow them with active life, and they pierce you in many painful places. They are about six feet high, and worse than the ordinary assegai because they seem to have poisoned tips.

The tee-shot to the fifth is a temptation and a bane to many. A very long carry will put you within reach of the hole; but it is very, very long, and there are samples of sand drift around the bunker's far edges which sometimes rob the mighty drive of its reward. But there is safe lying ground for the tortoise, on the right, and thus stealing up in three, he may, perhaps, defeat the hare. But all three must be real good ones, played and laid down in the right places, for bunkers and hazards abound. It is an out-of-the-way good hole in four. The next hole—the alligator hole—needs a long carry from the tee to fly over the reptile's bunker jaws, and then the hole will be found within a cleek or iron shot over a knobby hill, which would have been removed long ago if execrations could have done it. The next hole is within a drive, but it must be an "unco" straight one, for the green is part of a track cut through a monster bed of the assegai rushes. On the right hand side they are very thick, and on the left more sparse, and relieved by bunkers. If the tee-shot be topped the bents and sand hills are horrid lying. For the eighth hole you go—hope to—back at an acute angle, straight down the cut track,

but the green can hardly be reached in one, and you loft up to it with the iron, amongst knobby hills, on which your adversary always gets a good fall and you always get a bad one. To the ninth hole the tee-shot is over a great isthmus of the monster bed of rushes. A clear lying track runs nearly at right angles to the line of the tee-shot, but at such an angle that the more you dare the better your chance of getting home with your second. If you go for inglorious security, with the iron, you get home comfortably, if you keep straight, in three. If you keep crooked no one knows what you will get home in, nor will it be with any comfort, but as the pincushion of many assegaïs. So this is half-way, and we take a moment's breathing time to reflect how perfect the lies through the green are, how sharp the rushes are, how the bees hum and the wild flowers carpet the links, if it be summer, and how the skylarks sing. But these things, together with reminiscences of Amyas Leigh and Salvation Yeo, and the beauties of the estuary up which their ship came home, while from Borough House, on the hill yonder, Mrs. Leigh watched it past Hartland Head and Lundy Island, and in over Bideford Bar to Appledore Pool—all this belongs to the invincible serenity of three or four up, or the awful calmness of the despair of many down. We are away now from the monster bed of rushes, though there are many out-picketed assegaïs, and away from the bunkers and benty hills on which the milky *euphorbia* grows, and a carry over scattered rushes will put us within reach, with an iron, of the tenth hole, just beside the second-best bed of the assegaïs. Then over a corner of them we go to the eleventh, and get again within an iron shot of the green lying just over a long narrow bunker, and beside another part of the big rush bed. Then into the rushes to a tee in an island amongst them, so that topping means assegaïs again, and with a good shot we are yet again within an iron shot of the hole which is beset with rushes all about. These three holes should quite well be three fours, but it is right good work. Then comes the longest hole of all—three very full drives, and often a little more. There is not much hazard *en route*, but the green lies just over an isthmus of the second best rush bed (this green is close to the tenth green), and the approach shot is a puzzler. It is a fair enough hole in six. And now we make acquaintance (not too close we may hope) with a bunker which may give us fun or exercise (according as we or our adversaries get into it) at each of the next three holes. Our first shot to the fourteenth is to the left of it, and a cleek may take us home over a neck of it in two. For the fifteenth we tee on its brink and drive right over its centre, which brings us within a long put, or level approach, of the green. But the sixteenth offers an alternative. The long driver may take his fate in his hand, and over a right hand neck of this great Sahara (named the Cape Bunker) go straight for the hole; or, with more caution, may play out to the right, and iron up to the green in two. This is the last of the Saharas and the assegaïs, and for the last two holes we are again in the low country of the small rushes and the drainage system. But the seventeenth is a long hole, and full of peril—a right good hole in five, and with a finish over the burn to the last (the prettiest finish, in our opinion, in all Golf) another five will end the round very creditably.

Westward Ho! is entitled to the gratitude of all English golfers, for it was there that the game took a new start after hanging fire for so long on Blackheath. We believe it to have been General Gosset who first pointed out the peculiar adaptability of Westward Ho! for Golf. Its fine lies through the green are its peculiar excellence, in addition to the fearful interest of its huge hazards. The putting-greens are natural—very little levelling has been done, so, as the grass never grows long, they have all the variety of undulation combined with all the truiness of greens artificially levelled.

The new club-house is very much more commodious than the little hut that the Pebble Ridge used to knock down twice a year, and is only about a quarter of a mile from Westward Ho! Adjoining the club-house is the professional's shop, where Charlie Gibson, late of North Berwick, makes, perhaps, better clubs than any maker now going, and also a room in which the members of the Northam Golf Club keep their weapons, for the Potwallopers (the name sounds rather like a Golf club) are becoming keen players.

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

GOLF AT THE CAPE.

We have lately chronicled the doings of some enterprising golfers at the Cape, where Golf bids fair to take as firm a root as it has done in Canada, Ceylon, India, and some of our Colonies beyond the sea. Here is a letter which appeared recently in the Johannesburg (South African Republic) *Star*, with a really well-informed leader thereon by the Editor of that newspaper:—

“To the Editor of *The Star*.

“SIR,—I was glad to observe in your issue of Saturday, that ‘The McNiblick’ had come forward with a proposal to establish a Golf club in Johannesburg. I am sure, there are many here who would heartily support such a pastime, and trust that steps will be immediately taken to test public feeling on the point. I regret, however, that I cannot agree with your correspondent that the organisation should be left to the Wanderers’ Club, and I think you will agree with me that the management of that institution have quite enough hay upon their fork at present. Moreover, the game could not be played on the Wanderers’ ground, and it would be undesirable that any section of that club should play at any place other than the club ground. Why not start an independent club? The Poloists are quite separate from the Wanderers, and so, I venture to think, might also be the golfers. Permit me to suggest that ‘The McNiblick’ should convene a meeting and ascertain the wishes of the community with respect to his suggestion.

“I am, Sir, &c.,

“Johannesburg, Oct. 20th, 1890.

“THE PUTTER.

“The suggestion made by a correspondent in these columns a few days ago that a Golf club should be formed in Johannesburg appears to have been received with considerable favour, and there is reason to believe that the project will be actively taken up. There really is no reason why the ‘Royal and Ancient Game’ should not be inaugurated on these Fields. We cannot boast of such a superfluity of outdoor pastimes—pastimes that can be indulged in all the year round—that we can afford lightly to disregard the proposal, now seriously made, for the addition to the list of a branch of sport which many of the residents in the town must have revelled in, in years gone by. The Scottish contingent, judging from the fervent worship of St. Andrew at a certain period of the year, must be an exceedingly strong one, and it does not say much for their loudly-proclaimed patriotism that they should not have taken steps earlier to establish one of their national games in the town of their adoption. Not, indeed, that the knowledge or the enjoyment of the pastimes are the exclusive property of the men from the north. Persons who lay no claim to Scottish birth or ancestry have conceived quite a passion for the links, and clubs now flourish in all parts of the United Kingdom and Ireland. One of the chief recommendations of the game is its peculiar adaptability to persons whose advancing years, stiffness and obesity preclude them from active participation in the excitement and fatigue of cricket, football, and polo. Not that it deserves the contemptuous condemnation of a writer who said that it was ‘an old man’s game, a footling game, where there is no variety.’ On the contrary, Golf, if properly played, is a tremendously exciting pastime, as was demonstrated when, a few weeks ago, upwards of 5,000 persons assembled on St. Andrews green to witness the conclusion of the great professional match between Kirkcaldy and Park.

“As with many other British pastimes, the exact date of the origin or the invention of Golf cannot be fixed; but as to Scotland being the land of its birth no doubt whatever is held by true patriots, notwithstanding that the Dutch have laid claim to the honour on account of the word *kolf*, which also means a club, one of the implements used in the game. The first historical mention of the game carries us back only as far as the year 1457, when its popularity became so pronounced as to seriously interfere with the pursuit of Archery, a circumstance which induced the Scottish Parliament to ordain that ‘waping-shawingis be held four times in the year, and fute-ball and golf be utterly cryit down, and nocht usit.’ The object of this encouragement of archery was that the sturdy Highlanders should be better able to combat ‘our auld enemies of England.’ This ukase appears to have had the desired effect,

for Mr. R. Clark, a great authority on golfing, tells us that no further trouble was experienced for nearly a century and a half afterwards, when the Edinburgh Town Council prohibited the game from being played on Sunday by a proclamation to be ‘maid thre this burg that, seeing the Sabbath day being the Lordis Day, it becums every Christian to dedicat himself to the service of God. Thairfore, commanding it, our Sovereane Lord’s name that na inhabitants of the samyn be seen at any pastymes within or without the toun upon the Sabbath Day, sic as golfe.’ Still the game flourished. Taken under direct Royal patronage, it acquired the dignified title of Royal; it was, moreover, played by James V., James VI., Mary Stuart, James I. of England, and Charles I. Robertson, in his ‘Historical notices of Leith,’ describes James II. as a known devotee of the Scottish game. In later years, William IV., and the late Prince Leopold were ardent golfers, the latter having his own private links laid out in Windsor Park.

“As our correspondent pointed out, the country round about Johannesburg affords exceptional facilities for the successful prosecution of the game. An ideal ground is where the country is open for a few miles, the turf crisp, broken with sandhills whereon gorse or low bush grows. Such stretches of country could be obtained in any of the outskirts of the town, and could be maintained at a trifling cost per annum. Of the healthy and invigorating nature of the game there can be no question; the marvellous application to the duties of the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland by Mr. A. J. Balfour is attributed entirely to his habit of golfing on the Blackheath greens, while the Scots themselves attribute not a little of the vigour of the nation to love of this particular sport. There is more in Golf than the novice would suppose. It is no glorified hockey, as some would have us believe, but a highly scientific pursuit, and one which is not acquired in a day. Able exponents of the links declare that cricket and football are child’s play compared with it, and when one considers that a dozen or so of different kinds of clubs are necessary to play even one game, and that a match will last for several hours, even when played by professionals, he cannot fail to conceive that there is some truth in the assertion. For the benefit of those who do not understand the principles of the game the following short description may be interesting:—The links or greens consist of extensive open country, holes, about four inches in diameter, being made (in line) in the turf at distances varying from 100 to 500 yards. The standard number of holes is reckoned as eighteen; and, at the St. Andrews Links, these cover a distance of fully four miles. From one of these holes to the next in order a ball, a few ozs. in weight, is driven by means of clubs, some with wood heads, and others with iron heads. A complete set numbers a dozen, all of which differ in length, size and shape, the use of any particular club being decided by the ‘lie’ of the ball. A game is made by holing the ball in the fewest possible number of strokes. It is much to be hoped that the pastime will be introduced here. Kimberley and Capetown have their clubs; in other Colonies, and in India, Golf has long been played, and is scarcely one whit less popular than cricket or football.”

Golfers who are acquainted with Prestwick Golf Links, and among our readers they must be very many, will be interested to learn that an important alteration has been made in the course to one of the most sporting holes on the links—viz., the first hole. The shot from the tee going to this hole used to be somewhat of a problematic one, even to the best and surest driver. The drive, if a good one, was liable to be caught in one of four different hazards—in whins, in a sand bunker, in a dry ditch, or on the railway. The directors of the green, considering that there was too much possibility of punishment here, have removed the two sand bunkers on the incline in a straight line from the tee, and placed an artificial bunker close to the wall bounding the railway. This is a considerable advantage to the straight driver, but it provides additional risk to the player who slices or otherwise screws his ball to the right, inasmuch as that if he escape the railway he is apt to be caught in the newly-made bunker. There is, therefore, additional advantage in keeping a straight course. The first hole, which to the good player was a fairly good five, ought now to be a certain four.

AN OUTING WITH THE EX-CHAMPION.

THIS short account of a very pleasant outing is more especially addressed to that numerous and increasing class of golfers, the utter duffers, in the hope of showing them how one of themselves, and a very prominent one, can divert himself, and not be an utter nuisance to others.

It happened in this wise. The Ancient Caddie—a regular duffer—who cannot drive either from the tee or through the green, but who can sometimes approach or put a little, was in London, with, marvellous to relate, a few sovereigns in his pocket. Being an old friend of Willie Park's, who then was champion for the first time, it occurred to him that if he could get Willie to accompany him on a short cruise round some of the southern links, a pleasant outing for both might be obtained; and it also might be discovered what sort of fight, one at the top, and the other at the bottom of the golfer's tree, could make against good amateurs.

The idea was mentioned to some of the Ancient Caddie's friends, who warmly supported it. Probably they did so for two reasons, first, because, from mere charity, they had occasionally to play with the Ancient Caddie, and they no doubt thought that with a good man, he would not be quite such a nuisance as he certainly was by himself; and, secondly, because perhaps they had a shrewd suspicion that they would not have anything to pay.

Willie Park came up to London, and on a fine April morning he and the Ancient Caddie proceeded to Eastbourne. Nothing worthy of note occurred until the arrival at the station at Eastbourne, where, as also at the clubhouse, a small crowd had collected, coming, doubtless, to have a look at the champion. But, wonderful to relate, the crowd seemed to think the Ancient Caddie the champion, and Willie Park the amateur! The matter was explained by the friends of the former thus, "Well, old man, you see Willie Park is a very good-looking, well-dressed, gentlemanlike young man, whilst you—well—'m—; but don't bother yourself, they will see which is which, as soon as you begin to play"—and they did.

It is needless to describe the Eastbourne links—much improved since the visit in question—the length of the holes suiting Willie's long driving, and he and the Ancient Caddie had the better of Messrs. Needle and White, both scratch at Wimbledon, the former receiving three strokes. It was, therefore, agreed that for the rest of the visit, when those gentlemen played, they should give two or three strokes, according as they won or lost a round, and so even did this concession make them, that at the end there was, if anything, only one or two holes between the combatants.

The afternoon of the second day was noted for the Ancient Caddie being deprived of his favourite weapon, called "Le Rouge," from its red handle, and having been bought in France, a curious sort of half-heavy putter, which he used when others would take an iron club. At the hole beyond "Paradise," the Ancient Caddie, of course, had

"foozled" his drive. Willie made a grand shot up to within ninety yards of the green. The Ancient Caddie, in spite of the sniggering of his adversaries, called for "Le Rouge," and to his joy and pride lifted on to the green, and Willie holed in four. The Ancient Caddie expecting praise, even from his enemies, turned to them with a gratified air, but there came no praise, but growls and execrations. "What do you play with a thing like that for? Horrible fluke—it's not Golf—at your age you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What do you think, Willie?" Replying with the diplomatic caution of his countrymen, the champion said, "I'm no sure it is my business to tell a gentleman precesely what club he is to play, mair especially when I'm no asked. But it was a grand shot whatever, and won the hole, and aiblins may win the match," which it did. Mr. Needle, however, made amends by giving the Ancient Caddie two curious irons, with which he occasionally makes, if not good, at all events, legitimate work.

After three days most pleasantly spent, in the course of which we managed to get a great deal of capital Golf, and to enjoy the hospitality of the best of hotels, "The Queen's," and all civility and kindness from both the "Golf" and the "Sussex" clubs, we next started off to Bembridge *via* Brighton and Portsmouth. On arriving here, so keen was Willie to be off to the green, that he would hardly eat his lunch. He departed hurriedly in the boat, by which conveyance the links are reached, as he remarked between a couple of bites, "just to have a look at the greens." The Ancient Caddie, however, was more leisurely, and dallied with the lobsters, prawns, and other delicacies for which the "Royal Spithead Hotel" is so justly famous. He was enjoying his coffee and cigar in the charming club-room, now much enlarged, when the ferryman brought a message "that Mr. Wrong wanted to know whether the gentleman meant to play Golf or not; if not, he had better say so at once, and go back to his infernal lobsters."

Somewhat alarmed at this message, and knowing that Mr. Wrong, mild though his tyranny may be, was undoubtedly king of Bembridge, the Ancient Caddie hurried across, and found Mr. Wrong in front of the new pavilion, which he was so instrumental in promoting, in company with his partner, Mr. Froude Prior, commonly known as "the man with the cleek," from his using this weapon instead of a "driver," and, when in form, very good use he makes thereof; but when the fates are adverse, despair rules supreme in his gentle bosom. He also plays Golf as William of Deloraine rode back from Melrose to Branksome,—with a large volume in his breast, which he brings forth at every hole, and puts down the number of strokes of both sides, with notes and annotations. If everyone did this the information would be copious, but the progress slow. Mr. Froude Prior, however, shows you with great pride how in such and such a time he had walked 10,000 miles—played 500,000 shots—and made an average of something between 130 and 87. [N.B.—These numbers being taken from memory, are not guaranteed as being quite accurate.]

The green at Bembridge was, as it always is when not crowded, charming, and much pleased Willie, who however thought, were he to play a "big match," that he would be chary of using his driver, as once off the line the grief is awful, and even a straight driver in some places may go too far.

After a most pleasant stay and all sorts of matches, Wimbledon was next visited, where nothing noteworthy occurred, and as that green is somewhat crowded on Saturday, an expedition to Ascot was decided on, Mr. Needle being on this occasion partnered by Alfred the Great; and as the weather was lovely, a most pleasant day was spent. Mr. Needle began with a big drive, and perhaps the figures 220 may yet be seen on the racecourse railings, the drive having been carefully stepped and recorded thereon. An awful catastrophe occurred in the afternoon. The match was as level as possible, and Mr. Needle made a splendid drive, over all obstacles on to the racecourse to the third hole from home. The great Alfred, when preparing to strike, was exhorted by his partner to beware of the enclosure of the lower Spagnoletti Board, the only danger, till close to the hole. "Don't be alarmed," said the great Alfred, "I could not get near it if I tried, and I don't mean to go that way." Whang went a very long shot, but alas! the ball after a beautiful flight through space, landed after one tremendous long hop, right into the middle of the Spagnoletti enclosure. Lift, drop, and lose one—and the match! It was afterwards admitted that Mr. Needle could have given Jeremiah half one in the lamentation line.

This was the last day of the partnership of the Ancient Caddie and Willie Park. But the luck of the latter did not desert him, for next day at the "Zoo" he witnessed the just punishment of an "Arriet" who would tease the monkeys in spite of the warnings of the keeper. She turned round to speak to her "Arriet." Down came a big ape like a flash of lightning, one snatch, and away again to the topmost bar, with "Arriet's" Sunday "at" and some of her own or some one else's hair—which he proceeded leisurely to dissect—to the intense amusement of all present except "Arriet."

And thus ended our pleasant outing, which, I hope, proves that even an arch duffer, when partnered by a real good man, can, in favourable circumstances, make a fight against amateurs whose playing merit is above the average.

THE ANCIENT CADDIE.

A wonderful instance of handicapping is furnished by a very young Dundee Golf club, the members of which are making rapid progress in the game at Monifieth. A splendid trophy, which was given to the club by a gentleman remarkable for his large-hearted generosity, came to be played for, and it was won by a member whose registered score was 160. He came in at 32 under his average! Beginners—"Nil desperandum."

"Young gentlemen, do not get into the habit of betting," said a professor to a class. "No kind of bet is excusable; in fact, every bet is a sin as well as a mark of vulgarity. Have nothing to do, young gentlemen, with a bet of any kind." "That, I suppose, puts a finisher upon our dear friend the alphabet," exclaimed one of the students. The professor smiled blandly upon the young man, and gave him fifty extra lines of Greek.

A NEW GOLFING GLOVE.

A great many golfers find it extremely difficult to play anything like a satisfactory game without gloves to protect the palms of their hands from the tension of the grip and the continued friction of the club. Hitherto, the ordinary expedient has been to use an old pair of ordinary dress gloves, cut and slit in various ways to give increased comfort, or a pair of driving gloves, or a pair of bicycle gloves, made of doeskin, bound in the palm and on the finger and thumb with leather. These have been found in practice to be but provisional stop-gaps; they soon wear out and become slippery, and in wet weather it is nearly impossible to wield the club with their aid.

Messrs. Lunn & Co., 257, Regent Street, W., have now made a serious effort to devise a really satisfactory golfing glove. It is made of soft chamois leather, open at the back above the knuckles, with a thin strip of embossed indiarubber running the whole length of the palm, from the wrist to the finger-tips, and it is profusely studded with small ventilation holes, which serve to keep the hand cool and free from perspiration. The outstretched palm has the appearance of a wicket-keeping glove, but when closed upon the club this is the appearance of the hands with the gloves upon them:—



In company of many other golfers of experience, we have subjected the gloves to a thorough test by playing two hard-fought matches in them, extending to a period of about six hours. The principal charm of the glove is the sure, certain grip the indiarubber palm gives to the leather of the club. The feeling of the player is one of assured security that there is no danger of the club slipping at a critical stroke, and after trial by varied hands, the general tenour of the criticism was to the effect that the idea was a good one, mingled with no little astonishment that the grip of the club was so safe. No doubt suggestions will be forthcoming by various players as the gloves are tested. For one thing, it is to be hoped they are not all of one size. There is a tendency on the part of the soft leather to expand by the action and heat of the hand

while in play, and if the gloves are originally a trifle too large to begin with, there is a danger of a little crumpling arising in the palm of the hand. Another point which appeared to us worthy of attention was the covering up of the back of the hand, especially for players in cold weather. Some players prefer this, while, of course, others do not; but it is the variety of taste which has to be provided for. We should suggest the abolition of the buckle on the wrist strap in favour of a large button and button-hole like those on an ordinary batting glove. With the present strap and buckle one can scarcely take off the gloves unaided. A third point which might legitimately be noticed by Messrs. Lunn is to extend the indiarubber a little further over the margin of the fork between the thumb and forefinger, because a good deal of wear and pressure are brought to bear on what may be described as the outside edge of those fingers. If possible, also, even a thinner strip of indiarubber might be tried.

Those are small points of detail, however. The principle is good and sound, and it is the most satisfactory expedient we have yet seen for overcoming the tendency to slip on the part of the old leather glove. Golfers cannot do better than give the gloves a thorough trial.

Viscountess Bury and Lord Sudeley are among the recent recruits to the ranks of golfers.

GOLF AT BEXHILL, SUSSEX.

A CLUB for the enjoyment of this now popular game has been recently formed at Bexhill. An influential meeting of the promoters was held at the Sackville Hotel, on Friday evening the 14th inst., when a suitable ground was selected, a committee and officers were chosen, and rules for the management of the club were adopted. Mr. John Robertson Reep, who is well known at Seaford and other places as a successful founder of Golf clubs, has recently become a resident at Bexhill, and it is doubtless due to his experience and energy that the preliminary arrangements have been made with unusual promptitude, and that play will probably begin in about a fortnight's time. The links, although not of such dimensions as to rival those of some of the more favourably situated clubs, will give a picturesque and varied course of more than three-quarters of a mile, with nine holes. The ground has been let to the club by Earl de la Warr, on terms, the liberality of which is evidence of the interest his Lordship takes in the movement, and comprises the eastern portion of the grass land adjoining the esplanade, and a large part of the slope and eminence known as Galley Hill. The proximity of the links to Sackville Terrace and the Sackville Hotel will be a feature of no small importance to the members. The club will have most comfortable head-quarters at the Sackville Hotel, where the enterprising manager, Mr. Hardwick, has made arrangements for the accommodation of members residing at a distance, at a daily tariff of especial cheapness.

The club will be under the presidency of Earl de la Warr, and the chairmanship of Colonel Lane, J.P., C.C., and the committee has been selected from among the leading local residents. There is no doubt but that the club will become a permanent success. Bexhill is some few miles nearer to London than St. Leonard's, and can be reached by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, from Victoria or London Bridge, in about an hour and three-quarters.

Arrangements are being made with the Company (through their courteous and popular manager, Mr. Sarle) for the issue, to members of the club resident in London, of railway tickets at an especially cheap rate, and there is little doubt but that Bexhill will very soon be one of the most popular resorts of Golf players.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.—VISITOR to lunatic asylum (to keeper).—"And who is that gibbering idiot over there?"

KEEPER (sadly).—"That poor fellow was one of our most promising young lawyers till he took a young lady to a Golf tournament for the first time, and attempted to watch the game and make her thoroughly understand it at the same time."

It was announced in the columns of GOLF the other week that a foursome was being arranged to be played at Monifieth between Messrs. Wright and Young, two Monifieth "cracks," and Archie and Bob Simpson, of Carnoustie. The match we understand has been fixed to come off on Saturday, 13th December

Tee Shots.

The late Mr. Cyril Oliphant, who was buried on November 12th, was an enthusiastic golfer, and, although not a scratch player, gained considerable proficiency at the game before he died. After spending some weeks of the summer at St. Andrews with his surviving brother, Mr. Oliphant more recently frequented the new course at Eton, and within the last three weeks he enjoyed a beautiful autumn afternoon upon those attractive links by the silver Thames, with Mr. R. Holmes (Her Majesty's Librarian) and another friend. On that occasion, when waiting above Athens, the famous Etonian bathing-place, until the course was clear ahead, Mr. Oliphant and his companions took occasion to admire the view of Royal Windsor, seen to unusual advantage in the purple glow of a retreating sunshine. He was then apparently in good health, having made several excellent drives and iron shots, and also showed good form on the green. The end must have been a very sudden one, and sympathy is generally felt in Windsor and its neighbourhood with his distinguished mother, Mrs. Oliphant, in her bereavement.

We are glad to see that the *Times* now considers Golf of sufficient importance to notice it in its columns, nearly every day a portion of its valuable space is devoted to the Royal and Ancient game. We are further pleased to learn that Mr. Thomas Owen Potter, the popular and indefatigable honorary secretary of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, has been retained to chronicle the proceedings at Hoylake. We must congratulate our contemporary on such a valuable acquisition to its list of special correspondents, and can only hope that this accession to his duties will not prove too severe a tax on the already overburdened shoulders of the worthy and courteous gentleman above referred to.

A golfer was one day trying to explain to a young Englishman the delicate points of detail involved in playing out of a bunker by the aid of his partner kneeling down in it in order to give a steady foothold to the player. He also enlarged with great gusto on the discomfiture of their opponents in seeing the ball holed out and the match won by this resourceful manoeuvre, trying at the same time to make his listener understand the strictly legal and technical golfing aspect of the problem. The position was explained more than once to the intelligent non-golfing Southerner, but all to no purpose. His intellect became giddy with endeavouring to seize the real character of the problem, but its abstruseness baffled him, and in a voice of despairing anguish he at last asked the much surprised golfer—"Do you Scotch people have a solicitor to walk round with you when you play this awful game?"

Many players were down at Wimbledon last week and the course was in splendid order. Amongst those who played during the week were Mr. C. Hutchings, Captain of the Hoylake Golf Club; Lord Kilmainham, who seems to have taken a great fancy to the Royal and Ancient game; Mr. H. Lamb, Captain of the Club; Mr. Foster, Mr. Crawford, and many other scratch players. The Handicapping Committee have decided to make Mr. Molesworth owe 3 from scratch, and this is not to be wondered at after his recent performances. But even with this debt on his shoulders, we expect to see him near the top in the medal competition. We were glad to see Mr. Beecher out again after the recent sad misfortune to his eye.

Scene—North Berwick Links.

PHILOSOPHIC CADDIE to stout clergyman, whose tee-shot has been another case of *parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus*.—"It'll no dae, sir; ye ken ye canna drive as far as that."

CLERGYMAN (*irate*).—"As far as what—what do you mean by such a remark?"

PHILOSOPHIC CADDIE—"I jist mean, sir, that ye canna drive as far as ye wad like, sir."

Exeunt C. and C. *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*

Bournemouth Golf Club, as we anticipated, is well on the way to success. The original authorised number of members has already been filled up; and, at a general meeting held last week, it was decided to increase the number by the election of thirty more members at an entrance-fee of 10s. 6d. and an annual subscription of £1 1s. Our Oxford correspondent who recently inquired about this club can obtain full information from Dr. Bucknill, of East Cliff House, Bournemouth.

Allan Robertson's club-box has now found a suitable resting-place at St. Andrews. The St. Andrews Golf Club have accepted it with great pleasure, and have given it a place of honour in their meeting room, a suitable inscription having been painted on it. The present captain, who has played Golf at St. Andrews for sixty years, told a correspondent lately that Allan belonged to this club, which is now known by the name of the "St. Andrews Golf Club," but was then called something else. The present name was appropriated after the original owner had become dignified as "the Royal and Ancient."

Golfers will see from our advertisement pages that there is an attractive seaside residence, Westbourne Lodge, Aldeburgh-on-Sea, to be sold by auction on Monday, December 1st, at four o'clock. It is within easy reach of the Golf links, which are three miles in extent, and consist of eighteen holes. Messrs. Flick and Son are the auctioneers.

A Hairdresser's notion of Golf:

HAIRDRESSER.—I see you are a golfer, sir."

GENT.—"Yes, what makes you think so?"

HAIRDRESSER.—"I observe *all* gentlemen wear the same costume, 'nickers and gaiters.' I presume the gaiters are necessary to protect your *hankles*?"

While a new green-keeper was being shown over a course situated not a hundred miles away from East Lothian, he was asked by a club official whether he could suggest any improvements. Having surveyed the sand bunkers with an unkindly eye, he replied that the chief improvements he could suggest would be to have those big holes filled up.

We mentioned a week or two ago that the Royal and Ancient game, hitherto unknown in Scotland west of Machrehanish, was likely to become an established fact on one of the western islands. We are in a position now to state that that likelihood will soon be a certainty. The island to take the initiative is the great Island of Islay, the most southerly of the Inner or Southern Hebrides. The island, which has a superficial area about equal to the Island of Arran, has a coast line about ninety miles in extent, and as it is generally low lying and sandy it will be inferred that there is plenty of room to lay out a Golf links. Islay has for many years been known for its whiskey—good whiskey. It is not unlikely by-and-bye to be as well known for good Golf. In the meantime, we understand, George Fernie, brother of Willie Fernie, Troon, has been engaged to go across and look over the ground, with a view to choosing the best course for a round of eighteen holes.

As soon as sufficient members have joined the Nazing Golf Club, the secretary, the Vicar of Nazing, proposes to make arrangements for a brake to meet the train at Broxbourne on club days, and bring out the members at a cheap fare, returning to meet an up train after play is over. The number of members will now soon reach fifty, after which number an entrance-fee of one guinea will be imposed, and the club will be limited, under present rules to 100 members. The links are rapidly getting into very good order under the care of the ground man. The club has made a very promising start. Mr. Aitken of Edinburgh keeps a supply of clubs and balls on sale at the Golf club-house, and undertakes repairs.

Earl Ferrers is laying out a Golf course at his Leicestershire seat, Staunton Harold, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Tom Dunn, the Tooting Bec professional, has been invited to lay out the course.

THE POETRY OF GOLF.

GOLFERS cannot fail to have had their attention arrested and their minds charmed by the quantity and excellence of unique prose and poetic literature which surrounds their favourite pastime. The fact has long been a familiar one to those who have been reared in the home of Golf beyond the Tweed, and doubtless it has been borne in upon the attention of latter day players of both sexes south of the Tweed by the appearance of many excellent manuals of the game, and by much tuneful ballad poetry and many rollicking songs which have lately appeared in these columns and elsewhere. The fact that there should be so much harmonious verse written and sung by golfers in these islands and out of them in praise of a game which the ignorant deride as being only fit for the two extremes of life—careless childhood and the decrepitude of age—is an interesting and instructive one. It gives even the superficial scoffer pause in his jibes, and brings to his mind the dim consciousness that Golf is after all not quite a game of skittles, that it merits anything but contempt and contumely, and that somehow or other it possesses for those who know even the rudiments certain inherent attractive qualities which inspire them with an exhilaration of mind whose buoyancy can only find fit expression in poetry and song, as—

"Of rural diversions too long has the chase

All the honours usurped, and assumed the chief place;

But truth bids the muse from henceforward proclaim

That Golf, of field sports, stands the foremost in fame."

No other outdoor pastime, so far as we can recall, with perhaps the solitary exception of angling, and to a lesser degree curling, can aspire to such respectable dignity in this respect. But every sport is not privileged to have such a quaint, picturesque, literary artist as Izaak Walton to be the chronicler of its charms, and to shed undying lustre upon its attractiveness. It is certain that to the eye of old Izaak there was more in the sport of angling than to sit idly on a bank with "a stick, a string, a hook, and a worm" for a whole afternoon; otherwise, it is to be charitably supposed, such an inane occupation would not have attracted so finely equipped a mind as his. So there is much more in Golf to the eye of a keen player than "to hit a little ball with a crooked stick, and then walk after it." Old Izaak extracted from angling, and from his love of Nature, which the sport enabled him to enjoy a great deal of practical wisdom and unalloyed pleasure. By a kind of law of reciprocity he gave back in the shape of a prose epic dear to all lovers of the finest English prose what his mind absorbed in the pursuit of his favourite amusement. In the same way very many golfers shoulder their clubs and betake themselves to breezy links by the sea, where, with renovated health and spirits, and music in their hearts, they light their poetic torch at the divine flame, and overrun the columns of GOLF in their cheerful exuberance of spirits and vivacity. Take as an example the admirable song

which we recently printed from the pen of a correspondent, and in which the game and its attractions were thus picturesquely described :—

“Where daisies and buttercups peep from the clover,
And all the surroundings lend joy to the scene,
Gay-hearted as schoolboys the course we play over,
With light bounding steps as the balls on the green.”

“Away in the spring-time, when blackbirds are singing
Their sweet roundelay from the midst of the thorn ;
Far over the whin-covered course we'll go swinging,
Early uprising at call of the morn.”

It would, of course, be a bootless task to picture the result in the mind's eye had dear old Izaak taken his Golf-clubs and his balls on the journeyings he loved so well instead of his baits and his lines. But the presumption is at least admissible that Golf, had he known it, would have been a form of sport quite as congenial as angling to such a richly constituted nature as his ; (will Mr. Lang draw a portrait in his inimitable style of Izaak as a golfer?) and while Golf would, of course, have gained immensely in dignified prestige by his adhesion as an advocate, it is questionable whether, in these latter days, at all events, the game would have been rendered vastly more popular or more widespread than it is.

Golf has, therefore, what may be described as a sort of psychological reflex action on those who play it. In some players it produces querulous outbursts of temper which find vent in a scarcely interrupted series of interjections more noteworthy for their vigour and native ruggedness than for their “linked sweetness long drawn out.” In other players a burning thirst for vengeance is the moving characteristic. Here the spectacle is a saddening one. The tomahawk, so to speak, is buried only when the caddie ruefully picks out of the sand-bunkers, the burns, and the whin bushes, the broken fragments of niblicks, irons, cleeks, brassies, and drivers, which, like the bleached skeletons on the line of the retreat from Moscow, mark the path of the avenger. In some players, again, the predominant characteristic displayed is one of unconscious nervous irritation—irritation at the caddie, the shape of the balls, the lie of the clubs, the brilliancy of the sun, the worms on the putting-green, and what he is pleased to call the “luck” of his opponent, when the game stands dormy and two to play. Then there is the player who, in any circumstances whatever, has his emotions thoroughly under control, and is as imperturbable as a Choctaw Indian, and as serene in the varying vicissitudes of the game as if it were a matter of little moment what became of him at the eighteenth hole. But better than all these is the player whose cheerfulness is never endangered nor his enthusiasm ever damped—who, with “honey in his mouth,” looks upon the game as the best means to an end, and who is constrained at the end of the day to chronicle his impressions in less or more melodic song. This game of Golf is a great character revealer, nor does its influence, once exercised, ever cease, for

“As long as life its term extends
Golf's blest dominion never ends.”

“Golf,” says Mr. Andrew Lang in “The Incomplete Golfer,” “is the tranquil man's diversion, the old man's exercise, the dull man's whetstone, the sick man's purge, and the wise man's business, for hereby he winneth many half-crowns.” Can the description be truer or more epigrammatic? It is all this, and more, for it may be said to do for the intellectually perturbed what few other, if any, pursuits so successfully achieve. It establishes undivided dominion over the mind while the game is in progress ; it clears it of cobwebs and of the gnawing business cares which distract and distress so many men—or, to put it more tersely in the words of Mr. James Ballantine's song :—

“We putt, we drive, we laugh, we chat,
Our strokes and jokes aye clinking,
We banish all extraneous fat,
And all extraneous thinking.
We'll cure you of a summer cold,
Or of a winter's cough, boys ;
We'll make you young, e'en when you're old,
So come and play at Golf, boys.”

Above all, it conduces to poetry and song—a clear proof, were any needed, that its stimulus is intellectual as well as physical, and that its associations are sweet, wholesome, and pure.

Correspondence.

WOMAN AND GOLF.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In last week's GOLF there is a letter by a “Huddendoun Husband,” whose tone is so bitter against women, that if it comes from the pen of a husband, all I can say is that he has mistaken his vocation and had better have remained single, for a man who complains that “one unceasing wife” is a nuisance, but that he has no objection to girls, should not have a wife at all. Perhaps he is fond of flirting with the girls, and therefore naturally enough prefers that his wife should not see him. But I am inclined to fancy from the tone of the letter that it comes from the pen of some crusty old bachelor, who not having been able to get any woman to care about him likes to say all he can against the sex. Indeed, he must be a very Rip Van Winkle, for he does not seem ever to have heard of educated women, of literary women, of artistic women ; he does not know that a woman beat the men at Harvard and at Cambridge, that a woman beat the medical students in Paris, that women are beating the men all round wherever they are able to get a chance of the same advantages of training which men enjoy and try so hard to keep to themselves. No, Rip van Winkle only knows a few butterflies who spend their time shopping and gossiping and in artificial life. Poor Rip van Winkle ! has he never met anything beyond this ? How limited his acquaintance must be !

Then, again, he must be a bachelor, for he says that “seven-eighths of the year woman has it all her own way,” and should practise during the few weeks holiday “the cheerful self-denial and resignation of which men set her an example during all the rest of the year.” This is truly ridiculous. Will anyone point out to us a *self-denying* man ! Amongst all my acquaintance, and in all my life, I have never met more than two. As a rule, as every wife knows, woman has to do all the self-denying and all the resignation, and to bear most of the burdens of life. Everything disagreeable falls to her lot, everything that it is possible to put on her shoulders is generally fastened there. The British workman groans if he has more than eight hours' work, whilst his wife works day and night and seldom less than fourteen hours. Rich and poor it comes to the same thing. It is seen in savage life—the man smokes, the woman digs and

carries the burdens. Civilised life is not much better for the greater number. There are exceptions amongst the very rich, but the exception proves the rule. But woman's day is coming when she will have her revenge for centuries of oppression. Men know it and are afraid of it, all except the best of them, who have no need to fear. Hence their bitterness.

Now here is Rip Van Winkle, who says that woman has no right to speak about Golf. Really, he had much better go back to his ninepins amongst the greybeards, for the day is long past when he could have dictated to a woman that a subject "should be tabooed to her." If I remember right, there were no women amongst Rip Van Winkle's companions; only ninepins and greybeards—not even girls. Poor Rip Van Winkle! what an unfortunate set of people he knows! The women he has gone fishing with hated getting wet, hated a boat, and "were not very well"! He seems to know no women except those who are cantankerous, or frivolous, or "not very well." I think that he might find better companions than these, even amongst married women, for whom he has such an objection. Most girls get married some day, and I should like to ask Rip Van Winkle if his objection to them begins the moment the ring is placed on their finger? Does his liking for the girl suddenly disappear in church, and his hatred of the married woman begin before he leaves the church? He reminds me of an old French story I used to have to translate in my school-days. "Sir," said the pupil, "is a man bald if he has one hair on his head?" "Certainly," answers the professor. "If he has two?" "Certainly." "If he has three?" then four, five, six, twenty, thirty, and so on up to ninety-nine. "Certainly," answered the professor to all the questions. "If he has one hundred hairs, is he bald?" persisted the indefatigable questioner. "No, certainly not; he is not bald with one hundred hairs," was the furious reply. Between ninety-nine and one hundred there is such a great difference—especially for Rip Van Winkles.

Joan's scheme of pleasure is to be "all cat and no dog," says Rip van Winkle; but his scheme of pleasure seems to be all dog and no cat. There does not seem to me to be much to choose between the two. For myself, I do not take to Golf or tennis; I have pursuits of my own that I find more interesting, though they do not come under the head of shopping and gossip. I agree, as I said some time ago, with keeping away from the links; but I see no reason why those women who enjoy the game should not play just as much as the men.

When Wesley was alive he was found fault with by some people because he took some opera tunes for his hymns. He answered that he had no idea of letting the Devil have all the good tunes. Well, and why should women let the men have all the good things?

One word more. Rip van Winkle says, "Golf" shop "is almost the only agreeable kind of conversation." I pity him; but then, what sort of intellect can you expect from a man who has done nothing but play ninepins for centuries?

I am, Sir, &c.,

ISMAILIA.

Nov. 20th.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I am much put out at not having sent you, in time for to-day's issue, an explanation of that ridiculous letter which appeared in your last number under the above heading. I only returned home from a lengthened visit to my dear mamma in town (the shops and theatres are so tempting just now) the day before yesterday, and it was only on the evening of that day that I came to know about it at all. And it was in this way. I arrived rather late in the evening, and went straight, as every loving and dutiful wife should do, to my husband's study—den I call it—expecting a cordial welcome. On opening the door, however, a strange scene met my gaze. My dear husband, and the father of my darling babes, was standing before the fire, coughing and spluttering like a monkey in a fit; his eyes were streaming with tears, his cheeks were swollen and red as a turkey-cock's, from his mouth issued every now and then the most explosive roars of laughter, and in his hand, open, was that paper of yours. He did not even hear me enter, so I stole up quietly behind him, and as he lifted the open page to continue to read, the light, through the clouds of tobacco smoke

which always hang about that room, fell, like the light in that beautiful scene in "The Village Priest," upon the open page, and revealed this text, printed in large capitals—"The Hudden-doun Husband."

Could it be possible? "Hudden-doun Husband," indeed! That is exactly his own abominable way of putting things, and in an instant the words revealed to me the author of that bitter letter. Yes, Sir, I recognised the handwriting in a moment. I knew the man. He comes from Sheffield. No, no, I don't mean that, it's a slip of the pen, nor would it, indeed, do for me either to disclose our whereabouts, for he, the poor creature, is so timid that he dare not reveal his proper name, because, forsooth, his life is valuable to his country and to literature. (Capital joke that, isn't it, Mr. Editor? Very funny, indeed!) But I have other reasons for keeping dark, which Hush, the Bogey! Oh, what a fright I got. I thought I heard his footsteps coming this way. You know who I mean, Mr. Editor, don't you; and you won't tell him I wrote this letter, will you? I know I can trust you, but he—he, as you can see from the tone of his letter, is a hardened monster. Why, Sir, only this morning, at breakfast, I hinted in the most gentle manner at his handiwork in your paper by saying, jokingly of course, that I hoped Darby (meaning himself) was better (meaning his temper), for we had had a slight unpleasantness yesterday, when he suddenly sprang up and burst into another fit of uncontrollable laughter, nearly choking himself. I wish he had altogether, it would have put a stop to his letter writing for some little time! But I know it was all put on to mislead me. It was a miserable failure, and if I don't give him a rub—not on the green, Sir, as he flippantly puts it—but up the wrong way before long, my name's not Hush, hush, hush! "the Bogey man," there he is again. No, thank goodness, he has gone out, and I can write in peace, for I tell you, in confidence, Mr. Editor, that we married women are determined to have our say on all subjects, aye, even to *sacred* "Golf" if necessary, notwithstanding what he, and other wretches like him, may think, or say, or write.

Write, indeed; he's a nice sort of person to express his opinions in print! He ought to be ashamed of himself, Sir! For I ask you, what do you think of a married man, I repeat it—as the old Scotch parsons used to say—a married man, who would dare to write of the companion of his joys such words as these:—"Girls are much better behaved" (than married women, that's what the context implies), "and know their place better." "All the rest of the year is Joan's" (meaning me, though that's not my name) "holiday; she shops and gossips, and dresses and goes to plays," &c.

And once more, "Is it to be all cat" (meaning *me* again no doubt). Oh, it's too dreadful, I feel inclined to stop and have a good cry. Poor little me, who toils morning, noon, and night, to provide for his comforts, and if I do go away sometimes to my mamma's, or my mamma stays with us, and I have to keep her amused (because he won't do it, he's too busy at Golf always at such times!) and he is left alone, that's his fault and not mine, isn't it, Sir?

But it is all part and parcel of a big falsehood concocted by a hardened misogynist, who gradually leads on to suggest that the wife of his bosom should be always on the look-out for quiet young men to practice putting with. Was there ever such a disgraceful suggestion, qualified, no doubt, for his own peace of mind, by the word "quiet"—the only sensible word that I can find in the whole letter. But let me tell him plainly that we married women are not going to be led by the nose by the like of him in our choice of companions, while he is away amusing himself, which, as far as Golf is concerned, appears to mean the free use of strong, and often brutal, language at everything except himself—rotten clubs, bad balls, bad lies, bad luck, &c., an operatic performance of *basso profundo*, at which we married women have no desire to obtain seats, or even standing room.

And last of all, Mr. Editor, this so-called ill-used husband having shot all the feeble invectives that he dare put in black and white against her whom he vowed faithfully to adore, seems to find much enjoyment in giving vent to evil passions on his poor, defenceless babes. Listen to this extract, Mr. Editor, and if you are a married man and a golfer with a family, blush for the bloodthirstiness of your golfing brother. "If the children," he says (meaning our darling rosebuds, of whom we

have four), "are natural children, they will be taking their lives in their hands on the links—taking other people's lives, too, very likely." Oh! the cruelty of this suggestion. But let me tell him and his boon companions once and for all, that neither ours, nor anyone's children, in this free country will be allowed to be sacrificed to that maddening and all-absorbing deity that has recently been set up in this Christian land under the hideous title of "Golf." No, Sir, certainly not. Rather oust the idol altogether, and let its votaries gather together in the boundless bunkers of the "great Sahara," where they will doubtless find an abundance of hazards, besides matrimony, more suited to their disordered wills, a brotherhood of savages ready to carry out any deed of cruelty and carnage—where they will find a dreary desert in which their ribald jests will be for ever lost in the eternal silence, and where, perhaps, they may be able to rear up children more natural certainly as regards clothing, and with greater opportunities, as I have read, for being initiated at an early age into the use of clubs of all descriptions. But I must stop, or there might really be some show of reason for some of your readers, as well as the Hudden-down one, calling me, as he does, "one unceasing wife." So, good-bye for the present, with only just one little request that you will send me one short line giving me the name of the poor weak creature who dares to sign himself under such an atrocious *nom de plume*.

I really didn't mean to say anything nasty about your charming paper, and it would be such a satisfaction to all of us to find that such a wretch cannot be hidden behind the feeble obstacle that he has raised to conceal his identity, and especially to me, who, though perhaps less valuable in his opinion to the country and literature, is not of quite such a timid constitution as to be afraid to sign herself as

Your obedient servant,

November 21st.

HIS BETTER HALF.

P.S.—Dear mamma has just arrived for a little visit. I have shown her this letter, of which she entirely approves, with the exception of the one word "handwriting," but I wouldn't alter it for the world, as mamma says that is the first duty of a wife to stick to what she says, and I feel bound to follow her advice, inspired with the deepest gratitude that I have such a trusty councillor at hand at such a trying moment.

GOLF IN THE NORTH OF LONDON.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "U." in your issue of 21st instant, I beg to say that the West Herts Golf Club is of easy access for golfers residing in the North of London, being ten minutes' walk from Bushey, and twenty-five minutes from Watford, both of which stations are on the main line of the L. and N. W. Railway. The course, which consists of nine holes, is of an undulating character, with very fair hazards and capital greens. I shall be pleased to give "U." or any of your readers particulars.

Your obedient servant,

Watford,

ERNEST R. HARBY,

November 23rd, 1890.

Hon. Sec.

PUTTING.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I should like to see in your columns the opinion of golfers on "putting."

It seems to me that the nearer a player can get to his ball, and the more over it he can stand the easier it must be to put. If over the ball, a pendulum swing in a line with the hole is all that is required. If standing some way from the ball to propel the putter in a line with the hole, the forearm must be used, and the direction be harder to keep. Now the wooden putter is by most preferred to the iron putter, except for the one reason, that with the latter the player gets nearer his ball. The new patent club, viz., a wooden head with the shaft joining it on the top, enables the player to stand right over his ball, and put with it one inch in front of his right toe, and he is thus enabled to use the true pendulum stroke. As no one (without

infringing this patent, and thereby rendering himself liable to be mulcted in heavy fines) can make a club in which the shaft joins the head in the centre, it seems to me that this new departure is likely to revolutionise Golf, especially on the putting-greens. Then again, substance in the shape of solid weight in the head must be advantageous.

Why is the face of a putter to be so narrow, about three-quarters of an inch, as at present in vogue in the wooden putter? I think the more weight of wood (not lead) in the head, and the larger the face, the less a ball's direction is affected by being struck untruly. All of us occasionally strike the ball not off the exact centre of our club, when the ball does not run true; whereas in the new patent putter, with whatever part of the place the ball is struck, it still runs true. I hope this letter will lead to correspondence in your columns, as putting is an art not nearly yet developed, though Golf is an ancient and Royal game.

I beg respectfully to subscribe myself,
November 24th.

STRAIGHT PUT.

LENGTH OF DRIVES.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A. L.," says that drives over 170 to 190 yards are frequent, and he goes on to say that he is, of course, speaking of the carry. It is further implied that this happens without the favouring circumstance of wind helping the ball. In the "Badminton" book, Mr. H. Hutchinson describes a drive of 180 yards as a long one, and he throws in the run as well as the carry.

Has anyone ever seen a Golf ball carry 180 yards, with no wind to help it?

The present writer has watched some of the longest drivers of the day, and never yet has he known one to carry his ball to anything like the named distance. Perhaps "A. L." meant the run to be included, but he does not make this apparent.

If anyone were to take the trouble to measure off 150 yards on level ground, he would realise what a tremendous drive is required to make a ball land beyond that distance.

I am, Sir, &c.,

Balmoral Hotel, Edinburgh,

E. EDWARDS.

November 21st, 1890.

A CRY FROM THE CROWDED LINKS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Mr. J. R. Hutchinson is well able to take care of himself, but as a subscriber to your paper, and as one of the class (duffers) whom "McGinty" takes under his protection, I must write to repudiate my sympathy with the contents of his letter in your last number. After reading "McGinty's" sweeping sarcasms levelled at "J. R. H.'s" head, I looked back at the latter's letter, which I had not previously seen, and I must say a more temperate, practical and useful letter I never read. In fact, I think it would be a distinct benefit to have Mr. Hutchinson's article circulated as a leaflet among Golf clubs, and put in the hands of their duffers and beginners.

I have a slight golfing acquaintance with "J. R. H.," and have always found him exceedingly ready to give advice, and his advice is most useful and to the point. The tone of "McGinty's" letter is too personal to carry any weight, and his knowledge of golfers must be more extensive than mine if he knows of so many men who could give Mr. Hutchinson a half and a beating. "McGinty's" main argument is that all golfers have an equal right over the links to which they belong. Granted; but if the hopelessly incapable do not exhibit more humility and good feeling than "McGinty" evidently wishes them to exhibit, the only remedy left in the hands of our now too crowded Golf clubs would be to establish a sort of entrance examination in Golf, and only elect members who had reached a certain pitch of proficiency. I sometimes think that this would be a good plan, if practicable.

United University Club,
Pall Mall.

H. H. L.

WHAT IS THE PENALTY.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I think Mr. Hall was justified in the circumstances in imposing the penalty of a stroke instead of disqualification. It was evidently a pure case of *lapsus memoriæ*, and ought not to be punished with the same rigour as where a player infringes medal rules with deliberation.

I am, Sir, &c.,
L. F. W.

Nov. 22nd.

[We do not agree with our correspondent. In the case cited by Mr. Hall last week, it was clear that the player was guilty of a double infringement of the rules. He did not hole his ball, and he touched the ball with his person. The rule in the first instance is that every ball struck off the tee *must be holed out* in medal play. This was not done, and accordingly the score of the player is vitiated by his negligence. In justice to the other players who were competing, the committee would certainly be bound, in conformity with the rules which govern medal play, in imposing the penalty of disqualification.—ED.]

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Truly the "Conundrum Epidemic" spreads apace! We sincerely sympathise with the secretary who has been called in to prescribe for such an aggravated case as that mentioned in the letter under the above heading in your last issue.

We "three gowfers" are very much astonished indeed at the childish ideas of the rudimentary principles of Golf apparently held by some players.

One of the first and most inflexible rules in a medal competition is that *every ball must be holed out*. Anything like placing a hand or foot across the hole to prevent the ball falling to the bottom, even though it were ever so muddy, would not be tolerated for a single instant on any green in Scotland. And the mere idea of there being any doubt about the disqualification of a man who puts his putter into the hole and "holes out" with his hand is enough to raise the ghost of Allan Robertson from his grave.

We can only say that we are sorry to hear that a person who could do such a thing is permitted to roam at large with such a dangerous weapon as a Golf club. But presumably he is "harmless, purr body!"

No ball can be considered as holed out until it rests at the bottom of the hole; otherwise there would be no necessity for the rule which provides for the removal of the flagstick when a ball is resting against it, and unless the ball actually drops in, it is *not* counted as holed out. Every golfer knows that more putts of two feet are missed on medal days than at any other time; and to rake in a putt against a hand or foot is, well, simply not Golf.

Had the ball in question been actually sent to the bottom of the hole by means of an accidental (just fancy!) stroke with the hand, no one could have found any technical objection to his score; but *we* consider the idea of holing out with the hand to be a somewhat doubtful departure from the time-honoured use of the putter, and trust that the originator of this new method of playing the game will, in the meantime, be taken care of by his friends.

"THREE SCOTS ABROAD."

West Norwood, S.E., 24th November, 1890.

BRIGHTON GOLF LINKS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I am much obliged to "Professional's Pupil" for giving me an opportunity of bearing my testimony to Mr. Charles Ramage's excellence as professional of Brighton links. He is all that his pupil gives him credit for, and more. He is a good club-maker, a very pleasant partner to play with, and equally pleasant opponent to play against. His good, steady play, and his quiet undemonstrative example (where silence is golden) renders him invaluable as a teacher of the noble art. The only reason his name was omitted was because at the time I wrote I could not remember it, which would be inexcusable in any but

A STRANGER

GOLF ON LIMPSFIELD CHART.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—On Saturday last I had the pleasure of a day's golfing on Limpsfield Chart. The improvements in the course, but more especially in the "greens," since I had played there about a year before, are wonderful for so short a space of time. Combined with the lovely views and the fine air, a most enjoyable day's golfing is to be obtained.

There are, however, two points which I think the Committee would do well to look to as soon as they are able to do so. First, to so arrange the Ladies' Links that it shall have nine holes to itself, and not use some of the holes of the main course as at present; and second, to remove the putting-green at the home hole out of the direct line of a good tee shot from the eighth tee.

With players who are not careful this latter may result in some golfer, when intent on laying his ball "dead," being "laid dead" himself.

Yours very truly,

W. H.

November 25th.

SEAFORD LINKS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—It was hardly fair in the article, "Golf Links on the South Downs" in the issue of the 7th instant to pass by Seaford with a bare allusion to its headlands and cliffs, and to make no reference to its links. If the article had been headed "Golf at Brighton and Eastbourne," those interested in the Seaford Club might have no cause to complain; but it seems strange to an outsider, that in an article purporting to describe Golf in a particular district, no reference should be made to the oldest club, and the only links in that district with a full complement of 18 holes. If the Seaford Club had possessed the numbers and financial resources of the Eastbourne or Brighton clubs, it would long ago have been much better known and much more visited by Metropolitan golfers.

The advantages Seaford possesses are many: an excellent service of trains; special golfing tickets to members in all three classes, the third-class return tickets being 7s. only; a comfortable hotel and any amount of lodgings about ten minutes' walk from the first tee; a new iron house attached to Mrs. Russell's snug cottage on the links where luncheons and afternoon teas are comfortably served; cheap caddies, and not bad of their kind; and, to wind up, a really sporting course.

The drives at the first, sixth, eighth, tenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and eighteenth holes are all that could be desired, and there are only five holes without a really good natural hazard. The greens are as a rule very good; the exceptions being the seventh, ninth, eleventh, and twelfth, which have been recently made; the lies as a rule are good also, and a scratch player, making no mistakes, should have almost a string of fours, with a very possible three at the first four, the eighth, seventeenth, and eighteenth holes. There are four or five rather long holes, the longest being the thirteenth, which may be reckoned at nearly 500 yards from tee to hole. The round could be, and probably will be some day, done in 72, but at present the record, I believe, is a score of 82 made by that most popular golfer, Mr. Felix Skene.

In conclusion, may I add that I am not a member of the club and have no object in pushing its interests, but I have visited Seaford two or three times, have been received with great kindness by the officials and other members, and have on each occasion greatly enjoyed the privilege of playing over the most sporting inland links I have seen.

I am, Sir, &c.,

H. H. B.

November 20th.

A PLEA FOR THE RED COAT.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I am not a very old golfer, but I have known the game sufficiently long to remember that when I began to hammer an

old ball with a rusty old cleek over Bruntsfield links, all the golfers of that day wore the picturesque red coat, which has ever been recognised as the distinctive insignia of the sport.

A generation of golfers has now arisen who, it seems to me, unwisely discard this garment. Why they do so golfers generally would probably be at a loss to understand, for there is no element of degradation, so far as I can make out, attaching to the garment which has been from time immemorial "the badge of our tribe." They seem to have preferred standing by the sombre variety of the old coats supplied by a well-stocked wardrobe, rather than elect to hold by the comfortable, easy fitting, warm red jacket, which is so easily described by players and spectators over the undulating miles of Golf links.

It seems to me, sir, that it is now more incumbent than ever to return to the former custom. Golf links are so numerous, and Golf players are such a widespread fraternity, that it is doubly important in their own interest and in the interest of the community as a whole that persons not engaged in the game, as well as golfers themselves playing over the same green, should be able to distinguish at a glance who is and who is not playing. Especially is this important in the case where the general public share the golfing ground with the players, as on the Braid Hills, Wimbledon, Ebie, St. Andrews, Epsom, and many other places. People using those recreation grounds, and who do not play Golf, would, in the event of all members of a club wearing a red coat, be able to distinguish at a glance at what points to avoid the player, and thus obviate the annoyance and hindrance which at present so frequently arise by the awkward collisions between players and non-players.

I think the point of sufficient importance to draw the attention of your numerous golfing readers to it.

I am, Sir, &c.,

MAXWELL NICOLSON.

Edinburgh, November 21st.

GOLF AT ILKLEY.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Potter's inquiry under the head of "Golf at Ilkley," I beg to say that Mr. Millar Wilkinson, of St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, has just engraved a die for a medal (for a Nottingham club), and my friends are very pleased with the result. Mr. Wilkinson has given the matter his closest attention.

I am, Sir, &c.,

C. WINTLE.

Lloyd's, E.C., November 21st.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—If your correspondent will apply to Messrs. Sutherland and Horne, 10, Meuse Lane, Edinburgh, they will send him designs and prices for medals.

Your obedient servant,

The Priory, Salisbury, D. L. K. MACDONALD.
November 21st.

GOLF ON SUNDAY.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I should very much like to hear what some of your readers think about playing Golf on Sunday. Round about where I live they think lawn tennis is quite a legitimate Sunday game, but that to be seen with a Golf club means to many old and estimable people *facilis decensus averni*. I should like to know where the line is to be drawn? We hear now that in private clubs adjacent to London, Golf is played. I may mention the Queen's Club, Ranelagh, Hurlingham, and not so very far off such well-known clubs as Sandwich, Littlestone, Epsom, Brighton, and others.

It seems to me that if it is not considered very wicked to play any game at all on a Sunday, it matters little whether it is lawn tennis, Golf, cricket, billiards or skittles.

Perhaps there is some difference which I may possibly be too dense to distinguish.

I am, Sir, &c.,

MALVERN.

Richmond, November 22nd.

Competitions.

MINCHINHAMPTON GOLF CLUB.

The competition for the monthly medal took place on Thursday, November 6th, and brought a good attendance of members. The day was windy, but those who played their rounds in the morning had by far the best of the luck, as the wind increased to a gale in the afternoon with driving rain, and made low scoring impossible. Considering the state of the weather, the rounds played by Mr. C. Golightly, and Mr. A. S. Winterbotham were good. The following are the scores:—

LADIES.			
	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Miss Chaplin	129	35	94
Miss Denne	110	8	102
Mrs. Chaplin	129	25	104
Mrs. Pierce Taylor	110	5	105
Mrs. W. Davies	113	7	106
Miss H. Ridding	115	7	108
Miss Ridding	114	scr.	114
Mrs. Henry	145	20	125

GENTLEMEN.			
	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. C. H. Golightly	97	15	82
Mr. Vivian Henry	109	24	85
Mr. W. A. Lucy	101	16	85
Mr. Lewis Grist	106	18	88
Mr. A. S. Winterbotham	97	10	87
Mr. H. H. Bishop	110	20	90
Mr. E. P. Little	111	20	91
Mr. Lawrence Grist	107	15	92
Rev. E. H. Hawkins	101	9	92
Mr. A. Hoare	101	9	92
Mr. W. Davies	118	22	95
Mr. C. Ritchie	115	18	97
Mr. SotheronEstcourt	123	24	99
Mr. C. H. Harding	125	20	105
Mr. W. H. Bishop	139	25	115
Mr. C. Harding	152	35	117

The following players made no returns: Col. Pierce Taylor, Mr. E. A. Stanton, Mr. F. W. Storry, Mr. E. A. Chamberlain, Mr. E. F. Chamberlain, Mr. J. Bryan and Mr. A. R. Grieve.

ROYAL EPPING FOREST GOLF CLUB.

The first monthly competition for the Spurling-Kentish gold medal and the Noakes cup, were played off on Wednesday, the 19th. The weather proved to be rather close and misty, and the putting-greens were hardly as good as usual, owing to the fact of their having just received their annual dressing of sea-sand. However some good Golf was enjoyed and the following are a few of the best scores handed in:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
J. M. Kerr	92	10	82	J. L. Muir	105	18	87
H. E. Fisher	96	12	84	M. Rhodes	94	4	90
J. G. Gibson	85	scr.	85	John Walker	102	12	90
H. Hawkins	95	10	85	F. F. McKenzie	110	18	92
G. Thompson	98	12	86	C. Howard	116	18	98
W. Noakes	93	6	87	J. Boradon	120	22	98
G. R. Bastard	102	15	87	J. G. Glover	112	12	100

CALCUTTA GOLF CLUB.

The club was opened for the new season on the 1st November, when about 70 members sat down to the usual tiffin. After having drunk "Success to the Club," a move was made to the green, and 29 members were dispatched round the old course to compete for a scratch prize presented by a member, and a silver cup given by the club. The weather was fine with a slight headwind going out, but owing to the recent heavy rains the greens were a bit heavy, which will account for the long scores. On examination of the cards Mr. H. C. Boyd (who only joined the club this year) was found to have won the scratch prize, and Mr. R. L. Morgan, the handicap cup. The following are some of the best scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. H. C. Boyd	50	scr.	50	Mr. W. R. Macdonald	56	2	54
Mr. R. L. Morgan	60	9	51	Mr. Wm. Jardine	58	4	54
Mr. Geo. A. Ormiston	55	3	52	Mr. F. E. Patteson	57	2	55
Mr. M. R. Quin	59	7	52	Mr. W. K. Eddis	58	3	55
Mr. L. G. Dunbar	53	scr.	53	Mr. A. C. Marshall	57	2	55
Mr. D. Morgan	56	3	53	Mr. H. C. Begg	56	scr.	56
Mr. W. M. Yule	57	4	53	Mr. J. Taylor	63	5	58

WIMBLEDON FOURSOMES.

As far as the foursome competitions at Wimbledon have been decided, Messrs. F. Skene and H. Batten beat Messrs. T. Mackay and J. Murray. Messrs. C. Plummer and W. Bovill beat Messrs. B. Reeves and E. Oliver. Messrs. H. P. Cumming and F. J. Walker beat Messrs. W. Rutherford and W. C. Anderson.

BATH GOLF CLUB.—AUTUMN MEETING.

Inland greens are by no means easy at any time to keep in good order, but after a fortnight's heavy rain, with neither wind nor sun, they become something much to try for the most patient of golfers. Tuesday and Wednesday were two wet, foggy days, hence the bad scores. The later couples had the pleasure of driving their balls into a thick fog, the ball disappearing from sight after thirty yards' flight.

Tuesday morning, Nov. 18th :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
*Mr. Barston	115	30	85	Major Anderson	104	13	91
†Capt. Archdale	96	9	87	Capt. Comber	121	30	91
Dr. Williams	96	8	88	Mr. Hill	108	15	93
Mr. Willan	102	14	88	Mr. Turner	112	12	100
Rev. Canon Kennard	110	20	90				

* Winner of handicap prize. † Captain's medal.

Tuesday afternoon :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Capt. Archdale	97	9	88	Mr. Barston	121	30	91
Mr. Fairbanks	101	12	89	Rev. Canon Kennard	115	20	95
Dr. Williams	98	8	90	Rev. Mr. Warburton	121	23	98
Mr. Hill	105	15	90	Mr. Clark	106	10	96
Major Anderson	104	13	91				

Wednesday morning, Nov. 19th :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Major Anderson	99	13	86	Mr. Barston	120	23	97
Mr. P. V. Turner	100	12	88	Rev. Canon Kennard	118	20	98
Mr. A. Clark	101	10	91	Capt. Archdale	108	7	101
Mr. A. B. Hill	108	15	93	Capt. Donaldson	137	30	107
Dr. Williams	106	10	96	Rev. Mr. Warburton	134	25	109

Wednesday afternoon :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Capt. Donaldson	115	30	85	Mr. Clark	104	10	94
Major Anderson	102	13	89	Mr. Barston	119	23	96
Mr. Turner	104	12	92	Mr. A. B. Hill	114	15	99
Capt. Archdale	100	7	93	Rev. Canon Kennard	121	20	101

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLF CLUB.

The usual weekly handicap was held on Saturday, November 22nd, and there was a fair field of players. The following are a few of the best scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. H. A. Adamson	106	25	81	Mr. C. F. Badeley	95	10	85
Mr. G. H. Philbrick	106	23	83	Mr. C. A. Cancellor	100	14	86
Mr. L. Dale	110	26	84	Mr. J. E. Pease	96	8	88
Mr. K. McFarlane	98	14	84	Mr. H. B. Harris	106	16	90
Mr. R. B. Hoare	99	14	85	Mr. G. R. M. Harvey	110	11	99

The estimated cost of the new Golf club-house is £900, and it is to be hoped that both old and new members will contribute towards its erection. Ninety new members have been elected this term, and there is hardly turning room in the old pavilion.

TYNESIDE CLUB.

The members of the Tyneside Club held their third competition for the winter cup last Thursday afternoon, over the Ryton Willows course. The weather was excellent and the greens in capital condition, thanks to the efforts of Collins, the professional engaged by the club. Six and a-half couples competed, although it was fully expected that a much larger number would have been present. Mr. Charlton, hon. sec., had the management of the contest, which resulted in Mr. Thomson and Mr. Teesdale tying at 91 each. The scores, which, by the way, were very high, were as follows :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. R. T. Thomson	90	+1	91	Mr. F. W. Wyndham	111	16	95
Mr. W. T. Teesdale	97	6	91	Mr. W. A. Temperley	121	25	96
Mr. Jas. Tennant	97	4	93	Mr. B. Brumell	116	17	99
Mr. W. Robb	116	22	94	Mr. W. Putnam	123	15	108

The remaining competitors made no returns.

FORFARSHIRE.

The weather still continues adverse to the inclinations of golfers, and of the few engagements left for the tail end of the season some have just been closed under very unfavourable conditions. One of these events was the handicap competition by the Electric Club for the handsome cup presented by Mr. J. M. Keiller, of Binroch and Morvern. As the result of the final round it was found that Mr. J. D. Robertson had won the

trophy with a score of 128. Mr. W. Swanson came in at 131, while Mr. A. T. Mitchell required 138 for the round. At the same time several prizes were played for, Mr. R. Bell taking the first for the lowest score with 95, Mr. D. Wood second with 99, and Mr. J. D. Robertson third with 128.

The members of the Arbroath Golf Club are employing to good purpose the present period of enforced idleness. They are, literally speaking, about to "set their house in order." With a view to add to the comfort and convenience of members a number of important alterations are to be made in the club-house, the interior of which will be entirely re-fitted. The work is to be commenced almost immediately.

The members of the Dundee Courier Golf Club held their monthly sweepstakes competition on the Monifieth course. The inclement weather prevented a large attendance, but some good scores were registered. The prize-winners were :—1st, Mr. F. Scott, 11 below ; 2nd, Mr. J. Halkerston, 10 below ; 3rd, Mr. W. Patterson, 8 below ; 4th, Mr. J. M'Intosh, 2 below.

On Friday last the final round in the competition for the Archibald cup (an ancient Scottish drinking quach presented to the Broughty Golf Club by Mr. W. M. Archibald, of Edinburgh) was played at Monifieth, the finalists being Mr. James Bowman and Mr. W. K. Lorimer. The cup has been played for in heats, odds in strokes being allowed according to the averages of the members, and the game being decided by holes. Mr. Lorimer had to allow his opponent six strokes, and these he gave away on the first six holes. When this stage of the match had been reached Mr. Bowman was five holes up. Mr. Lorimer began to display improved form, however, and at the turn had recovered two holes, still maintaining the lead he took other two holes, and the game stood in an interesting condition, Mr. Bowman being one up with six to play. The latter, however, increased his lead by winning the "West Camp" hole, and Mr. Lorimer responding, pulled off at the "Tom Morris," and the game now stood two holes to play and one to square. The next hole was halved at five, making Mr. Bowman "dormy." Mr. Lorimer made a good attempt to square the match, but had rather hard luck, Mr. Bowman winning the hole, and retiring victor by two holes, thus becoming holder of the cup for the next twelvemonths. Both players show exceptionally good form, Mr. Lorimer's figures for the round being 97, or 5 below his average. Mr. Bowman also broke his average by the same number of strokes.

The Monifieth Juvenile Club held a competition for their quarterly medal on Saturday. When the cards were handed in it was found that R. Strachan, G. Fairweather, and W. Drimmie had tied for the trophy. On the tie being played off, W. Drimmie won by a few strokes. There were also a few sweepstakes, the winners being A. Low, W. Drimmie, and S. Wybrants.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY GOLF CLUB.

On Friday, the terminal 2s. 6d. handicap sweepstakes were played for, and also a challenge cup for the best scratch score. The first and second classes were taken together, and there were five prizes. It was a rather windy day, consequently no good scratch scores were returned. Mr. W. McPherson and Mr. H. J. Whigham tied at 84 for the challenge cup. As is usual in these handicap sweepstakes, the first prize was won by a long handicap man, though Mr. Robins' score is very creditable. Below are the scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
W. A. Robins	110	40	70	F. H. Stewart	102	15	87
J. C. Miller	98	27	71	A. E. Ripley	92	5	87
L. Armitstead	118	40	78	J. B. Pease	87	+1	88
H. Nicholls	91	10	81	H. Pelham	97	9	88
R. C. Carter	101	19	82	G. B. Grundy	97	9	88
Hon. D. H. Cairns	99	15	84	D. C. Greenlees	92	4	88
H. J. Whigham	84	scr.	84	W. G. Pennyman	110	20	90
I. C. Graham	91	7	84	Rev. F. H. Hall	109	18	91
A. R. Hamilton	92	8	84	W. A. Gordan	100	9	91
J. C. Sykes	95	10	85	G. E. King	105	11	94
H. T. Knight	89	4	85	W. B. Skene	105	11	94
W. McPherson	84	+1	85	R. W. Macan	104	9	95
E. G. Hardy	123	38	85	B. Murray Smith	132	29	103
F. G. M. Anderson	106	20	86				

Ten members made no return.

The tie between Mr. W. McPherson and Mr. H. J. Whigham has not yet been played off.

ABERDEEN.

The Aberdeen Club are evidently determined to leave no stone unturned to make their course at Balgownie Links one of the best in Scotland. With this aim in view the new captain and council specially invited Tom Morris, the well-known St. Andrews professional, to visit the green, and give them the benefit of his advice and experience as to how it might be still further improved. Tom was present in the city on the three opening days of last week, thoroughly exploring the ground, playing over the course on each of the three days, and carefully noting the different putting-greens. His opinion was that the course as it at present stands was a first-rate one, and that with a little care and expense it might be made an absolutely first-class one. There was no necessity, he thought, for taking in any more ground, their present extent of country being quite sufficient if it were thoroughly utilised. To this end he suggested the setting back of several of the teeing grounds, which would give more distance between several of the holes that are at present on the short side. The putting-greens altogether he considered very promising, indeed, but requiring sanding to keep them up to the best trim. He also advocated the cutting down and rooting out of the whins that at present abound on the western side of the course, so that full advantage may be got of the ground the club at present possess. No doubt these recommendations will receive the careful attention of the council, and the improvements recommended will be carried out at the earliest possible moment.

Taking advantage of Tom's presence in the city several matches were arranged amongst the members, in which he took part. The most important one was a foursome played on Tuesday, November 18th, between the captain (Rev. C. C. Macdonald) and Tom Morris on the one side, and Mr. W. G. Jamieson and Mearns on the other. After a good game, the latter couple won by four up and three to play.

On Wednesday, the 19th, a couple of professional matches were played, the veteran Morris being pitted against the two local professionals, Mearns and Annand. The match with Mearns was played in the forenoon in very favourable weather, and resulted in a victory for the local man by four holes. Some capital all-round play was shown by both men, Morris on his putting-greens showing to great advantage, while some of his iron approaches were quite a treat to witness. He had, however, little chance against the local knowledge of his younger rival, who early in the game acquired a lead of two holes, and maintained his advantage to the close, finally winning as stated above. The following are the individual figures :-

Mearns ...	4 4 5 5 5 5 5 3 4 4 4 6 3 4 5 4 4 4	=78
Morris ...	5 5 3 6 5 5 4 2 6 4 6 6 4 4 4 4 6 5	=84

In the afternoon, at 1.30, Annand was tackled. The weather still remained fair, and there was a good attendance of spectators to witness the match. Some capital give-and-take play was witnessed in the early part of the game, and at the close of the ninth hole the match stood all square. From this point to the end, however, Annand came away with a strong all-round game, his driving in particular eliciting the cheers of the spectators and the approbation of his opponent. Of the remaining nine holes he secured no less than four, Morris gaining one, the remaining four being halved. The game ultimately ended in a victory for Annand by three holes, the following being the detailed figures :-

Annand ...	3 5 4 4 5 6 5 4 5 4 4 5 3 5 4 5 4 5	=80
Morris ...	4 5 4 4 5 5 5 3 6 4 4 7 4 5 5 4 5 5	=84

As stated in a former letter, the usual autumn match between the Aberdeen and Victoria Clubs duly came off on Saturday last in very favourable weather. The match took place over the old course, the green-keeper of which had been hard at work getting the greens into condition for the occasion. He had the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts met with appreciation, the whole of the visiting team expressing themselves loudly in praise of the greens. This was the first occasion on which the Aberdeen Club had visited the old course since their removal to Balgownie, and they put forward a pretty strong team. Eighteen players had promised to come forward, and to meet these the Victoria also had a good team in the field. From various causes, however, only fifteen couples turned up, and the match, barring one couple, was a splendidly contested

one, victory at the close resting with the Aberdeen Club by four holes. The following are the detailed scores :-

ABERDEEN CLUB.		Holes.	VICTORIA CLUB.		Holes.
F. M'Crae	3	A. M. M. Dunn	0
W. F. Orr	0	A. M'Connachie	1
C. C. Macdonald	1	G. Mortimer	0
J. S. Cornwall	0	R. Anderson (2)	5
J. Moir	1	D. J. Innes	0
W. G. Jamieson	0	J. Forrest	4
W. R. Reid	0	J. B. Banks	2
B. S. M'Lellan	4	R. W. Beedie	0
W. C. H. Jopp	0	A. Mitchell	0
R. D. Leslie	2	W. H. Reid	0
J. R. Whyte	0	W. Pollock	1
Dr. J. Ogilvie	6	J. Hazlewood	0
J. Williams	10	J. M. Beveridge	0
J. Davidson	0	J. Stewart	6
Colonel Burgmann	0	J. Law	4
Total	27	Total	23

Majority for Aberdeen Club, four holes.

Mr. Jamieson, captain of the Victoria Club, having announced the result of the match, and proposed the health of the winners, Mr. C. C. Macdonald (captain), on behalf of the Aberdeen Club, said they had to thank their opponents for providing them with an excellent day's sport. He assured them that the members of the Aberdeen Club had had much pleasure in playing them over the old course. As an old player on the course, he thought they had made several improvements in selecting the holes, under considerable difficulties, although he missed an old friend in the new approach to the old bunker hole. He thought the Aberdeen Club owed a special vote of thanks to one member of the Victoria Club. Of course, accidents would happen in pairing players, but he thought if it had not been for that accident the result would have been different. As it was, the match had been very close indeed. They hoped soon to have the members of the Victoria Club at the Balgownie course, when it would be seen what they could do there. He could assure them that the members of the Aberdeen Club would always take a warm interest in the old course.

DUNFERMLINE CLUB.

The full course of nine holes acquired by this club at the Ferryhills was opened on Saturday, when a handsome silver cup presented by Mr. George Reid was competed for. Seventeen couples played off, but in consequence of the heavy rain which fell in the afternoon a number of those who were late in starting did not complete the two rounds over which the competition extended. A high wind prevailed during the day and prevented low scoring. Mr. D. Gilmour tied with Mr. A. B. Don for the cup, their net scores being 86, Mr. Gilmour being allowed 6 and Mr. Don 18. Mr. P. Goodall had an actual score of 92, but had 5 added. Other scores :-R. N. Wardrop, 108, less 18=90; H. Alexander, 98, less 6=92; J. W. Robertson, 99, less 6=93; W. Robertson, jun., 102, less 8=94; W. Aikman, 103, less 8=95; R. Reid, 112, less 15=97.

BRAIDS GOLF TOURNAMENT.

At a meeting of secretaries and representatives of clubs, over which Mr. J. K. Andrews, S.S.C., presided, held in the Café Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, on Saturday evening, the following resolution was passed, viz. :-"That the third annual tournament be held on the third Saturday of June next year, that the sub-committee appointed to take charge of this year's tournament remain in office meantime, and that a meeting of secretaries and representatives be convened a month before the date fixed for the next tournament, for the purpose of reappointing said committee, if thought fit, or of appointing an entirely new committee in their place to carry through the arrangements preliminary thereto." It is hoped that the alteration of the date will give satisfaction to golfers who interest themselves in the matter. The secretary (Mr. D. M. Jackson) submitted a statement of receipts and payments in connection with the tournament just held, which brought out a balance in hand of £2. 12s. 8d. This sum will be carried to next year's accounts. Votes of thanks were given to Mr. Andrews and the secretary, after which the meeting terminated.

INNERLEITHEN CLUB.

The monthly competition for the Panton medal was played on the Leithen Links on Saturday afternoon. The weather was very unfavourable for good scoring. The following are the best scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.	Gross. Hcp. Net.
H. Ballantyne, jun. 95 15 80	G. A. D. C. Ferguson 91 scr. 91
A. Yellowlees ... 101 16 85	R. T. Robertson ... 106 15 91
A. Robertson ... 88 2 86	William Lyon ... 106 7 99
R. M. Ballantyne ... 107 20 87	

NORTH BERWICK.

In this district no competition of any importance engaged attention last week. An exceptionally large number of friendly games have, however, taken place over the North Berwick green. Amongst those who visited the links during the past week was Mr. J. E. Laidlay, ex-amateur champion. Mr. Laidlay had a round of his favourite course, accompanied by Mr. F. T. Tennant and Mr. R. W. Bruce; but he has not been engaging in play to any great extent. Mr. Laidlay can scarcely be regarded as a visitor to North Berwick, however, as the family estate of Sealcliff is in the immediate vicinity, and as he regularly engages here during the season in the game of which he is so admirable an exponent. Sir John Hay, Sir George Clark, and General Brewster have of late been frequently over the course, whilst Lady Clark and Miss Noales have each enjoyed a round over the gentlemen's links almost daily. On Friday last Ben Sayers and Mr. Maclachlan engaged Captain N. M. Wylie and Mr. J. C. Innes in a foursome, an equal and interesting game resulting in favour of the professional and his partner at the "Gate" by three holes. Saturday witnessed a fair influx of golfers from the city and the district per rail, including a fair sprinkling of well-known amateurs. Among those who left the teeing ground in the course of the day were Mr. David Stevenson, Mr. Garden G. Smith, Captain Suttie, and Captain Wylie. In the afternoon, with the addition of local golfers, the green gave promise of being pretty well occupied. This anticipation was rudely dispelled, however, by the springing up of a strong gale, accompanied by drenching showers of rain.

On Sunday morning the club-house occupied by Mr. Hutchison, Golf-club maker, at North Berwick, was found to have been broken into during the night. An entrance had been effected at one of the windows, where the large pane of glass had been removed and smashed. The intruder had been daring enough to scribble in pencil a note to the effect that he was sorry his ball had broken the window-pane, but he would pay the cost. The writer signed himself "A North Berwick Caddy." The incident formed the subject of a good deal of talk in town, especially in golfing circles. Mr. Hutchison happened to be from home for the day; but, on his return on Sunday night, it transpired that beyond a few postage-stamps nothing appeared to be missing.

ROYAL LIVERPOOL GOLF CLUB.

On Thursday, the 20th November, the usual annual competition amongst the caddies took place. In the first class there were twenty-six competitors, who played the full round of eighteen holes. The silver medal for the best scratch score was won by Richard Smith with a score of 98, as he received four strokes on the handicap; he won also the first handicap prize of 10s. The other winners of handicap prizes were Sidney Beck, nett 95; Chas. Windgate, nett 97; Samuel Jones, nett 98; and Herbert Jones and Harry Bird, both nett 99. In the second class, for young caddies, twelve holes were played, eighteen competitors started. The winners of handicap prizes being Thos. Lever, 89, less 9=80; Wm. Smith, 81, scratch, 81; and John Randles, 94, less 12=82. The boys were entertained at tea at the Royal Hotel in the evening, when a numerous contingent sat down and did full justice to the viands laid before them, after which a musical entertainment was provided in the club-room, and they all went home heartily satisfied with their day and evening's enjoyment. Last Saturday afternoon several golfers were playing over the green, but the day was not on the whole one for comfort, as rain came on in showers in the afternoon. Some noteworthy cricketers were wielding the hickory, viz., Mr. A. G. Steel, Mr. H. B. Steel, Mr. F. Steel, and Mr. A. J. Richardson (captain

of Cambridge Eleven, 1880,) in a foursome. Mr. W. S. Patterson (captain of the Cambridge Eleven, 1877), was also playing with a friend, and one or two noted oarsmen to wit, Mr. A. H. Higgins, the stroke of the Oxford boat in 1882, as also Mr. P. W. Atkin, well known as an aquatic hero. The open and mild weather enables the improvements on the green (already referred to in a previous number) to be carried on quicker than was at first anticipated. We do not hear of any strangers coming to Hoylake for the St. Andrews Day Meeting, which takes place on Saturday next. Should the weather be favourable, a large muster of local players will be competing for the various prizes.

WEST LANCASHIRE GOLF CLUB.

The St. Andrews meeting of the West Lancashire Golf Club was held on Saturday at Hall Road, Blundellsands, near Liverpool. The high wind which prevailed during the whole day interfered to a considerable extent with the players, while those who started late had also to contend against the drizzling rain. There was, however, a large muster of golfers, over fifty couples taking part in the competitions. The St. Andrews Gold Cross for the best scratch score was tied for by Mr. James Fairclough and Mr. L. D. Stoddart with scores of 90. The next best scratch scores were Mr. E. C. Dick, 92; Mr. Frank Hermon, 92; Mr. George Newson, 94, followed by many 96's. Mr. John White Williamson put in a win for the Rogerson Shield, and also won the first club handicap prize with his score of 96, less 12=84. The Parsons prize was secured by Mr. Wm. Rowland with a score of 101, less 15=86. Mr. James Fairclough and Dr. Stookes tied for the second club handicap prize with respective scores of 90, less 3=87, and 96, less 9=87. The first sweepstakes were also taken by Mr. Fairclough, the second and third being divided between Mr. W. Fletcher and Mr. Frank Hermon. The scores were:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.	Gross. Hcp. Net.
Mr. J. W. Williamson 96 12 84	Mr. F. Litchfield ... 107 15 92
Mr. W. Rowland ... 101 15 86	Mr. W. Bell ... 110 18 92
Mr. J. Fairclough ... 90 3 87	Dr. Davidson ... 99 6 93
Dr. Stookes ... 96 9 87	Mr. G. R. Crox, jun. 99 4 95
Mr. F. Hermon ... 92 4 88	Mr. A. Chisholm ... 102 7 95
Mr. W. Fletcher ... 96 8 88	Mr. F. Gittins ... 110 15 95
Mr. L. D. Stoddart 90 1 89	Mr. W. Bowker ... 115 20 95
Mr. E. C. Dick ... 92 3 89	Mr. W. S. Taylor ... 101 5 96
Mr. G. Newson ... 94 5 89	Mr. C. M'Laren ... 106 10 96
Mr. W. Turnbull ... 96 6 90	Mr. T. M. Reade ... 113 17 96
Mr. A. G. Rankine 98 8 90	Mr. W. Roughton ... 105 8 97
Mr. E. K. Crookes 99 9 90	Mr. R. K. Waddell 107 10 97
Mr. Wm. Thompson 106 16 90	Mr. H. Spalding ... 108 11 97
Mr. H. C. Reynolds 115 25 90	Mr. T. Henderson 106 8 98
Mr. E. L. Lewes ... 101 10 91	Mr. O. Blundell ... 113 14 99
Mr. F. W. Taylor ... 111 20 91	Mr. H. Owen ... 114 15 99
Mr. C. C. Dean ... 96 4 92	Mr. J. E. Pearson ... 114 14 100
Mr. F. E. M. Dixon 96 4 92	Mr. G. Durand ... 116 16 100
Mr. L. S. M. Munro 98 6 92	Mr. T. R. Job ... 118 18 100

The other players were over a hundred net, or made no return.

PERTH ARTISAN GOLF CLUB.

On Saturday the second and final round of the competition for golfing material presented by Mr. James F. Pullar, of Rosebank took place on the North Inch. The weather was very unfavourable, rain falling continuously during the play. Eighteen couples started each day, and the competition was played under the new system. Prize winners are as follow:—W. Anderson, 118—7 below; J. Cobb, jun., 126—2 below; J. Bruce, 133—4 below; D. M'Laren, 141—4 below; D. Thomson, 144—4 below; J. Gibson, 188—2 below; W. Munro, 115—2 above; W. Young, 128—3 above; A. Reid, 131—8 above; G. Martin, 133—5 above; J. Brough, 137—8 above; P. Robertson, 141—4 above; J. Reid, 144—3 above; D. Duff, 165—1 above; J. Robson, 170—6 above.

DUBLIN GOLF CLUB.

The third heat of the competition for the captain's prize was partially played off on Saturday, there being still one couple, Mr. T. Lumsden, jun., and Mr. J. Brown, who will play during the week, owing to the indisposition of the latter on Saturday, as is permissible under the conditions on which the prize is played for. A following gale of wind going out helped the

driving considerably, but it was exceedingly hard work coming home—dead in the teeth of the gale.

The following was the result of the play:—Mr. J. W. P. White (10) beat Mr. V. Kyrke (12), 2 up; Mr. D. Christie (21) beat Mr. J. M. Dickson (18), 1 up. Mr. G. N. McMurdo a bye.

BRIGHTON v. EASTBOURNE.

The match with the Royal Eastbourne Golf Club was played on the Brighton links on Saturday, November 22nd. The day fortunately was fine, and the contest was rendered all the more interesting from the fact that Mr. Horace Hutchinson was playing for the visitors for the first time on the Brighton links. A large number of spectators assembled to see him play, and they were treated to a very fine exhibition of the game. The match resulted after an intensely exciting struggle in the Brighton team winning by the narrow margin of one hole, a result mainly due to the fine play of Mr. W. Carr and Mr. J. Brock.

In the afternoon a foursome was played between Mr. Horace Hutchinson and the Hon. Ivo Bligh against Charles Ramage, the professional to the Brighton Club, and Mr. H. E. Acklom, the Hon. Sec. After a capital game the match was halved. The following is the full score:—

EASTBOURNE.		BRIGHTON.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. H. G. Hutchinson	11	Mr. C. E. Nesham	0
Rev. Von Scott	0	Mr. B. Howell	0
Capt. West	0	Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote	2
Capt. Gordon	0	Mr. J. Brock	5
Mr. M. Wilkinson	0	Mr. G. Sandeman	0
Mr. R. Elmsley	0	Mr. A. Denman	1
Hon. Ivo Bligh	5	Mr. H. E. Acklom	0
Col. Shaw	0	Mr. W. Carr	9
Capt. Swinford	2	Mr. C. O. Walker	0
Mr. H. Ingleby	0	Mr. T. "Hayes"	2
	18		19

LYTHAM AND ST. ANNE'S GOLF CLUB.

The second competition for the cup, presented by the captain of the club, Mr. J. Mugliston, took place on Saturday, the 15th inst., on the links at St. Anne's-on-the-Sea. The weather was all that could be desired, but the previous continuous heavy rains had made the greens very heavy, so that any general good scoring was not to be expected. Forty-nine players faced the tee, and Mr. J. Marcus Rae (St. Anne's) was first with a gross score of 94, handicap 11, net 83, and he therefore secured a place in the final six, who will play off for the cup. The best gross score of the day was Mr. A. H. Doleman's 91. The first optional sweepstakes was won by Mr. J. Marcus Rea (who also took the memento given by the club for the best net score), the second sweepstake was won by Mr. Newall (Preston), and the third by Mr. A. H. Doleman (South Shore). Scores:

	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. J. M. Rea (St. Anne's)	94	11	83
Mr. N. Newall (Preston)	103	14	89
Rev. C. Billington (Lytham)	104	15	89
Mr. A. H. Doleman (South Shore)	91	1	90
Rev. W. G. Terry (St. Anne's)	108	18	90
Dr. M. S. McIntosh (St. Anne's)	108	18	90
Mr. G. F. Smith (Haulgh, Bolton)	96	5	91
Mr. H. Fisher (Wrea Green)	108	14	94
Mr. E. M. Whipp (St. Anne's)	111	17	94
Mr. R. H. Prestwich (Manchester)	103	8	95
Mr. F. E. Rowe (Rossall)	115	20	95
Mr. S. Fisher (South Shore)	111	14	97
Mr. G. Haig (Manchester)	107	9	98
Mr. A. B. Scholfield (St. Anne's)	105	7	98
Mr. W. H. Crossland (Manchester)	123	25	98
Mr. H. L. Jellicoe (Preston)	109	10	99
Mr. G. Harper (Preston)	118	18	100
Mr. S. F. Butcher (Bury)	120	18	102
Mr. A. Darbyshire (Manchester)	121	15	106
Mr. C. H. Atkinson (Singleton)	127	20	107
Mr. W. Cross (St. Anne's)	132	16	116
Mr. T. Whitehead (Preston)	138	19	119
Mr. J. A. F. Elloft (St. Anne's)	135	14	121
Mr. T. W. Shaw (Sharples, Bolton)	155	25	130

NEW FOREST GOLF CLUB.

On Thursday, November 13th, the seventh monthly handicap for the medal, and the fourth of the foursome competitions for the shield, took place on the Lyndhurst Links, under not altogether favourable circumstances—the ground after the heavy rain of the previous week being rather wet and slippery, and the putting-greens rather slow. The Rev. H. White succeeded in carrying off the medal, and also the silver caddie marker, presented to the club by Mr. C. F. Adams, to be held by the winner of the medal at this meeting. Mr. H. Howard winning the second caddie marker, also presented by Mr. C. F. Adams, for the lowest net scores of the competitors with handicap of 16 and upwards. Lieut. J. H. Goldfinch, R.N., and Mr. T. Mason were the winners of the shield. Scores:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Rev. H. White	120	14	106	Mr. W. C. Blaker	130	16	114
Mr. H. Howard	138	30	108	Lieut. J. H. Goldfinch, R.N.	115	scr.	115
Col. W. Pott	121	9	112	Mr. J. H. Goldfinch	145	25	120
Col. A. C. Macleay	128	16	112	Mr. T. Mason	151	30	121
Capt. H. Aitchinson	128	14	114				
Score.			Score.				
Lieut. Goldfinch, R.N.	55	Capt. H. Aitchinson, R.N.	75
Mr. T. Mason	65	Mr. Rawnsley	77
Rev. H. White	65	Col. Macleay	77
Mr. H. Howard	65	Mr. J. H. Goldfinch	77

On Friday, November 14th, matches between nine representatives of the Needles Golf Club, Isle of Wight, and nine of the New Forest Golf Club, took place on the Lyndhurst Links. The weather was somewhat damp, and in the afternoon light rain fell, which did not make golfing as pleasant as one could wish. The New Forest team, as a whole, proved too strong for their opponents, winning with a total of thirty-one holes to the good, but several of the matches were very evenly contested, as will be seen by the following scores:—

NEW FOREST TEAM.		NEEDLES TEAM	
	Holes.		Holes.
Lieut. de Crespigny, R.N.	0	Mr. C. B. Collins, R.E.	3
Mr. E. Charlton	0	Mr. G. W. Palmer	0
Col. W. Pott	0	Mr. W. Graham	3
Lieut. J. H. Goldfinch, R.N.	3	Mr. R. Puxley, R.A.	0
Rev. H. White	5	Mr. F. Graham	0
Capt. Maitland	3	Major Walford	0
Capt. Aitchinson	11	Mr. A. Connell	0
Col. A. C. Macleay	3	Capt. Nelson	0
Mr. J. Jeffries	12	Capt. Hoblyn	0
	37		6

HAWICK CLUB.

The Bombay medal was played for on Tuesday the 18th, in dull weather. Mr. Thomas Hodgson was first with 108, less 25 = 83; while Mr. James Scott was second with 107, less 20 = 87.

"SCOTSMAN" CLUB.

At the monthly medal competition over the Braids course on Wednesday, the 19th, in which ten couples took part, Mr. J. Wilson handed in the winning card with 84, less 12 = 72; Mr. J. Mercer being second with 86, less 8 = 78.

EPSOM GOLF CLUB.

Saturday Nov. 15th.—Monthly medal competition

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. R. M. Tabor	106	15	91	Rev. H. Biddell	109	11	98
Mr. F. Barry	97	4	93	Mr. W. T. Hughes	116	18	98
Mr. W. F. Morley	108	13	95	Mr. R. H. Buriton	122	18	104

LARKS GOLF CLUB.

The quarterly competition took place here on the 20th inst., for the Crandles cup and other prizes. The following were the prize winners:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
W. D. Nivers	108	26	82	C. Mitchell	96	8	88
R. Bell	93	8	85	G. Drummond	85	+4	89
C. Landells	95	10	85	R. Cockburn	104	14	90
A. Lawson	82	+4	86	D. Steeples	97	6	91
J. Brown	102	14	88	A. McCulloch	99	8	91

A Lawson, in this competition did the first round in the low score of 38, and second, 44; total, 82.