

GOLF

A Weekly Record of "The Royal and Auncient" Game.
"Far and Sure."

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.

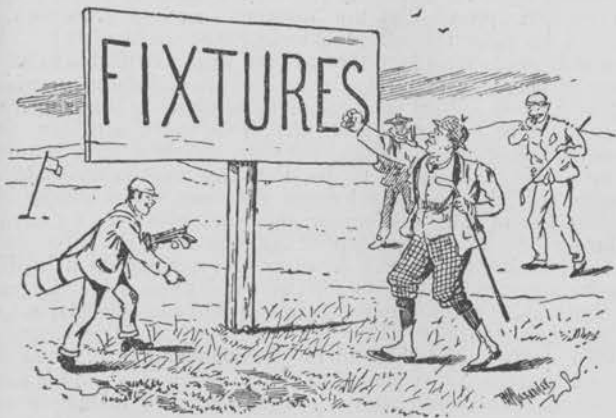
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1891.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 19.—Royal Dublin : Monthly Medal.
Brighton and Hove : The De Worms Challenge Cup ; Club Prizes.
Disley : Second Winter Handicap.
Seaton Carew : Club Cup.
Sutton Coldfield : Lloyd Prize.
Ealing : Monthly Medal.
County Down : County Down Railway Cup.
Tooting : Special Prize (limited to 18 handicap).
Lytham and St. Anne's : Bury Cup.
Wimbledon Ladies' : Monthly Medals.
- Dec. 22.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
- Dec. 23, 24 and 28.—Royal Isle of Wight : Single Tournament, for Prize value £10, given by the Club (entries close 22nd).
- Dec. 25-26.—Littlestone : Christmas Meeting ; Foursome Tournament (Match Play).
- Dec. 26.—Royal Wimbledon : Monthly Medal.
Southport : Christmas Meeting.
Ashdown Forest and Tunbridge Wells : Monthly Medal.
Royal Isle of Wight : Christmas Meeting ; Bembridge Gold Medal ; "Eaton Memorial Gold Putter."
Royal Eastbourne : Monthly Medal.
Buxton and High Peak : Monthly Medal.
Warwickshire : Club Cup Competition.
Ilkley : Christmas Cup.
Manchester : Club Prizes ; Special Prize Meeting.
Richmond : Christmas Meeting.
Birkdale : Captain's Cup.

- Dec. 26.—Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Cup ; Captain's Prize.
Monthly Medal and Optional Sweepstake.
Seaford : Monthly Medal.
Richmond : Walton Cup (Open) ; Pottinger Challenge Cup ; Lawson Scratch Cup ; Members' Handicap Prizes.
- Dec. 26-28.—Guildford : Christmas Meeting.
- Dec. 28.—Burnham : Monthly Medal.
- Dec. 28-29.—Royal Eastbourne : Winter Meeting.

1892.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 1.—Royal Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
- Jan. 2.—Lytham and St. Anne's : Captain's Cup.
Birkdale : Monthly Medal.
Lundin : Handicap Medal.
Manchester : Monthly Medal.
Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.
Redhill and Reigate : Turner Medal.
Aldeburgh : Monthly Medal.
Brighton and Hove : Berens Medal.
- Jan. 5.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
Birkdale : Club Ladies' Prize.
- Jan. 9.—Warwickshire : Club Cup (Final).
Tooting : Monthly Medal.
Didsbury : Captain's Prize.
Dalhousie : Handicap Match (Third Round).
Brighton : Royal Eastbourne v. The Club (at Brighton).
- Jan. 16.—Warwickshire : Lefroy Prize (Final).
Royal Epping Forest : Quarterly Medal.
Formby : Pearson's Prize.
Lytham and St. Anne's : Bury Cup.
- Jan. 19.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
- Jan. 20.—Royal Epping Forest : Spurling-Kentish Medal.
- Jan. 23.—Birkdale : Captain's Cup.
- Jan. 30.—Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Cup.
Seaford : Monthly Medal.

FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 2.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
Birkdale : Club Ladies' Prize.
- Feb. 5.—Royal Cornwall : Monthly Medal.
- Feb. 6.—Royal Liverpool : Winter Optional Subscription Prizes.
Lundin : Half-yearly Meeting.
Manchester : Monthly Medal.
Birkdale : Monthly Medal.
Lytham and St. Anne's : Captain's Cup.
Redhill and Reigate : Club Medal.
Brighton and Hove : Berens Medal.
- Feb. 13.—Formby : Pearson Prize.
- Feb. 14.—Dalhousie : Handicap Match (Fourth Round).
Tooting : Monthly Medal.
Didsbury : Captain's Prize.
- Feb. 16.—Whitley : Joicey Cup.
- Feb. 17.—Royal Epping Forest : Spurling-Kentish Medal.
- Feb. 20.—Royal Epping Forest : Foursome Competition.
Lytham and St. Anne's : Bury Cup.
- Feb. 27.—Royal Epping Forest : Gordon Cup.
Seaford : Monthly Medal.

St. Andrews, N.B. RUSACK'S HOTEL, THE MARINE (on the Links). The Golf Metropolis—Parties boarded. Special terms to Golfers and families. W. RUSACK, Proprietor and Manager. Telegrams:—Rusack, St. Andrews, N.B. Telephone No. 1101.

ST. ANDREWS IN WINTER.

Of the very many golfers who make an occasional pious pilgrimage to the great golfing Mecca, comparatively few are at all acquainted with its aspects in the winter months. The majority would as soon think of Labrador as the East Coast of Fife between November and May, but should any venture so far from a south country fireside, he will find himself in a St. Andrews, which he will scarcely recognise as the St. Andrews of the medal week. Even when stranded at Leuchars Junction to await indefinitely the caprice of the train from Dundee, he will be sensible of a subtle difference. Suggestions of the Golf links strike him as so conspicuously absent. He does not see the inevitable men armed with shooting boots and golf-clubs—all is unfriendly. He betakes himself to the waiting-room, wherein among fellow sufferers, who sit around the fire with the sad patience characteristic of the Scot, he strives to bear his wrongs in silence. The train at length comes—and with it the first flavour of the St. Andrews of the untimely pilgrim's dreams—in the old familiar face of the guard, who must know so well the course between St. Andrews and Leuchars. The pilgrim gets a first glimpse of the sand-hills of the links as the train reaches Guard Bridge, so called one may naturally suppose because no one but the guard gets out there. He only gets out to wonder why they are stopping, then in and off again, and over the perilous bridge which holds together in a way suggestive of a special providence, and perhaps will last till the new one is nearly finished. The train goes leisurely beside the links, and the pilgrim has ample opportunity to feast his longing eyes on the hallowed land. He often has cursed, by all the gods of Golf, this very train as it passed him putting at that "corner o' the Dyke" hole and whistled with shrill Scottish accent, peculiarly incensing—has even ventured an exasperated remonstrance to the engine-driver, who replies with mechanical insult, turning on a little whistle of his engine to say a steamy "Pooh"! In the haste of a missed putt, many a golfer has sworn that St. Andrews has more trains than Clapham Junction. But at the moment, to the travel-worn untimely pilgrim, it seems otherwise. Nor, though his train puffs and whistles, is there a golfer to put off. It is all deserted. Occasional couples, a wretched flotsam of that great "Golf stream," which on his last visit flowed over all, straggle upon a high and dry waste of links and bunkers. Where is the great Golf stream? It is gone with the swallows, nor till the May medal meeting will again be seen.

The pilgrim fares on. In the abysmal depths of the new station he encounters a hungry crowd of clamorous caddies, "a mass meeting of the unemployed." He leaves his clubs as a hostage in the hands of one of the banditti, and is fain to escape with his life and his portmanteau to the shelter of the Cross-key omnibus, which will convey him to the club and the house of his pilgrimage. The club is in the hands of the painter and the decorator, and the pilgrim's first exploit is to transfer a moist portion of the decorations to his own new ulster. The air is biting and eager. The provident pilgrim is swathed in many layers of cardigan jacket and Shetland wool. He feels as if he had several new inches of fat between himself and the familiar golfing coat. The joyous freedom of the ideal swing is hard to realise. Other troubles vex his soul. The holes are stuck away in odd corners, to rest the "proper greens," as they are well called in contrast, the present greens being most improper, most bumpy, most vexatious. Sometimes they are not on the green at all. But, however remote, the professional adviser who carries his clubs will always direct him to play on the old lines. His conceptions are based on previous conditions, and do not move with the holes (as migratory birds go over the sea on the paths they knew when it was land). The caddie himself a bird, mostly of ill omen, whose conversation one at times might wish more parrot-like—less tainted by the evidence of original observation. Candour is its most particular charm, and when his candour busies itself with the pilgrim's achievement the latter grows doubtful of the absolute merit of truth. "That was a good one, Jock?" You will perhaps suggest in desperation, after waiting in vain for the more grateful unsolicited praise. "Ah—het's the first shot ye've struck at a' these three days." And the pilgrim's retrospect darkens as he realises that in the truth of the answer lies its

sting. His master's performances are the test by which the candid caddie gauges merit. "Him a gowfer! He canna play a dom—he's no muckle better than yoursel." And yet that caddie has, maybe, passed his standards, and often written in his copy-book that "comparisons are odious." So thinks the pilgrim, reflecting further on the observation of a golfing scribe, "that part of a caddie's duty is to conceal his just contempt of your game." Yet there are compensations, for though the links be nearly deserted and gray as the very sea itself, at least there is no congestion—no sitting to the number of six couples together at the high hole, while parties in front play out the short hole, a very weariness of the flesh—as often happened in the golden summer. There is no need to put down one's name overnight, on a doubtful chance of getting started at noon. The pilgrim has free and unimpeded field for the drives he will talk about, and can retire unobserved to a solitary bunker, with his niblick and his caddie, to have explanations with his ball, of which no one will hear him boast.

The east wind, too, is neither so bleak nor so continuous as it has been painted. In this the climate has suffered sad calamity. Even from of old it was so, for from a fragment of a lost book of Herodotus—dedicated to one of the Graces—recently discovered by Mr. Andrew Lang in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, it appears that the historian visited St. Andrews, of which he gives the following among other particulars: "The wind blows so hard from the east that ships are unable to leave the harbour, except during the feast of the medal week, at which time it blows so hard from the opposite direction that ships are not able to enter the harbour. Now some attribute this prevalence of the east wind to the dryness of certain lectures. But in this, as it seems to me, they say what is unworthy of belief, for whereas these lectures are most severe during but some few months in the year, the wind blows from the east during the whole year, except at the time called the feast of the medal week." Herodotus, however, was imposed upon in this, as he was in other matters, for the wind blows from the east about a third part of the year, and that not continuously, but, as the Americans say "in samples." But he is right in saying it often confines the ships in the harbour, and then, when the easterly storm cone is nailed to the mast, a *ναυτικός ὄχλος* fares forth upon the links, with a rolling gait, as if making heavy weather of it, and bulky with its whole available wardrobe on its back. A fine free flavour of ozone and salt water, with a little piquancy of fish, these mariners exhale, and a fine free game of Golf they play. Some of them hit very hard and very crooked, but they are handicapped by wearing a multitude of clothes, over all of which pass their braces supporting voluminous blue pants. They do not Golf well, but they know the game. They are courteous and sympathetic to the pilgrim, and should the professionals get up a big match among themselves, the fishermen will follow—a silent eager crowd. It will amaze the southern pilgrim. He has been used to associate sailors with a "yeo, heave ho," and a noise and commotion. But these Scots roll on over the billowy links in silent appreciation of the play. They stand respectfully motionless on the stroke. No better behaved gallery could be. They are seen but little at the time of the feast of the medal week, not so much because the fury of the wind is so great, as Herodotus says, as to prevent the ships from entering the harbour, but because if they do come in they are speedily away again after the herring—which pays better than the Golf-ball. In a gallery of fifty fishermen who watch a Golf match no two will have their hands out of their pockets, and the one who has is regretting the necessity of filling his pipe. Links and professionals are alike free and unoccupied in these winter months, yet it is not at this time that the good scores are made. Muscles are too stiff. Cold wrists will not work for the delicate approach strokes. It is the long summer evenings after the day's work of carrying clubs is over, and the wind has sunk to rest, as it usually does on the east coast of Fife at that hour, that the professionals go out in parties of two or three or four, and on a fine clear green do the good scores.

In winter the teeing-grounds are often advanced, and the holes thus shortened, but the queer catchy positions in which they are pitched more than makes up for this. And though the pilgrim will find a clear course over the links in general, yet, as he comes home again the last few holes will be black with schoolboys, released at twelve o'clock to cut divots from the links, an occasion of righteous wrath to the most pious pilgrim. The con-

gestion strikes him more forcibly in contrast with the rapid circulation on the links far out. He feels like a Cunarder which has had a clear run over several thousand miles of ocean, and finds herself bothered by coasters as she approaches her haven. At these final holes boys are a frequent hazard. Death from Golf balls ought to be common with them, but there appears to be a special schoolboy's providence, and their numbers do not appreciably decrease. On a Saturday afternoon great is the mustering of townsmen and gowmsmen, the scarlet gown for the time laid aside with the studies of divinity for the graver studies of the dynamics of the Golf-ball. For in the golfing Mecca in the winter months, a deal of theology, scholarship, and such light trifles, mingle with the Golf. Even the conversation between the strokes is mixed—is not pure Golf. "The Elohist says,"—"There he's in the bunker"—"The text is very corrupt, Shilleto suggests as an emendation"—"Better try the niblick. They've been repairing the greens, and old Tom Morris says there's nothing like saund." Will not the gods of Golf take vengeance on such slipshod work as this, until the indignant caddie will remonstrate with "Eh, ye're no givin' yer mind to it at all," and the pilgrim with shame confesses that he was wandering in the trivial byepaths of Biblical and scholarly criticism. To make amends to him he takes his long-suffering caddie into his confidence, and tells him that once in the summer he went round in 99—to which the caddie, obviously incredulous, contents himself with replying with habitual candour—"Eh, ye'll never do that again." Such a response might almost drive the pilgrim to worse things than scholarship, maybe mathematics—of which we may observe by-the-bye that the science of arithmetic should be mastered before proceeding to the art of Golf.

Thus have we considered the winter pilgrim under the usual conditions of keen, dry, easterly wind. Shall we consider him under the conditions of a links submerged in snow, cooped in a club redolent and generous of wet paint? or shall we not rather leave him unconsidered in those fearful aspects? But there are days, many of them, among the most easterly months of February and March when the sun will be shining, and it will be balmy as the land of the blessed. The snow will still show on the distant Grampians, so that "my father," that "frugal swain," would find poor feeding for his flock. Lochnager—70 miles distant—is visible in its white robe in a gap between the Sidlaws, but the skylarks are singing bravely over-head, and everything is full of the promise of spring. The few fellow golfers the pilgrim will find will be not of the old familiar types—the man who is always off his game, the man, who when he sits down to dinner, announces his intention of taking the next train away from St. Andrews, having previously made a bonfire of his Golf clubs, but who by the time dessert comes on has backed himself to do the round in 90. These are not here—instead there are strange faces of men who do not appear in the fashionable season of Golf—men of a beautiful humility and self-depreciation, with whom therefore the pilgrim only makes a match on terms very advantageous to the stranger—"Who is he?" the exasperated pilgrim may ask his caddie, as for the fourth time in succession the stranger (is he perchance that mysterious stranger man of Waldo's, from the African Farm?) lays himself dead with his iron. But the caddie only murmurs: "I didna ken wha' he is at a'. He says he's a beginner. He says he's a meenister. I think he's a leear."

H. G. HUTCHINSON.

EDINBURGH TEACHERS' CLUB. — The monthly competition for charm and prizes took place on Saturday over Musselburgh. The winners were:—Mr. J. M'Dougall, 95, less 14=81; Mr. R. Forrest, 92, less 5=87; and Mr. T. A. Buttar, 100, less 12=88.

LEITH GOLF CLUB.—The annual competition between captain and vice-captain's teams was played over Leith on Saturday. The result was a win for the vice-captain's team by eight holes. The teams afterwards adjourned to the club-house, when the scratch and handicap charms were presented to the successful competitors. Scratch medal, Mr. J. Duncan; handicap, Mr. R. Hutchison. The Archibald cup and charm were presented by Captain Dunn to Mr. William M. Archibald.

THE NORTH BEDS GOLF CLUB.

It has been proposed to form a Golf club for ladies and gentlemen on the east end of Biggleswade Common, for which the permission of the Feu Reeves of the common, giving the exclusive use of the ground, has been obtained.

The Right Hon. the Speaker has kindly consented to become President of the club, and also a number of influential gentlemen members of committee.

The situation of this part of the common, with roads leading to it on both sides, and being within fifteen minutes' walk from Sandy Station, and twenty minutes from Biggleswade Station, makes it easily accessible from all parts, while the turf of the common has been pronounced by competent judges to be admirably adapted for the formation of Golf links, which will extend over 200 acres of ground.

There are houses at each end of the ground, where it is proposed to obtain the use of a room for members, while in the centre of the links a temporary building will be provided for keeping members' clubs and other requisites of the game. A large course for gentlemen, consisting of eighteen holes, and a smaller one for ladies, was marked out by Tom Dunn, Tooting Bec, who was much pleased with the capabilities of the ground, there being numerous hazards in the shape of streams, hedges, ditches, cornfields, &c. A ground-man is engaged to look after the greens, and he will be available occasionally to teach the game.

Arrangements are being made to secure a room where tea may be provided for the ladies on at least two days in the week.

The annual subscription for original members will be as follows:—For playing members, gentlemen, one guinea; ladies, 10s. 6d.; for honorary, or non-playing members, 10s. 6d. All members to have the right of introducing visitors under rules to be settled by the committee.

After the first fifty members have joined, the committee will be empowered to impose an entrance-fee, or to raise the subscription of all future members, whose election shall rest with the committee.

Certain gentlemen have kindly undertaken to subscribe to a fund towards meeting the preliminary expenses of the formation of the club and laying out the ground, and the secretary will be glad to receive any sums contributed for this purpose.

The ground will be ready for play in a few days. Application for membership should be made to Mr. A. K. Lindsell, hon. secretary, *pro tem.*, the Elms, Biggleswade.

THE GOLFING GREENS IN ABERDEENSHIRE.

NO. II.—ABERDEEN LINKS.

Golf has been played on the Aberdeen links from time immemorial. The earliest records show that it must have had a flourishing existence, and its devotees have been numerous as far back as the year 1457, when a special Act of the Scottish Parliament had to be passed enacting that it be utterly "cruit doune and nocht usit," and wapinschaws set up in its stead. A ballot box still in the possession of the Aberdeen Club shows that a club was in existence as far back as the year 1780, and the present Aberdeen Club appears to have come after, and in the place of a club called the "Society of Golfers at Aberdeen," instituted in 1783, a printed copy of whose "Regulations, with a list of the original members and the Laws of Golf," is still extant. The present Aberdeen Club was instituted in 1815, and down to 1888 played over and maintained at its own cost the course on Aberdeen Links. And a better course for the game in our early days could not be got in all Scotland. The turf was of the finest description, and a well-played ball had capital lies all through the green. Bunkers there were also in plenty to test the player's metal, the journey to the bunker hole being as difficult a one as any player need wish to encounter. Difficulties of another kind had also to be encountered. The rifle shooting range was a perennial

source of trouble to the golfers, while the herring fishers and their nets, and cattle show enclosures played sad havoc sometimes with the putting-greens.

But on the whole, matters got on smoothly enough till the advent of Association Football, the devotees of which completely monopolised the Queen's Links, and in a short time made them fit for nothing else. The bright green turf was quickly converted into a sea of black mud, and as the Town Council seemingly had no powers to prevent the links being spoiled, or to regulate the various games for the advantage of all, the Aberdeen Club took themselves off to fresh fields, where they could enjoy their game with comfort to themselves and without detriment to others. The other two clubs playing over the course, viz., the Bon-Accord and the Victoria, were not so happily situated, and they set about seeing whether they could not remedy matters for themselves, and enjoy their game in something like comfort. The result of their deliberations was that they determined on laying out an entirely new course of 18 holes north of the Broad Hill, the only hole retained on the town's links being the Home hole. The course, though thus reduced in size, is a capital sporting one, the only drawback—and this was unavoidable in the circumstances—being that players have to cross each other rather frequently at the north end. Though many of the holes are on the short side, thus affording comparatively few opportunities to long drivers, they all present plenty of difficulties, and the skilful iron player does not lack chances of showing off his abilities. Golf of a high order is needed to do the round at 85, though several of the crack players have accomplished it at 80, 81, and 82. These, however, are exceptionally good figures, and rounds of 87 and 90 are not at all to be despised.

It only remains to add that the course is kept in order by the clubs playing over it, who each contribute to the upkeep in proportion to their membership. The Victoria Club, having the largest number of members, contributes the lion's share, the Bon-Accord coming next, the University club bringing up the rear. The clubs are fortunate in their green-keeper—Willie Forsyth—who, an old player himself, knows thoroughly what is to be done, and spares no effort to keep things up to the mark.

We shall now give the names of the different holes, and a short description of each. The names are as follow :—

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. The Hill Hole. | 10. The second Alps Hole. |
| 2. The Road Hole. | 11. The Rose Hole. |
| 3. The Cowhillock Hole. | 12. The Valley Hole. |
| 4. The Target Hole. | 13. The Bridge Hole. |
| 5. The Middle Hole. | 14. The Bank Hole. |
| 6. The Burn Hole. | 15. The Well Hole. |
| 7. The Bunker Hole. | 16. The Flagstaff Hole. |
| 8. The first Alps Hole. | 17. The High Hole. |
| 9. The Short Hole. | 18. The Home Hole. |

1. The Hill Hole.—The tee for this hole is at present placed well to the right on the road to the beach, and it requires a fair drive to carry over the road. A good second with the brassie or the cleek sends the player very nearly home. This is very good business, but a 3 is not to be despised. The hole is at present placed in a little ridge to the left of the hill, and a satisfactory card for it should read 5. Distance, about 240 yards.

2. For the second, or Road Hole, the player has a magnificent drive off the tee, which is placed on the right of the Broad Hill going out. His second shot ought to easily carry the road, and land him on the green, which is a small and good one. The hole being safely negotiated in 5. Distance, about 270 yards.

3. The third, or Cowhillock Hole, presents few difficulties, the strong driver easily reaching it in 2. The green, however, lies on the top of a considerable mound, and the medium player, in lofting, frequently falls short, or else overshoots the mark, and gets down on the other side. The putting green is one of the largest and best on the course, and a good figure for the hole is 5. Distance fully 250 yards.

4. The Target Hole is a shorter one, the distance being about 200 yards. A good drive and a cleek shot bring the player to the green, which is small but on the whole very good, and the hole ought to be easily pocketed in 4.

5. The fifth, or Middle Hole, is an entirely new one, and is so called from being placed midway on the old journey to the Bunker Hole. It is situated on a nice bit of turf just over the hill, which obstructs the players' view from the tee. A good drive, far and sure, leaves room for a long iron or cleek shot home, but sand and long bent grass sometimes interfere with the player's ball before the green is reached, and the hole being called in 5 leaves the card a good one. Distance, 250 yards.

6. The Burn Hole is another new hole, and should easily be reached by the good player in two strokes. A lot of bad lies, however, such as small sand-holes, are encountered in the journey, which severely try the temper; and though the hole is often registered in 4, 5 is a very good figure. Distance, about 200 yards.

7. The Bunker Hole.—This hole is now approached in quite an opposite direction from the old days, and many will share the regret of the captain of the Aberdeen Club that the old approach has had to be done away with. However, necessity knows no law. A long and sure driver, with the wind at his back, might reach the green with his tee shot, but as a big, yawning sand bunker runs along the whole front of it, the best plan for safety is to play a little to the left, where a fairly good lie can be got, a shot from the lofting iron laying the ball dead, the hole being completed in 4. The putting-green here is a very large and fine one, and was constructed at a good deal of expense by the Aberdeen Club. Distance, about 220 yards.

8. For the next, or first Alps Hole, new ground has been broken amongst the benty hillocks, the old journey down the valley having to be discarded, owing to exigencies of space. However, very good turf can be got for putting-greens amongst these hillocks, and the hole which is a fairly easy one, is a good figure in 4. Distance, 230 yards.

9. The ninth is the shortest hole in the course. Lying in the valley, it can easily be reached with the tee shot, and has often been holed out in 2, though 3's and 4's are more common. Distance, 130 yards.

10. The player next goes for the second Alps Hole, another entirely new hole placed amongst the benty hillocks. The outlook from the tee is not of the most promising nature on account of the whins that abound all around, but the player who has the good fortune to steer clear of these, finds his reward in an excellent 4 or 5, the hole certainly being not worth more than the latter figure. Distance, 180 yards.

11. The eleventh hole is what used to be the old short or Rose Hole, so called from being made during the captaincy of Mr. Charles Rose, of Hazlehead. The shot from the tee carries the long driver well over the whins, and if not "trapped" in the sand bunker close to the green, his second should be well home, and the hole completed in 4 or 5. Distance, about 230 yards.

12. The twelfth, or Valley Hole, is another entirely new one, and is a capital sporting hole. Whins meet the eye of the player from the tee, but once over these, which should be accomplished by the skilful player with his first shot, it is comparatively plain sailing, and the green should be reached in 3, the player getting down in 5. Distance, about 260 yards.

13. The thirteenth, or Bridge Hole, is a rather difficult one, not so much from the distance as from the bad lies that are encountered all the way up to it. If the player is fortunate in escaping these, as well as the burn that lies close to the green, he is sure of a 5, which is a very good figure for the hole. Distance, about 230 yards.

14. Straight seaward is the line for the fourteenth, or Bank Hole, which is placed on the top of a hill. A long driver can almost carry the green with his tee shot, but the penalty if he does not is to land in the bunker just in front of the green. Playing cautiously, he easily gets within putting distance in 3, and should secure the hole in 4. Distance, about 200 yards.

15. The Well Hole comes next, and will be found at present almost exactly in line with the door of the shooting-range house. Two good drives land the player on the green, where he ought to get down in 4, or at the most 5 strokes. Distance, fully 220 yards.

16. The sixteenth, or Flagstaff Hole, is the longest one on the course. It takes the best player two full drives and an iron

shot before the green is reached, which is an excellent bit of turf at the north end of the Broad Hill. A very good figure for the hole is 5, but 6 is oftener registered. Distance, fully 300 yards.

17. The seventeenth, or High Hole, can be generally reached with the shot from the tee, but the drive must be a very straight one, as if the player's ball carries to the right he is landed in a field, which entails a case of lifting and losing a stroke, while if he is to the left and anything strong, he is certain to be down the hill. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the hole should be easily manipulated in 4. Distance, close on 200 yards.

18. The Home Hole, as placed at present, a little in advance of the Land Baillie's house, can almost be reached by the long driver with his "tee" shot. A second, with the iron, lands him dead, and the hole should easily be negotiated in 3, certainly not more than 4. Distance, 200 yards.

The links are about a quarter of an hour's walk from the railway station, and can easily be reached by cab or tram car.

W. ADDIE.

WESTWARD HO!
(A REMINISCENCE.)

Now glory to the Royal game, the best of all by far,
And glory to the god of Golf, whose votaries we are;
Or if a goddess rules our fate, and guides with gentle hand
The driven ball to where we fondly hope that it may land;
But, in the case of fozzling, with countenance severe,
Into a bunker or a bush directs the vagrant sphere;
Then to the fair Divinity I make my vows to-day,
And to the "Lady of the Links" I dedicate my lay.

It was in Devonshire we played, so many years ago,
Where Northam's tower looks upon the links of Westward Ho!
And there was no pavilion then, but just an iron shed
Where Andrews served the liquor out—alas that he is dead!
For though the whiskey ripples still, and though the "bitter"
flows

To celebrate a victory, or drown a loser's woes,
We miss the weather-beaten face, and the devoted hand
That tendered us refreshment in that far and thirsty land.

It was a foursome that I sing—the winning match of three;
Two others had been played, the foes scored one, and so did we;
They were a crafty pair—the first, in Scotland born and bred;
The other always used to play, he told us, "with his head."
He was a sailor who had roved the merry world around,
But never seen a spot he loved like our golfing ground;
And we were less experienced, and though we used to drive
A rather longer ball than they, were rather less alive
To all the dangers of the course, and as we neared the flag
Felt they could always find a putt—when needed—in the bag!

We started off, and first the Scot, who had the honour, made
A useful shot, which, to the right, he purposely had played.
My partner took his driver then, and sent a bonnie ball
Short of the yawning bunker, on the turf we saw it fall.
They played the odd; the sailor man, with measured swing
and slow,

To skirt the bunker, urged the ball its careful course to go.
And when I came to where we lay my heart was full of hope,
The ball was "sitting like a queen," teed on a gentle slope.
"Oh, give me now the brassy," to my caddie then I cried,
"I'll carry o'er the bunker and be far the other side."
Alas for my presumption! for I hurried, and I pressed,
And topped the ball, and—pardon me, I cannot tell the rest.
Then cheerfully my partner took the niblick in his hand,
And with an air of confidence went down into the sand;
The ball was lying badly, and there wasn't any doubt
It was as much as ever he could do to get it out;
But when he gave his body swing and shoulders to the blow,
The ball, the bunker, or the club—or something, had to go,
And luckily it was the ball, which, mounting in the air,
Descended on the green beyond, and rested safely there.

And now we had to play "two more," I swung my club on high
And sent the ball rejoicing on its errand through the sky.
But we were rather late, for when they played the "one off two"
It struck us that to get a half was more than we could do.
"This comes," remarked the sailor, as he laid his partner dead,
"Of shunning needless danger, and of playing with the head."

And now a noble bunker might be carried from the tee.
The sailor took his iron, and manœuvred warily;
He steered for an oasis in the wilderness of sand,
He knew his bearings, and he knew exactly where to land.
But I disdained to follow him, and—driving pretty well—
Went for the lot, and carried it, as far as we could tell.
But when we hurried up we found, to our great dismay,
A sandy spur had caught the ball, and there, alas, it lay!
Again the niblick flashed and fell, a cloud of sand arose,
The sight of which we felt must be delightful to the foes;
A wrist shot from the iron brought us nicely up in three,
But they had come in two, and played a better stroke than we.
And though my partner nearly holed in playing the "two more,"
It didn't take us less than five, and they were down in four.

The sailor smiled upon us then, a smile serene and bland,
"How fond you seem to be," he said, "of working in the sand;
It strengthens one, I understand, but then it makes him hot,
And don't you think—" we silenced him, "Your partner has
the shot,

You shouldn't talk upon the stroke"; he murmured, "Very
true,"

And left his friend to drive in peace, and put in all he knew.
For now we had a very long, but easy hole to play;
The blood-red flag was gleaming out five hundred yards away.
We seized the opportunity; we gave three "bonny licks,"
And fairly drove them down, for they took seven to our six.
We glanced upon the sailor man, he wasn't filled with awe,
But on the contrary appeared as chatty as before.

"There are a few long holes," he said, "of which we had a
doubt,

It's just as we expected—working very nicely out."

With that, I gave what might have been a rather noble hit,
But there was evidence to show I'd heeled the ball a bit;
It circled right, exactly where we didn't want to go,
Behind a bed of rushes, which are bad at Westward Ho!
For they are stiff and pointed, they are very tall and fine,
Expressly made for punishing a ball that's off the line.
On coming up, we found the lie was not exactly nice.
I watched my partner silently—he asked for no advice,
His gallant heart was undismayed, and he was young and
strong;

He boldly took a wooden club, and drove the ball along,
And o'er the sea of rushes it had very nearly passed,
But wearied in its flight, and tumbled into them at last.
A thousand points were standing out, a thousand lances tall,
A thousand guards were pressing close around the snow white
ball;

But as to lift was loss of two, we could not choose but try
To force it through the serried ranks—to do, or else to die!
We died—I mean, they won the hole, and stood "two up"
once more,

Taking the honour at the tee, as they had done before.

Now, as with bended knees the Scotchman took his careful
stance,

He gave a nod in answer to the sailor's meaning glance;
Before he slowly raised his club—as he began to shape
We saw they had decided on a passage round "the Cape."
My partner's ball was fairly hit, like arrow from a bow
It cleft the air, it was indeed a very honest blow.
Then, with a wind that favoured it, my brassy shot was seen
To carry o'er the bunker and to light upon the green,
This was a joy beyond compare, a rapture that is known
To those who play the Royal and the Ancient game alone;
For soon the rivals, skirting round the bunker, play "two
more"

And so they lost the hole to us who putted out in four.

* A well-known bunker at Westward Ho!

The Short hole now, with sand to right, to left a rushy bed,
 We both were on the green, and then my partner laid us dead.
 But quietly the Scotchman made a cruel putt, that stole
 Inexorably on—and found the bottom of the hole.
 And so we had to give it up, though we were down in three ;
 It seemed a little *sultry* to my partner and to me.

We halved the seventh and the eighth, and then we had to trace

Our weary way across the "Alps," where many a sandy face
 And many a yawning bunker, or a waving sea of bent,
 Will seize upon a truant ball inaccurately sent.
 We laboured much, but when upon the green we came to land,
 We found the others also had been *working in the sand!*
 "You get a half," the sailor said, and added—"that will do,"
 We turn—"two up"—we didn't want to run away from you."

Twere long to tell how fared the fight upon the homeward way,
 How oft we drove into a rush, or in a bunker lay ;
 How silently we went to work in grim and earnest strife,
 And putted as if each of us was putting for his life.
 Up to the twelfth they led us as they all along had done,
 Then drove into the bunker, and we pulled them "down to one."

"All even" at the fifteenth, and my partner winked his eye,
 He thought it working very nicely out—and so did I.
 We halved the next, and as my partner then addressed the ball,
 We hardly breathed—you might have heard the lightest feather fall.

His nerve did not forsake him, and the ball was driven true
 Beyond the second line of rushes bounding into view ;
 But they were rather short, and met with more than one mishap,
 Their third, it found the bunker which we used to call the "Trap."

And so at last we led them ! With the score at "dormy one,"
 Our heavy work was nearly o'er, but not exactly done.
 "Oh, how our hearts were beating," as we turned towards the sea,

And faced the bunker stretching out so grimly from the tee ;
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! We carried it—with not too much in hand !
 Hurrah ! Hurrah ! the sailor's shot was billeted in sand.
 And soon the fight was over, and we won the match "by two,"
 But "by the lips of those we love"—'twas all that we could do.
 And when we reached the iron hut upon the pebble beach,
 Two *yellow ones*—the best they make—were handed out to each.
 And that the story of the match—for stories lightly die—
 Should have a lasting record which may "witness if I lie,"
 The hand of Major "Shortspoon," with its rapid touch and free,
 Has made us all immortal in his "Starting from the Tee."
 There on the links of Westward Ho ! the Scotchman drives again,

And there the sailor may be seen extending fingers twain
 To indicate the wager—*he had afterwards to pay,*
 For which we fought so fiercely on that memorable day.

MAURICE NOEL.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY GOLF CLUB.

The Lent term will be a very busy one for Cambridge golfers. In addition to the usual weekly handicaps the Linskill cup and Pirie (handicap) medal are to be competed for on Tuesday, February 2nd, and the St. Andrews medal on Tuesday, February 9th. Matches are also to be played between the University and Blackheath, Epping Forest, Great Yarmouth, Huntingdon, and Old Cantabs. The annual Oxford and Cambridge match will take place at Wimbledon, as usual, early in March. At the end of term a big Golf dinner is to be given at the Lion Hotel. The unfortunate strike is at last over, and building operations were recommenced at the new club-house on December 9th. It is hoped that next term may see it completed. Despite the incessant rain, the draining of the common has prevented it from becoming flooded as in former years. The links remain open for play all the Christmas vacation, and the three Scotch professionals are in residence. Visitors always receive a hearty welcome. Golf seems to be spreading all round Cambridgeshire at a tremendous rate, and members are simply pouring into the Cambridge University Golf Club.

AMATEUR v. PROFESSIONAL GOLFERS.

IT is a source of wonderment to many, that amateur golfers should not hitherto have approached with any degree of closeness the superior play of their professional brethren in the game. There are undoubtedly some amateurs who play a great deal more than any professional, and yet in the great event of the open championship, where all meet on equal terms, no amateur has gained the blue ribbon till last year.

Whatever may have been the cause of this, and however this may have been in the past, it is not unlikely that, if the aspects of the game remain as they now do, the future may see the tables turned. Let the causes which may probably govern this result be considered briefly.

Take first, professional golfers. The professional golfer was the creature of requirements (which have ceased to exist) of times gone by. The number of players was then very limited, and it was difficult for a golfer always to find a partner. When he could not do so he engaged a man to play with him. Club and ball-makers generally added professional Golf to their regular trade. Tom Alexander, the Dunns, and many others, were representatives of this class of players. Matches, both singles and foursomes, for large sums of money were frequently arranged in which one of the players was a professional. A club-maker's business in those days was not extensive, and he was always willing to play. Other professionals were caddies, who were likewise ready to give up carrying at any time whenever they could find "backers" for a match.

Professionals, whether club-makers or caddies, look at the game entirely from a commercial point of view, because it is their means of livelihood. The majority of these men (including caddies, who invariably have a knowledge of club-making) are now for the most part established as club-makers, and they can dispose of as much golfing material as they can turn out. It will not, therefore, pay them to practise their Golf, or even to leave their businesses for a week or two to take part in a competition, for the sake of the few pounds of prize-money which they may possibly gain. The prizes offered, even in an important event like the open championship, do not now form a sufficient attraction to bring many of the best players into the field. Some of these professionals do compete, but this is done more with the view of keeping themselves before the public, and so advertising their businesses, than with the object of gaining a prize.

The two principal places, in fact the two only places which have turned out professionals of note, are Musselburgh and St. Andrews, and there has always been a friendly rivalry between the two schools. Before the advent of the present popularity of the game, a goodly number of first-class professionals could have been found in either of these places, but, as is above stated, most of these men have found constant employment as club-makers, and have migrated to

new greens. The result has been to break up the sets of professionals in these two towns, and there does not appear to be much indication of any young professional talent coming to the front.

On the other hand, Golf is to amateurs more or less an amusement, and this class of players far outnumber professionals. The game is being played everywhere, and hundreds of young golfers are being educated from the petticoat age and upwards. Now with Golf it is essential, in order to become a really good player, that the game be learnt in youth. From these young players it is almost certain that first-class amateur talent must be produced. Among them there must be many who will play the game for its own sake, and some, being otherwise independent, will spare neither time nor money in becoming proficient. What more is required for the development of first-rate Golf? Moreover, every encouragement is being given to the amateur. Tournaments, both by holes and by strokes, are held at all the principal greens, and handsome and valuable prizes are bestowed on the winner.

These results may fairly be deduced from what has taken place during the past few years. The deterioration of professional Golf would be a great misfortune in many ways, and it is to be hoped that Golf clubs will endeavour to encourage match play between professionals, or, at all events, competitions open to all comers where the prizes, money for professionals, and silver plate or something of the kind for amateurs, will form a sufficient inducement to bring together all first-class players.

J. A.

SKELMORLIE CLUB.—On Saturday last the members of this club held their first monthly competition for the medal presented by the captain of the club. The weather was very disagreeable, rain falling very heavily at intervals, and the turn-out was not so large as was expected. When the cards were compared, it was found that the Rev. John Lamond, B.D. (captain), had won the medal with a score of 120 for eighteen holes. The medal is to be played for the first Saturday of every month, and becomes the property of the person who has it longest in his possession during the year.

DUNBAR.—The monthly competition of Dunbar Castle Golf Club was held on Thursday, the 10th, over the links. Good play was somewhat difficult, owing to the showers of rain which occurred at intervals. The result was as follows:—1st, Mr. A. Sisson, 96, less 6=90; 2nd, Mr. Duncan, 96; 3rd, Mr. R. M. Rogers, 97; 4th, Mr. Walter Wright, 99.

PROPOSED GOLF LINKS AT ROTHBURY.—The committee formed for the purpose of carrying out the instructions of the public meeting held last week, met on Friday at the Queen's Head Hotel, Rothbury, when Messrs. Watson, Armstrong, Mitcheson, Francis, Davy, Browell, and Cummings attended. They proceeded, in company with Mr. J. B. Radcliffe, of Newcastle, to inspect the various places suggested for the links. Land belonging to Messrs. Carr, of Walklow Hall, adjoining the agricultural show field, was first examined; and then walking over the fields and Silverton Lane, past Whitton Tower and Carterside, they crossed the Rothbury steeplechase course and the Seal burn on to the haughs. After considerable discussion, Mr. Radcliffe declared that piece of land known as "Newtown (Thompson's) Haugh," stretching from the Ladies' Bridge to near Wreighburn House, on the one hand, and Tosson Mills on the other, to be the best available place. It is bounded on the north and east by the river Coquet, and by the public road to Tosson and Hepple on the south. The committee then made arrangements to open up negotiations with Messrs. Thompson, the occupiers of the land, in order that the rent may be fixed and other work proceeded with.



The Life Association of Scotland, 82, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, of which Mr. J. Turnbull Smith is the manager, has prepared a very handsome calendar for 1892. The centre of the large calendar is occupied with a beautifully-coloured picture of St. Andrews from the links. In the foreground one sees a golfer in red jacket and knickerbockers preparing to play a lofting shot over a bunker to the hole, while his opponent stands an interested spectator slightly in the rear. The caddie is standing at the flag on the green, and his companion, a barefooted little urchin, standing a little to the right of the player, also watches the stroke with that keen and intelligent interest which is so marked a feature of the Scottish caddie. Behind the players, towards the sea, are a few sheep calmly browsing.

* * *

From this standpoint one gains a picturesque view of the whole town, with its quaint and prominent landmarks in the shape of St. Regulus Tower, the castle, and the spires of the colleges and churches. The sea is blue and peacefully calm in the mellow light of a summer's day, and the links are dotted with players right up to the Home hole, where a crowd of golfers and spectators are usually to be found evincing a personal interest in the varying fortunes and vicissitudes of the competitors.

* * *

On the top left-hand corner are the arms of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, showing St. Andrew with the cross, while immediately below is the figure of a mediæval caddie in leather jerkin and flowing tresses bearing a number of clubs on his shoulder. The whole picture is coloured with a reasonable fidelity to nature, which makes it striking as well as interesting. The work has been done by Messrs. Banks and Co., George Street, Edinburgh, and they, as well as the authorities of the Association, are to be congratulated upon having produced a picture of a spot whose associations are dear to all golfers.

* * *

The picture will, no doubt, be thought worth framing and preserving at the end of the year by secretaries and others who are fortunate enough to obtain a copy as a means of interior decoration to club-houses.

* * *

Mr. G. G. Kennedy won the second-class medal in the London Scottish medal competition on Saturday, the 5th inst.

* * *

It was at a country meeting, and a joint medal competition between two local clubs was being played for. The captain of No. 1 Club to the captain of No. 2 Club, who was arranging partners:—

No. 1 (*loquitor*).—"And who do you propose to play with; the Parson?"

No. 2.—"Old Spoofer."

No. 1.—"Oh! that will never do; he cheats awful. We must put him to play with Young Sharp!"

GOLF IN THE CANARY ISLANDS.—A club has been formed at Las Palmas, Grand Canary, of which Mr. E. C. Barker has been appointed hon. sec. *pro tem*. Links are being laid out on the high ground behind the Santa Catalina Hotel (under the superintendence of Mr. R. C. Kitto, late captain of the Oxford University Fifteen), which they hope to inaugurate on St. Andrew's Day.

* * *

The professional Golf match for £100, which had been arranged to take place at Machrihanish on Friday last between Willie Fernie, ex-champion, Troon, and Hugh Kirkaldy, the champion, St. Andrews, was declared off—Kirkaldy being laid down with influenza.

* * *

A Golf club was formed last January at Churston, South Devon, named "The Churston Golf Club." The links are situated at Galmpton Warboro', three minutes' walk from Churston Railway Station, which is only five minutes by train from Paignton and Dartmouth. The president of the club is Lord Churston, and it already numbers forty members. There is a monthly medal competition. Visitors can be introduced on paying 2s. 6d. a week, or 5s. a month. The hon. secretary is Colonel Hamilton Simpson, of Paignton, South Devon.

* * *

In consequence of the course being covered with snow, and quite unplayable, the medal competition of the Broughty Club had to be postponed for a week.

* * *

The members of the Perth Artisan Club were to have played off the final round of the tie for the gold medal presented by the Licensed Victuallers' Association, on Saturday, but the game could not take place, owing to the North Inch being covered with snow to the depth of several inches.

* * *

The best Golf Ball in the world—John, junior, of Hoylake.

* * *

"And is it true what I heard lately, that you have become quite an enthusiast at this great Scotch game, Golf?"

"Quite true," answered Rev. Jones, who only a few years before took holy orders with his questioner, Rev. Robinson, whom he had not seen again till now.

"But did you not find the game interfere with the ministry?" said Robinson.

"That is also true," sadly answered Jones, "and, finding that it did so interfere, I gave up—the ministry."

* * *

Prestwick St. Nicholas Golf Club have now concluded the preliminaries in connection with their acquisition of the new links, and leases for twenty years have been signed. The ground is to be at once prepared for play so as to be ready in spring. The club has resolved to erect a new club-house to cost £1,400, and a feu for this purpose has been acquired at the Prestwick end of the links. The club is altogether in a very flourishing and promising condition, as may be judged from the circumstance that there are thirty new members waiting admission at the new year.

* * *

A professional Golf match between Archie Simpson and Jas. Cunningham, Prestwick, was played over Prestwick links on Saturday. Simpson allowed his opponent a third, and the match, which was an eighteen-hole one, resulted all square. The play was very good, Simpson going round in 78 (the lowest score that has been made over Prestwick for a considerable time), and Cunningham in 81.

DUNAVERTY GOLF CLUB.—The eleventh monthly competition for the club gold medal took place on Saturday, the 5th inst., and resulted in Mr. James Taylor winning it for the fourth time.



THE PROPOSED GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I see there is some danger lest the movement to form a Grand Central Representative Association for the Government of Golf should be retarded by certain unwise proposals, such as the connecting of the Association with a social and proprietary club. I, therefore, beg very cordially to endorse the remarks of Mr. W. Laidlaw Purves in your issue of last week. Such an Association must undoubtedly be kept clear of all such entanglements, and to command success it must be built up on an original foundation apart from any existing club. As I ventured to point out in the article on the Government of Golf, which you were good enough to insert in your issue of January 30th, 1891, golfers have before them in the present government of curling by the Royal Caledonian Curling Club a system which approaches perfection as nearly as the government of any game possibly can, and the traditional connection of the two games should be a strong reason for assimilating their mode of government.

In the formation of a Central Golfing Association, individual golfers must act as individual curlers did in 1838, when they met and formed their grand club. Thereafter, the principle of *representation* must guide them. The object must then be to get local clubs to elect representatives who shall be members of the Golf Parliament thus constituted, and the success of the movement will depend on the number of clubs which affiliate with the Central Club, and elect representatives to speak and act in its deliberations. In my humble opinion, the issue of a revised set of rules (which other clubs may or may not accept) by the Royal and Ancient Club, instead of answering the desire for a Central Association only makes the necessity of such the more apparent. My only fear is that golfers have been too long in taking action, and that an Association which would render incalculable benefit to one of the best of games may now be impossible of formation. The difficulties in the way will certainly increase with delay, and if those who are leading in the present movement surmount such difficulties as already exist, and succeed in uniting golfers all over the world in one brotherhood under a duly constituted representative government, much credit will be given them by all lovers of the game, and great will be their renown in the annals of Golf.

I am, Sir, &c.,

JOHN KERR.

Manse of Dirleton,
December 14th, 1891.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—May I add a word as to the Golfers' Association correspondence? Let the name be "The Golf Union," not such a mouthful as "The Golfing Association." Postpone your idea of publishing the handicaps of various clubs, for two reasons:—1. Mr. A. is a wild and very long driver, but a good putter; he is well in at St. George's with 6, but out of it at Bembridge with 10. All this must be thought out by the

Union. 2. The first work of the Union will probably be to put a drag on the handicap meetings, and the consequent practice of perpetual scoring and holing out after the hole is won and lost; we Southerners are to blame for this.

I am, Sir, &c.,

London, December 12th, 1891.

A. BUNKER.

SIR ROBERT MAULE, OF PANMURE.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Your readers may be interested in the following account of a noble sportsman who followed the guppy on Carnoustie links more than three centuries ago, Sir Robert Maule, of Panmure, an ancestor of Lord Dalhousie's, who died in 1560:—

"He was ane man of comlie behauior of his stature, sanguine in colloure bothe of hyd and haire, colerique of nature, and subject to suddane anger, ane natural man, expert in the lawes of the countray, of gud language, expert in countine of genealogies. . . . Durine his first wyves tyme, he did caws build the hows of Panmure as it is at this day; he was very temperat of his mowthe, bot gewin to leicherie, ane abil man on fwt, and ane gud horsman, lyket well to be honorable in apparel, and weil horset, mikil honorit withe his nychbours, and in gud estimatione. He had gryt delyght in haukine and hountine. He tuk plesur in playine at the fut bale, and for that caws the mwr of Bathil was appointed, and durine his dayes it was not castine bot only reserwit for that game; lykwayes he exerciset the gowf, and oftymes past to Barry lynkes quhan the wadfie vos for drink. If he tint, he nevir vald entir in ane browster hows, bot cawsit ane of his serwandis to gauge and pay for al." "Registrum de Panmure," vol. I., p. xxxi.

For your English readers' benefit I may explain that the meaning of the passage about football is that in the muir of Bathil no peats were allowed to be dug during Sir Robert's tenancy, of the barony of Panmure, and that "wadfie" is old English for "wager."

I am, Sir, &c.,

G. L.

Advocate's Library, Edinburgh.

"COLONEL BOGEY" AND THE OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Being much taken by the novel and admirable idea of playing against an imaginary score as practised by the United Service Club, Portsmouth, I applied it to sixty-two scores in the late Open Championship. Having been present throughout the contest, and knowing St. Andrews links well, I compiled an imaginary score. The first column in the following table shows my allowance for each hole, the next how many players won or halved each hole in the first round, ditto in the second round. The next two show the least taken to each hole by any player. I then applied the test to the scores of eighteen of the competitors, with the results as shown.

For a fixed standard "Colonel Bogey's" seems to be too fine a performance. Perhaps the most interesting contests would result if the test score were estimated immediately prior to the commencement of each competition. Allowances for a head or following wind should especially be carefully calculated, as the former militates more against than the latter aids the score (perhaps, if a strong wind, to the extent of 3 or 4). Further, the wind during a contest that occupies five or six or more hours may veer completely round, and make the test score impossible to attain to. Too low a test tells most against the best players, for, under the most favourable conditions, the less skilful would rarely have a look in. Brilliant play should always have a chance of winning a hole unaided by a fluke. The seventh and sixteenth holes should, therefore, have been

5's, not 4's, as holing them in 3 is practically a fluke. Except in very wild weather it were better not to handicap against wind, but to suppose that the green is in a very soppy condition, admitting of little run after a ball pitches.

Of course the imaginary score should be published before the start, as competitors should know what they have to play against.

Holes.	Value.	1st Round.		2nd Round.		Minimum Score.	
		Won.	Halved.	Won.	Halved.	1st Round.	2nd Round.
OUT—							
1	5	18	31	9	32	3	3
2	5	7	34	9	31	4	4
3	4	3	31	3	23	3	3
4	4	0	22	0	16	4	4
5	5	3	26	2	16	4	4
6	5	1	25	3	26	3	3
7	4	0	17	0	25	4	4
8	3	3	24	2	26	2	2
9	4	4	14	0	27	3	4
	39	30	31
IN—							
10	4	3	38	4	22	3	3
11	3	1	23	0	15	2	3
12	5	6	31	12	28	3	4
13	5	2	16	6	25	4	4
14	6	1	24	10	29	4	5
15	5	1	22	2	35	4	4
16	5	10	32	9	34	4	4
17	6	8	24	9	32	5	5
18	4	1	9	1	13	3	3
	43	32	35
Total ...	82	62	66

	1st and 2nd Rnd.			Total		1st and 2nd Rnd.			Total
	1st Rnd.	2nd Rnd.	Total			1st Rnd.	2nd Rnd.	Total	
H. Kirkaldy	...	1	1	2	Mr. Laidlay	...	6	7	13
A. Kirkaldy	...	1	1	2	Mr. Everard	...	6	8	14
W. Fernie	...	1	1	2	Mr. Hilton	...	6	4	10
R. Martin	...	3	8	11	Mr. R. B. Sharpe	...	7	3	10
W. More	...	1	1	2	Mr. J. Ball, jun.	...	5	1	6
W. Campbell	...	9	4	13	Mr. Mure Fergusson	...	3	1	2
A. Simpson	...	2	7	9	Mr. Horace Hutch-	...	5	8	13
B. Sayers	...	8	3	11	inson	...	4	7	11
D. Herd	...	6	10	16	Mr. Hutchings	...	4	7	11
Mr. Macfie	...	9	6	15					

I am, Sir, &c.,
"M."

WAILS FROM THE WEST.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—Westward Ho! Westward Ho! What is this I hear? Tees forward everywhere! Long drivers having to take iron clubs from three tees out of the first six holes, and at several other tees as well! What are you about? Can it really be true that the ordinary course is laid out for a few nonentities—shall we call them local magnates? Surely you have not come to this?

Shades of "Horace!" Where are you? What is the Green Committee about (if there is such a thing at Westward Ho!)? The two following facts speak for themselves:—A local member of the club happened to strike with his ball a white stone (a most useful mark), which was placed on the further edge of the bunker, to give the line to the fifteenth hole. He immediately had the stone removed! Fancy the wrath of visiting members

and others having to play to a blind hole! A mark, at the suggestion of a *golfer*, has lately been placed to give the line, but the stone was best. Query—Why don't local members have all the stones removed between the first and third holes when they strike them? Second fact. Local member—beginner—(would-be player, but no golfer), approaches fifth hole with his iron, his ball lodges in growing rush on edge of green—coolly he proceeds to cut the rush level with the ground with his knife, and remarks, "Unfair hazard!"

* * * *

I am sorry to hear that an attempt has been made for the second time in vain to get some accommodation for the ladies who wish to play Golf at Westward Ho! But no, the committee of the R. N. D. G. C. won't have it. Might I suggest a little new blood to the committee of the R. N. D. G. C.; men with broader views. The turf at Westward Ho! is grand, beaten nowhere, and it is the turf which will pull the club through. Go with the times, Westward Ho! extend your ideas—see how the southern part of your county, and sister county of Cornwall, welcome the ladies; you can't afford to depend on locals. Good *golfers* at Westward Ho! are few and far between; now players of a class abound, and such a class, ye gods! Turf in huge fids flying everywhere, and are never replaced, beginners and players of twelve and eighteen months utterly ignorant of the rules and *etiquette* of the game. They evidently consider the course belongs to them. Wake up, Westward Ho! for you've turned out some good golfers, but go with the times, and don't bar the fair sex.

Minchinhampton—have you been there? if not, go in dry weather (if we ever get any) and it will repay you. Course decidedly good, greens excellent, and such a good approach might be made to last hole by throwing down a little of the wall and cutting the hole on the bowling green. The committee talked of doing this. Have they done it, I wonder? Ladies are *not* barred here; they have an excellent course, and comfortable pavilion.

Stinchcombe—a very sporting and growing club, but not enough hazards on the course.

I am, Sir, &c.,

"THE WAILER."

THE BRAND CELLULOID HEAD.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—I want to draw your attention to a new head which has been patented by Mr. Brand, of the North British Rubber Company, Prince's Street, Edinburgh. These heads are made of celluloid, but failed on account of their not being able to be made to stick to the shaft of the club. A great improvement has now been made on them. The security of their fixture to the shaft has been achieved. The colour of the head is very much improved, and the driving power is certainly as good as of any head made of wood. The head in its driving power reminds me very much of an old "pear" head, which I got from Strath many years ago. The celluloid heads will prove most valuable to beginners in the noble game of Golf, as they will not break.

I am, Sir, &c.,

F. L. M. ANDERSON.

New Club, North Berwick,
December 3rd, 1891.

THE RULES AND SCOTCH AND ENGLISH GOLFERS.

To the Editor of GOLF.

SIR,—May I, as a subscriber and constant reader of your ever welcome periodical, claim a little space to air myself in a few wandering and disconnected remarks suggested by the perusal of many letters in your paper, by your own article on

the new rules, and by my pretty frequent contact with English golfers.

Now I desire, in the first place, to take exception to the manner in which English players talk and write about Golf. Say and write what they like, Golf is a Scotch game, lost in its ancient history, and nothing can ever alter this fact. I, therefore, firmly maintain that for its rules we must look to Scotland, and in doing so to its leading club, which is "The Royal and Ancient." It is not because I am a member of that club, but simply as a Scotchman and an ardent devotee of the game since boyhood, that I do so. If Englishmen are going to form an association to draw up rules and make a game of their own, then in all fairness give it some other name. Call it "Golfette," or "Golf-made-easy," or "Hashed Golf," or some other suitable name. I trust all Scotchmen resident in England will, as far as lies in their power, insist on Golf being played according to Scotch rules.

My experience of English golfers (excepting always the best, such as Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Ball, Mr. Hutchings, and many others who *understand and play Golf*) is that rules should be construed to make the game as easy as possible; and their efforts are directed, not in endeavouring to understand the rules as they are, but in trying to twist them about to enable them in all difficulties to read them to their own advantage. It is terrible the constant reiterated cry one hears, "Can I lift my ball out of this?" "Can I lift my ball out of that?" Shades of "Davie Strath" and "Young Tommy," can these individuals not realise that the beauty of the game lies in trying to keep out of difficulties, and when in them to extricate oneself as cleverly as possible, and that the very essence of the game is to learn to play the ball from wherever it lies, or lose the hole?

Again, we hear ever and anon the cry, "Why not assimilate the rules of match and medal play?" Yes! if you can assimilate the medal to match play by all means do so; but if not, then heaven forbid any alteration in match rules for the sake of medal play. Match play is *Golf*, medal play is *bastard Golf*. To my mind match play can never be assimilated to medal play without deleting its most stringent penalties; therefore it should never be considered for a moment. The main cause of this cry is, that English golfers (again I do not refer to first-class players) are continually counting the round, than which there is nothing more calculated to spoil match play. Oh! that these golfers would carefully read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the sensible letters, appearing from time to time in your periodical, from Mr. A. H. Doleman, than whom there are few better qualified to express opinions on Golf, being not only himself an experienced golfer, but the brother of one of the very best golfers of his day.

Now, perhaps, you will be inclined to say, "Oh! this chap's an old fossil." Well, I'm not, and I ought to know. I quite admit there were difficulties in the old rules, but, after all, they worked well, and were quite well understood by old golfers; and that terrible radical army of new ones could easily have acquired the same knowledge by a little trouble and inquiry, and by ever keeping in view the one great point that when in a difficulty make it as hard as possible for you to get out of it, and give the rule this construction—to quote from a popular author—"make the punishment fit the crime." At the same time, I quite admit there is no harm done in smoothing away some of these difficulties as far as possible, and I think those who have had the matter in hand are to be congratulated on the successful manner in which they have carried out their work. Of course, there will be scores upon scores of carpers; but what of that. These most learned gentlemen never will be satisfied. Indeed, Mr. Editor, your own article is not what one might call a hearty panegyric, and, in conclusion, I would draw your attention to one rule to which you take exception, quite wrongly I think. It is Rule 33 (par. 2), which you say is quite unintelligible. Now, I regret to say that in all clubs I have met members of peculiarly biased dispositions, who will take the benefit of all sorts of little things to gain an advantage over their adversary. Now, one of these is on a windy day to do one of two things; in putting he waits till his adversary has hit his ball, and then he either moves away to let the wind act on it, or suddenly moves forward to prevent the wind acting on it, in either case hoping to alter the course of the ball. Now, I take it this new rule, as clear as daylight, is meant to put an end to this by the simple expedient of fixing this law that after

a player has addressed himself to make a putt, no one shall move from the position taken up, in any way to alter the effect of the wind till the ball has ceased to move. I think, on reflection, you will agree with me that this is the spirit of the rule; that it is easily understood by anyone wishing to do so; and that it is a most useful one.

I have said all I want to say for the present. I feel the better of having unburdened myself, and thanking you for the space you have given me,

I am, Sir, &c.,

H. R. C.

Manchester, December 14th, 1891.

THE SONG OF THE BALL.

A guileless stranger from the South was induced by some friends to spend a month's holiday in a famous Scotch watering-place, and learn the Royal game of Golf. After repeated and vain efforts to acquire the art of driving and putting, he one day disappeared, and was discovered by his comrades sleeping peacefully under shelter of a bunker, his clubs by his side, and in his hand a scrap of paper with the following pathetic plaint scribbled upon it:—

With biceps weary and weak, with legs that would scarcely stand,
A golfer stood on St. Andrews links teeing his ball on the sand;
Swing, swing, swing, o'er heather and bent and all,
And still, with a voice of dolorous ring, he sang the "Song of the Ball."

Drive, drive, drive, while the sun is burning me brown,
And drive, drive, drive, when the rain comes hissing down;
It's oh to be a slave beneath the tropical sun,
And row in a galley across the wave, if this is Christian fun!

Oh girls with brothers dear, oh girls with sweethearts true,
'Tis not sole leather they're wearing out, but their tempers, remember, too.
Swing, swing, swing, o'er heather and bent and all,
Driving at once, with a double stroke, a coffin-nail and a ball!

Tramp, tramp, tramp, from weary hole to hole,
And tramp, tramp, tramp, though the tacketts enter the sole;
Sand and bunker and stream, stream and bunker and sand,
Till the head doth swim and the eyes grow dim, and the leather skins the hand,

Oh to be young again, to play as I used to play,
At marbles and mites and flying kites, when all the world was gay!
But I cut the air in vain, when these fancies fill my mind,
And I mustn't do this, for every miss puts me a stroke behind.

Swing, swing, swing, on the same old wearisome round,
And what's the result? to put a ball into a hole in the ground!
Spoon and brassy and cleek, cleek and brassy and spoon,
Till I long for the sun to sink to rest, and give place to the silver moon.

For (heaven be praised for this) one cannot play in the dark,
And so when the shades of eve come on there's a respite brief for a lark,
But as soon as the crimson sun has risen above the main,
I sigh to think that my task's begun, and I'm off to the tee again.

With biceps weary and weak, with blisters on either hand,
A golfer stood on St. Andrews links teeing his ball on the sand;
Swing, swing, swing, o'er heather and bent and all,
And still with a voice of dolorous ring (Oh, would that its tones might a warning bring), he sang this "Song of the Ball."

Dundee.

T. A. M.



ALDEBURGH GOLF CLUB.

The monthly competition for the silver medal of the club was played on Saturday, the 5th December last, when Mr. J. R. Pettit was the winner of the medal, with the excellent score of 85 scratch. The several scores were as under:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. J. B. Pettit ...	85 scr. 85	Mr. C. E. Pearson..	110 12 98
Mr. G. H. Garrett..	116 18 98	Mr. A. F. Stewart...	111 12 99

Mr. F. D. Bright and Mr. J. Fry made no return.

BEVERLEY AND EAST RIDING GOLF CLUB.

A PROFESSIONAL MATCH.

Last week was one of great activity in the club, and several matches were played. On Wednesday, the 2nd inst., the competition for the club badge took place. This badge is played for monthly, and is subject to a handicap. The best scores for eighteen holes were:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Dr. Macleod ...	113 9 104	Mr. C. R. Hughill...	120 15 105
Mr. G. Ford ...	110 5 105	Col. Hallowes' ...	141 25 116
Mr. G. A. Robinson..	120 15 105	Capt. Maunsell ...	128 10 118

On Thursday, the 3rd inst., a friendly match was played with the York Club. York was represented by Mr. Smithson, Mr. Broadwood, Major Money, and Captain Gostling. The Beverley team were:—Dr. Macleod (captain of the club), Mr. H. J. Whittle, Mr. G. Ford, and Mr. Ed. Hodgson. The day was pleasant and dry, but the wind was high. This and the state of Westwood from the recent heavy rains made good scoring very difficult; the strangers, however, took to the links very kindly, and proved the winners by nine holes. The scores in the individual matches of eighteen holes were as follows:—

YORK.		BEVERLEY.	
	Holes.		Holes.
Mr. Smithson ...	5	Mr. Ford ..	0
Mr. Broadwood ...	6	Capt. Whittle ...	0
Major Money ...	1	Dr. Macleod ...	0
Capt. Gostling ...	0	Mr. E. Hodgson ...	3
	12		3

After lunch (which was provided in the new club-house) two matches of foursome games were played. The scores for eighteen holes were:—Mr. Smithson and Mr. Ford, 0; Mr. Broadwood and Capt. Maunsell, 2; Major Money and Dr. Macleod, 2; Capt. Gosling and Mr. E. Hodgson, 0.

The visitors left highly pleased with a good day's golfing, and were charmed with our lovely Westwood.

On Friday and Saturday, 4th and 5th December, some excellent Golf was played over the links on Beverley Westwood. Taking advantage of a projected visit from the well-known professional Bernard Sayers, the members of the club subscribed for prizes, and invited Thomas Chisholme and John White the Scarborough and York professionals to compete for them with the brothers Sayers; the younger of whom is the club professional. Fine though windy weather prevailed, and a large concourse of people followed the matches. Four medal rounds were played; seventy-two holes, thirty-six each day. The older golfer carried off the first prize, but the younger men were not far behind. The play of the former was much admired, and especially his approach shots and putting. He established a new record of 36 for the single round, which will be hard to beat. The manner in which John White got out of several difficulties caused by the

strong wind was a source of much astonishment to the unlookers. He and George Sayers made a capital fight for second place.

Chisholme's graceful style and long driving were much appreciated. He played at a disadvantage, owing to bad health. All the players greatly approved of the new hole over the sand-pit, which they pronounced to be one of the most sporting they had ever seen.

The scores were as follows :—

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Total.
B. Sayers ...	38	40	38	36	42	47	42	40	=323
J. White ...	40	43	45	47	44	45	37	41	=342
George Sayers ...	43	45	44	41	45	43	44	42	=347
T. Chisholme ...	50	45	44	44	45	42	46	43	=359

The details of B. Sayers' 36 score were :—4 4 4 3 4 3 4 6 4=36. After a few words from the captain of the club (Dr. Macleod), the prizes were presented by Miss B. Thompson, who, though just in her teens, has twice in succession won the ladies monthly badge, and has made the lowest score over their links.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON GOLF CLUB.

The Moncrieff (scratch) challenge cup was played for the first time on the Failand course, on the 5th inst., together with the monthly handicap competition. Result as under :

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. C. H. Clark ...	102	7	95	Mr. W. McPherson ...	114	7	107
Mr. H. C. Barstow ...	111	16	95	Mr. J. Monteath ...	123	12	111
Mr. W. Fairbanks ...	99	scr.	99	Mr. H. P. Tuckman ...	131	15	116
Mr. F. Bartholomew ...	108	7	101	Mr. E. J. Taylor ...	133	12	121
Mr. E. H. C. Smith ...	112	8	104				

No returns from Messrs. A. S. Birtell, H. Broke, and F. F. Cartwright.

Mr. Fairbanks thus took the cup with the best score for two rounds that has yet been returned, Messrs. Clark and Barstow dividing the pool.

CARNARVONSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was competed for on Tuesday, December 1st. The weather was most unpleasant, heavy showers of rain falling at intervals throughout the day. Competitions therefore were carried on under the most disagreeable conditions, the turn-out of players being smaller than usual. Scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. E. A. Young ...	99	6	93	Mr. C. Wallace ...	135	33	102
Mr. C. Hartley ...	117	24	93	Mr. Sydney Platt ...	106	scr.	106
Mr. A. Evill ...	119	24	95	Mr. Lempriere ...	147	25	122
Mr. G. H. Healey ...	119	24	95	Mr. H. Rees ...	153	30	123

Tie was played off on December 7th :—Mr. E. A. Young, 89, less 6 =83; Mr. C. Hartley, 119, less 24 =95.

DIDSBURY GOLF CLUB.

Only a few members faced the weather last Saturday to compete for the third round of the captain's medal and optional sweepstake. Dr. Godde-Smith scored a win in for the medal, and took first sweepstake, Mr. J. G. Fleming taking second sweep. Mr. Bythway and Mr. C. W. Adamson were the only other members sending in completed cards. Scoring very bad, as a heavy sleet storm swept the ground during nearly the whole of the afternoon.

EAST ESSEX GOLF CLUB.

The monthly (handicap) competition of this club took place on Saturday, December 5th. In the gentlemen's round, Mr. Horner, 49 (scratch); Mr. R. E. Vaizey, 63, less 14=49, and Mr. J. Corrie, 63, less 14=49, were a tie, which was played off on the next club day (Wednesday, December 9th), when Mr. R. E. Vaizey took the prize with a score of 61, less 14=47.

In the ladies' round Miss Lawrie and Miss Allen were a tie, and on playing it off Miss Lawrie was the winner with the following score : 68, less 18=50.

ARDEER CLUB.—The monthly medal competition took place on Saturday at Ardeer. Quite a number of players were unable to complete their round on account of the very unfavourable state of the weather. Heys medal—Mr. David Todd (6), 88 (winner); Mr. Arch. Campbell (6), 89; Mr. M. P. Fraser (7), 91; Mr. Wm. Law (9), 92; Mr. Hugh Cowie (9), 100. Robertson medal—Mr. James Donaldson, (14), 98 (winner); Mr. Z. John Heys (12), 105; Dr. Mackay (12), 105.

FORMBY GOLF CLUB.

The third of the winter monthly competitions for the Pearson prize took place on Saturday. Only those players who started in the morning were able to complete their round, and the latter half of it was played in a blinding storm of snow and sleet.

No play could take place in the afternoon, the ground being covered with snow, and the storm continuing. The following cards were handed in :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. D. Webster ...	105	11	95	Mr. J. E. Dean ...	112	10	102
Mr. F. C. Morgan ...	99	3	96	Mr. R. W. Hutton ...	115	10	105
Mr. W. Bell ...	103	6	97	Mr. F. E. M. Dixon ...	106	scr.	106
Mr. E. Hewer ...	103	2	101				

Five other players made no return.

GLASGOW GOLF CLUB.

The final tie for the monthly medals was played on Saturday in the Alexandria Park by the winners in each division during the year. A heavy snowstorm during the afternoon prevented a large number from completing the round. Club medal—Mr. D. Bone (scratch), 76; Mr. J. V. Scott (3), 79. Wilson medal—Mr. A. Raeside (10), 81; Mr. A. Welsh (9), 82. Scott medal—Mr. H. G. Cooper (7), 85, and Mr. J. Herriot (11), 85, tie.

GUILDFORD GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, December 12th.—Frost was in the ground in the early part of the day, and when it thawed the greens were very sticky, and the play through the green was difficult. A good number of players started, but only a few made returns, Mr. D. L. Poole being well ahead of the others. Mr. H. Davenport's prize for the best aggregate of seven medal rounds during the year was won by Mr. H. T. Cattlely with an average of 88.6, Mr. J. A. Ross being second with three points more in the aggregate. The Christmas meeting will take place on December 24th and 26th, and the Pinkerton cup will be played for from December 19th to 26th inclusive. The prize open to winners of monthly medals during the year 1891 will be played for on the second Saturday in January. Scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. D. L. Poole ...	98	9	89	Mr. J. A. Ross ...	98	2	96
Mr. H. T. Cattlely ...	108	14	94	Mr. H. Playford ...	103	6	97
Col. G. Lamb ...	104	9	95				

LUDLOW v. SHREWSBURY.

This match was played on the Ludlow ground, Bromfield, on Wednesday, December 9th. Mr. T. Morris did a record round in 85 the eighteen holes. Score :

LUDLOW.		Holes.	SHREWSBURY.		Holes.
Rev. E. Hewitt	0	Mr. T. Morris	11
Mr. F. H. Sitwell	7	Mr. W. Deedes	0
Mr. W. H. II. Sitwell	4	Mr. E. Adams	0
Rev. L. Bagot	6	Mr. H. Macleod	0
Mr. N. D. le Torche	0	Major Manseagh	2
Mr. F. Staughton	7	Mr. A. U. Oswell	0
		24			13

Ludlow won by eleven holes.

MANCHESTER GOLF CLUB.

The third monthly competition for the season took place on the 5th inst. in fine weather. The first place was secured by the Rev. H. H. Brayshaw with a net score of 83. The following are the chief scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Rev. H. H. Brayshaw ...	108	25	83	Mr. W. H. Norris ...	114	20	94
Mr. A. C. Knight ...	88	scr.	88	Mr. F. Jones ...	111	15	96
Mr. W. Bell ...	95	4	91	Mr. T. C. Midwood ...	111	15	96
Mr. L. D. Stewart ...	100	7	93	Mr. D. R. Calvert ...	116	20	96
Mr. R. L. Taylor ...	111	18	93	Mr. R. Haig Brown ...	122	25	97

The winners so far are Lieutenant Pedley, Mr. A. Darbyshire and Mr. Brayshaw.

On Bank Holiday, December 26th, a special prize competition will be held under special handicap. The captain will give an extra prize for the best second round, open to all competitors except the winners of the first and second prizes.

MINCHINHAMPTON GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal meeting of this club took place on Saturday, the 5th inst. The weather, considering the season of the year, was, with the exception of a shower, very good, and the members competed under much more favourable conditions than they did at the December meeting of last year. The ladies' medal, for which, at the last meeting, Mrs. W. Davies and Miss H. Ridding tied, and which, on playing off, Miss Ridding won by one stroke, was this month won by Mrs. Davies with a net score of 102, and Mrs. Story secured the junior prize for a net score of 95. In the gentlemen's competition, Mr. W. Margetson succeeding in wresting the medal from Mr. R. Lewis Grist, the holder, with a net score of 83. The junior prize fell to Mr. W. J. Ruegg for a net score of 100. The following are the principal scores:—

LADIES.

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mrs. Story	118	23	95	Mrs. A. E. Smith	150 30 120
Mrs. W. Davies	108	6	102		

GENTLEMEN.

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. W. Margetson	103	20	83	Mr. W. J. Ruegg	130 30 100
Mr. R. Lewis Grist	102	15	87	Mr. Lawrence Grist	118 12 106
Mr. H. H. Bishop	104	16	88		

NORTH BERWICK.

In contrast to the monotony of dulness and inactivity which has, as usual, pervaded it since the close of the "season," the green during the past week wore a bright and cheery aspect that was quite refreshing. Some recent events had also tended to cause quite a dearth of professionals. Ben Sayers first became ill, and was confined to bed for several days. He had scarcely recruited in health when he left for Beverley to engage in an exhibition match. Ben proved in remarkably good form, and secured first place in the tussle with his brother, George Sayers, John White and Chisholm. Davie Grant has had a more severe illness, having been for two or three weeks an invalid. His first game for some time past was a half-round of ten holes with Captain Suttie on Friday last. White, a young local professional who left some time ago for York, was followed soon by G. Sayers for Beverley, and A. Lumsden for Bristol. During the past week Mr. Whitecross, Tantallon captain, and Mr. Hogg, Bass Rock captain, have had several tussles with varying fortune. Ben Sayers and W. Thomson had a round of the green, and the former, giving four strokes, beat his younger opponent by 3 up and 2 to play. Among the visitors round the links were Sir A. Napier, Sir G. Clerk, Capt. Suttie, Capt. Wylie, Mr. Wolfe Murray, Mr. Pullar and Mr. Hadow. Lady Clerk, Lady Napier and Miss Menzies were also round the long course, which is at present in excellent trim.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY GOLF CLUB.

A match was played on Friday, December 11th, between members of Magdalen College and a team of the graduates, and resulted in a most exciting finish, the graduates winning by one hole. Before the last pair came in the match was all level, and Mr. Henderson, by holing a good putt on the last green, beat his opponent by 1 hole, and won the match for the graduates by this narrow margin. The losers afterwards entertained their opponents at dinner in Magdalen College, and a most pleasant evening was spent, the two chief toasts of the evening being "The Graduates" and "Floreat Magdalena." Result:—

GRADUATES. MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

Holes.	Holes.
Mr. H. Nicholls ... 0	Mr. W. D. Davidson ... 2
Mr. G. B. Grundy ... 0	Mr. F. H. Stewart ... 9
Mr. A. E. Ripley ... 6	Mr. J. G. Smith ... 0
Mr. L. Selby-Bigge ... 3	Mr. A. J. Boger ... 0
Mr. R. W. Macan ... 0	Mr. L. Armitstead ... 3
Mr. H. Pelham ... 1	Mr. R. C. Carter ... 0
Mr. W. R. Hardie ... 4	Mr. W. S. Milford ... 0
Rev. P. A. Henderson ... 1	Mr. F. C. Bramwell ... 0
15	14

Majority for graduates of 1 hole.

The weekly handicap on Friday resulted as follows:—

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. J. G. Smith	98	9	89	Mr. H. Nicholls	96 5 91
Mr. F. H. Campion	101	12	89	Mr. F. H. Stewart	96 4 92
Mr. A. E. Ripley	97	7	90		

RANELAGH GOLF CLUB.

Result of weekly medal competition, ending 12th December, 1891:—

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. H. T. Wright	94	8	86	Capt. Cowper Coles	98 6 92
Mr. C. A. S. Leggatt	93	6	87	Capt. W. E. Beak	104 12 92
Mr. L. E. G. Abney	100	12	88	Mr. R. W. Bramwell	
Mr. J. G. Wylie	105	15	90	Davis	107 14 93
Mr. H. F. Highton	115	25	90	Mr. W. H. Miller	118 25 93
Mr. Horace White	101	10	91		

Other returns over 100 net.

RHYL GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, December 5th:—

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. A. Potts	130	24	106	Mr. J. Briscoe	120 10 110
Col. Mainwaring	114	6	108		

Ladies' handicap, December 7th:—

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Miss G. Pennant	133	22	111	Miss A. Pennant	133 7 125
Miss Mainwaring	122	5	117	Miss M. Pennant	142 scr. 142
Mrs. H. F. Birley	150	28	122		

ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA GOLF CLUB.

The monthly competition for the Wilson cup took place on December 5th. Scores:—

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. J. V. Saunders	63	13	50	Mr. T. Southwick	72 15 57
Mr. J. H. Mitchell	55	3	52	Mr. T. Kinnond	68 10 58
Mr. A. G. Hutton	61	6	55	Mr. C. B. Gaitshell	76 17 59
Mr. F. W. Wilson	70	15	55	Mr. E. K. Bourne	69 4 65
Mr. T. Latham	60	3	57	Mr. F. Horsfall	92 23 69

Four members made no return.

ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

On Monday, December 14th, a silver salts bottle, presented by Miss O. C. Stone, was played for under handicap. The day was fine, but the course, owing to the recent rains, was very heavy. The following were the scores:—

	1st Round.	2nd Round.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Miss Saunders	43	48	91	5	86
Miss Caddock	65	61	126	35	91
Miss Bull	62	65	127	35	92
Miss M. Saunders	51	51	102	9	93
Mrs. Maillard	62	63	125	29	96
Miss P. Stanger-Leathes	58	56	114	9	105
Miss Oldfield	66	58	124	19	105
Miss Horsfall	73	78	151	26	125

Miss N. Saunders, Miss N. Allen, and Miss Wall made no return.

ROYAL JERSEY GOLF CLUB.

Saturday, December 5th. The monthly prize:—

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
*Mr. T. C. Robin	89	6	83	Lieut.-Col. Robin	114 21 93
Major Scott	87	scr.	87	Lieut.-Col. Mayne	103 9 94
†Capt. Robin	93	4	89	Mr. C. Renton	104 10 94
Mr. G. Hornby	90	scr.	90	Mr. A. C. Salmonson	107 12 95
†Capt. Fairlie	97	6	91	Mr. W. H. Monckton	116 17 99
Mr. H. Spencer	96	4	92	Dr. McMillan	126 22 104
Mr. A. W. Gordon	98	5	93		

* Winner. † Divided sweepstakes.

Six players made no return.

ST. GEORGE'S GOLF CLUB.

Monthly medal, December 13th:—

Gross.	Hcp.	Net.	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
Mr. Arnold Blyth	83	scr.	83	Mr. E. F. S. Tylecote	100 8 92
Capt. W. E. Eccles	104	18	86	Mr. W. H. Peto	115 22 93
Mr. F. T. Welman	90	4	86	Mr. H. Cater	107 13 94
Mr. E. Banbury	105	18	87	Mr. G. P. Leach	109 14 95
Mr. H. C. Robinson	109	20	89	Mr. J. B. Joyce	110 14 96
Mr. H. J. Whigham	91	2	89	Mr. E. H. Dunn	114 18 96
Capt. Austen	105	13	92		

About fifteen other members either made no return, or their scores were over one hundred.

SOUTHPORT GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal was played for last Saturday in a snowstorm.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. W. J. Rowley...	99	12	87	Mr. W. M. Wylde...	120	14	106
Mr. W. E. Buckley	113	16	97	Mr. T. O. Clinning	127	20	107
Mr. H. Sidebottom	109	12	97				

Messrs. Bland, Barber, Morrison, Aitken, Irwin, Dr. Irwin and others made no return.

The fixture for December 26th is postponed in consequence of removing to new links.

THE MANOR HOUSE GOLF CLUB.

A most successful Golf club, on a small scale, is that at Lisburn, co. Antrim, called the Manor House Club. On the 3rd inst. the second ladies' competition of the season took place, seventeen ladies taking part in it. The weather was very stormy, but the scores were very creditable, as most of the competitors have only been playing a comparatively short time.

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Miss McCausland...	137	24	113	Miss Hamilton...	172	40	132
Miss N. Graham...	124	6	118	Miss Johnson-Smyth	164	30	134
Miss Johnston...	150	30	120	Miss G. Graham...	136	scr.	136
Miss Charley...	156	26	130	Mrs. G. H. Clarke...	148	scr.	148
Miss L. Charley...	152	22	130				

TOOTING BEC GOLF CLUB.

The monthly medal competition was held on Saturday. There was a small turn out of members. Owing to recent heavy rains the course was very heavy, while a sharp frost on Friday evening had made the putting-greens in many places as hard as a board. The result was that putting was very difficult and uncertain. Result :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
*Mr. W. H. Warner	95	18	77	Mr. W. Jeans	109	16	93
Mr. J. B. Wood...	86	6	80	Mr. J. Verran	103	9	94
Mr. H. Jackson...	102	16	86	Mr. F. Taylor	105	8	97
Mr. J. S. Robb...	95	8	87	Hon. Percy Wynd-			
Mr. A. J. Robertson	92	4	88	ham	117	20	97
Mr. J. Bell...	100	11	89	Mr. A. Mackintosh...	118	20	98
Mr. C. D. Cumming	110	18	92	Mr. E. J. Hunt	117	18	99
Mr. E. H. Stevenson	106	13	93	Rev. J. H. Ellis	107	6	101

* Medal.

Many players made no return.

WARWICKSHIRE GOLF CLUB.

On Saturday the half-yearly competition for the Military gold medal was decided in stormy weather. Results :—Hon. and Rev. R. C. Moncrieff, 102, less 3=99; Mr. F. C. Hunter Blair, 114, less 6=108; Major Caulfeild Stoker, 125, less 14=111; Mr. P. A. Leaf, 128, less 13=115; Mr. C. G. Lefroy, 124, less 8=116. Mr. Moncrieff won the Saville Cup on the previous afternoon in the final tie with Colonel Boothby by 6 up and 4 to play.

WEST CORNWALL GOLF CLUB.

The handicap match for the challenge cup was played on the links on Lelant Towans on Thursday, November 26th, and Wednesday and Thursday, December 2nd and 3rd.

On the former days the players were Messrs. R. and H. B. Fox, and the remainder on Wednesday. The weather on the last day was so unfavourable that play was impossible. The competition was in the first instance fixed for Monday and Tuesday, November 9th and 10th, but as the hon. secretary was very dangerously ill it was postponed.

The course was one of twenty-seven holes, viz., three times round the links.

The club also offered a prize for the best gross score, and it will be observed that Mr. H. B. Fox was the winner both of the challenge cup and club prize. The cup has to be won three successive years before it becomes the absolute property of the winner.

The scores were as follows :—

	1st	2nd	3rd	Gross.	Hcp.	Net.
	Rnd.	Rnd.	Rnd.			
Mr. H. B. Fox ...	50	49	47	146	4½	141½
Mr. R. Fox ...	62	54	50	166	18	148
Mr. H. Young-Jamieson...	53	63	52	168	18	150
Mr. C. H. Hext ...	51	55	52	158	7½	150½
Mr. Frank Harvey ...	67	70	71	208	52½	155½
Mr. W. Harvey ...	58	63	70	191	27	164

WEST HERTS GOLF CLUB.

The usual monthly medal handicap was played at Bushey on Saturday last. Weather very wet and course heavy. Scores :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Mr. J. E. Ewer ...	108	18	90	Mr. C. Davis ...	131	25	106
Mr. E. F. Maitland	109	18	91	Mr. T. J. Williams	130	24	106
Mr. R. S. Clouston	96	3	93	Mr. W. R. Carter...	125	16	109
Mr. G. F. Pearson...	114	20	94	Rev. O. C. Cockrem	141	28	113
Mr. W. Wilson ...	107	10	97	Mr. F. Carver ...	107		
Mr. W. Webster ...	110	11	99	Mr. J. H. Burn ...	130		
Mr. C. E. Fry ...	123	22	101	Mr. T. Uzielli ...	174		
Mr. A. A. Macnab	125	24	101	Mr. H. Browne ...	186		

Not capped

WESTLAND'S SCHOOL LAWN-TENNIS AND GOLF CLUB (SOUTHPORT).

The annual Golf meeting of the above club took place on Tuesday, December 8th. The course being three times round five holes in the school grounds. The first prize (a cleek) was won by Miss H. Carson with a net score of 68. Miss J. Ormerod and Miss Minna Gratton tied for the second prize (a putter) with 69 net. On playing off the tie Miss Minna Gratton won with 83 net. The best scores were :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Miss H. Carson ...	76	8	68	Miss C. Knowles ...	80	scr.	80
Miss J. Ormerod ...	77	8	69	Miss May Gratton...	85	5	80
Miss Minna Gratton	82	13	69	Miss A. Hewit ...	90	10	80
Miss Molly Cathcart	64	+9	73	Miss Wise ...	103	18	85
Miss E. Hallmark...	86	12	74	Miss M. Martin ...	103	18	85
Miss G. Lloyd ...	91	16	75	Miss E. Strangman	93	5	88
Miss L. Hill ...	85	10	75	Miss M. Andrew ...	108	20	88
Miss V. Hewit ...	94	18	76	Miss C. Hill ...	90	scr.	90
Miss K. von Zastrow	88	10	78	Miss H. Musgrave...	111	10	101

WHITLEY CLUB.

The Joicey cup was competed for on the 8th inst. This was the fourth contest for the trophy this season, and six players competed in all, Dr. Treadwell winning by 1 point from Sir H. Williamson, a warm patron of Golf in the north. Score :—

Gross. Hcp. Net.			Gross. Hcp. Net.				
Dr. O. F. N. Tread-				Mr. J. B. Radcliffe..	94	scr.	94
well ...	87	5	82	Mr. G. F. Charlton.	102	3	99
Sir H. Williamson,				Mr. W. B. Shaw ...	141	36	105
Bart. ...	119	36	83				

Mr. J. Limont made no return.

WIMBLEDON LADIES' GOLF CLUB.

As may readily be understood, there has in this club, with nearly 300 new members joining in a year, been a veritable struggle to get through the handicapping in a way fair to all. The medal returns have been most successful, but do what they could it has seemed impossible, even with such allowances as 36 (!), to prevent the two best players in the club from winning. However, sufficient returns have now been made to allow of handicapping upon results, and under this new handicap a tournament will be played in the first months of the year—dates depending upon "snow" or "no snow"—for a gold bracelet given by Mrs. Fisher, of Streatham, and another prize, which some friend, or the past year's prize-winners, will probably give. The draw takes place on the 31st inst.

A tournament has been played during the last two months, for which the hon. secretary promised "two small prizes," in order to bring the strong and weak players together. The great trouble in a club with many new members is to get the rules properly observed—moving balls, grounding clubs, holing out, and the strict enforcement of penalties generally.

Newly-formed clubs cannot be too careful in teaching their beginners the strict rules; in this club nothing has done so much good as the tournament just finished, and the following was the result. The weather being open, each round was played within the week.

Again the two scratch players of the club were in the semi-final, but one—Miss Pearson—was prevented from playing through illness. The final lay between Miss Thomson (who won 2 up) and Miss Mabel Nicol, who carried her own clubs.

First Round.—Miss Frere beat Mrs. Stevenson; Mrs. Dowson beat Miss Edith Scott; Miss M. E. Phillips beat Miss A. E. Faithfull; Miss Issette Pearson beat Mrs. Tanner; Miss B. Thomson beat Mrs. Cundell; Miss Stevenson beat Mrs. Archer; Miss Horne beat Miss M. C. Faithfull; Mrs. Hedderwick beat Mrs. Nicol; Miss M. Clapham beat Miss Wake; Miss Delcomyn beat Mrs. Becher; Miss D. Scott beat Miss L. Clapham; Miss Nellie Muir beat Miss B. Martyn; Miss

A. L. Tyrwhitt-Drake beat Miss E. King; Miss M. Nicol beat Miss F. Jones; Miss Tyrwhitt-Drake w.o. (v. Miss Hassard-Short); and there were seventeen byes.

Second Round.—Mrs. A. Pollock w.o. (v. Mrs. Dixey); Miss E. Martyn w.o. (v. Mrs. Wake); Mrs. Cameron beat Mrs. Willock; Mrs. Horne w.o. (v. Mrs. N. Bingley); Miss N. Martyn beat Mrs. Watts; Miss K. Tuely beat Miss M. Schwann; Miss L. Thomson w.o. (v. Miss Davidson); Miss Reeves w.o. (v. Miss Henry); Miss Tee beat Miss Frere; Mrs. Dowson w.o. (v. Miss Phillips); Miss I. Pearson beat Miss B. Thomson; Miss Horne beat Miss Stevenson; Mrs. Hedderwick beat Miss M. Clapham; Miss Delcomyn beat Miss D. Scott; Miss A. L. T. Drake beat Miss N. Muir; Miss Nicol beat Miss A. T. Drake.

Third Round.—Mrs. Pollock beat Miss E. Martyn; Mrs. Cameron beat Mrs. Horne; Miss K. Tuely w.o. (v. Miss N. Martyn); Miss L. Thomson beat Miss Reeves; Miss Tee beat Mrs. Dowson; Miss I. Pearson beat Miss Horne; Mrs. Hedderwick beat Miss Delcomyn; Miss Nicol beat Miss A. L. T. Drake.

Fourth Round.—Mrs. Pollock beat Mrs. Cameron; Miss L. Thomson beat Miss K. Tuely; Miss I. Pearson beat Miss Tee; Miss Nicol beat Mrs. Hedderwick.

Fifth Round.—Miss L. Thomson beat Mrs. A. Pollock (1 up); Miss Nicol w.o. (v. Miss I. Pearson).

Final.—Miss L. Thomson beat Miss Nicol (2 up).

WINCHESTER GOLF CLUB.

The competition for the St. Andrews cup took place on these links on Monday, December 7th, under most unfavourable conditions, viz., in a strong south-western gale, accompanied with heavy showers, which made golfing proper almost impossible. However, a fair number of members played, though only four made any return, with the result that Mr. H. A. C. Brooking won the cup with a net score of 99, handicap 10, beating Mr. E. H. Buckland, plus 2, by one stroke. On the following day the monthly medal was played for in fine weather, when there was a marked improvement, both in the scoring and returns, as the appended result will show:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Mr. H. C. Steel ...	100 15 85	Rev. H. L. Porter..	109 15 94
Rev. G. Hewett ...	98 12 86	Capt. R. S. Bowen.	112 17 95
Mr. V. Eccles ...	101 15 86	Mr. J. A. Fort ...	122 27 95
Mr. E. H. Buckland	85 +2 87	Mr. B. T. Kitchin...	131 27 104
Mr. H. A. Brooking.	97 10 87	Capt. H. Stevenson	132 27 105
Mr. W. S. Brockley.	101 13 88	Mr. J. G. Woods ...	135 18 117
Mr. A. J. Joye ...	104 15 89	Sir H. Freeling, Bt.	139 22 117
Mr. V. E. Muspratt	109 20 89		

UNITED SERVICE GOLF CLUB (PORTSMOUTH).

The leave season having set in with some virulence, only very few members were left with sufficient keenness to face the strong south-west wind and rain and play for the December monthly medal over these links, now reduced almost to a quagmire. The softness of the greens rendered rolling them eminently undesirable, and the festive worm had seized the opportunity of "turning" considerably, which made the putting somewhat fluky. Under the circumstances, the score that won the medal, though high, was not discreditable. The cards sent in were as follows:—

Gross. Hcp. Net.		Gross. Hcp. Net.	
Captain Vidal ...	97 6 91	Lieut. Bethune ...	121 10 111
Lieut. Heathcote ...	126 18 108		

Lieut. Poole and Lieut. Quinton, no return.

BRIDGE OF WEIR—RANFURLY CASTLE CLUB.—The third stage of the competition for Messrs. Weir and Scott's prizes closed on Saturday, eight couples competing. Underrated is the result:—Mr. Thomas Carruthers, jun., beat Mr. L. B. Stewart by one hole. Mr. W. N. Scott beat Mr. R. Fleming by 3 holes up and 2 to play. Mr. Robert Brownlie, jun., a bye from Mr. W. Adam. Dr. Sandeman beat Mr. Neil Robson by 3 holes up and 2 to play. Dr. Mudie beat Rev. Thomas Carruthers, M.A., by 8 holes up and 7 to play. Mr. R. Park Lyfe a bye from Mr. W. Aitken. Mr. John Thomson beat Mr. John Lockie by two holes up. Mr. R. Stephenson beat Mr. R. B. Mitchell by 5 holes up and 4 to play.

THE BRAIDS GOLF CLUB.—The winter competition of this club was fixed for Saturday over the Braids course, but on the members assembling there it was found that the course was quite unplayable, owing to the fall of snow on Thursday night; and as it was reported that Musselburgh course was playable, the members present, with consent of the members of committee, went there, where the competition was played with the following result:—1, Mr. Peter Grant; 2, Mr. William K. Murray; 3, Mr. George S. Ranken; 4, Mr. D. Robertson; 5, Mr. W. J. Walker; 6, Mr. William Forbes; 7, Mr. A. Black; 8, Mr. William C. Sturrock.

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