



THE FAMOUS SIXTH AT SUNNINGDALE—397 YARDS

Taken from center of the tee. The players seen have driven 200 yards—now for a straight, clean brassie of 197 yards carry that will hold the green!

Americans Abroad

By GEORGE W. GREENWOOD

I AM repeatedly being asked by my American friends for a list of famous British golf courses, together with the facilities for reaching and playing on them. Great interest has been manifested by Americans travelling abroad, who are anxious to visit as many courses as possible in a given time, say a month or six weeks. This period will give ample opportunity to see most of the best courses, some historic, because of associations going back five centuries, and others renowned because of their magnificent setting and inherent and intrinsic qualities.

London, of course, will be my headquarters, and I should make a start that would bring me back quickly to my base before making the extended journey north through England, on to Scotland and then across to Ireland. I am assuming that all the journeys are made by train, a method of transport, which in Britain, at any rate, is the very essence of speed and comfort. For example, I know of nothing more luxurious in the way of comfort than the night trains to Scotland from Euston, King's Cross and St. Pancras. These expresses, which glide silently through the night, are really hotels on wheels, in which you dine in a restaurant, and sleep in your own private berth, with breakfast awaiting you before the journey's end is reached. On the great trunk railways, you can



A GREEN WORTH CROSSING THE OCEAN TO PLAY
The second green of the Moor Park (Hertfordshire) near Rickmansworth, where the famous Alex. Herd is the professional and G. Champion is the greenkeeper. Here's a green worth copying



AND NOW THE FAMOUS COURSE AT TROON!

This is the sixth green of the new course of the Troon Golf Club. Looks flat toward the Sea, but it is far from it the other way

leave London any night in the week and be driving off from the first tee at some famous Scottish links at nine o'clock next morning, having travelled in luxury and slept in peace for 500 miles. Nothing in the way of transport can be more expeditious, or more satisfying than this.

The first journey will be a comparatively short one, a distance of 70 miles or so, to a corner of Kent, the "Garden of England," where on the southeast coast are situated three of the most glorious links in the world—Princes and St. George's, both at Sandwich, and Deal. Though the last two are championship courses, it is not too much to say that Princes, because of its length—it can be stretched to 7,000 yards—and also because of its glorious carries over towering sandhills, is the greatest test of golf. It is a course for giants, and those who like this sort of thing must on no account miss the experience; it is one that will never be forgotten. Many of the holes are dog-legged, necessitating the placing of the drive and giving tremendous advantage to the long hitter who is daring enough to take the short route. There is enough brassie play to satisfy the most greedy person; full-blooded shots over mighty sandhills and great tracts of waving bents that

come almost up to the knees of the golfer.

Across the way, divided by a low wooden fence, is Royal St. George's, an earthly Paradise, where you wind in and out among the sand-dunes and occasionally get a glimpse of some "tramp" about to round the North Foreland Lightship on its long voyage to some remote corner of the world. One of the charms of St. George's is its perfect solitude; there may be lots of other people playing round the course but except for a head bobbing up and down among the sandhills you seldom see them. St. George's is associated with many romantic names—the "Sahara," the "Maiden," the "Corsets," "Hades" and the "Suez Canal," all natural golfing hazards to be encountered on the way round. For instance, the "Sahara," as its name implies, is a vast waste of broken sand that confronts you from the third tee and has to be carried. It is a soul-satisfying shot as you see the ball go sweeping over the desert, eventually to disappear behind a little hill into a basin. The "Maiden" comes at the fifth, a mountain of sand rising suddenly and quickly from the plain, and on the other side some distance away is the green.

"The "Suez Canal" meets you at the fourteenth, the longest (Continued on page 76)

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hole on the course—510 yards. It derives its name from a stream that crosses the fairway and has to be carried with the second shot. If there should be a tearing wind in your teeth then Heaven help you. Many tragedies have been enacted at the Canal, and there will be many more, some in this year's British Open championship which takes place at St. George's. One of the bitterest experiences was that of Jock Hutchison, who having sliced his drive nearly out of bounds, and then slashed the ball back on to the course, found himself confronted by a bridge spanning the Canal. On the corners of the bridge are iron uprights, which Hutchison asked to be removed because they interfered with his shot. The request was refused on grounds that the bridge is a permanent structure, and as luck would have it Hutchison's shot collided with one of the uprights, the ball ricocheting almost out of bounds. He took 9 for the hole and Hagen won the championship.

This is a wonderful piece of golfing country because next door is still another championship course—Deal—three running side by side and to be reached from the same hotel during a week-end's golf. Deal is less peaceful than the others; there are houses to be seen, and also human beings following other occupations than the hitting of a golf ball. But the golf itself is no less difficult. As at Princes we have to hit devilish hard and far in order to get within striking distance of the greens, some perched on high plateaus and others nestling in little hollows. The fame of Deal is associated with the last four holes, which form a magnificent, and always an exciting finish to the round. As to playing facilities at each of these three courses it is advisable that visitors should come armed with a letter of introduction from the Secretary of the club of which he is a member in America. In almost every case this will be sufficient passport to the course and the club house. Roughly speaking, the green fee is \$5 for the week-end of three days, or \$2 per day.

Having sampled three great courses we now return to London, preparatory to the journey North. There is a choice of two alternatives—the journey straight to St. Andrews, the Mecca of golf, from King's Cross on the London & North Eastern Railway; or to Gleneagles, in the heart of the Scottish Highlands from Euston, on the London, Midland & Scottish Railway. The two are less than 50 miles apart, so it is really a matter of indifference which is visited first. In either case we travel overnight, having dined and breakfasted on the way, and in readiness for the morning round. But if it is decided to stay the week-end at either place it must be borne in mind that there is no Sunday golf at St. Andrews, therefore if one must play on the Sabbath it is as well that the stay should be at Gleneagles in the most sumptuous hotel in Europe.

At St. Andrews, to which every American gravitates, there are three courses—the Old, which is the championship course; the New, in my opinion more difficult than the Old; and the Eden, quite a modern course on the other side of the Elysian Fields. St. Andrews has become known as the "City of Golf and Gospel," an apt description, because when the inhabitants are not playing golf they are attending divine worship. There is tradition behind St. Andrews, centuries of it, and that is why it has become the "holy of holies" in the golfing sense. I am not going to attempt any description of the golf, except to say that while the links,

very close to the sea, and with the sound of the waves in your ears, appears flat and at first sight rather uninviting, there is a subtleness and a beauty about it all which grows on one the more rounds he plays. Bobby Jones' first impression of St. Andrews was by no means a flattering one, but he came again and again, and now he declares that it is the finest golf course in the world. So, I will leave each man to judge for himself.

Now, Gleneagles, as its name suggests, was once the home, and now is for all I know to the contrary, of the great golden eagle that preyed upon the lambs and the smaller animals of the earth to be found in the glens and the valleys. Gleneagles is a place of majestic beauty, surrounded by snow-capped mountains, with lochs and ravines and great stretches of purple heather-clad country. The place itself is majestic, awe-inspiring, a spot carved out of nature, wild and rugged. Wild duck rise in great flocks from the hidden lakes between the ravines, and coveys of grouse and pheasants go clattering overhead as you take your shot. And there, standing on an eminence and looking straight down a magnificent glen, is the hotel, where every comfort known to man awaits the golfer on his return. Neither at St. Andrews, nor at Gleneagles is there the slightest difficulty about facilities for playing. As the courses at St. Andrews are public property you simply pay your 50 cents per round and that is the end, while at Gleneagles visitors at the hotel have preferential rights.

From Gleneagles we go to Glasgow and on to the West Coast of Scotland to Turnberry, where there are two wonderful courses and a splendid hotel, all owned by the London, Midland and Scottish Railway, a concern fully alive to the wants of golfers. The courses which run alongside the beautiful Firth of Clyde, are part of a great chain of perfectly natural links stretching for 50 miles down the coastline. For instance, there is Prestwick, with its "Himalayas," the "Alps" and the terrifying "Cardinal" bunker, where, if you once get in, you often play a nightmare game of racquets against the black, ugly wooden ramparts that help to keep in place the mountains of drifting sand. Then comes Troon with its marvellous plateau greens, some blind brassie shots into delightful little dells and hollows, and the famous "Postage Stamp" hole where the green is about the size of a pocket handkerchief and trouble gazes at you from every conceivable quarter.

A most delightful and unique feature of Troon and Prestwick is that, if you so desire, you can play on both championship courses in one day. After playing the first nine out on one course you step over a boundary fence and play the last nine in on the other course. Having lunched, you simply reverse the proceedings. I do not suppose it is possible in any other spot in the world to have such a variety and a wealth of shots in the course of one day's golf. The green fees are approximately \$1 per day, and the letter from the Secretary of your American club will be sufficient introduction.