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"And when ten thousand people who have "played the game at Gleneagles agree "with the professional champions that the "Courses can be described as the rare, the "charming beyond imagination, the claim "that they are unsurpassed in the World "of Golf cannot be lightly dismissed."

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TESTING THEIR HANDIWORK

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Golf
at
Gleneagles

BY

R. J. MACLENNAN

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Golf at Gleneagles

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The Phantasy

Wee Scotland, *as some folk ca' it—wi' its bonnie blinks o' far-awa bens and glens—a wild kind o' wee warld by itsel' fu' o' little lochs and burns and braes and knowes—some laich and some heich but ne needin' the deevil's wings to flee to the tap o' them—and lanely dells wi' eerie trystin' places for witches and warlocks and sic-like, and braes o' broom and whin and the greens sae grassy i' the heather muirs whaur the black-cock skirls at the screich o' day and ye hear the wheeple o' the whaup.* **Ma conscience!** *Guid green for gouff?—It dings a' thing I e'er heard tell o', as my worthy faither the Deacon that's awa' wad hae said i' the braid auld Scots tongue.* **Eh, Mattie!** *He wad hae liked* **Gouff at Gleneagles** *wi' and been fain to the tappit-hen o' the siller tassie—an a' lads to twa decent and honest men*

With apology to Bailie Nicol Jarvie

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Golf at Gleneagles

THE PROSPECT

THE prospect of a visit to the Highlands of Scotland, with Golf at Gleneagles, is always pleasing, and there is full justification for the recent public statement that—

> "One of the best things in London is Euston Station at night with breakfast at Perth or some other place in the Highlands in the morning."

Gleneagles Station is only about sixteen miles from Perth, and, being on the West Coast Royal Mail Route of the Caledonian and London & North Western Railways, is in direct communication with Euston Station and easily accessible.

Golf at Gleneagles may therefore quickly follow breakfast at Perth and add pleasure to the prospect of the Highland visit by creating the double objective.

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THE PRELUDE

WHEN Sir Walter Scott, opening for us the "faery casements" of romance, illumined in the storied page the glory of Scotland and the mystic glamour of its green forests, its heather hills and lonely glens, his graphic description of the wonderful country was so charged with truth, with beauty, with native passion for the land of his birth, and so marvellously interwoven with the fabric of history, that in the heart of all his readers a thrill was awakened. Scotland through his expressive art became an open book, every chapter in it a charm, and if—following the dictates of fancy—you should seek to turn the pages of that book you will find that he wrote these words: "Amid all the provinces in Scotland if an intelligent stranger were asked to describe the most varied and the most beautiful it is probable he would name the County of Perth," and he ended a pæan of praise by adding: "Perthshire forms the fairest portion of the Northern Kingdom." A golden opinion, albeit a true one.

It has been said that the most interesting district of every country and that which exhibits the varied beauties of natural scenery in greatest perfection is that where the mountains sink down upon the champaign, or more level land. It is in the full glory of such a landscape that we find Strathearn, encompassed by the uplifting magnificence of the rugged Grampian Mountains and the verdant Ochil Hills, one of the most picturesque and romantic of the Scottish straths, the beauty of which led the artist of Abbotsford to give Perthshire pride of place among the counties of Scotland. And it is in Strathearn—this realm of romance, a fertile countryside which vies with the richness of "Merrie England"—that Gleneagles Golf Course is situated; making

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GLENEAGLES FROM THE HOME OF HOLE

fresh history and quickening once and again the fine spirit of sportsmanship which in its essence is but the old-world chivalry in a new form.

In the long ago Strathearn won distinction by giving the title of Duke, in the peerage of Scotland, to His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, father of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. The title is borne to-day by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught whose full ducal style is Duke of Connaught and Strathearn. Choice in these matters is not casual. There are many Scottish straths that might have been chosen for the special honour and the memories of Royal association thus perpetuated. Among them, however, Strathearn stood out and was accorded the signal mark of Royal favour.

Strathearn displays almost every variety of scenery. From the Braes o' Balquhidder in the west—the country of

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that giant-hearted freebooter Rob Roy—it is grandly Highland and expands eastward into wealth of lowland beauty. Embraced in it is the wonder picture of lovely Loch Earn which, skirted on its north side by the Caledonian Railway, has a setting of mountains that come down to the water, and ends at fair St. Fillans. In its Grampian background it also comprises the sylvan district of Comrie and Crieff, the beginning of a naturally favoured lowland valley which, widening north and south and extending eastwards, is ultimately arrested by the Ochil range and terminates at the confluence of the Earn with the Tay, where the strath of the latter river becomes the Carse of Gowrie. Such is the environment of Gleneagles Golf Course. It is as it were in the middle of the picture of a lowland valley on the threshold of the Highlands framed by the everlasting hills. Viewed from a height, its little hills and dales and moors and lochs and woods suggest a miniature Scotland.

There are really two golf courses at Gleneagles, happily known as the King's Course and the Queen's Course. The latter is the complement of the former and greater, but both have the outstanding qualities demanded of the best courses ; each has its own individuality in marked degree. The King's Course, extending to the full 18-hole limit, is conceived on the grand scale. It ranks as a Championship course, and is recognised as such by most of the leading golfers of the world. The Queen's Course, meantime limited to 9 holes, is also excellent, and those who know about golf say that of its kind it is perhaps unique in Europe.

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THE PLACE

THOSE curious regarding place names may be interested in the origin of "Gleneagles." It naturally suggests the eagle: local folk, however, say that it is an adaptation of Glen de l'église. In olden times there was a church in the glen known as the Kirk of St. Mungo, and the well-known French influence on the "braid Scots" supported by the fact that Gleneglais is the Gaelic for Kirk Glen may lend colour to local opinion. Yet association with the eagle is much more likely, and as sugges-

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tive of such derivation it may be mentioned that the golden eagle pictured on page 5 was caught this year (1921) in Central Perthshire, not many miles from Gleneagles Golf Course.

Away and beyond all argument, however, it will be admitted that the name "Gleneagles" has a rare romantic ring. It sounds like a trumpet call from the north. The glen from which the golf course takes its name adjoins Strathearn at its eastern end and is the pass in the Ochil Hills through which the road links Perthshire with the County of Fife, in the "east neuk" of which lies St. Andrews. It is natural that in Scotland where, according to one merry commentator, babies are "teethed" on golf clubs, thoughts of St. Andrews and the "Royal and Ancient" should present themselves. In that relation it is pleasing to realise that Gleneagles Golf Course is less than two hours' motor car journey from St. Andrews Golf Course either by the road through the glen along which Agricola led his legions to the great Roman Camp at Ardoch, and which in its course skirts Loch Leven and the island prison of Mary Queen of Scots; or by the road round the Ochils at their northern extremity through the charming countryside in which are situated Auchterarder Castle, the ancient hunting seat of King Malcolm Canmore (1056 A.D.), and the Auld Hoose o' Gask, famed for its associations with the Stuart dynasty, and as being the birthplace of Lady Nairne, the writer of so many of the incomparable Scottish songs ever dear to the Scottish heart. These, reflecting the sentiment of the family Jacobitism, breathe love and loyalty and passionate attachment to Bonnie Prince Charlie. "Will ye no come back again?" and other of her songs will live for long in Scottish minstrelsy:—

Bonnie Charlie's noo awa',
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a he'rt will br'ak in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Sweet's the lav'rock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,—
"Will ye no come back again?"

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But the roads, so inviting and so rich in historic associations, are not the traveller's only choice. There is rail communication between Gleneagles and St. Andrews, and the train connections at Perth and Dundee are happily timed to facilitate an interchange of visits. To have the "Royal and Ancient" St. Andrews seaside course—one of the oldest—and the Gleneagles countryside course—one of the newest—within easily covered distance is something to make a note of in a holiday itinerary. This proximity of Gleneagles to St. Andrews and the ease with which golfers can get from the one to the other is now so well known that many from far afield who visit Scotland for golf usually play at both places. The reason is obvious. The Golf Courses of Gleneagles and St. Andrews are typical of golf at its best in Scotland or elsewhere.

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THE PRECEDENT

THE glories of Gleneagles are not new-born. The Golf Course is admittedly modern, having been opened so recently as Midsummer, 1919. Its birthday is recorded by the Cairn on the ridge adjoining the Club-House, in which has been inserted a stone bearing the inscription—

GLENEAGLES
GOLF COURSE
OPENED IN 1919
THE YEAR OF THE PEACE
AFTER THE GREAT WAR

But Gleneagles claims its portion of the heritage that belongs to the traditional home of golf in Scotland—the County of Perth—and in carrying on that tradition it more than justifies its happy inception. There has been much controversy on the birthplace of golf, and no one has yet been able to state authoritatively when and where the game first saw the light. But the question of birth, in itself, is unimportant and matters not two straws. What is of real interest is that the game was played in Perthshire more than five hundred years ago. The first of the famous—some say infamous—Acts of Perth, ratified by King James I. in 1424, prohibited the playing of football, the intention being to encourage archery and proficiency in the arts of war. The result was not what was expected. There was a rush of recruits—to "gouff." The Government authorities were

THE CAIRN

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nonplussed. It took them some considerable time to recover from the shock, but in 1450 King James II. prohibited play and issued an edict to the effect that "goutf be utterly cryed down." This was directed against all golfers between twelve and fifty years of age. It failed in its purpose, for although it was never repealed, golf was played in Perthshire with the old enthusiasm a few years later, and that enthusiasm has been maintained without a break. Indeed the opening of Gleneagles Golf Course has fanned it into a flame that is reflected wherever golfers foregather. Flourishing as it did prior to 1450, golf in Perthshire gains lustre from so long a lineage. The more so when it is recalled that the reservation for golf of the links of St. Andrews bears the date 1552, when a licence was granted to the ruling Archbishop. History further records that when Providence decreed in 1621 that Perthshire should suffer from excessive floods, the stout Presbyters of the period attributed the visitation directly to "gouff." But that opinion did not long prevail. The game was soon flourishing as it had never done before, and has continued to flourish ever since.

It is very remarkable that golf should have been played in Perthshire throughout five centuries.

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THE PROBLEM

IT is one thing to choose the site of a golf course and another thing to make the golf course. The magnificence of the site set the problem, and it was fully realised that the solution had to be synonymous with perfection. But a good site can be "made or marred." Time was the maker of Gleneagles. Time fashioned with a master hand what has been described as "The Golf Course the Great in Scotland." The wizard touch is everywhere in evidence. Were you to ask the native Scot for an opinion he would probably tell you that Nature was at work here in "the days o' auld lang syne"—Nature and then Jimmy Braid! That sums up the matter in a nutshell. Braid, five times winner of the Open Golf Championship, designed and laid out both courses. Before, and again after, the Great War he had the assistance of Major Cecil K. Hutchison, the accomplished amateur golfer. Together they made a splendid job. Had not Nature, however, taken a first hand in the work the perfect results could not have been obtained.

Initially the Golf Courses demanded of Braid clear vision and concentration of purpose. The work of survey called for full measure of foresight and quick anticipation of the great possibilities. These having been envisaged had to be realised to the utmost. There is no doubt the possibilities were there. As has been indicated, the ground even in its rough state was a natural golf course. Experts in the designing and making of golf courses as well as amateur and professional players were unanimous in that opinion.

Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. H. S. Colt, well known as having laid out many of the most important golf courses of the world, expressed the view that the ground at Gleneagles possessed the natural features which golf imperatively demands—fine

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resilient turf on gravelly sub-soil readily drained and therefore unaffected by heavy rain. And they further stated that in the infinite variety of the ground for golf, the undulating character of the surface, the bold natural plateaux, the sandy ridges and hillocks, the rough hollows and ravines, the heather, the whin and the broom, the bracing character of the air and the magnificence of the surroundings, Gleneagles could be made to be absolutely unrivalled among countryside courses.

Major Cecil K. Hutchison was delighted with the potentialities of the place and described it as being the finest natural golfing ground that he had ever seen.

Braid and Ray were equally strong in commendation of the fine natural features, and no less enthusiastic in describing the ground as being such as would allow of the making of a golf course which would not be excelled by any in the United Kingdom. And subsequently Taylor, Vardon and Herd also expressed very favourable opinions, while later "Jock" Hutchison, the American Champion, described Gleneagles as being an absolute revelation, and predicted a delightful surprise to all American golfers, including even those who have tested the qualities of the finest and most famous of the golf courses of America, either seaside or countryside.

On the basis of expert advice initiative was strengthened. The reports by the leading authorities on golf courses were passed so to speak through a fine mesh and, on a well considered scheme, the work of construction commenced early in the first year of the Great War. Owing to the War, however, it took several years to complete. Braid, for months, gave his almost undivided attention to it, confident that it was worthy of the best that was in him. His confidence has been justified. The subsequent chorus of praise is proof of that.

The King's Course possesses the essentials that appertain to excellence. It has varied and wide undulating fairways, a goodly proportion of one-shot and two-shot holes in proper sequence—the one-shot holes are placed at even and odd numbers to give partners in a foursome each a share—numerous teeing grounds that permit of the lengthening or shortening of the holes according to the

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season of the year, the state of the ground and the vagaries of the wind; spacious and agreeably undulating greens — "greens of velvet" — varying in shape, size and natural position, some being on high plateaux, others in a moderately raised position and a few in hollows among the typical howes and knowes of "Wee Scotland." Each of the greens is of entirely different character, and to all there is led a water supply from the Ochil Hills. In respect of blindness in the approach shots, so often overdone, there is only one hole that has this feature, a hole that greatly gains, however, from this characteristic. In the disposition of the bunkers there has been strict regard to the necessity of placing them in positions in which good shots will not be punished. They vary in character, but are entirely legitimate. There is a sufficient number of heroic carries from the tee, and the course has so been arranged that the weaker player with the loss of a stroke or a portion of a stroke has always an alternative route

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open to him. By having achieved the great desideratum of holes of different character—so arranged as to sustain interest throughout—the natural consequence is a call to prove a happy versatility in brassie shots, iron shots, and pitch-and-run-up shots. In a word, the conditions offer all that is desirable for stimulating worthy effort. Yet while the conditions are exacting, as they ought ever to be to make the game worth while, they are not oppressively so, and both the King's Course and the Queen's Course are pleasing alike to the absolute beginner, the moderate exponent, and to the plus man. It is especially noticeable that in the planning there has been particular regard to the necessity of ensuring that there should be little walking between the greens and the tees ; the player is always moving in a direct line forward. A surprise to most visitors is the sense of privacy enjoyed, a special and somewhat unusual feature being the splendid isolation of each of the fairways and greens. The natural features of the ground appear to keep them wholly apart, giving each as it were an air of exclusiveness that is particularly acceptable to players. On the busiest days the feeling that the course is crowded—a feeling that affects many players adversely—never obtrudes. While there are all manner of natural hazards on both courses—clumps of whin and broom,

"JOCK" HUTCHISON, THE AMERICAN CHAMPION ON THE DAN WHINNY FAIRWAY

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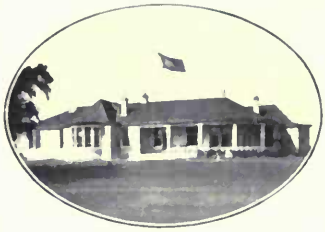
Gleneagles
Golf Club House



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margins of heather and bracken, stretches of rushes and, in the case of some of the holes, water—there is always a comforting margin of semi-rough to the fairway, the last mentioned being a gracious concession to those who do not play on the "true line." It will be entirely your own fault if you land in the "rough" and are tempted to complain. Braid justifies the "rough" with the direct blunt and typically Scottish observation, "you shouldna' be there."

As well as the problem of the lay-out of the Golf Course, a question requiring solution was that attaching to the position of the Club-House. It was recognised that the Club-House should be in the immediate vicinity of the starting tees and the home greens, and that, if possible, it should be slightly elevated. The problem was complicated by the necessity of precluding the possibility of any building being erected that might tend to detract from the picture of the glen as seen from the windows of the hotel. And the magnificent landscape had a further influence in the selection of the site, inasmuch as it was thought that the views from the Club-House windows should also be pleasing. It was, therefore, decided that the Club-House should be built on a site as westerly as possible, a decision which has been justified by the result. A little engineering produced an artificial plateau of such a level as to allow of the home greens being overlooked from the windows of the Club-House, and while it is true that the Club-House is nearer the starting tee of the Queen's Course than the starting tee of the King's Course, the *grande place* leading to the latter provides the fullest compensation from the promenade point of view. The architecture of the Club-House is simple Georgian in its character, and a look at the picture on page 15 will suggest the pleasing character of the elevation and the convenience of the plan.

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THE PÆAN

AT Gleneagles the call of the game is ever insistent, but while you may go there with no purpose beyond golf, yet in the pageantry of the passing seasons the landscape far and near will hold you enthralled. As in the glen so on the Golf Course beauty and charm are everywhere. Season follows season ever bringing new delight. Winter's snows may still cap the crests of the distant Grampians, but in the near glen in Spring the warmth of the early sunshine is garnered to kindle the whin and the broom into glorious golden flame and coax the early primrose into flower. Summer comes, the song of the lark mingles gaily with the plaintive cry of the wild curlew and the startling "screich" of the black cock and the grouse. The drowsy hum of the bee is borne on the breeze, wild flowers scent the air. The bluebells, the violets, the pansies, the wild orchids, the foxgloves, and the heath and the heather, in sight of all the fairways, suggesting a gorgeous tapestry of wondrous brilliance, make an exquisite and ever-changing scheme of colour. And with Autumn in its mellow glory regally robed in russet and purple the cycle is complete. There is no question as to the charm of it all. The emerald freshness of the greens and fairways, the play of light on the lone pines setting the

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AMATEUR PLAYERS WITH BRAID ON THE HEICH O' FASH

filagree of fairy branches against the sky ; moorlands aflame with heather, all in their season a constant delight to the eye. The beauty of the place is wonderful. And in the wider panorama of varied grandeur as seen from Drumsichty, Tappit Hen, and other heights on the Golf Course, there are the Ochil Hills—green to the very top—and the peaks of the Grampian and other mountains—some of them snow capped all the year round—Ben Lomond, Ben Venue, Ben Vorlich, Ben Lawers, Schiehallion and Ben Ledi—so many of which in their Highland settings have been pictured to us by the poetic genius of Sir Walter Scott in " The Lady of the Lake " :—

Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand !
There is no breeze upon the fern,
  No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyrie nods the erne,
  The deer has sought the brake ;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
  The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
  Ben Ledi's distant hill.

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Besides the impelling influence of its beauty Gleneagles offers tranquility and seclusion to refresh the soul and bids us count the world well lost. It has indeed—leaving golf out of the question altogether—the essentials to be desired in any place in which we may seek to spend a holiday and, completely forgetting the cares of the every day, store up fresh vigour and have re-created within us the glow of health.

While fresh beauty constantly charms the visitor, the spaciousness of the place, the magnificence of the scenery, the tonic virtue of the exhilarating and recuperative air, the perfection to which the facilities for golf have been brought all combine, in wondrous measure, to impart glamour to Gleneagles. Its fascination is hard to define. If one were to attempt to sum it up, it probably could not be better expressed than in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson who, writing of Fontainebleau might well have been thinking of Gleneagles when he declared—"There is no place where the young are more gladly conscious of their youth, or the old better contented with their age." Gleneagles appeals to both those who have youth and to those who—although content in having had it—have not relinquished the natural desire to renew it.

You will not have been long on the Golf Course before you are caught up and carried away by the wonderful beauty of the surroundings. It asserts itself with the fine flush of fresh experience, weaving around you a hundred captivating fancies that were never intended to be permitted, even for a moment, to interfere with your game. You will not be able to help yourself, yet you will not mind. You are, however, bound

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to realise how it comes about that even the pick of players—a group to which you yourself may happily be attached—are not able to play their best on the first round. They tread on enchanted ground and for the time their vision is of the landscape ; their eye is not on the ball. And you will also understand why golfers sometimes miss their homeward bound train. They simply cannot bring themselves to break the spell of gladness.

In this connection the motto of Gleneagles " Heich abune the Heich "—anglicé " High above the High "—has special significance. We come up to the region of the Highland hills ; the winds from the hills and heather moors are sweet and refreshing, and there are the vistas from the Golf Course, rare and charming. To the ardent golfer the finest vista of all may be that of the Golf Course itself, but in that respect also the motto is no less appropriate. Gleneagles has been placed among the best of the World's golf courses by ten thousand players. It has indeed been described by many as occupying a pinnacle position—" Heich abune the Heich " —and while even the suggestion of exaggeration is greatly to be deprecated one hesitates to question an opinion that appears to be more or less universal.

With all this you begin to have some idea of the attractiveness of " Golf at Gleneagles." Little wonder that its excellence has been proclaimed by the world's champions, by the prominent amateurs, and by those who, if not yet among the elect, have known moments of exultation in playing the game.

Such is " The Golf Course the Great in Scotland."

But the play's the thing !

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THE PLAN

WHILE it is true that to all good golfers "the play's the thing" rather than the plan, it is believed that a plan of the Gleneagles Golf Courses may prove to be of interest. A plan is therefore appended—at the end of the book—in the hope that by studying it intending golfers may be rewarded at least by some addition to the pleasure of the anticipation of playing the game. The plan is such as to show clearly the relative positions of the tees, the greens, and the bunkers, and other features of the Courses, and it also gives some idea of the configuration of the fairways and the adjoining ground. The complete separation of the King's Course from the Queen's Course by the deep ravines and the little loch which lies between them—the Heuch o' Dule, the Lanely Dell and Loch-an-Eerie—is specially noticeable. Each of the Courses is in a different "country" from the other, although, as will be observed, both begin in the precincts of the Club-House and end together in the closest proximity thereto in the happily named greens, the King's Hame and the Queen's Hame, which are practically one and the same. Examination of the plan also conveys an idea of the extraordinary amphitheatrical character of the surroundings of many of the greens and fairways. Both being in the natural hollows among the ridges are completely isolated and the ridges present particularly fine fields of view to spectators of the play.

The splendid golfing characteristics and the fine natural features of the place can be fully appreciated only by inspection on the spot, but examination of the plan and of the place names may serve to emphasise the "braid Scots" quaintness of both, and the pleasing phantasy of "Wee Scotland," which Bailie Nicol Jarvie seeks to convey to Mattie, his bonnie servant lass, as they cross the Highland Line—"fu' o' howes and knowes and greens sae grassy i' the heather muirs"—"Ma Conscience!"

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THE PLAY

IN golfing at Gleneagles you will enjoy that tingling glow of delight that invariably animates the keen sportsman when he finds perfect conditions for play. You are at once impressed by the remarkable scope afforded for every variety of stroke, for whether your *forte* be the long or the short game the ultimate test of its value is here. From the player's point of view, that is the crowning glory of Gleneagles. It stimulates powers perhaps hitherto latent, and may surprise you by revealing such fine qualities of golf in you that formerly were but a nebulous vision of "the stuff that dreams are made on." One point, however, to be realised and remembered, is that Gleneagles does not flatter your form. It certainly calls forth all that is best in you, but in equal degree it will teach you wherein lie your faults. Gleneagles is encouraging always but uncompromising. A good shot gains reward, a timorous one may be let off fairly lightly—although not always—but a bad one is certain to be punished. Your true golfer would not have it otherwise. He demands value for commendable play, craves consideration in moments of anxiety and accepts what the Fates may send when for failure he has no one to blame but himself. Your golfer of moods, on the other hand, meets his match at Gleneagles. Colonel Bogey sits enthroned on the little hills at every green on both the Courses. He is the monarch surveying all; ever quick to give the accolade to those who triumph, but alas! to those who "foozle" his laughter has an echo that is grim. It is probable that those who foresaw the adaptability of the site at Gleneagles to the purposes of golf, having judged the salient features of the ground and the beauty of the landscape, declared enthusiastically at the conclusion of their survey, "And we'd have the Club-House here." Its position

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suggests just such a happy thought. From the landscape point of view the best approach to either of the Gleneagles Courses is from the Club-House steps. You look towards the hills, the broomy knowes, the heather moors and the pine woods and realise how inspiring is the panorama. Yet the magnificence of the vista that presents itself serves but to throw out into bolder relief the glory of the more immediate surroundings. They suffice of themselves to quicken elation in the heart of all golfers and to awaken that *joie de vivre* that whispers "Come let us start now, for assuredly there could be no finer place for golf than this." If, however, with the game in prospect, advice may be offered to plus players and heartening assistance tendered to potential champions whose handicaps, meantime, are somewhere about the figure 18, perhaps the best plan to adopt would be to take

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them round the Courses with Braid as guide and counsellor. Let it be clearly understood then that on the rounds on which we proceed Braid is with us. The technical points in play—described in detail—are his. Observe them carefully and you obtain a double advantage. You return an excellent card and, when you meet your friends, you may say, "I played over Gleneagles the other day with Braid." Should they ask you if you beat him you will doubtless allow your attention to wander and leave it at that! There is a Scots saying that "if you bode a silk goon ye'll maybe get the sleeve o't." If that saying were to be applied to the counsel of golfing perfection which Braid offers at Gleneagles, it would be significant. To master even a few of the holes in his figures would be encouraging. So we may aim at being worthy wearers of his mantle, but we are not likely to complain if we have—probably we shall have—to be content if but a sleeve of it be our portion.

What we have to realise, however, is that in the attainment of success, whether it be of a minor or major character, we may be assured of pleasure in full. That may appear to be a contradictory statement, but it is paradoxically true. The great golfers are wonderfully brisk in spirit when they complete a good round, but the lesser golfers are quite as happy on registering a score that runs to larger figures. The course simply makes you "play up," even at those moments when you may be temporarily off your game.

Nearly everyone playing at Gleneagles for the first time underestimates the distances. Even those who know the Course well find it extremely difficult to harden their hearts and take wood when the light iron or mashie would appear to be the right club. The optical delusion, caused by the immense expanse of view and the clearness of the light, makes the fairways in instances seem shorter than they are, and is apt to encourage the golfer's besetting sin—to be short. The good caddie, at crucial moments, nearly always concludes his advice with the words "Be up," and a few rounds at Gleneagles will convince you of the wisdom of that injunction in its extended form "Never up, never in."

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THE KING'S COURSE

Your first impressions of the King's Course will hearten you for your game. Its length is about 6,125 yards. You may have heard that it is a wonderful course, but one does not always believe all one hears, and there is value in the phrase "seeing is believing." The Scots have their proverb that "the proof o' the puddin' is in the preein' o't," and you may feel inclined to pin your faith to that. If so, you will find that the King's Course will not disappoint you. Your first sight of it, as you walk from the Club-House to the Starter's Box, leaves you in no doubt as to its character. The prospect is one of pure delight. You realise at once how it is that it has won such universal favour. First impressions are, of themselves, sufficient to prove to you that admiration is, above all, the emotion stirred by the splendour of the vista. You see on the right

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the spacious double green—The King's Hame and the Queen's Hame—with the quaint Cairn on the verdant rigs beyond. You step on the resilient turf and are immediately captivated. The grassy *place* which leads to the tee, the tee itself, the fairway to Dun Whinny, the position of the first green on the skyline, and in the background the glen, all in their turn compel admiration. The scene quickens in golfers something of surprise, something of keen anticipation, and invariably, also, something of warm appreciation. You will probably find yourself thinking that surely no other countryside golf course can present so fine a prospect—a right and proper thought—and you will not be the first, nor the last, to admit that the King's Course is finer than you had pictured it in your fondest imagination. The initial effect of its spaciousness, of the clear evidence of its fine quality, and of its rare individuality, has a wonderful influence. The revelation of its playing virtues is not gradual. It is immediate. You are, even thus early, in a position to estimate the inviting character of the fairways; the great care that has been bestowed on the greens; the frank warnings implied—for the benefit of the careless and the ready acceptance of the careful—in the placing of the bunkers and in the varied nature of the rough. All these attributes, so essential if golf is to be really interesting and not mere child's play, can be observed, practically, at a glance. In that very circumstance lies the essence of elation, and were you asked to choose a battleground on which to meet Colonel Bogey, and make a victory over him worth while, you could not wish for a better. If you have any doubt on that point you have but to mark the keen golfer as he steps towards Dun Whinny tee. His brisk air bespeaks assurance of triumph, or at least a determination to get the best out of this glorious course, "sae rantingly, sae wantonly, sae dauntingly gaes he"!

Before starting on a round you will do well to consider Colonel Bogey's figures and thereby realise what lies ahead of you. Let them inspire you to nobler effort. You must beat him if you can.

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Here is an exact reproduction of the score card.

Score Card — King's Course.

Player. Date. 19

OUT								IN							
No.	Name	Length in Yards	BOGEY	Self	Opponent	Won Lost Halved		No.	Name	Length in Yards	BOGEY	Self	Opponent	Won Lost Halved
I	Dun Whinny	[illegible]	5					X	Westlin Wynd	450	5			
II	East Neuk	[illegible]	4					XI	Deil's Creel	165	3			
III	Silver Tassie	[illegible]	5					XII	Tappit Hen	395	5			
IV	Broomy Law	440	6					XIII	Braid's Brawest	435	5			
V	Het Girdle	145	3					XIV	Denty Den	245	4			
VI	Blink Bonnie	[illegible]	5					XV	Howe o' Hope	445	5			
VII	Kittle Kink	420	5					XVI	Wee Bogle	125	3			
VIII	Whaup's Nest	[illegible]	3					XVII	Warslin' Lea	[illegible]	5			
IX	Heather Bell	[illegible]	4					XVIII	King's Hame	450	5			
	OUT	3,070	40						IN	3,055	40			
Result—Holes									OUT	3,070	40			
Won									TOTAL	6,125	80			
Lost										Handicap				
Marker's Signature									Result—Strokes					

The length of the holes and the demands of bogey suggest the championship character of the King's Course. Playing as Braid advises may make you a match for the "Colonel," but it will be helpful in the game if, before you begin, you carefully study the plan and become familiar with the lay-out.

THE FIRST HOLE—DUN WHINNY.

Dun Whinny has all the essentials of a fine "first" hole, and is exceptionally attractive. The breadth of the fairway inspires a confident swing even in the beginner, but the great point is that players get well and quickly away. You have elbow room and are never unduly pressed by others following; in short, a comfortable and cheerful start is

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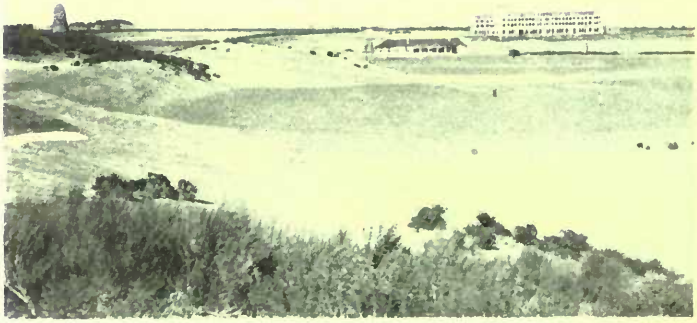
always assured. Like the fairway, the first tee is also spacious and in respect of size is suggestive of the grand scale on which the King's Course has been conceived and laid out. As will be seen from the plan, the fairway, which is about 355 yards long, is flanked on the right by the Cairn Rig on which the Cairn stands out prominently and on the left by the Gowden Knowes. But neither the Rig nor the Knowes encroach on the broad expanse of splendid turf that lies before you. The green is a fine sloping plateau on the sky-line where the Cairn Rig merges in the Gowden Knowes, about 32 feet above the level of the tee. It is cunningly guarded by bunkers in front and on the left, but, before getting to these, you have to consider how best to proceed from the tee. Braid demands for Dun Whinny a good straight drive along the middle of the fairway. Such a drive will carry you well over a transverse dip in the ground, about



VIEW FROM THE GOWDEN KNOWES

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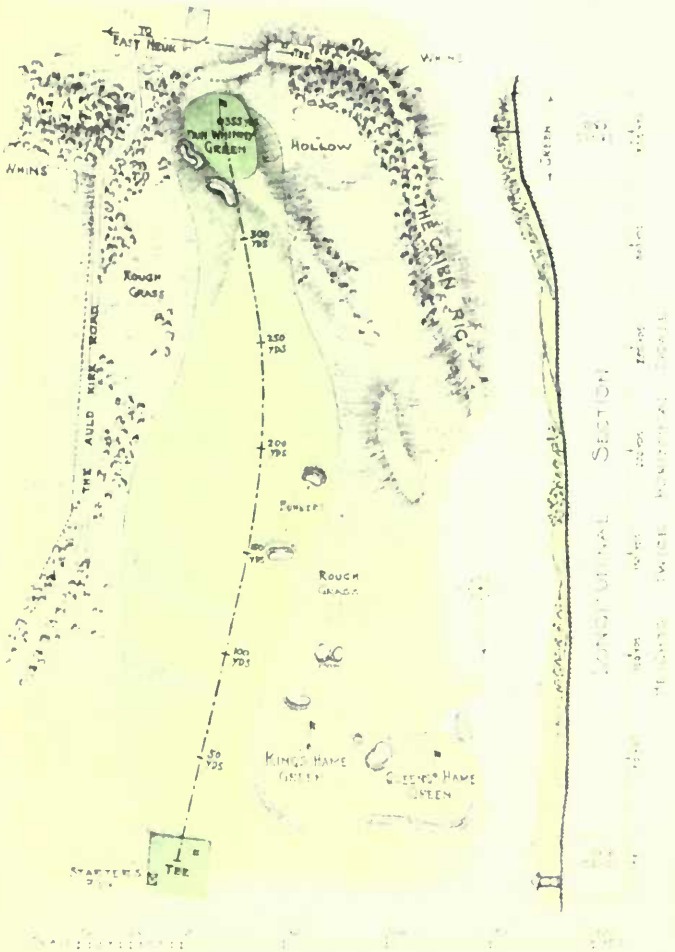
GLENEAGLES · KING'S COURSE ·
DUN WHINNY · 1ST HOLE · 355 YARDS.



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80 yards ahead, and take you beyond the two bunkers to the right of the fairway ever ready to trap the ball that deviates in their direction. Speaking generally, a long shot from the tee is essential, and it is sometimes deemed best to play for a slight pull, especially if the wind be from the prevailing quarter—south-west. The second stroke must be an accurately played iron shot. If it is short, the bunker in front of the green may provide dire punishment, while, if played too strongly, the result may be little less disastrous. But the rising ground at the back of the green will prevent a bold straight shot from over-running the plateau, especially if it has been played from the left-hand side of the fairway. Getting well on to the green, however, you may demonstrate the science of putting and beat Colonel Bogey. Everything favours two putts at the most, but one is always possible.

THE SECOND HOLE—THE EAST NEUK.

The East Neuk is to many players a favourite of the course.

YOUNG GOLFERS ON THE EAST NEUK GREEN

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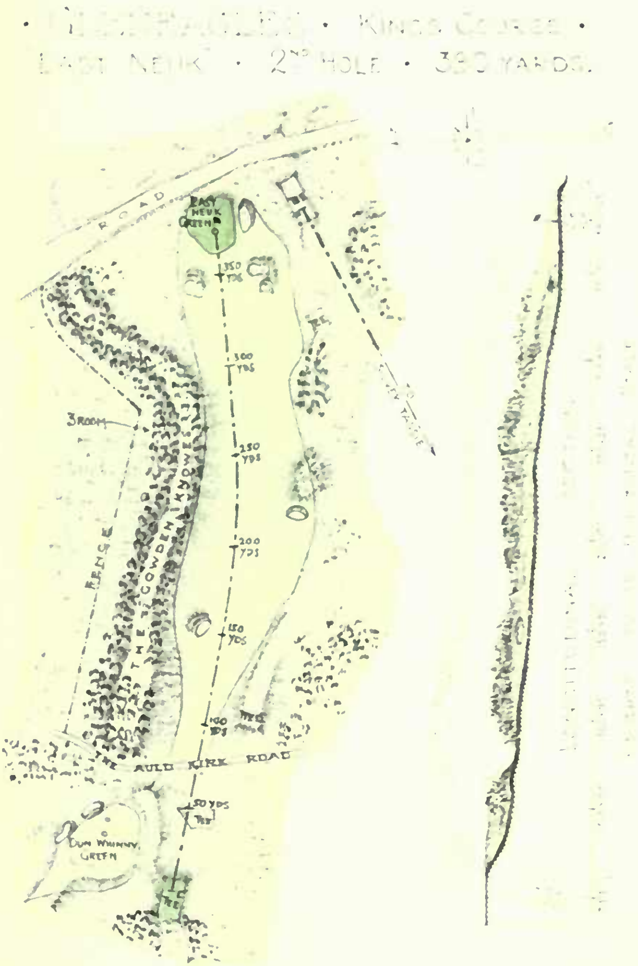

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It has been spoken of as having the qualities that attach to the best holes on the leading seaside courses with the added attraction of an individuality exclusively its own. The green is blind from the ordinary tee but magnificently in view from the advanced tee. It should be noted that the ground falls towards the green which lies at a level about 63 feet below the tee. In driving off you will do well to take the short cut to the green by hugging the Gowden Knowes to the left of the fairway, as there is a transverse fall of the ground from left to right which, if the drive is long, proves helpful. With the wind against you, an advantage may be gained by placing the tee shot a little to the right, otherwise you may have to play a blind second, which is undesirable with the green so closely bunkered. Also you must be up. Ninety per cent. is the reckoning of second shots that are short at this hole. A good jigger, or iron shot, should put the ball well on the green, if the bunker to the left and the three to the right which guard it so well are properly respected. An overstrong shot may land you in difficulties behind the green, a danger which has to be specially kept in view. Braid is of opinion that two putts should be sufficient, and that more would be a superfluity.

THE THIRD HOLE—THE SILVER TASSIE.

Having now got into your stride—let us hope—you will find that the Silver Tassie calls for fresh artistry. It is a blind hole both for drive and approach, the only one of the kind on the course. The guiding post on the hill, however, indicates clearly the line the player must take. The green is hidden by the hill, the surmounting of which is made more formidable by the much spoken of Dougal Cratur bunker. Starting from the tee a bunker with a couple of wide pockets lies slightly to the right but within view. Drive confidently and you will get well beyond that danger. Sometimes it is found that a drive slightly to the right finds an easier stance for the second shot, which also

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THE DOUGAL CRATUR BUNKER ON THE SILVER TASSIE LINKS

it may be better to keep a little to the right of the guide post, as the fall of the green brings the ball round. A good spoon, cleek, or iron shot should take you to the green. It must be played boldly to carry the hill which is about 40 feet high. The Dougal Cratur bunker is about half way up the hill just above a spacious grassy hollow at the foot; it awaits the shot that has not quite sufficient elevation. The green lies about 40 feet above the level of the tee, a measure which, in this case, however, is no great criterion because of the intervening undulations. That will be more clearly realized by reference to the plan. The distance from the tee to the pin is 360 yards as the crow flies; but as the golf ball flies it may have another measurement varying according to

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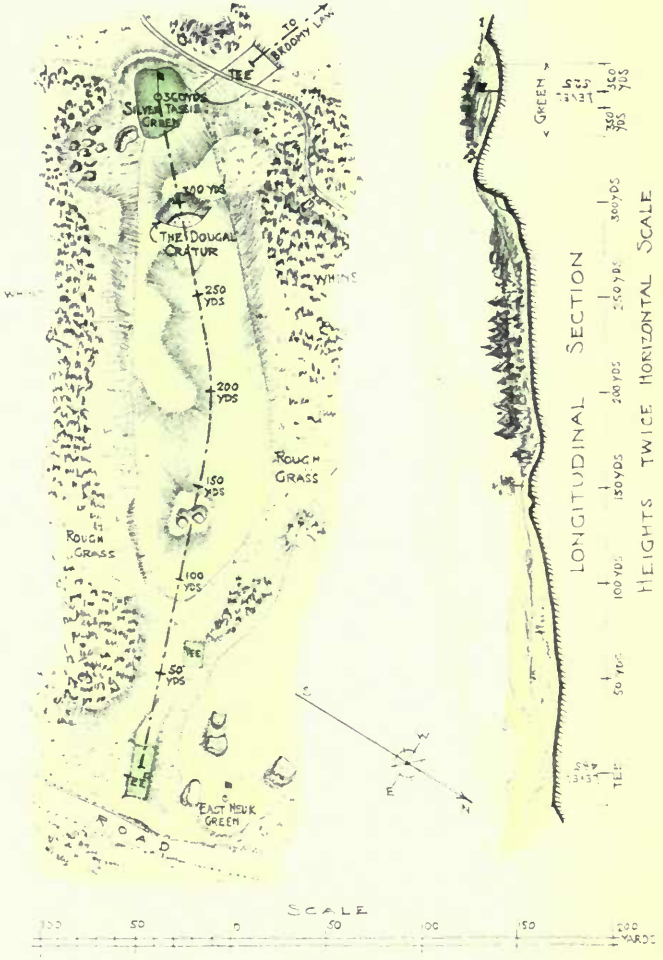
• GLENEAGLES • KING'S COURSE •

• SILVER TASSIE • 3RD HOLE • 360 YARDS •



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THE SILVER TASSIE GREEN

the circumstances. Although the green is in a hollow over the hill, the rising inclination of its surface and the ridge behind it are of assistance in the overstrong approach shot. If you exceed two putts here there is something amiss. But the probability is that, on so encouraging a surface, your putting will be what it is always desirable it should be—perfect!

THE FOURTH HOLE—THE BROOMY LAW.

Examination of the plan of the Broomy Law will immediately suggest a hole that is full of wonderful interest and beauty, and the playing of it will happily enhance that impression. The fairway is a delightful expanse of ideal golfing country. It is in the form of an ascending valley

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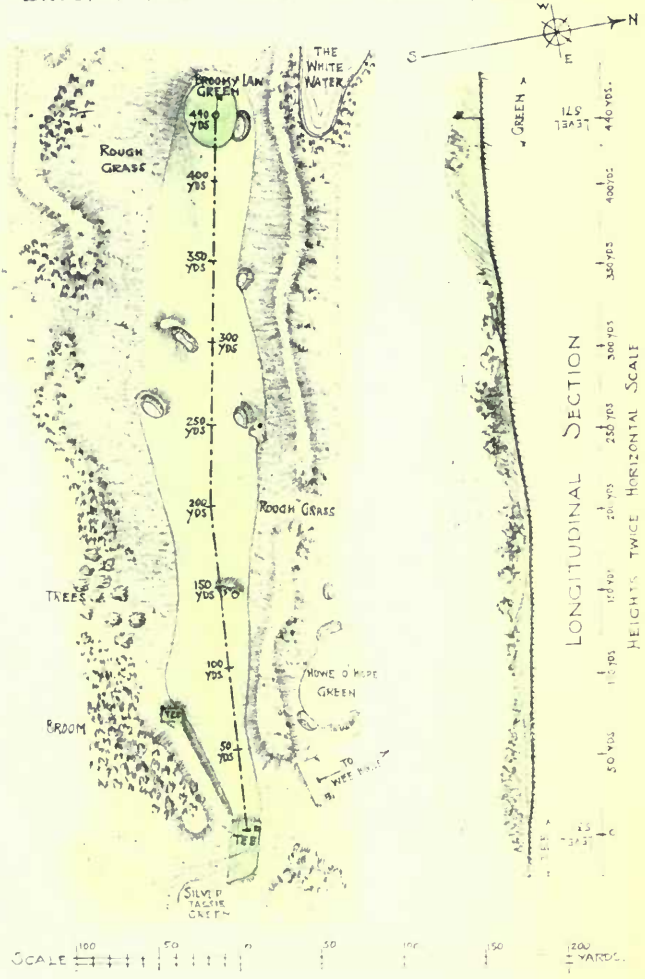
· GLENEAGLES · KING'S COURSE · BROOMY LAW · 4TH HOLE · 440 YARDS ·



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between two ridges, and is one of those which, in connection with the exhibition game or tournament, suggests a natural amphitheatre. There are bunkers to the right and the left, and the crest of the Broomy Law dominates the landscape. It is a long hole, not the longest on the course, but 440 yards of good going. Braid is of opinion that if it is played properly you may gain a stroke under bogey which is scheduled at six. A long straight drive is required to pass the double bunker about 150 yards from the tee. This bunker seems to trouble a good many players, and is the subject of much criticism because of its location and distance from the tee. It is comforting to note that if you diverge from the straight, the semi-rough extends well up the slope on each side of the valley. There are, however, eight bunkers to be avoided, seven on the fairway and one guarding the green to the right. If the wind be against you keep to the left with your drive from the tee, and follow with a brassie shot which must be straight to escape being penalised. A short pitch should then find the green. The approach is a little narrow on a rising slope with a " rough " hollow on the left and a bunker and ridge to the right. The pronounced rise near the green has been known to disconcert players, but adroit handling of the club and sound judgment will successfully serve you. Having reached the green, which, by the way, is 40 feet higher than the tee, Braid grants the indulgence of two putts.

Just a final word to encourage carefulness. Beware of pulling your second. There is some rough country on the left.

THE FIFTH HOLE—THE HET GIRDLE.

The Het Girdle is one of the " wee " ones and one of the " kittle " ones. The tee with its triple projections in echelon form has behind it the White Water, a little loch with reeds swaying in the wind and bright with the white fleecy flower of the Cotton Grass. It may be that you will raise a lone heron from the banks or startle a covey of wild duck or other

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· GLENEAGLES · KINGS COURSE ·

· HET GIRDLE · 5TH HOLE · 145 YARDS ·

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water fowl from the shelter of the reeds. The plan of this hole makes an interesting study. The length is but 145 yards. It can be done in two—a most encouraging possibility when we take into account the allowance of three, which Braid gives. You drive across a depression on to a rising plateau that is a sort of pocket edition of Table Mountain, but which is actually only 5 feet above the level of the tee. It is the low intervening ground which gives it the appearance of greater altitude. The green is expansive—approximately 48 yards long by 25 yards wide—and yet your ball has a tantalising way of missing it at times and at other times, having reached it, of occasionally rolling off. This is due to the configuration of the surrounding ground and the natural timidity that may be created by the sight of water hazards on either side. On the left hand there is the Devil's Dip, and on the right the Deep Sea, so that you are "between the devil and the deep sea" right enough. But all that is required is an accurate iron or mashie shot, which, however, you must play courageously, for over and above these hazards there is trouble on the slopes all round, and special danger awaits a shot ever so slightly pulled. Get on the green, by hook or by crook, remembering that the rising inclination retards an overstrong effort. A sense of keen satisfaction remains with all who play this hole as it can be played. While admittedly tricky, it is at once attractive and distracting and gives the expert, or he who fain would so be classed, every opportunity of gaining distinction.

THE SIXTH HOLE—BLINK BONNIE.

From a short hole you go to the longest—Blink Bonnie. The distance man whose best friends are his wooden clubs gets his chance here, for the length is 455 yards. It is a splendid test for really long hitting, but it must be straight hitting. It is a blind shot from the tee, and you must have regard to the two slight ridges that cross the fairway and see to it that your shot carries tolerably high. You get a fine view of the green as you near the second ridge. A good brassie shot

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BLINK BONNIE GREEN

should put the ball on the green, which is well guarded. There are five bunkers between the tee and the green and one to the right of the green. The difference of level between the tee and the green is 15 feet, the latter in this case being the lower. On no account must your second shot be pulled. If it is, the ball lands in a valley some 20 feet below the green, and the player will be lucky who gets out with a loss of one stroke. Also, the well placed bunkers worry the slicer. The green has consolation for those who may have come to grief at the previous hole ; it has a saucer rim behind that helps to keep the ball within proper putting distance. But that may not mean one putt ; Braid allows two. When you have holed out and are on the way to the next tee, it will be a wonder if you are not entranced with the glorious landscape in every direction. Specially fine is the wide panorama of Stirlingshire with the shining waters of Carsebreck Loch in the middle distance and the proud peak of lofty Ben Lomond on the horizon.

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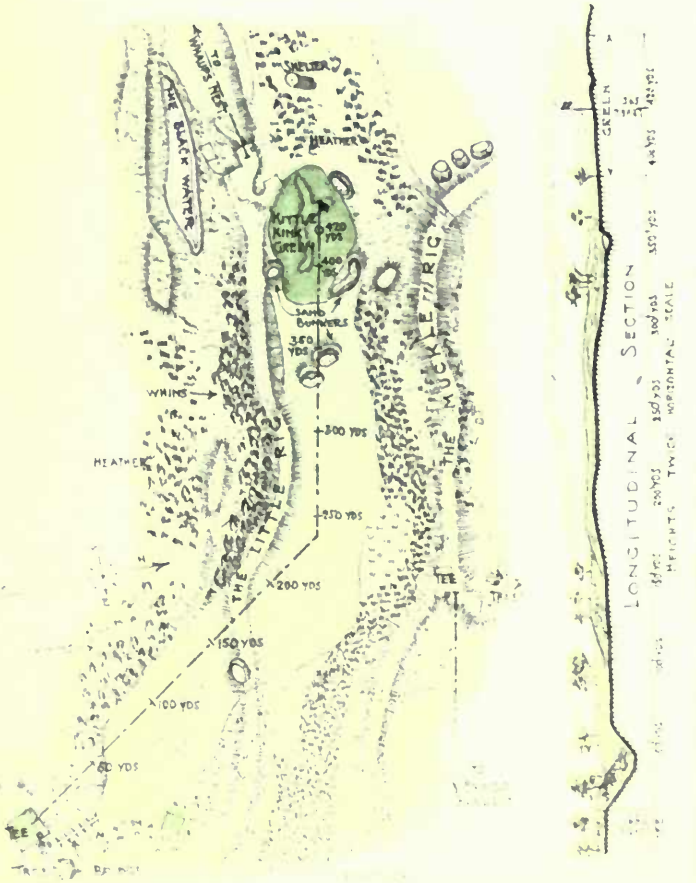
• GLENEAGLES • KINGS COURSE •

• KITTLE KINK • 7TH HOLE • 420 YARDS •



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THE SEVENTH HOLE—THE KITTLE KINK.

The Kittle Kink is a real left hand dog-leg hole—the most decided of its kind at Gleneagles. It is 420 yards in length and there is a rise in level of 6 feet from tee to green. You drive from high ground across a rough declivity spanned by the Beeches Brig, a quaint rustic structure that takes its name from the group of fine beech trees to the right. The declivity—it is immediately in front of the tee—is the hazard that traps a topped drive, but a long drive should take you over the Little Rig that lies ahead—a fine carry from the tee. A brassie, or cleek shot, is all that should then be required to reach the green, because the second half of the fairway is of close cropped heather and grass that has a way of teeing your ball and giving it a perfect lie for a full stroke. As will be seen from the plan, the Muckle Rig is now the boundary to the right and the Little Rig to the left, the latter having a bunker almost at the bend to punish the tee shot that may be ever so slightly sliced. Your second shot must not be pulled or the ball will land in a deep ravine. The narrow port for the approach does not favour a run-up ; you must play a lofted shot to avoid the bunkers, one of which, stretching right across the fairway, calls for judgment and accuracy. The green, somewhat unique in its character, extends to fully half an acre in area, and is one of the largest of the eighteen. It has the appearance of being a miniature of the whole course. A pronounced serpentine ridge running through it calls for special judgment, although Braid regarding it with characteristic equanimity allows two putts and no more.

THE EIGHTH HOLE—THE WHAUP'S NEST.

Another short hole now adds its fascination to the round, and it is well named the Whaup's Nest. The tee stands high above a little loch—or " lochan " as it is called in Scotland—known as the Black Water. This is a hazard that occasionally exercises a hypnotic influence, but play confidently and you need have no fear. You can judge to a

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THE WHAUP'S NEST

nicety where to place your ball, for the green is in clear view, and if you fail to reach it the fault is yours. The play is over a heathery foreground in and over and down a narrow gully extending from tee to green—a length of about 155 yards with a fall of 24 feet or 17 feet depending on which of the principal tees you play from. A good jigger, or iron shot, must be played accurately. Two bunkers to the left near the green spell possible disaster, and you have also to remember that any timidity may find for your ball a watery grave. Good judgment will gain for you a three, and at this stage of the game such a figure is helpful.

A word of caution. The iron shot must be played accurately, and if there is a head wind the majority of players—to which you may belong—require the longest club in the bag.

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THE NINTH HOLE—THE HEICH O' FASH.

The surroundings of the Heich o' Fash are typical of the Highlands. They are such as any artist of keen perception might choose for an ideal impression of Highland scenery. The green stands on a plateau, 17 feet below the level of the tee, at the end of a pleasing fairway 350 yards in length, bounded by a heathery ridge on the left and by an occasional beech or rugged pine tree on the right. The fine contours of the ground add variety to the demands made on the player, and the hole is a ticklish one. A good drive is necessary, with perhaps a slight pull, but "don't slice." is Braid's warning. Follow with a mashie shot, which must be played courageously and with accuracy. Two yawning bunkers immediately in front of the green have ruined quite a number of medal rounds. It does not pay to "tease" them; they are exceedingly difficult to get out of. Do not, however, allow

THE HEICH O' FASH GREEN

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thought of that to disturb you. Finish with two putts and all is well. If you fail, you may seek to blame, at least in a measure, the distracting influence of the scenic magnificence of the background of the green, but such distraction is not without its own compensations.

THE TENTH HOLE—THE WESTLIN' WYNE.

By way of proving that the ingenuity of man can keep your interest in the course fresh from the first tee to the last green, the Westlin' Wyne has been so planned, on the basis of Nature's original design, as to make it a distinct variant on the nine holes that have preceded it. On the right of the fairway the line of beautiful beech trees suggests the "park" course of the stately homes of England, while looking to the left and in front you are fascinated by glorious views of the Highland hills. The length is 430 yards, and there are about 50 yards of heather and rough grass in front of the tee. Heather is also a danger to the right of the fairway and, as the plan indicates, a declivity to the left has to be avoided. It is highly improbable that any of these hazards will dismay you. The combination of difficulties indeed serves to spur

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you on to finer endeavour, for you are now on the turn and can reckon up what is expected of you. Obviously you must drive far and sure. There is trouble if you fail. You must "carry" the rough and keep on the direct route, for if you stray from it there is a bunker that positively welcomes the shot that is too much to the left. Yet you are in a commanding position if you keep to the straight path, and a long brassie shot should land you comfortably on the green — a green of beautiful undulations about 6 feet below the level of the tee. If, when there, you take more than two putts you deserve censure. One might be sufficient; and should fortune, or good play, so favour you, there is every likelihood that you will face the next hole—the Deil's Creel—with cheerful equanimity despite the ominous import of its name.

THE ELEVENTH HOLE—THE DEIL'S CREEL.

Once again a short hole—the Deil's Creel—ensconced in heather where grouse are wont to gather and where the golfer may feel like grasping the gun rather than the golf club when he raises a covey as he frequently does in the season. To reach the tee you turn sharply at right angles to the North, and walking across the little Pass o' Pinkie you have a more decided feeling that you are now on the homeward trek. The Deil's Creel hazards, as the plan shows, are many. There is heathery rough in front of the tee and heathery bunkers in

GROUSE IN HEATHER AT THE DEIL'S CREEL

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the middle of the fairway, but it is the formidable bunkers near the green that impress you. The player who doubts his ability to reach the green—10 feet above the level of the tee—with his tee shot is best advised to make sure of "carrying" the two bunkers in the middle of the fairway, and play short where it will be comparatively easy to pitch on to the green and cheat the bunkers guarding it. But "take heed to yourself for the Devil is unchained"! Braid, however, without any sense of foreboding, simply demands a good iron shot from the tee with the slightest cut or pull according to the position of the hole, that being all that is necessary to gain for you position on the green for two putts and a bogey three. There is a Scots proverb that "the Deil is kindly to his ain." If you do well at this hole there may be deep reasons.

THE TWELFTH HOLE—THE TAPPIT HEN.

With the Lanely Dell on the left and the fine prospect in front the Ochil Hills and Craig Rossie prominent in the picture—you are once again impressed by the beauty of the landscape. The view from the Tappit Hen fairway is notably

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fine, and the hole itself most attractive. Here again study of the plan is helpful. With the Muckle Rig crossing at right angles, and its numerous bunkers massed like an opposing army in ancient battle array, one must conquer the heights above the plain to get a glimpse of the flag 395 yards from the tee. Anything under four for the conqueror brings him into the category of golfers whose play deserves respect. A long drive is required to carry the ridge. It is 160 yards distant. Then a good brassie shot should put the ball on the green. With an adverse wind it pays to play to the left, as it opens the hole. If there be a following wind a long shot over the guide post will leave you within a mashie or light iron shot of the green, where one putt might occasionally satisfy even though it may have to be a long one. Such play will beat " the bogey man " because the green is flat compared with the others, and presents less difficulty to the " putter " on the true line. The Tappit Hen green is verily a " green of velvet," 6 feet below the level of the tee, notwithstanding that it is the highest on the course. It lies 596 feet above the level of the sea, nestling in front of the fir crested Tappit Hen Hill which, being 614 feet above the level of the sea, is the point of highest altitude on the golf course. From this green all the way to the home green the play is on the descent.

THE THIRTEENTH HOLE—BRAID'S BRAWEST.

Named after our imperturbable adviser—a happy compliment to the great golfer to whose experience as a player and to whose knowledge as a designer the Gleneagles Course owes so much—Braid's Brawest, as the name implies, is one of the best. With the Heuch o' Dule as the northern boundary and the Muckle Rig on the right, you drive from a high tee of échelon form down a magnificent fairway towards the pleasingly placed plateau green about 435 yards away and 16 feet below the level of the tee. Your drive must be far and sure, because a bunker bearing the becoming title Auld Nick—anglicé the Devil—awaits the ball that just fails to carry Auld

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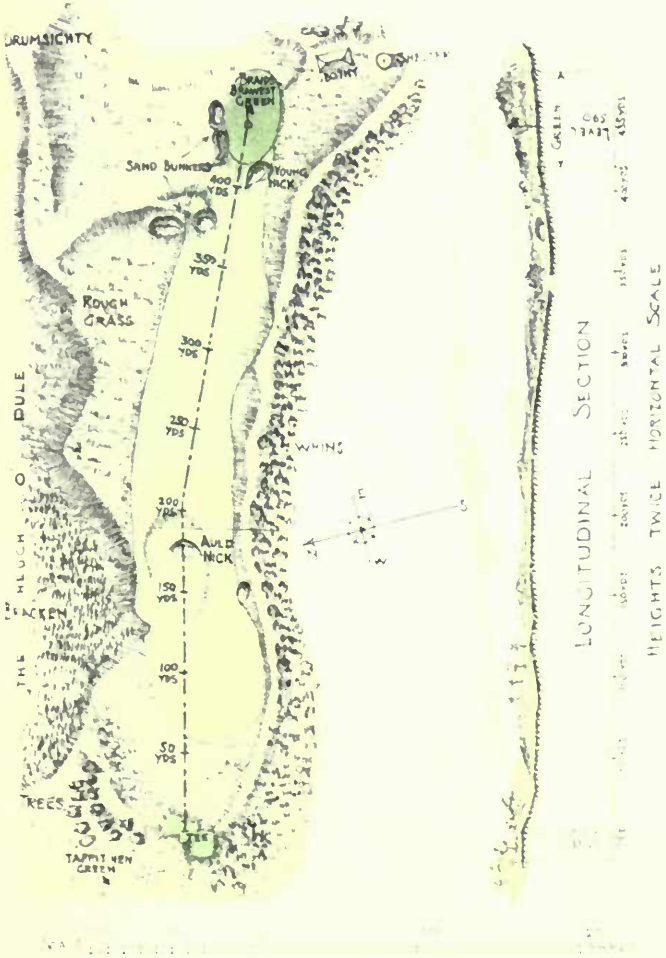
• GLENEAGLES • KING'S COURSE •

• BRAIDS BRAWEST • 13TH HOLE • 435 YARDS •



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BRAID'S BRAWEST GREEN

Nick Brae. Many a player would fain fill up that bunker! To do so, however, would greatly lessen interest from the tee. Experts are agreed that a bunker with a "draw" into it is often more serviceable than a large sandy waste. Auld Nick has a way of catching any stroke that is off the straight path, and it also draws into its clutches any ball that may land from 8 to 10 yards short of it, while if a ball fails to carry over the hill it will probably run back 8 yards and be in trouble. Escape such trouble, however, and a long brassie shot may reach the green. But beware of the seductive bunker known as Young Nick which guards the green on the right. Young Nick will catch a ball that is not hit with sufficient strength—"Even if the ball land 8 yards to the left of it," says Braid. We may presume once more that you have gained "the length" desired and have got

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well up near the pin. Two putts may perhaps be required, because the green—nestling among the howes and knowes—although presenting a magnificent surface is large and somewhat undulating.

THE FOURTEENTH HOLE—THE DENTY DEN.

To the left of the tee to the Denty Den we have the Hielan' Line, the prominent height of which is Drumsichty, another coign of vantage in the landscape view, 611 feet above the level of the sea. We do well to note the "hill of sight" in passing, for probably we shall return to climb it and enjoy the glorious panorama. Playing from the tee it is the elite only who reach the green with their drive, because it is 245 yards away. The hole, as the plan shows, has the appearance of being played on the ascent, although the green is actually 9 feet below the level of the tee. The disposition of the

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bunkers is remarkable. A triumvirate on " the breist o' the brae " that stretches across the fairway to the White Water face you formidably. And two to the left of the green present penalties no less great—to those who will not realise the eternal fitness of things and make the best of opportunity. The ideal shot under normal conditions of wind should be played to the right with a slight pull—but do not play to the right and slice, even ever so little, or disaster will overtake you. It is not given to all to reach the green in one, but " the player who holes out in three can walk to the next tee well satisfied with himself," at least so says Braid. On the other hand, players who even emulate Colonel Bogey will be delighted. Surely there is no finer view from any green on any golf course than the " gem of Scottish Straths " from the Denty Den looking towards Perth.

THE FIFTEENTH HOLE—THE HOWE O' HOPE.

Finer encouragement than is given to players at the Howe o' Hope could not be imagined, and at no stage of the game is it likely to be more welcome. Playing from an elevated tee your first impression may be that with the Hell's Holes bunkers menacing you on the lower level ahead you are in an awkward position It is not really so. They simply provide interest and demand a reasonable standard of golf. The specially fine fairway beyond—a wide expanse of glorious turf—actually makes the 445 yards from tee to pin seem quite a short distance, the reason being that you are playing downhill and adding distance to every long shot. The fall from the tee to the green is

THE HOWE O' HOPE TEE

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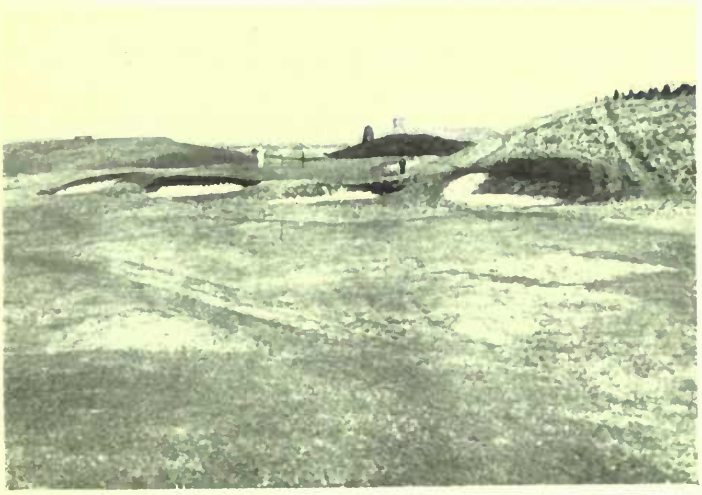
indeed most marked, the measure of it being about 63 feet. There are, of course, hazards beyond the fearsome Hell's Holes; a deep morass lies well to the left, and round about the green there are six bunkers that show no respect for any shot that may be loosely played. Yet despite all dangers, the keynote of this hole is the "hope that springs eternal." The green, as the plan indicates, is large, and a long second can reach it. If, however, a third should be nearer your strength you may make amends by putting with precision. The green will lend you every assistance, and it will be your own fault if you exceed the bogie score, fixed by Braid at five.

THE SIXTEENTH HOLE—THE WEE BOGLE

The Wee Bogle is the shortest hole on the course. It would be a terrible mistake to think it the easiest. It is a truly sporting shot from the tee. There are bunkers to right, bunkers to left, and bunkers in front all by



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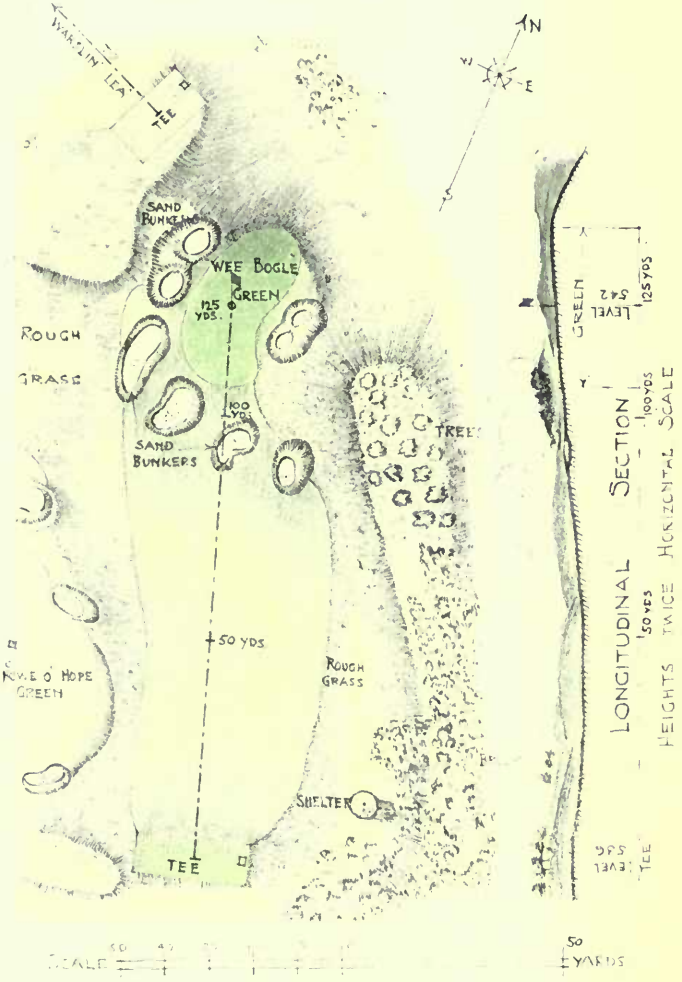
· GLENEAGLES · KING'S COURSE ·

· WEE BOGLE · 16TH HOLE · 125 YARDS ·



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way of making plain the accepted truth that troubles never come singly. The green is 125 yards distant from the tee and 6 feet higher. It is just a plateau green in a sharp depression in the Highland Line. Clear the honeycomb of bunkers and you are all right, but fail and ——! You may discover that a temporary melancholy has marked you for its own. A skilful mashie pitch lands you safely on the green. Examination of the plan will convince you that the shot must be played correctly; there is no room for a run-up. You must pitch. Otherwise a ball on the true line escaping the bunkers but having impetus is bound to reach the grassy slope behind the green and quickly roll to trouble—"down among the dead men." But on the green in one should ensure the bogey three. By many players the Wee Bogle is regarded as one of the most difficult holes on the course. Some of the "talent" even say it is unfair. But why? The bunkers being within sight of the tee can be taken seriously—they need not be trifled with. And although the depression at the back of the green cannot possibly be seen from the tee, it is known to be there, and the restraint that attaches to skill will always be rewarded.

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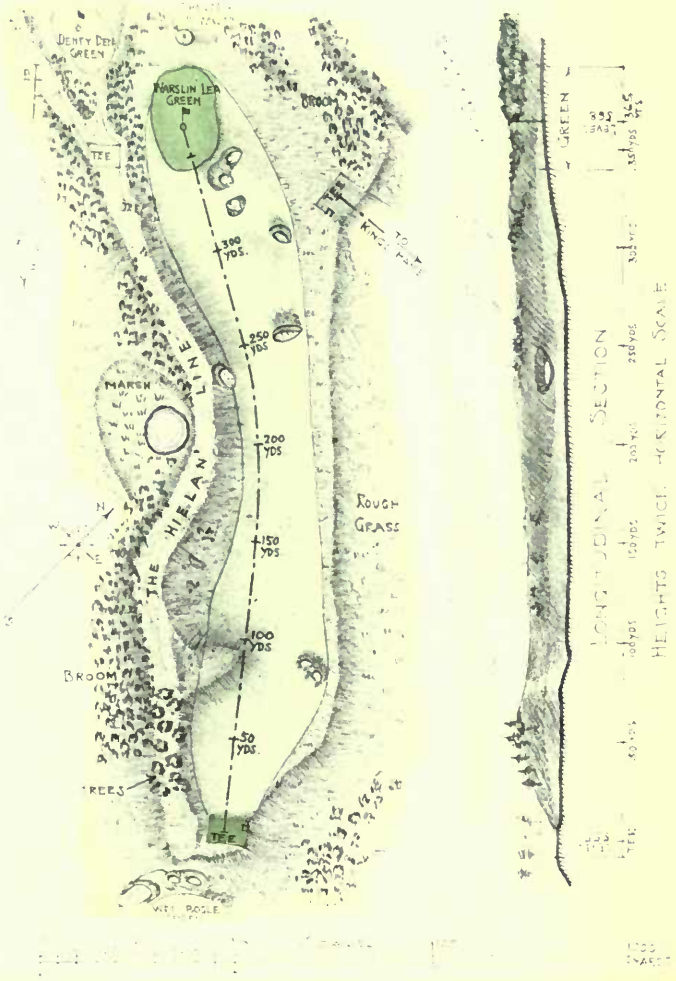
GLENEAGLES. KING'S COURSE

MARSLIN LEA • 17TH HOLE • 365 YARDS



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THE SEVENTEENTH HOLE—THE WARSLIN' LEA.

In all the keenest games the hole before the last is perhaps the real test of accurate and well matched golf. It is frequently on the seventeenth that the game is lost and won. And it is a no less interesting hole when the bye is being decided. 'The Warslin' Lea is somewhat of a dog-leg to be played carefully by most when there is much at stake. How should it be played? Drive hugging the Hielan' Line on the left, or out into the middle of the fine fairway which—strange as it may appear—Nature has made the narrowest on the course, and which happy circumstance was taken full advantage of in the scheming of the course. It is imperative that players should "keep on the carpet." A first shot deflected too much to the left or to the right will not be favourably placed for the second. Although even minute examination of the plan may not clearly convey the fact, a slight bend and the height of the Hielan' Line at the narrow neck about the middle of the fairway hide the green from the tee. On the other hand a ball properly placed by a skilful drive will enable the player to obtain a clear view of the pin for the second shot. A good cleek, or iron shot, for the second should, in Braid's opinion, reach the green, which is 365 yards from the tee and about 13 feet above it. Anything short in distance is almost certain to find a bunker. But opinions vary as to the best play of this fine hole. The problem in approaching the green is whether to take advantage of the Hielan' Line on the left, and, running the risk of finding the rough, get the roll on to the green, or play straight for the green risking a short shot landing your ball in one of the bunkers which so effectually guard it. Braid's advice to go "all out" for the clean straight second shot on to the green, being the professional view, must be regarded with full respect. It admits of no finesse if "the Colonel" is to be matched, because you are expected to hole out with two putts at the most. It has been said that the Warslin' Lea is the finest seventeenth hole of its kind on any

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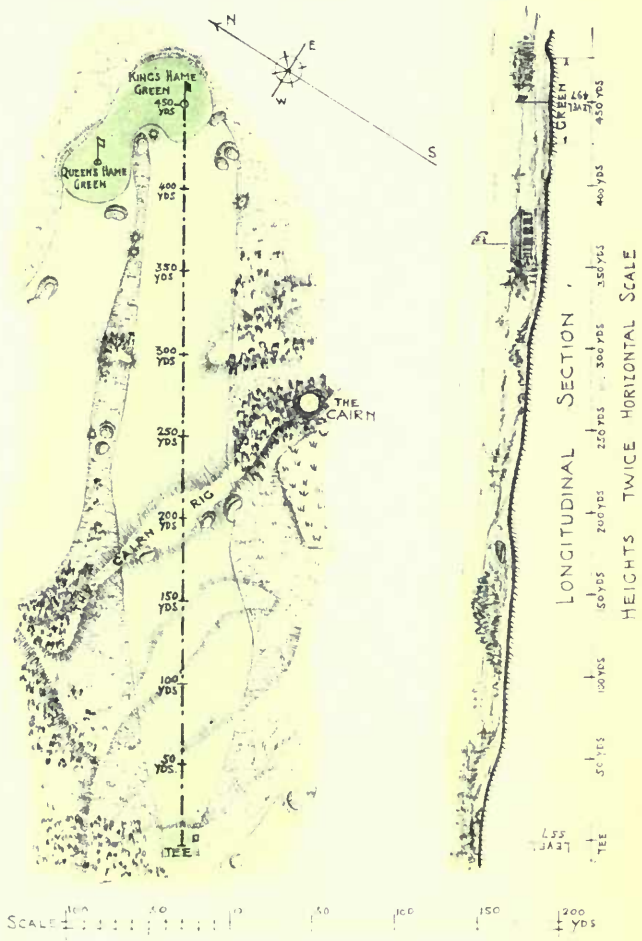
· GLENEAGLES · KING'S COURSE ·
· "KING'S HAME" · 18TH HOLE · 450 YARDS ·



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golf course. The statement is a bold one, but may be true because many of the great golfers have endorsed it.

THE EIGHTEENTH HOLE—THE KING'S HAME.

And now for the last hole!—the King's Hame. Here Nature has planned a surprise for you by adding with generous hand some of the breadth taken from the Warslin' Lea, and also imparting a pleasing descent to the fairway in order to make the King's Hame, though last, by no means the least of the eighteen. A dip in the Cairn Rig, which forms the highest of two intervening transverse ridges, allows you to see the home flag, and while noting its position you realise the fine feeling of freedom with which this hole is meant to be played. In driving from the elevated tee you do so with delightful abandon over the broad expanse of inviting turf with scarce a thought for the flanking banks of broom and the small bunker to the left (see the plan). We may presume that

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RAY ON THE KING'S HAME

inspired by the magnificence of the fairway and its surroundings, you have done yourself justice by "carrying" the Rig and the three bunkers on its face. Your best drive for the day! You may then go forward jauntily, and, pausing at the crown of the Rig, look down on the remainder of the fairway with the Club-House to the left and the green — 60 feet below the level of the tee—straight in front. And in doing so you will in all probability not escape experiencing a thrill at sight of the captivating landscape beyond, and the realisation that though your present purpose be but to cover the 450 yards between the tee and the pin there are "hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth." Your second, a long brassie shot, should give you the chance of either a run-up or a long putt to lie dead for a four. Braid adds that five will not lose often. Try hard for the four, and "may guid luck guide ye." Of course you will take count of the bunkers at the green, but you cannot well go wrong because the breadth of the fairway continues to the end, and the green is a green of greens; it is really two in one, a kind of super green.

Surely there could be no finer last hole anywhere; it forms a fitting finish to a glorious round.

. . . . . .

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You have now finished your game on the King's Course and may rest—let us hope it may be on your laurels!—at the Club-House. Further pleasure awaits you; there is the Queen's Course to claim your interest, and it is seldom that players linger longer in the Club-House than will permit of their enjoying another round, nine-holes this time, and a truly wonderful nine.

THE QUEEN'S COURSE

In the appreciation of Gleneagles by golfers of standing there is singular unanimity in the opinion that excellent as the King's Course is the Queen's Course is in no way inferior. The only variation of opinion—it is really cheerful controversy—is as to which may ultimately prove the more popular. The Queen's Course is shorter than the King's Course. Its general proportions are also less, but in their comparatively miniature scale they present a variety of interest and a daintiness of appeal that charms all golfers. For the present the Queen's Course is limited to nine holes and a total length of about 2,505 yards; fully 500 yards shorter than either half of the King's Course. An eighteen hole course could have been laid out—there is ample room—but the desirability of having something in reserve was kept in view. This

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CANADIAN PLAYERS ON THE QUEEN'S COURSE

policy permits of future issues being properly studied and fresh suggestions carefully examined. Some say the Queen's Course should be kept a nine hole course; others suggest that it should be made a dainty eighteen hole course. As it is it is admirable; but in no sense can it be called a relief course—a designation that almost invariably suggests inferiority. Its attractiveness makes it wonderful beyond question. Its difficulties make it fascinating to the very best of players. All find it a rare test for their mettle. In certain respects it differs from the King's Course. The "rough" is somewhat sterner stuff and some of the hazards are of water, so that the lie of the land has to be more carefully judged than is sometimes necessary on the King's Course. That, however, is an advantage because it gives the sporting character which is so alluring but which is not always found on a nine hole course. To indicate other characteristics

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might perhaps spoil the pleasing surprise that awaits golfers in the discovery that at Gleneagles there are two courses of supreme quality. A good arrangement, if you are bent on enjoying a fine day's golf, is to play over both courses. Such a day makes demands on a skill more varied than has perhaps to be exercised on any other course in the kingdom. The constant and pleasurable change when taken into account, with the sense of quality that adds piquancy to play, makes it charming at all times, but doubly so when, as in the present instance, you have Braid to advise you and to help towards full realisation of anticipatory hopes. If you desire to make the very most of your game you will do well to study the score card. Here is an exact reproduction of it :—

Score Card—Queen's Course.

Player.

Date. *19*

OUT and IN				Strokes	Holes
No.	NAME	Length in Yards.	BOGEY	Self / Opponent	Won / Lost / Halved
I	Tryster Tree	375	5		
II	Needle E'e	140	3		
III	Heather Bell	400	5		
IV	Warlock Knowe	340	4		
V	Witches' Bowster	170	3		
VI	Leddy's Am	200	4		
VII	Lovers' Gait	365	4		
VIII	Hinny Mune	190	4		
IX	Queen's Hame	325	4		
	TOTAL	2,505	36		
			HANDICAP		
RESULT—Holes Up / Down			RESULT—Strokes		

Marker's Signature

The card indicates what is expected of you in the matter of figures. It will be seen that the lengths of the holes are

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not such as to dismay you. Certainly their variety will charm you, and the daintiness is beyond dispute.

The plan gives a good idea of the relationship of the two courses and their character, and it will be helpful if you carefully examine it before you start on your round.

THE FIRST HOLE—THE TRYSTIN' TREE.

The Trystin' Tree is as pleasing a green as its name implies, and recalls nearly as many happy memories. Braid will tell you that it is the pick of the nine, and there are many golfers who say the same, although others join issue and express distinct preference otherwise. Where all are attractive choice is difficult. The hole is blind from the tee and somewhat of a dog-leg. As will be seen from the plan it curves to the left. In the play Braid advises you to drive straight across the depression between the Deuk Dubs and the Auld Quarry—both water hazards—to the middle of the fairway, placing the ball in such a position that the green will lie in full view for the second shot. The green is 375 yards from the tee, so that with the first shot favourable, a good cleek or iron shot for the second should get you very near to the flag if you play for the pleasing port formed by the spinney of fir trees on the left and the bunker which has been placed to guard the green on the right. Either shot, if not straight, is sure to be punished, because all the way there is on the left the ditch alongside the spinney, and on the right the heath and the heather " rough " of the aeroplane landing ground. If you are timorous you may keep well to the right and thus avoid the fir tree spinney in your second shot—with the risk of other difficulties—but " faint heart never won fair lady," and it is better to play the game. The green, which is about 38 feet above the level of the tee, is beautifully undulating, and lies sweetly located behind the spinney in a setting of heather and grassy slopes near the tree which gives it its name. A bogey five is generous. A four is not a remote possibility. This hope makes an inspiring beginning, and at this early stage of the game it is just as well to have a stroke in hand—if you can get it.

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THE NEEDLE E'E GREEN

THE SECOND HOLE—THE NEEDLE E'E.

To test your short game the Needle E'e affords all that is necessary. It is a plateau green 140 yards distant from the tee and about 6 feet above it. There are three bunkers on the face of the plateau which, if you are troubled with nerves, loom up large. It takes a sure hand and a true eye to clear them, or circumvent them, but their presence makes the hole doubly worth playing. Before reaching them, however, you have to pass between the trees which suggest the Needle E'e, and in endeavouring to clear first the trees and then the bunkers you must see to it that you do not overdrive the green and get in the gorse beyond which is synonymous with serious trouble. Braid sums up the effort here by advising that the shot should be a mashie shot, and that, if you have "the honour" and put your ball on the green

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you can await with equanimity anything your opponent may attempt. The Needle E'e has been threaded in two, but if you get near the pin in two and get down in three you do well, for that is on equality with bogey.

THE THIRD HOLE—THE HEATHER BELL.

The Heather Bell, with its plateau green on the horizon approached by the long and wide fairway, running through heath and heather on a uniformly ascending gradient, is very attractive as viewed from the tee. " Greens sae grassy i' the heather muirs " well describes the *tout ensemble*. The green is on an eminence at the summit of the gradually rising ground 400 yards away from the tee and about 33 feet above it. The hazards are skilfully placed. They look simple, but they are not to be despised. An open ditch all the way on the right — between the fairway and the muir — also banks of gorse and grass on the left give warning to players to keep on " the pretty "—for so this fine fairway may be termed. Then again the knolls in the middle near the starting point meant to be played over, and the bunkers further ahead on the right, placed to trap the sliced ball,

A WELL-KNOWN AMATEUR ON THE HEATHER BELL

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with two more on the line of play in front of the green, to give interest to the approach shot, are all suggestive of the restraining hand that is characteristic of Colonel Bogey.

But Braid says, "Broad is the way, play with abandon, you're as free as the wind." Delightful advice you will say, and, when you see the spot, you will doubtless endeavour to follow it. Played on the true line, a long drive and a good brassie shot should place the ball satisfactorily at the summit, and with a pitch on to the plateau, two putts will enable you to cry quits with the "Colonel."

THE FOURTH HOLE—THE WARLOCK KNOWE.

The Warlock Knowe is the furthest out hole on the Queen's Course. Starting from the tee you still find heathery muirland to the right, an attractive broomy rig to the left and, 340 yards ahead, the invitingly large undulating green in a setting of broom and heather with the loch on the left below. It has the appearance of being a plateau green, and is in a measure of that character relatively to the foregreen, although it is actually 5 feet below the level of the tee. You will do well to note carefully the double dip of the fairway in front of the green, which, being in the form of a delightful billowy surface, checks the ball lacking the requisite elevation. Skirting the fairway on the right there is the winding road—no mean hazard—leading to the neighbouring Roman Camp at Ardoch and divided from the fairway by a wire fence which, if the ball gets out of bounds, is troublesome to negotiate. From the tee to the green about half-a-dozen bunkers have to be reckoned with, and while none are to be despised, those most to be respected are the three which cunningly guard the green, because they are so placed as to penalise severely the second shot that is sliced or short. And the long steep slope on the left of the plateau on which the green is situated should be kept in mind because it presents full possibilities of disaster. But difficulties are meant to be overcome, and there is no reason why any of those indicated should disturb

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your play or cool your ardour. Play accurately and, having made success your own, you may, perhaps because of the proximity of the road to the Roman Camp, quote gaily the words of the poet who, parodying Pope, wrote :—" And more true joy the ardent golfer feels than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels."

He goes well on the Warlock Knowe who, deriding danger, has a good drive and then with his second shot—an iron or a jigger—lays his ball on the green. In the event of your being bothered by a head wind it is safer to " bang " the second shot right up to the pin rather than to attempt a running shot, the entrance to the green being very narrow. With such play one putt will win or halve the hole, and, of course, reduce the bogey score by one, because Braid has fixed it at four.

THE WITCHES' BOWSTER

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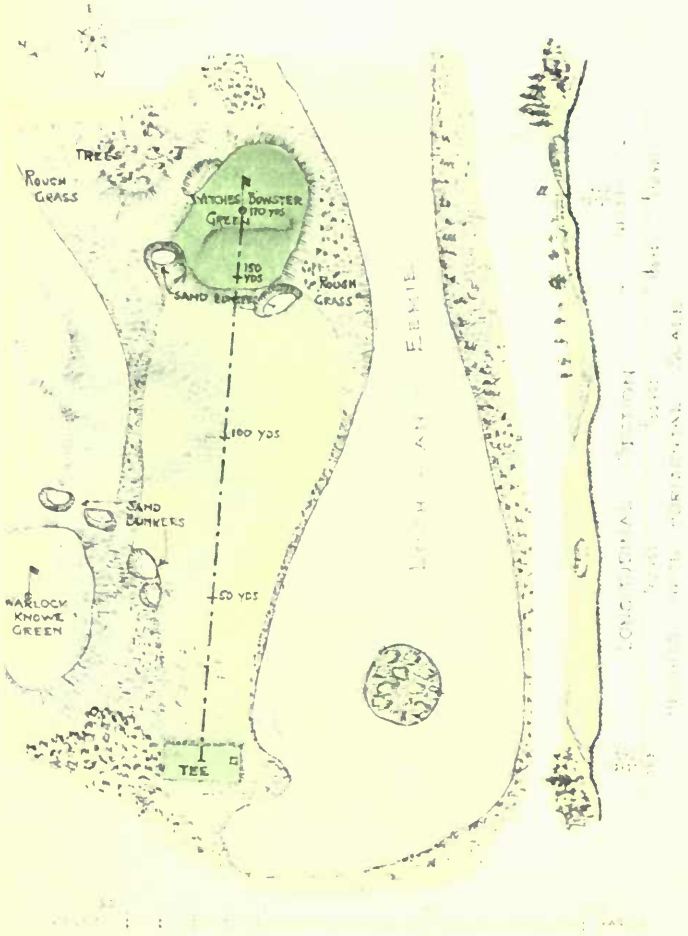
· GLENEAGLES · QUEEN'S COURSE ·
· WITCHES' BOWSTER · 5TH HOLE · 170 YARDS ·



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THE FIFTH HOLE—THE WITCHES' BOWSTER.

The Witches' Bowster is the turning point of the golfer's career on the Queen's Course. Hitherto the play has been westward, now it is eastward and the homeward journey commences. Throughout the entire extent—tee, fairway and green, a length of about 170 yards—we have on the right Loch-an-Eerie, a water hazard that is at once picturesque and distracting, while on the left there is a place for the short pulled ball in the " twa-fald " bunker on the slope of the Warlock Knowe. There is also a bunker on either side of the foregreen which in their relationship form a sort of port to the green that is pleasing and which provide punishment only to the negligent player. The green is delightfully perched above the loch, about 11 feet higher than the tee, nestling alongside a knowe to the left and ending on the right and behind in a steep broomy slope which leads right down to the water. At the tee there is a foreground of rushes which has to be played over, but even a moderately skilful iron or cleek shot played with confidence will free you of difficulty, while anything approaching a higher standard of accuracy will find you a place on the green. A sliced shot will land in the loch, while the shot played too strongly, if of such elevation as to clear the " Bowster," will have such a fate that if you take Braid's advice you will pick up your ball and walk to the next tee. Standing on the tee a bogie three seems easy, but the distraction of the loch sometimes seems to neutralise the attraction of the green. With the prevailing wind behind you a long iron shot pitching short of the " Bowster " and running up on to the green is clearly possible—a shot which, successfully played, will bring great joy to the skilful player—a typical St. Andrews' shot ! That the green is attractive cannot be gainsaid, by reason of its being on two levels, a peculiarity which adds interest to the tee shot and the putting.

THE SIXTH HOLE—THE LEDDY'S AIN.

At the Leddy's Ain you realise—perhaps for the first time—the value of the valley that separates the King's

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Course from the Queen's Course—the Heuch o' Dule. The "Heuch" is situated to the right of the fairway and, being hazardous in the extreme, due to its depth and heathery character and its capacity for dealing out "dule," it has for the ball a fascination that is almost uncanny. But it is an old and true saying that extremes often meet, and the contrast here is the beauty of the green—the Leddy's Ain; the rare, the charming! Nestling among knowes the green is about 8 feet below the level of the tee and about 200 yards distant from it. Its "sculpture" is superb, and Nature appears to have almost surpassed herself in the providing of a locus of such appropriate configuration and pleasing environment. And not the least of its attractions is the delightful foregreen in the form of a veritable sma' glen which, as seen from the tee, is so inviting to the player as to fully justify the pleasing nickname "her winning way." The tee is on a plateau commanding a fairway of closely cropped heather, and while there are bunkers guarding the green to the left for the pulled ball and the Heuch o' Dule hazard on the right for the ball that is sliced, a straight drive will land you on "her winning way," and with a run up and two putts you will hole out to Braid's satisfaction. This is as much as can be reasonably expected, because a bogey four does not allow of much to come and go on, and you have to play very well indeed to get in at that figure. A lesser score is uncommonly good golf. A powerful player can reach the green with his drive, but the stroke must be dead straight, or serious trouble will certainly result. This is an ideal hole to get a stroke back with a courageous and skilful shot.

THE SEVENTH HOLE—THE LOVERS' GAIT.

Laid in a north-easterly direction and running between two natural rigs, the fairway of the Lovers' Gait in its general configuration and pleasing undulation of surface, its natural hazards and excellent turf, has all the characteristics of the seaside as well as the countryside course, and in such

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THE LOVERS' GAIT

bountiful measure that you wonder if its peculiar attractiveness can be matched on any golf course in this or any other country. But apart from the golfing qualities there is opulence of landscape beauty which doubtless you will view "with a lover's eye" and, playing the game with a light heart, win the deserved reward. From tee to green measures about 365 yards, but with 29 feet of a fall and a uniform descent all the way to the green there need be no slogging, and you have the happy feeling that you are in no way "warslin'." In the play from the tee you drive over nearly a hundred yards of heathery ground and, avoiding the bunkers left and right and centre which, however, have no terrors for the skilful shot, you land—on "velvet"—in a delightful position for the second shot which may either be a mashie or a jigger, but the bunkers round the green must be avoided. In short, here again it is merely a matter of

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THE LOVERS' GATE GREEN

playing on the true line to get on the green with your second, where, putting with care, you will be down in four and record a score that even Braid thinks is excellent. The green is as fine as you could wish to see, and is a fitting finish to a famous fairway.

THE EIGHTH HOLE—THE HINNY MUNE

At first sight the Hinny Mune seems somewhat of an enigma, and closer inspection confirms the impression of mystery. Obviously unique it inspires a sense of awe, but it is full of interest and particularly fascinating to the golfer who can take his courage as well as his club in both hands. It is a short hole—only about 190 yards—but surely there was never one to which the old Scotch proverb "guid gear gangs into little bouk" could more aptly be applied. It is

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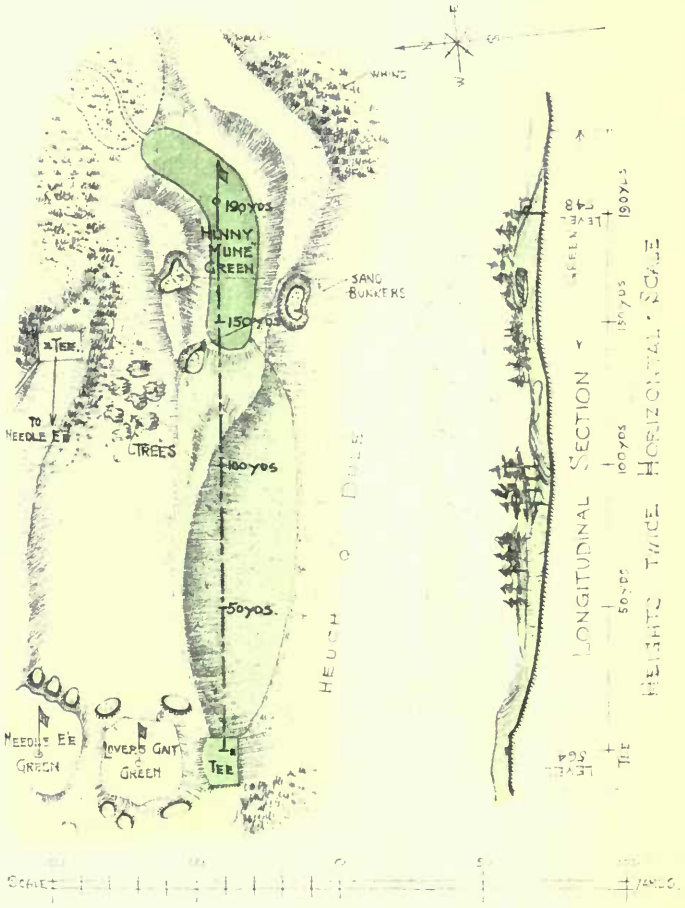
GLENEAGLES · QUEENS COURSE ·
"HINNY MUNE" · 8TH HOLE · 190 YARDS ·



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THE HINNY MUNE

a hole demanding the finest quality of golf which, however, with a bogey four, almost goes without saying. The tee and the fairway are bounded on the right by the Heuch o' Dule, while to the left there are fir trees and on both sides, bunkers near the green which add to the interest but effectively narrow the entrance. The fairway, which is known as the "Lovers' Loup"—the lovers' leap from the Lovers' Gait to the Hinny Mune—is really the northern slope of the Heuch o' Dule, and being severely side-lying, causes apprehension to the player from the tee by the possibility that the ball that is sliced, or that fails to reach the green, may roll down and down the declivity to "dule and wae." It was here that the timorous player in tantalising contemplation of his tee shot was told by his caddie in the Gleneagles vernacular: "Look weel afore ye loup and ye'll

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ken better whaur tae licht." The caddie had in his mind the green as well as the fairway because the green is no less uncommon and curious. It is crescentic in form—a sort of half moon—and lies between two grassy rigs which quickly curve round to the left to such an extent that standing at the one end you cannot see the other by reason of the curving rig blocking the view. The green must be seen to be fully appreciated, although study of the plan will in a measure convey its singular but pleasing character. It lies about 16 feet below the level of the tee, and in the play Braid's advice is similar to that of the caddie inasmuch as he suggests careful study of the fairway and the green before play. He advises a cleek or iron shot played boldly with just a tiny pull, so that, striking the slope of the rig on the right of the green, the ball will rebound, and, reaching the green, roll round towards the pin. If in doubt take the stronger club. The weak shot is apt to fall away to the right down the slope in a most provoking manner. The charm of successfully negotiating this hole is worth more in downright satisfaction than perhaps any other in the day's play, and if you outwit Colonel Bogey by holing out in less than his allowance of four you may be excused if you confide to your friends that the Hinny Mune is one of the most wonderful holes you have ever played.

THE NINTH HOLE—THE QUEEN'S HAME.

Leaving the Hinny Mune and walking to the Queen's Hame you meander through a young plantation "where twines the path," and reach the eminence overlooking the waters of the Deuk Dubs and the rippling cascade. What a golfing prospect! Across the water, spanned by a rustic footbridge, lies the expansive fairway, with the club-house and the bunkers and the birch trees on the left, terminating in the green which can be plainly seen 325 yards away. Part of the fairway is on the slope that rises from the water's edge, and it has a bunker that provides a deserved penalty for a drive that may be faulty in direction and fail to find

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the crest of the slope. But reaching the crest—it is easily reached—you have a clear way to the green and play advantageously on the descent because the green is about 31 feet lower than the tee. Braid counsels a good iron or mashie shot for the second, and if yours be really good you need not worry about the bunkers guarding the green for, as the old song says, "If you never trouble trouble, then trouble never troubles you." The Queen's Hame is linked to the King's Hame in happy harmony; the two are one, and yet in the configuration of the ground each is distinct. The splendid expanse of the combined greens makes putting a pleasure, and although only two putts on the Queen's Hame are required to satisfy Colonel Bogey there are players who putt more—possibly for practice.

. . . . . .

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THE DUKE OF ATHOLL PRESENTING GORDON LOCKHART WITH THE SCOTTISH AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP CUP AT GLENEAGLES, 1923

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You may hole out as a delighted winner or as a gallant loser, but in either case you will be satisfied that your round of this wonderful *multum in parvo* nine hole course has given you all that golf can give. The sterling qualities of the Queen's Course are certainly bound in a small volume but their value is never in doubt, and the binding is as dainty as you could desire. Diversified in interest, unique in character, the Queen's Course has won considerable renown. A leading professional has described it as "one of the finest courses of its kind in Europe." And there are golfers of the artistic temperament who, in a measure, parody a saying that is very old and very true, and describe it as being a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. There is no need for a better postscript.

. . . . . .

From time to time many important events in the golfing world have been decided at Gleneagles. Of these the most outstanding was the £650 Tournament promoted by the *Glasgow Herald* newspaper, whose splendid enterprise in this connection was quite in accordance with its fine tradition of progress, besides being a sign of the times. This Tournament, held in the month of May, 1920, was open to the World's players, and attracted all the leading professional golfers. As well as Great Britain, France and Spain were also represented, and many of the deciding rounds were of an international character. This greatly enhanced their interest and added to the enjoyment of the spectators. The final between George Duncan and Arnaud Massy was a rare sporting contest. We had in it the "Auld Alliance"—Scotland and France—in friendly and spirited rivalry, and it is pleasing to note that when Duncan was declared successful, the loser was accorded an ovation equally as hearty as that given to the winner. Some magnificent play was seen. Abe Mitchell had a wonderful round in 71, and at every stage of the contest there were thrills. The course, lending itself as it does to championship play, naturally increases the interest of any tournament, and as a rule has the

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happy way of leaving the ultimate issue in doubt until practically the last stroke is played.

The *Glasgow Herald* Tournament at Gleneagles was one of the biggest golfing events that has ever taken place, and the satisfactory arrangements made in connection with it, and the organisation of the tournament generally, were very favourably commented on by the newspaper press of the United Kingdom as well as by the Amateur and Professional golfers who took part in the play. Having regard to this, and the quality of distinction of the Course generally, there has been suggestion that sooner or later Gleneagles might be added to the rota of the Golf Courses on which the Open Championship is played. We shall see.

MR. A. M. SUTHERY CONGRATULATES DUNCAN ON WINNING THE "GLASGOW HERALD" £100 PRIZE AT GLENEAGLES, 1920

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THE POESY

GOLFERS, the world over, will readily admit that the significance of mere numbers as the accepted designation of the varied expanses for play on many golf courses is at the best weak and colourless. Yet, such is our habit of mind, we accept numbers without protest. We would be appalled at the thought of the counties of England and Scotland being known to us only in terms of figures, for where then would be the romance of, say, Devon if we merely thought of Devon as nine, or thirteen, or whatever number it might have been given? And what of Perthshire, and its glorious traditions, were it only a numeral? You have to think but for a moment and the loss we should sustain is manifest. The illustration may serve, however, to bring into sharper focus the value of place names and all that they stand for in romantic associations. Scotland can boast of place names that hold romance in every letter—Lennoxlove and Sweetheart Abbey are positively lyrical with old-world charm, and Little France awakens memories of the devoted French servants of Mary Stuart. Go where you may in the country north of the Tweed you will not fail to find a name here, or a name there, that is a pure delight. There is something of the majestic in the very name of Gleneagles itself, and if you come to the glen, and to the Golf Courses it leads to, you will discover more of the wonderful endowment that attaches to descriptive titles. Come by rail from the south, and as you are nearing your destination you pass in quick succession Greenloaning and Blackford. These names may at first convey little to the imagination, and yet can you not guess that in them we have the green lane between the cornfields along which "the kye come hame" to the milking, and the black ford across the river. Then in the east at the entrance to the glen there is Gleneagles Castle, the ancient home of the Haldane family,

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HIGHLAND PIPER

and in the immediate vicinity, nestling at the foot of the Ochil Hills, the historic Kincardine Castle, the seat of Mr. George Borland. And coming from the west by way of Crieff there is Drummond Castle, the stately home of the Earl of Ancaster, the oldest part of which—the grey old stronghold built in the fifteenth century—has memories of many an ancient romance and tragedy. Coming in another direction from Crieff you pass Strathallan Castle, the seat of Sir James Roberts, Bart., in its setting of beautiful woods, as well as the site of the Castle of Tullibardine, where Mary, Queen of Scots, rested on her way to Drummond Castle. The Castle is no longer to be seen, but the name is well known in connection with the courtesy title in the family of the Duke of Atholl—The Marquis of Tullibardine. In connection with Tullibardine another interesting matter arises. It would seem that a joyous atmosphere attached to Gleneagles even before the countryside was sealed to the pleasures of golf; *autres temps, autres mœurs*, and "to the trembling string the dance gaed through the lichted ha'." Incidentally the name "Tullibardine" furnishes a title for one of the liveliest of Scottish dance tunes, explained by the

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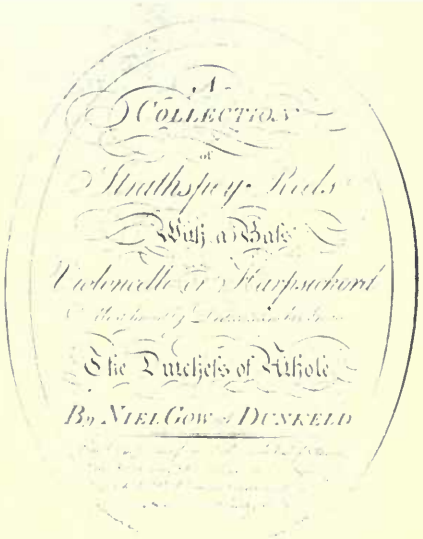
fact that many of the most famous of these tunes are named after places in the neighbourhood of the Golf Course, a circumstance due in part to the fact that Niel Gow, the celebrated Scottish violinist and composer, was born in Perthshire in the early part of the eighteenth century. Brilliant as an executant, his skill became a Scottish tradition, and his compositions are still treasured as being among the finest strathspeys and reels ever penned. Niel was greatly thought of by the then Duke of Atholl, and a published collection of his works was dedicated to Her Grace the Duchess of Atholl. Below is a reproduction of the title page of the old volume. Another famous fiddler and composer, Malcolm M'Donald, who shared with Niel Gow the distinction of having been born in the cathedral town of Dunkeld dedicated a further collection of dance music to the Earl of Breadalbane, and to Niel and Malcolm we owe the Duchess of Atholl Strathspey, the Marquis of Tullibardine Reel, Mrs. Graham of Orchill Strathspey, Miss Murray of Abercairney Reel, Miss Drummond of Perth Strathspey, and many others. Among them all, however, The Gleneagles Strathspey, dedicated to Miss Haldane, has special significance. A merry



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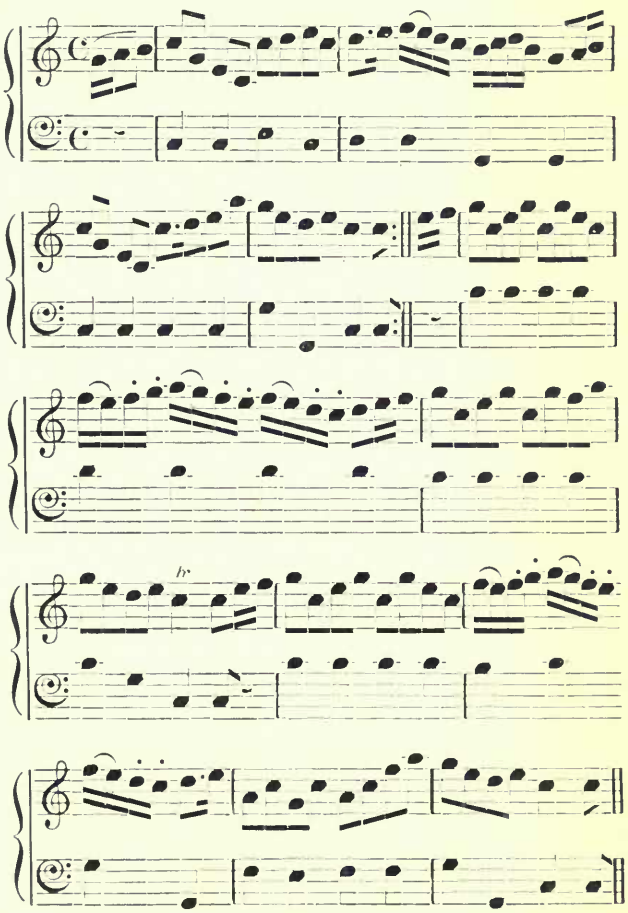
and sprightly measure, it is here reproduced from the eighteenth century volume :—

THE GLENEAGLES STRATHSPEY. *Dedicated to Miss Haldane.*



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The tune is characteristically Highland, and, although written about one hundred and fifty years ago, if played as Scottish dance music should be played, it still charmingly reflects the delight of the environment that gave it birth.

The lilt and swing of Scottish dance music bespeaks the vigour of the race and that sense of rhythm that is almost a universal birthright in Scotland. Even to-day the more modern dances have not entirely superseded those that are national. The playing of Scottish airs, while regarded in certain quarters as falling short of the higher plane of musical culture, is not to be relegated to a secondary position. A national trait in music cannot be set aside in that fashion, and so long as we have reels and strathspeys associated in name with these gateways to Gleneagles—Perth, Abercairney, and Orchill—and with Gleneagles itself, there will be Scots abroad as well as at home who will delight in them.

But to return to the particular subject of significant Scottish place names and to make plain the purpose for doing so it may be pointed out that if you come to Gleneagles from St. Andrews you will learn something of the Rumbling Bridge, the Witches' Cauldron and the Yetts o' Muckart, and thus have a clearer understanding of how it came about that the landmarks on the Gleneagles Golf Course have also their distinctive names, and how it is that every green on which you play has been aptly christened. The native Scot is, naturally, in no doubt as to the meaning of the names. He realises how appropriate they are,—how happy, how full of meaning. They speak to him in his own language, and it is not so generally spoken now as it was at one time. The speech of the native Scot has been modified. He still loves the vernacular, however, and nothing can stir his deepest emotions so readily as "the guid auld mither tongue." The Scottish language—"braid Scots" as distinct from the Gaelic of the Celt—is rich in expressive values. Root, stem and branch it has vigour, sap and those delicate shades of meaning that touch the deepest founts of nature. But its appeal is not to Scots only. If someone sings to us "Annie Laurie" we are at once

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responsive to the beauty of the song's message. The English speaking world appreciates the tenderness of the old ballad. The songs of the Hebrides, the songs of the North, the Border Ballads translate for us, in terms of music and lyrical verse, the profound beauty of Scottish folk lore and stir deep springs of feeling that are not only national but universal. Who among Scots does not appreciate the appeal of the lines :—

Auld Scotia's sangs ! Auld Scotia's sangs !—the strains
o' youth and yore !—
O lilt to me, and I will list—will list them o'er and o'er ;
Though mak' me wae, or mak' me wud, or changefu' as a
child,
Yet lilt to me, and I will list,—the native wood notes
wild !

They mak' me present wi' the past—they bring up, fresh
and fair,
The Bonnie Broom o' Cowden Knowes, the Bush abune
Traquair,
The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow, or the Birks o' Invermay,
Or Catrine's green and yellow woods in autumn's
dwining day !

They bring me back the holms and howes whar siller
burnies shine,
The Lea-rig whar the gowans glint we pu'd in Auld Lang
Syne ;
And, mair than a', the Trystin' Thorn that blossom'd
down the vale,
Whar gloamin' breathed sae sweetly—but far sweeter
luve's fond tale !

And who will dare say that in the lighter humorous songs, old and new, the pawky drollery of the Scot fails to awaken a response of happy laughter—even from those to whom many of the phrases are almost unintelligible until they are explained ? And as it is of the songs, so it is of the place names, and so also it is of the names that have been chosen to define the attractiveness and variety of golf at Gleneagles. They are racy of the soil. They are graphic in their illuminative value, as a brief and pleasant study will assuredly prove.

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A glance at the plan of the two courses makes abundantly plain how each is separated from the other by the Heuch o' Dule, or in plain English, the valley that forms the boundary. "Heuch" stands for a little valley with steep braes overhanging it, in fact, it may be held to signify "a sheltering place," as indicated in Hamilton's ballad:—

> Cauld blaws the wind frae north to south
> And drift is driving sairly;
> The sheep are cowering in the *heuch*
> O sirs, 'tis winter fairly;
> Then up in the mornin's no' for me
> Up in the morning early;
> I'd rather gae supperless to my bed
> Than rise in the morning early.

The term "Dule" has a threefold meaning, and curiously each variant is applicable in the present instance. In one sense it stands for "sorrow" or "grief," and should you, while playing, land your ball at any stage in the Heuch o' Dule you may be courting sorrow, and will almost assuredly come to grief. But "Dule" also stands as the old Scots term for a boundary line, and if you respect it in that sense and keep to the right side of it then happiness will not be denied you. Thirdly and lastly, it may be said that "Dule" at one time denoted the special boundary of fields of flax. When ground was let for flax sowing, a small portion of grain was thrown in to mark the limits on either side, sometimes a stake was put in, or a few stones, and to any of these the name "Dule" was given. It is an interesting fact that over a century ago flax was grown, gathered, washed, and dressed in and around the Heuch o' Dule here. To-day it is but a miniature of a wild Highland glen. In the use of the Scots words, the prosaic has been avoided, and a touch of romantic poesy associated with this rough moorland of heather and bracken and tangled undergrowth that lends so fine a contrast to the pleasant undulations of the golfing fairways and the velvety smoothness of the fine turfed greens. You will also note on the plan The Cairn Rig, The Muckle Rig, and The Little Rig. These scarcely call for explanation. Rig is simply "ridge,"

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BRAID ON HIS BRAWEST

and is defined in each case. One has the quaint old Scots cairn at its highest point. "Muckle" as applied to another of the rigs indicates its size. Mons Meg, the old obsolete cannon at Edinburgh Castle, was known as Muckle Mou'ed Meg — the cannon with the big mouth—and there is a popular Scots proverb, "Mony a little mak's a muckle," which in the essence is a suggestive reminder that small savings may make the proportions of one's bank balance bigger and more comforting to contemplate. Then we have Drumsichty from "Drum" a hill, and "Sichty," a position commanding a good view. Nor may we omit from mention the Dougal Cratur bunker, and the Auld Nick bunker at the Auld Nick Brae. The former is christened after Rob Roy's faithful Highland henchman, who, it may be remembered, had "a taking way" with him, while the latter is named after the Devil himself :—

Auld Nick sat glowerin' at the fire,
The coulter in his lap,
Says he, "A' thing that comes to me
Is corn for my crap."

Which means, to put it in another way, that the Devil according to that verse, sits staring at the fire with the poker across his knees and declares, in effect, that all is fish that comes into his net. So beware of the Auld Nick bunker when you see it.

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ROE DEER AT THE LANELY DELL

Further study of the plan leads to the discovery of the Pass o' Pinkie—the little pass. "Pinkie" is anything small and is used in a general sense as in "there's a wee pinkie hole in that stocking," or in a particular sense as "your pinkie,"—the little finger on either hand. Northward from the Pass o' Pinkie lies Loch-an-Eerie—the little loch of mystery or eeriness and loneliness. Scots speak of a churchyard as being eerie. A dark wood or a lone glen may also be eerie, and the sound of the wind at night may be eerie to timid folk. In "My Ain Kind Dearie" Burns says:—

> In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,
> I'd rove and ne'er be *eerie*, O,
> If through that glen I gaed to thee,
> My ain kind dearie O.

The term suggests that the witches are abroad and like the goblins may "catch you if you don't watch out!" Loch-an-Eerie lies adjacent to the hole on the Queen's Course known as The Witches' Bowster. The Lanely Dell, haunt of the roe deer and the mountain hare—both still frequent the golf course—recalls a verse in the old song, "The Scotch Blue Bell":—

> I lo'e thee weel, thou Scotch Blue Bell,
> I hail thee floweret fair;
> Whether thou bloom'st in *lanely dell*,
> Or wavest 'mid mountain air.

Other features such as The Weet Moss or wet morass; The Laich Loch or low-lying loch; The Hielan' Line

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WILD DUCKS AT THE WHITE WATER

or Highland Line; The Cairn Moss or morass near the Cairn; The Black Water that has as its complement The White Water—the home of wild duck and other water fowl—and The Deep Sea that is almost cheek by jowl with The Devil's Dip, are all happily named, and The Deuk Dubs or the duck pond is surely as characteristic a title as could be wished by those who "like their Scotch neat." The ducks in this instance, by the way, are wild swans. They were not imported. They have of their own accord founded a colony at Gleneagles, and their preference for the exclusive environment of the golf course suggests an almost human instinct, sound judgment and commendable taste.

Having concluded a general survey of the land, you may now turn to the plan again and take the holes seriatim. The first on the King's Course is Dun Whinny.

DUN WHINNY.

"Dun" in Scots is derived from the Celtic term for a hill. We find it linked in such place names as Dunblane, Dunkeld and Dundee. And in the vicinity of Gleneagles, as everybody knows, there is Dunsinane made classic by Shakespeare who puts in the mouth of Macbeth:—

> I will not be afraid of death and bane,
> Till Birnam forest come to *Dunsinane*.

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Thus there is singular appropriateness in the naming of Dun Whinny, the hill of golden gorse, for the Scottish folk have the word "whin" signifying gorse. There is a natural amphitheatre at Dun Whinny with galleries of gold and green in rich profusion of blossom that "takes the eye with beauty." And within a step or two is the Auld Kirk Road, favoured locally as a Lovers' Walk, and recalling a verse of the old ballad :—

The lassie braw at gloamin' fa'
Trysts her Jo at *Whinny Dun*,
And cleek't close, their sacred troths,
Are pledged aneath the setting sun.

A verse this that a waggish gowffer has not been slow to parody and extend in this style :—

But gowffers guid o love are rid,
Ither cleeks to them are hinny,
It's worth the lot the second shot,
That lands the ba' on grand *Dun Whinny*.

But we may not all wish to treat the love interest in so light and cavalier a fashion. If so we may find in Scottish minstrelsy a lover singing to his lass :—

I'll lo'e thee while the lintie sings
His sang o' love on *whinny* brae.

But it is the song of the lark, rather than the linnet, that charms the golfer at Dun Whinny, and in Spring and early Summer especially, the prospect here, looking towards the Gowden Knowes on which the whin and broom are massed in glorious colour, is as fine as can be seen anywhere.

THE EAST NEUK.

The East Neuk, as the second hole is called, is simply the east corner. We of the North speak of "neuk" as a "corner"— the cosy corner by the fire is "the ingle neuk"—

The fairest *neuk* in a' the land
Oor ain Auld Hame,—

and we all are familiar with references to "the East Neuk o'

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Fife," a part of a Scottish county that claims a special distinction of its own. So we have The East Neuk where the course stretches towards the verdant uplands of the Ochil Hills. A fine reference to the title of our choice may be found in that spirited old Scots song, " Maggie Lauder " :—

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
An' to the Kirk they ranted,
He played the auld " *East Neuk o' Fife*,"
An' merry Maggie vaunted.

You have in that verse, as in many others, a mention of the " East Neuk " that bespeaks its familiarity to Scotsmen and to golfers the world over, for it is in Fife we have St. Andrews with its famous links. The name of this hole is a tribute to their excellence. It serves to remind us once again that to play at the historic centre of golf — the seat of Government, so to speak—and to add to that exhilarating experience the joy of playing at Gleneagles, should be the desire of all. What Gleneagles owes to its proximity to the hub of the golfing world — " the Royal and Ancient " — is cheerfully and readily acknowledged. Great are the benefits that golfers obtain through that proximity and the increased opportunities it ensures for the great game.

ABE MITCHELL ON DUN WHINNY

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THE SILVER TASSIE.

France has supplied Scotland with many expressive derivatives, and in Silver Tassie we have an adaptation of the French "la tasse"—the cup. The young silver birch trees grouped at this point, fringing as it were the wide-brimmed cup that forms the green, gave the cue. "Silver tassies" are rare to-day, but they are still immortalised in song. Burns, you may recall, gave us the ballad:—

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a *silver tassie*;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie.

A fine reference to the old stirrup cup—the beaker without a base that could not be set down but must be quaffed while the rider was in the saddle. The Silver Tassie worthily vies with the famous Punch Bowl green at Hoylake.

THE BROOMY LAW.

At the Broomy Law ("law" signifies "little hill," as in Berwick Law, Greenlaw, and other Scottish place names) we have the broom flowering in springtime in a blaze of yellow, as, we are told, it flowered at the Broomielaw in Glasgow until in time industry and commerce struck at its roots and the name alone was left to recall the sylvan simplicity of the long ago. The old and beautiful Scottish song, "On Ettrick's Banks," has these lines—

At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash
An' herrings at the *Broomielaw*,
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass
There's gear to win we never saw.

And in the Jacobite ballad "A wee bird cam' to our ha' door" we have:—

He row'd him in a Highland plaid
Which covered him but sparely,
An' slept beneath a bush o' *broom*
O! wae's me for Prince Charlie!

The beauty of the broom lingers in the memory of all who come to play at Gleneagles.

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THE HET GIRDLE

THE HET GIRDLE.

The Het Girdle fits in admirably as a description of the fifth hole. Sir Walter Scott in the "Black Dwarf" makes Elliot say of the apparition "She hirples like a hen on a het girdle." But what, you enquire, does one do when one "hirples," and why on "a het girdle"? If you can frame in your imagining a picture of a hot frying pan with no confining edge, a flat round of iron such as is used in Scotland for the firing of oat cakes and bannocks, you get within striking distance of understanding. To "hirple" is to limp, almost to jump, as in the familiar Scots proverb "a hen on a het girdle," is supposed to do. Hens shew no partiality for the exercise credited to them, but the golfer playing to the hole will agree that the simile drawn on does not lean to exaggera-

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tion, but is justified in full. The confronting difficulties are poignantly described in the lines:—

O' girdle green sae fair and finely set
Thy e'esome form a sicht for een that's sair
A' gouffers ken why thou'rt the *Girdle Het*
For fashious "bogey" burdens them wi' care;
Frae tee tae green looks no that ill to get
The wee white ba' gaes fleeing' i' the air
Its gait weel paved wi' guid intent—and yet
The end—no unconnectit wi' despair.

A graphic picture that! But, as the old proverb has it, "the back's aye made for the burden"; the difficulties of the Het Girdle are not insurmountable.

BLINK BONNIE.

Blink Bonnie is the alliterative term for a glimpse of beauty. To the Scot it has a deeper meaning, a meaning so haunting and yet so elusive that nothing else but Blink Bonnie can give it form. It sums up for us in this case the enchantment of a magnificent expanse of open country, a vista of mountain, glen, loch and moor—Little Scotland, if you care to think of it so, a fine miniature on which Nature has lavished especial care. The Scot abroad longs for "a blink o' his ain countrie" or "a bonnie blythe blink of his ain fireside," a longing that epitomises his ideal of sweet contentment.

O why left I my hame,
Why did I cross the deep,
O why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep;
I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea
But I canna' get a *blink*
O' my ain countrie.

We have also to remember the kindred longing in the heart of the Scot for "a blink o' the bonnie black e'e": that is the love-light in the eyes of the girl of his heart.

In "Whistle, and I'll come to you my lad" Burns invites

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BLINK BONNIE FAIRWAY

a smiling glance—the " glad eye " as we might say to-day—in the naïve suggestion—

> At Kirk or at Market, whene'er ye meet me,
> Gang by me as tho' that ye cared nae a flee ;
> But steal me a *blink* o' your *bonnie* black e'e,
> Yet look as ye werena lookin' at me.

And admirers of Hogg's " My Love She's but a Lassie yet " will remember the lines :—

> She's neither proud nor saucy yet,
> She's neither plump nor gaucy yet,
> But just a linkin', *bonnie*, *blinkin'*,
> Hilty-skilty lassie yet.

A book that had a great vogue in Scotland at one time had for its title " Bits from Blink Bonnie." The charm of the name greatly aided the sale.

THE KITTLE KINK.

In the Kittle Kink we have fine combination of dialect terms. " Kittle " stands for ticklish, in the sense of any difficulty that is tricky rather than formidable, while " kink " is an awkward corner, bend, twist or turn. Kittle Kink is a tricky hole to play because there is a bend on the fairway, a " dog-leg," as it is sometimes described. A Scots caddie at this stage of the round may probably tell you that you have " a kittle job afore ye," meaning you have a difficult task confronting you. It is in that sense the word is constantly used in old Scots tales. It occurs in " Guy Mannering " and also in

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THE TEETHES BEIG ON THE KITTLE KINE

"Rob Roy," and is in constant use in Scotland to this day. So also is "kink." There is nothing more common in personal criticism than the remark "There's a kink in his nature somewhere," in referring to an otherwise popular person. Or again, in extenuation of someone's faults, "Ah, yes, but he's got a kindly kink too."

> Syne you must cross the blasted heath
> Where fairies oft are seen,
> A vile uncanny *kittle* gait
> To gang on Hallowe'en.

So wrote Train in his "Mountain Muse." But possibly the most appropriate reference is that in "Rob Roy":—"It's a *kittle* cast she has gi'en me to play; but yet it's fair play and I winna baulk her."

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THE WHAUP'S NEST.

The curlew in Scotland is known as the "whaup," and where the whaups gather we naturally find a Whaup's Nest, a charming designation for this the eighth hole. The situation of the green on a gently rising slope, from which we look back on a wee loch in the valley below, suggests at once that here the whaup or curlew might be expected to find—as it certainly does—the secluded sanctuary desirable. Golfers have not yet driven the whaup from its home nor are they likely to do so. Here we are "far across the muir" as the old song "Kate Dalrymple" has it—

In a wee cot hoose, far across the muir,
Where peeweeps, plovers and *whaups* cry dreary,
There lived an auld maid for mony lang years,
Wham ne'er a wooer did e'er ca' dearie.

A curiously haunting sound is the call of the curlew when the grey dusk gathers, and it is told of a Scot on the southern side of the Border that on listening to the melodious and full-throated song of the nightingale, he turned to his English friends and declared "It's a' very guid, but I widna' gie the wheeple o' a whaup for a' the nichtingales that ever sang."

THE WHAUP'S NEST

The bird life at Gleneagles, by the way, is of great interest to naturalists—and also to that feathered freebooter the sparrow hawk! The falconry of old times is no longer the sport of the Gleneagles gallants, however, the flight of the golf ball counting for more than the flight and swoop of the hawk on the wing.

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THE HEICH O' FASH.

The course now leads to the Heich o' Fash—the "heich," height or hill of trouble. What the Englishman calls "hill and dale" the Scot speaks of as "heich an' howe." So in "heich" we have a little hill, and our only trouble now is "fash." Well, "fash" is "trouble" and "trouble" is "fash," and so you have Heich o' Fash or "hill of trouble." Obviously it is derived from the French "fâcheux" for "troublesome," and so Scotland owes yet another expressive Scots word to the Auld Alliance between the two countries. It also falls to be added that "heich" serves both as an adjective and a noun. The motto on the Gleneagles crest is "Heich abune the Heich" or, in effect, "high above the high," or above the heights, or truly among the Highland hills in the very "he'rt o' Scotland." You will find that the Heich o' Fash is not for the lazy or careless golfer who "canna be fashed" or in other words will not take trouble to play accurately. But to such as overcome the difficulties there is the joy of glorious achievement. It must be duly taken into account, however, that in wooing the hole, victory is "fashious to seek." For, as the old song puts it:

HAWKS AT GLENEAGLES

> The Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
> His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the State,
> He wanted a wife his braw hoose to keep,
> But favour wi' wooing was *fashious* to seek.

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THE HEICH O' FASH

Then many of the characters in Sir Walter Scott's Waverley Novels frequently use the word fash. In the "Heart of Midlothian" Madge Wildfire says:—

> "I like that the best o' a' my sangs. I am often singing it, and that's maybe the reason folk ca' me Madge Wildfire. I aye answer to the name, though it's no my ain, for what's the use o' makin' a *fash*?"

By the way, an English tourist is credited with having, during a visit North, objected to the item "Fash" in his hotel bill, declaring emphatically that he neither ordered nor received any of that commodity whatever it might be. "No sir, no," came the inn-keeper's retort, "but ye hae gi'en (you have given) plenty." The hotel guest who gives trouble is ever unpopular, although he has been known, in instances, to receive the most attention.

THE WESTLIN' WYNE.

A westward (westlin') direction is now followed, for at the Westlin' Wyne we are at the turn or "wyne." When a Scots

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THE WESTLIN' WYNE

ploughman, having finished one furrow, starts another, he makes his horses "wyne" (pronounced "wine") or turn about. From that you will gather that in Westlin' Wyne the choice of name is remarkably apt. The green forms the extremity of the course and no apology need be advanced for the selection of a ploughman's phrase, golf being the game it is. It has been the experience of generations of golfers to "plough the fields and scatter" the good turf "o'er the land," although we may be pardoned for emphasising the reminder, "Please replace" But thinking of the Westlin' Wyne in terms of poetry recalls Burns' beautiful song "O a' the airts the wind can blaw" and the verse :—

O blaw ye *westlin'* winds blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees,
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees,
An' bring the lassie back to me
That's ave sae neat and clean,
Ae blink o' her wad banish care
Sae lovely is my Jean.

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The Westlin' Wyne thus presents itself as a name singularly suitable to this charming golfing expanse.

THE DEIL'S CREEL.

Helping you to an understanding of the Deil's Creel you have more verses by Burns if you care to turn to them :—

The *Deil* cam' fiddlin' through the town
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,
And ilka wife cries—Auld Mahoun,
I wish ye luck o' the prize man !

The name of the Deil was, and is, freely quoted in jest in Scotland, and a favourite quatrain is—

Some say the *Deil's* deid, the *Deil's* deid, the *Deil's* deid !
Some say the *Deil's* deid an' buried in Kirkcaldy.
Some say he'll rise again, he'll rise again he'll rise again ;
Some say he'll rise again an' dance the " Hielan' laddie."

He rises frequently at the " Deil's Creel " ! But what is a " creel " ? It is the old familiar name for a basket. Scots speak of a peat creel, or a fish creel, and as peats or fish may be placed in a creel, higgledy-piggledy as we say, so to be " in a creel " means to be in a state of mental confusion or perplexity. You get a fine reference to the fish creel in Lady Nairne's beautiful song " Caller Herrin' "—

When the *creel* o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin' ? &c.

And if it be in the sense of confusion of mind you think of " creel," and that is probably how you will think of it at this green, there is a verse in Miller's " Wee Willie Winkie " that reads :—

Hey Willie Winkie, the wean's in a *creel*,
Wamblin' aff a bodie's knee like a verra eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug and ravelin' a' her thrums—
Hey Willie Winkie—see there he comes.

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SPECTATORS OF THE CHAMPIONS ON THE KITTLE KINE

Deil's Creel might quite reasonably be translated in the terms of the English phrase "the very Devil." As has been explained, it means "the Devil's basket," and you may be well advised to keep out of that, if you can. You have to play for all you are worth when you pit yourself against the Devil and his agents, and, if we may be pardoned for saying so, they appear to be very active at this juncture. The significance of the native expression "to have one's wits in a creel," meaning to labour under temporary confusion, will, no doubt, be fully appreciated by golfers who hesitate at the tee, for he who hesitates—but you know the rest.

THE TAPPIT HEN.

Behind the green known as the Tappit Hen stands a clump of young trees, forming, in a manner of speaking, a crest on the crown of a little hill. The circumstance led to the choice of the name. A "tappit hen," as the old Scottish pewter quart measures were called in the taverns where

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convivial souls gathered, had usually an ornamental lid, the decoration on which was a crested (or " tappit ") hen. These measures are not in general use to-day, but are counted valuable by collectors of antiques and by others who treasure them on account of old associations.

Allan Ramsay, in his Scottish poems, makes allusion to the " Tappit Hen." His interesting imitation of the famous Winter Ode of Horace, *Vides ut alta*, is considered one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius. It carries successfully and with racy phraseology the mind and spirit of the original :—

Drivin' their ba's frae whins or tee
There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor doucer folk wysing ajee
The bias'd bowls on Tamson's Green.
Then fling on coals an' ripe the ribs,
An' beek the hoose baith but an' ben ;
That mutchkin-stowp it hauds but dribs
Then let's get in the *tappit hen*.

This is another indication of the age of golf in Scotland, because Allan Ramsay was born in the year 1686.

Something of the fine spirit of a Scottish welcome is suggested in these lines, and the part played in it by the Tappit Hen is not inconspicuous. Another happy allusion occurs in the last verse of " The Laird o' Cockpen " :—

Neist time that the Laird and the Leddy were seen,
They were gaun arm in arm to the kirk on the green ;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel *tappit hen*,
And the late Mistress Jean is now Leddy Cockpen.

Returning, however, to the significance of the " Tappit Hen " as a measure for " Scotch yill " (ale), it is worth noting that it held two Scottish pints or about three English quarts. It was also favoured as a measure for claret. Sir Walter Scott wrote :—" I have seen one of these formidable stoups at Provost Hanvell's, at Jedburgh, in the days of yore. It was a pewter measure, the claret being in ancient days served from the top, and had the figure of a hen upon the lid. In later times the name was given to a glass bottle of the same

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dimensions. These are rare apparitions among the degenerate topers of modern days."

BRAID'S BRAWEST.

Braid's Brawest is the "braid Scots" for Braid's Best, brawest being the superlative of "braw" which means handsome, or beautiful or very good; surpassing in every respect. A well-known Scottish song begins "The *brawest* an' the best o' men the warld has ever seen."

The term "braw" is in constant use in Scotland where we speak of "oor braw and bonnie Hielan' laddies," and of "the braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes," nor may we omit the Lauderian phrase "It's a braw, bricht, munelicht nicht, the nicht," descriptive of a beautiful starry night when the moon shines bright. The choice of the superlative in the present connection recalls an earlier romantic Perthshire choice chronicled in the old song "The Lass o' Gowrie,"

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and when it is remembered that from Gleneagles the visitor may look northwards across the famous Carse o' Gowrie a quotation comes in with singular appropriateness—

I praised her beauty loud and lang,
Then round her waist my arms I flang,
And said, "My lassie, will ye gang
To see the Carse o' Gowrie,
I'll take ye to my father's ha'
In yon green field beside the shaw,
I'll make ye leddy o' them a',
The *brawest* wife in Gowrie."

There is indeed a gallant ring about "braw" that finds expression in many delightful poems. We find the air of gallantry in verses such as Allan Ramsay's—

And Mary's locks are like the craw,
Her e'en like diamonds glances,
She's aye sae clean redd up and *braw*,
She kills whene'er she dances.

TAYLOR IN THE ROUGH AT THE HEIGH O' FASH

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It is at "Braid's Brawest" we find the Auld Nick bunker, named after his Satanic Majesty, and recalling the amusing finish to Hector M'Neill's lively ballad "Come Under My Plaidie" that tells of the disappointed wooer whose suit was rejected in favour of the offer from a wealthier lover—

He wander'd hame weary, the nicht it was dreary,
And, thowless, he tint his gait 'mang the deep snaw,
The howlet was screamin', while Johnnie cried "Women
Wad marry *Auld Nick*, if he'd keep them aye *braw*."

Braid, when the Golf Course was completed, was asked to say which hole should bear his name and so commemorate his splendid work. He chose the thirteenth, an unexpected choice you may think, considering the superstitions lingering round that particular number. Braid's Brawest was, however, the original fourteenth when the course was first open, and thus the superstition may be said to have no influence. Indeed, to many players, this is the luckiest hole in the round, affording as it does such room for a fine, free

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open game and the delight of getting " a long ball " well away. It is indeed " the *brawest* o' the braw and bonnie forbye," answering delightfully to the Scots lassies' favourite proverb " O, but it's *braw* to be bonnie and weel thocht o'."

Appreciation of beauty in that sense finds expression in the old song " Doon the burn, Davie, lad "—

Noo Davie was the *brawest* lad
That dwelt on this burn-side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass
Just meet to be a bride.

No fairway or green, even admitting the excellence of the others, is held in higher regard by lovers of the game than Braid's Brawest.

THE DENTY DEN.

The Denty Den is simply the Dainty Dell. The Scottish " denty " is even more comprehensively expressive than its English equivalent and is used with a far greater freedom, as for example in the old nursery rhyme—

Katie Beardie had a coo,
Black an' white aboot the moo,
Wisna' that a *denty* coo ?
Dance Katie Beardie.

To the accompaniment of that old rhyme Scottish mothers would dandle their babes on their knee. Denty Den suggests an idyll of sylvan beauty and practically describes the little valley in which the green has been placed. Grassy rigs are its borders and its paths are paths of pleasantness, such as were those of the other Denty Den, sung of by the ardent lover in ecstatic verse—

By yon green howe, in yon green glen,
O fine I min' the munelicht when,
Bricht shining owre the *Denty Den*,
In silver sheen,
It shone upon the lass I ken,
She vowed to share my but and ben,
And made me King among a' men,
Wi' her for Queen.

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Your true golfer is readily influenced by environment, and here in the serene quietude of wonderful natural charm is inspired to play well. It is not stretching a point to say so. It is the simple truth. Denty Den has a winsome appeal. Allan Ramsay possibly gives us the finest estimate of "denty" when he crowns this delightful description of feminine charm with the word:—

White is her neck, saft is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty,
With ilka grace she can command,
Her lips, o' wow! they're *denty*.

If you wish a better definition than that it would be hard to discover one.

THE HOWE O' HOPE.

The Howe o' Hope, or if you will "the valley of good cheer"—howe meaning a little valley or "sma' glen"—is a hole marked by fresh uplifting influences.

Hope! of all the ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure.

If through hard luck or bad play you have made, prior to arriving at this point, a slough of despond for yourself, you have now reached the valley of consolation. There are no awkward and unexpected snags to trap the well-placed shot. You get a fair field and every favour. What that means, with the end of the round so near, more than justifies the belief that to do badly here is a remote chance. There is encouragement to do well. An old verse has a reference to Howe that may fittingly be quoted

As I cam' doon the *Howe* o' Mearns,
I heard a lassie singin',
Within my he'rt the sound o't yet
Like fairy bells is ringin'
O bonnie is the *Howe* at dawn,
And bonnie still at nicht,
But ilka *howe* is bonnie
When a body's he'rt is licht.

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An apt translation of The Howe o' Hope might well read " the star of hope." That is a phrase that may suggest good fortune here. It is a phrase we find in one of Burns' finest songs, " Ae Fond Kiss " :—

> Who shall say that Fortune grieves him
> While *the star of hope* she leaves him . . .
> I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
> Naething could resist my Nancy,
> But to see her was to love her,
> Love but her, and love forever.

The Howe o' Hope does not belie the title it has won. It holds for all prospects of success that, even though they may not win the game for us, are doubly delightful when realised.

THE WEE BOGLE.

Bogle stands for ghost or goblin or demon. It is even applied to a scarecrow as in " tattie bogle," the ragged dummy —bogie man—placed with arms extended in potato fields to frighten away the raiding rooks. And the word is to be met with frequently in Scottish song or story. We have it when Tam o' Shanter " well mounted on his gray mare Meg " is described as " whiles glowerin' roun' wi' prudent cares, lest bogles catch him unawares." Burns also uses the term in the beautiful song " Ca' the yowes to the knowes," a stanza of which reads—

> Ghaist nor *bogle* shalt thou fear,
> Thou'rt to love and heaven sae dear,
> Nought of ill may come thee near,
> My bonnie dearie.

Probably the best translation is the " affrighting goblin," and that is what is meant in this golf green connection. In another sense bogle suggests bewitching play. A juvenile game popular in Scotland in by-gone days in which the young folk chased each other round the corn stacks in the farmyard, is referred to in one of the most beautiful of all Scots ballads—the lament for those who fell on Flodden Field—" The Flowers of the Forest."

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At e'en in the gloamin' nae swankies are roamin'
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at *bogle* to play,
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamenting her dearie,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

All is not dread here however. "Wee" in Scotland and across the Border is, in a sense, a term of endearment, and possibly its tenderness was never more finely expressed than in Burns' love song that has the haunting refrain—

Bonnie *wee* thing, cannie *wee* thing,
Lovely *wee* thing, wert thou mine,
I would wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Bogle is sometimes in use as a verb "to terrify or bewitch"; it is also used figuratively to denote circumvention. Thus at the Wee Bogle—where the wee hobgoblins may appear to be waylaying you—you play a wee stroke to reach the green. You have to circumvent or clear forbidding bunkers that may conceivably bewitch any player and unnerve the arm.

THE WARSLIN' LEA.

The Warslin' Lea is the expanse on which well-matched opponents wrestle to obtain victory. To struggle with

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THE WARSLIN' LEA

difficulties is to warsel ; it is sometimes warsell or warstle.

> The wail's wrack we share o't,
> The *warstle* and the care o't,
> Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
> And think my lot divine.

wrote Burns in "My wife's a winsome wee thing." The term Lea is universally understood. It is simply "a meadow," or in pure Scots the virgin turf on the slope of a ridge—

> The broom, the brier, the birken bush,
> Bloom bonnie o'er thy flowery *lea*,
> An' a' the sweets that one can wish,
> Frae Nature's hand are strewed on thee.

wrote Tannahill, and we have another fine reference in the

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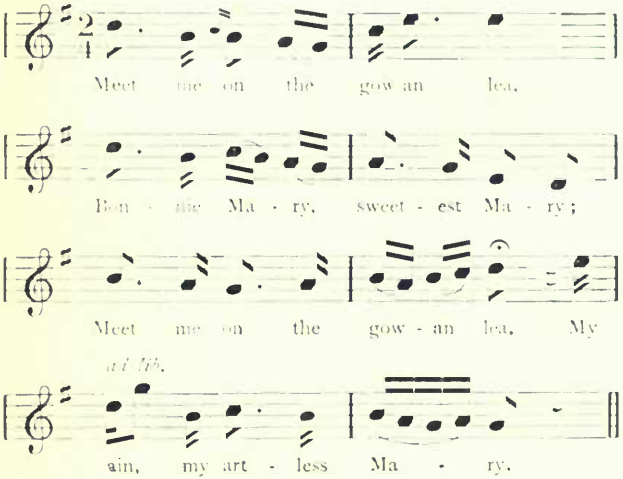
verse of Burns' beautiful lay, "My ain kind Dearie"—

Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
It mak's my heart so cheerie O,
To meet thee on the *lea* rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.

Over and above these we have the passionate lines of that lovely song "Meet me on the Gowan Lea," the refrain of which is as follows:



So we have the Lea or Lee where destiny is often decided, and one that in Braid's opinion forms the greatest seventeenth hole he ever saw or played. Something of the characteristic dourness or never-say-die spirit of the Scot is frequently shown in reply to the enquiry "How are you getting on?" The Scot, as often as not, will answer "Oh, I'm aye warslin' awa'"; or again, he may be heard to express the hope, in face of troubles, that he may manage to "warstle through." You may gather from that how significant is the term Warslin' Lea for the penultimate test.

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THE KING'S HAME.

The King's Hame hardly calls for interpretation. It is the home green on this, the King's Course. "East, west, hame's best," and the tradition we all treasure, if we have been born under a lucky star—and come in at the end of a round as winners—is that there's no place like it. It is indeed the King o' Greens, and you may well be tempted when you come to the "nineteenth hole" to pledge a toast in gallant style to "The King's Hame, gentlemen! Here's to the fine memories it holds for us all." And if you wish for a verse to couple with that toast what verse could be finer than Sir Walter Scott's favourite, which, in The Fortunes of Nigel, sums up the longing of a Scottish exile for his native land?—

TAYLOR WITH THE SPANISH CHAMPION, ANGEL DE LA TORRE, AT GLENEAGLES, 1920

It's *hame*, and it's *hame*, and it's *hame* we fain would be,
Though the cloud is in the lift and the wind is on the lea,
For the sun through the mirk blinks blythe on mine e'e,
Says "I'll shine on ye yet in your ain countrie!"

You may care to think, however, of that verse in the other old ballad—

Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en,
And *hame* cam' he,
And there he saw a feather cap,
Whaur nae cap sud be.

Obviously at Gleneagles the feather is for your cap if you can win and wear it at the King's Hame.

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THE TRYSTIN' TREE, 1ST HOLE.

So much for the names on the King's Course.

* * * * * * *

When you come to the names on the Queen's Course you find that they also are linked to romance in a line of happy significance. Many of them are in themselves an indication of the daintiness of this the smaller of the two courses. All are happily chosen in relation to the claim and interest of their varied surroundings. What could be better, for instance, than the opening choice?

THE TRYSTIN' TREE.

Trees lend their grace to the tee and to the further borders of the green at the first hole, and so we have the 'Trystin' Tree, the term "tryst" meaning, at one and the same time, a rendezvous, an engagement, or a journey undertaken by more persons than one, who are to travel in company and the termination of whose journey is "the tryst end." The

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"Trystin' Tree" figures in many old Scots ballads, the burden of which is the tender passion. It has never been vulgarised.

The sun rose sae rosy, the gray hills adorning,
Light sprang the lav'rock and mounted sae hie,
When true to the *tryst* o' blythe May's dewy morning,
Jeanie cam' linking out owre the green lea.

So wrote Hector MacNeill in that charming song, "Jeanie's Black E'e." You will find it in the other ballads of rare quality, but it is not in favour in those of lighter vein. Heaven is spoken of reverently as "the last tryst," and from that surely we can judge the profound poetic value the Scot ascribes to the beautiful word. Here at Gleneagles it has been chosen to describe a scene of natural enchantment, an alluring prospect of verdant meadowland, heathery muir and trim lawn crowned with the green glory of the guardian pines.

And if once more you turn to Scottish poetry for a reference you will not fail to find what you seek.

The evening sun has closed the day,
An' silence sleeps on hill an' plain.
The yellow moon is on her way,
Wi' a' her glintin' starry train,
The moment dear to love an' me,
The happy moment now is near,
When by our lonely *trystin' tree*,
I'll meet my lov'd Eliza dear.

Or again—

We sat beneath the *trystin' tree*,
The bonnie dear auld *trystin' tree*,
Where Harry tauld in early youth
His tender tale of love to me.

So wrote Tannahill in one of his many ballads, and with such strains ringing in memory you may take your way to fresh pastures.

THE NEEDLE E'E.

At the Needle E'e, or, to be more explicit, the Needle Eye, you are called to play through a natural hazard consisting

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of a gap in a belt of trees, and you repeat the process when you come to thread your way between the imposing bunkers that lie on the face of the slope leading to the green.

The point to be remembered is that the Needle E'e demands care, steadiness, and a certain adroit facility. If you can muster these to your aid there is a great hope for you.

The immemorial rhyme for one of the most popular children's singing games in Scotland "Through the Needle E'e" is—

Brother Jack, if ye were mine,
I would give you claret wine,
Claret wine's gude and fine,
Through *the needle e'e* boys.

The game, it may be added, is just another version of the English game, "Oranges and Lemons," or "London Bridge is Broken Down"—in so far as it ends in a tug o' war—and is not golf a tug o' war all the time?

THE HEATHER BELL.

Here you are in no doubt regarding the claims of Gleneagles to supply the right sort of "Heather mixture." Bell heather, pink and purple, lines the fairway, fringes the bunkers, and in a crescent of rich colour beautifies the borders of the green.

Here on the heights, "heich abune the heich," the heather is the inspiration that led to the happy choice of the name "The Heather Bell." No other could have been so appropriate.

Sweet *Heather Bells* where fairies do dwell,
In legends of daring what deeds there befell
The sweet *Heather Bell* is sae like mysel',
My ain native blossom, my sweet *Heather Bell*.

So runs the quaintly expressed old Scots song that you may feel inclined to sing here if you have the gift. Who knows what "legends of daring" you may carry with you from the Heather Bell when you come to recount "what deeds

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there befell." A reference in Alexander Hume's song " My Ain Dear Nell " may also be recalled :—

When I pu'd the craw peas blossom
And the bloomin' *heather bell*
To twine them round thy bonnie brow,
My ain dear Nell.

" It's the heather that keeps me at hame, aye the heather, I couldna' dae wantin' the heather," declared the old Scot when he was asked why he had not left home to woo Fortune abroad, and the heather will lure you too and keep you always leal to Gleneagles. The lure of the heather is no new thing ; Burns sang of it—

At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
Or naething else to trouble thee,
But stray amang *the heather bells*,
And tent the waving corn wi' me.

A fine song and one to take with us on our way.

THE WARLOCK KNOWE.

Warlocks, witches and wizards, in olden times, were believed to be evil spirits in the guise of human beings, and were very much feared. A knowe, pronounced " now," is a well-defined hillock or knoll, and when in a spot similar to the site of this green it was regarded with awe as being indeed a place where warlocks were wont to disport themselves. In " Rob Roy " it will be remembered, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's maid remonstrates :—" Ane would think that ye'd seen a witch or a *warlock* and no' a bonnie lookin' lassie like mysel'."

As is well known, Burns sang " Ca' the yowes to the knowes " ; and in another of his beautiful songs, " Dainty Davie," we find—

Meet me on *the Warlock Knowe*,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie,
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

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THE WARLOCK KNOWE AND LOCH-AN-EERIE

And we have it again in "Last May a braw Wooer":—

But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,
  I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgarnock,
And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!—
  Wha glower'd as gin he'd seen a *warlock*, a *warlock*,
  Wha glower'd as gin he'd seen a *warlock*.

A curious anecdote is told concerning John Napier, of Merchiston, the inventor of Logarithms. He was residing at Gartness near Loch Lomond when engaged on his calculations, and was so absorbed in his task that on occasions of a night he wandered out of doors wearing his night-gown and night-cap. This habit gained for him the unenviable reputation of being a warlock. It was firmly believed and currently reported that he was in compact with the Devil, and that the time he spent in his study was occupied in learning the Black Art and holding conversations with "Auld Nick."

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THE WITCHES' BOWSTER.

The Witches' Bowster—the pillow or bolster of the witches—is the chosen designation for the fifth hole. It is situated alongside Loch-an-Eerie, and suggests a resting place such as might be chosen by the night-hags who are credited with nocturnal escapades while riding astride broomsticks to " the annoyance of the lieges," as the Scots legal documents phrase it. The lower terrace at the green is the " bowster," the green itself forming the pillow.

During the reign of ignorance and superstition in Scotland everything that could not be immediately traced to other causes was, without hesitation, ascribed to some supernatural agency, hence we have on certain trees Witches' Knots—matted bunches of twigs resembling the nests of birds, most frequently seen on thorns and birches, and supposed to be caused by stoppage of the sap. Then Witches' Thimbles was a name given to foxglove, and so the Witches' Bowster is not without precedent in romantic lore.

A reference to " bowster " occurs in the quaint lines—

When time has had the best o' me,
An' I am lyin' deid,
It's no' a feather *bowster*,
I'll hae aneath my heid.

But I will no' be carin'
For whit may happen then,
For though my *bowster's* hard as rock,
I'm sure I winna ken.

A favourite chant or bridal song in former times accompanied a peculiar dance and marching of couples in a ring. The wedding guests joined hands, male and female, alternately, forming a circle which continually revolved round one of the guests who was blindfolded with a bolster slip. The dance is designated " Bab at the Bowster," and is usually the last " ploy " at Scottish country weddings and merry-makings.

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THE LEDDY'S AIN.

The Leddy's Ain presents little difficulty to the understanding even of the uninitiated. It is the Lady's Own, a compliment, or a toast, if you will, to The Ladies.

The approach to the green is specially attractive and is known as "her winning way." On the one hand the fairway is bordered by gently rising slopes, while on the other lies a sweeping expanse of moorland where the wild fowl nest. Farm wives at the weekly markets used to be heard addressing all passing possible customers with "taste my butter, my leddy," and among nursery rhymes in the North none is more popular than —

This is the way the *Leddys* ride,
Jimp an' sma', jimp an' sma',
This is the way the Cadgers ride,
Creels an' a', creels an' a'.

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Then we have the spirit of the lowland lass indicated in Allan Ramsay's " The Highland Laddie " :—

A painted room, a silken bed
May please a Lawland Laird and *Leddy*,
But I can kiss and be as glad
Behind a bush in's Highland plaidie.

And we have a combination of " Leddy " and " ain " in Lady Nairne's beautiful song " The Auld Hoose "—

Oh ! the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty kind and crouse,
How mony did he welcome
To his *ain* wee dear auld hoose,
An' the *leddy* too sae genty,
There shelter'd Scotland's heir,
An' clipt a lock wi' her *ain* han'
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The attractiveness of The Leddy's Ain is beyond question, and no finer compliment could have been paid to the fair sex than the choice of this charming expanse as a gallant tribute to them. The christening was indeed a happy thought which all sportsmen will appreciate.

THE LOVERS' GAIT.

The Lovers' Gait is " the lovers' way," and the name has been adopted because at this point we are on what was known as the Lovers' Walk long before Gleneagles was a golf course. Here the youthful couples of the district were wont to wander as lovers do ; here was a centre of tender associations and happy memories, so the old name has been retained, as it is right it should be.

I'm gaun to meet my ain lad,
An' tak' *the lovers' gait*,
My mistress is a thochtless jaud,
To think that I could wait,
It's wearin' on to seeven o'clock,
An' I daurna be late,
I'm gaun to meet my ain lad,
An' tak' *the lovers' gait*.

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Associations and memories no less happy are its possession to-day with the added flair of keen sport that does not wound the defeated rival so keenly as in affairs of the heart. It is an exhilarating hole to play and exemplifies the old saying, "the course of true love never did run smooth"—you have to drive over several yards of rough before you gain the fairway. One of the most beautiful of Scottish love lyrics, by the way, brings in the term "gait" finely—

O dinna think Bonnie Lassie
I'm gaun to leave you,
I'll tak' a stick into my hand
And come again and see you.
. . . . . .
Far's the *gait* ye hae to gang,
Dark's the nicht an' eerie;
O stay this ae nicht wi' your love,
An' dinna gang an' leave me.

Another verse from Scots ballad lore suggests the dangers that may still be met at the Lovers' Gait:—

I gaed a waefu' *gait* yestreen,
A *gait*, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet e'en,
'Twa lovely e'en o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
Her lips like roses wet wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom lily white;
It was her e'en sae bonnie blue.

"Gang yer ain gait" is a well known Scots phrase meaning "go your own way," and in the same sense "to tak' the gait" means to depart, and so having holed out you "tak' the gait."

THE HINNY MUNE.

As a happy sequence to the Lovers' Gait there follows the Hinny Mune—"hinny" in "braid Scots" stands for both honey and sweetness, while "mune" pronounced "min"

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is obviously the moon, so we have the honeymoon, or "hinny mune," truly a sweet green.

The poet Motherwell, in "Jeanie Morrison," gives us a beautiful modification of the word hinny:—

> Oh, mornin' life! oh, mornin' luve!
> Oh, lichtsome days and lang,
> When *hinnied* hopes around our hearts,
> Like Simmer blossoms, sprang!

There was a time when, in Scotland, your friends would wish you "all the precious things brought forth by the sun, all the precious things brought forth by the moon, and the benign influence of the stars." These may still be your portion at the Hinny Mune if the stars in their courses be in your favour. Robert Louis Stevenson has a fine poem in which the "mune" is referred to. You may recall that in "A Mile an' a Bittock," he writes:—

> Twa o' them walkin' an' crackin' their lane,
> The mornin' licht cam' gray an' plain,
> An' the birds they yammert on stick an' stane,
> An' the *mune* was shinin' clearly!
>
> O years ayont, O years awa',
> My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa'—
> My lads, ye'll mind on the bield o' the law,
> When the *mune* was shinin' clearly.

Whate'er befa' you will certainly have the happiest recollections of the green here. Aviators who have viewed the Queen's Course from above have remarked on the charming aspect of the Hinny Mune, probably unique in its way among the greens on any golf course in the kingdom.

"Min" curiously enough is almost invariably the pronunciation given by the Scottish country folk to "moon," and in Burns' "Oh, Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut" we have:—

> It is the *mune*, I ken her horn,
> That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
> She shines sae bright to whyle us hame,
> But by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

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And, by the way, the conjunction of "Lovers' Gait" and "Hinny Mune" may be found in a verse of a Scots poem by one of the lesser bards, who wrote—

Gin we twa tak' *the lovers' gait*,
Then we maun tak' it sune,
For lass ye needna be sae blate,
To spend *the hinnymune*;
At mornin' when the cock doth craw,
We'll mak' for Gretna Green,
Syne owre the Border and awa',
Like Jock o' Hazeldean.

The crescentic form of the Hinny Mune is a great part of its charm, and a cosier position than that in which it lies amid the howes and knowes you could not wish to find.

THE QUEEN'S HAME.

The title—the Queen's Hame—given to this hole is "the last word in titles," so to speak. It is the home or hame hole of the Queen's Course.

O *the Queen's Hame* is bonnie,
An' *the Queen's Hame* is braw,
Amang the greens that I've played on
It stands abune them a',
I trow it is as fair a green,
As ere a body saw,
Wi' smooth green turf to charm the e'e,
An' help the wee white ba'.

And so indeed you will find it, for on the home greens of the Queen's Course and the King's Course at Gleneagles you play your final shot on a magnificent double green that makes for the realisation of all that is best in ideal conditions for a glorious finish. It is whispered that a favourite verse for the ladies on this green—possibly through the wedding of one green to another—is that from the glorious old Scots

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THE DEUK DUBS ON THE QUEEN'S HAME

song " Comin' Through The Rye " :—

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel' ;
But what his name, or whaur his *hame*,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I !
But a' the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

The Queen's Hame suggests Royal progress and the environment heightens that impression. There is a queenly grace in the immediate landscape, and it may be that looking across the Deuk Dubs—the picturesque waterway spanned by the little rustic bridge—and taking in at a glance the beauty of the home stretch you may mark how favourably it compares with that of the King's Course.

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There are still Scots who, cherishing the memory of Bonnie Prince Charlie, are fain to drink a toast to "the King owre the water." An even happier sentiment to-day for golfers standing on the tee here might be expressed in a toast to the Queen's Hame and the King's Hame, the greens "owre the water" where the two great and beautiful courses end in perfect union near the Lairh Loch, the hame of majestic swans—Gleneagles "birds royal"—who in their wild migration appear to suddenly drop from the clouds in coming, and, without any warning in going, fly to hames unknown.

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THE PILGRIMAGE

LL railways and all roads lead to Gleneagles. The Caledonian Railway and the Great North Road each connecting London with Perth and the far North, pass within half-a-mile of the Golf Course. Both are therefore convenient, the former in respect of train service and the latter for journey by motor car. The London and North Western Railway with the Caledonian Railway forms the popular West Coast Royal Mail Route between London (Euston Station) and Scotland. Special boat and express trains for London await arrivals at Southampton and Plymouth as well as at Newhaven, Folkestone, Dover and Harwich, while visitors landing at Liverpool in their shorter journey North travel by trains that are linked at Preston to the West Coast trains expressed from London. And passengers landing at Glasgow Harbour are figuratively within the proverbial "stone's throw" of Gleneagles. The journey from London (Euston) to Gleneagles occupies about ten hours by trains which are replete with everything that makes for comfort—breakfast, luncheon, dining and sleeping cars. As illustrative of the convenience of the situation it may be said that passengers by railway from London, leaving Euston Station after dinner in the evening and travelling by the West Coast Royal Mail Route over the London and North Western and Caledonian Railways to any of the places near Gleneagles, such for example as Perth, or if preferred Edinburgh or Glasgow, will arrive next morning in time for early breakfast. Measured by time, therefore, and by the facilities which are provided for comfortable railway travelling it can be said that Gleneagles Golf Course is not far distant from such busy centres of the country as London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Hull, Newcastle, Leith, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

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Examination of the map on page 129 will clearly convey the geography.

Perth, Edinburgh and Glasgow as stopping places are exceedingly convenient for passengers from the South, because any of the three are within a short railway journey of Gleneagles Station from which the Golf Course is only about half-a-mile distant. And first-class hotel accommodation at all three adds to their attractiveness. The Caledonian Railway Company's Hotels in Edinburgh and Glasgow are amongst the largest and finest of their kind in the Kingdom, and the Station Hotel at Perth, conducted under joint railway auspices, although smaller, is also first-class. All are splendidly equipped, elegantly appointed and the cuisine is excellent. The Princes Street Station Hotel, Edinburgh, and the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, both belonging to the Caledonian Railway Company, have about two-hundred and

A BLINK O' GLENEAGLES STATION

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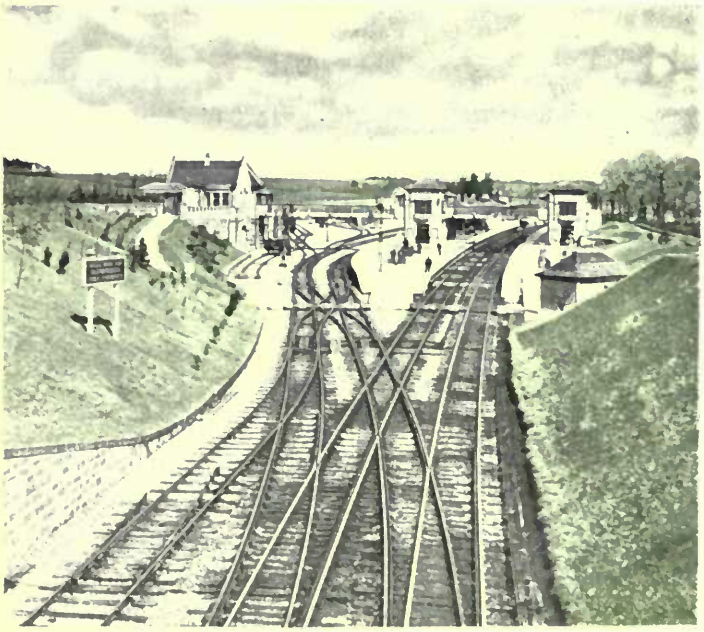
three-hundred-and-fifty bedrooms respectively; and both have elegant suites of apartments fitted with every convenience, as has also the Station Hotel at Perth. Then at Dunblane and Crieff—about twelve and nine miles respectively from the Golf Course, and each with an excellent train service to Gleneagles Station—there are the Dunblane Hydropathic and the Dunblane Stirling Arms Hotel, and the Drummond Arms Hotel at Crieff. There is also the Allan Water Hotel at Bridge of Allan which is only a few miles further distant, and in the vicinity of the Golf Course a little more than a mile away there is the country town of Auchterarder, where hotel accommodation can also be obtained.



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The train service between Gleneagles and Glasgow, Edinburgh, Stirling, Perth and Dundee and other places in the vicinity has been so arranged as to allow of golfers enjoying a full day's golf at Gleneagles and getting comfortably home in the evening. In this respect the advantage of Gleneagles Station being on the Main Line of the Caledonian Railway is apparent, and it may be mentioned that certain of the trains in both directions have Pullman Buffet and Dining Cars attached at such hours of the day as to make it practicable to breakfast, lunch, or dine in the trains with much convenience. And the train connections have been so arranged at Perth and Dundee as to allow of golfers resident at St. Andrews and other places in Fife and Forfar journeying by railway to Gleneagles with convenience and comfort. Golfers from both shores of the Firth of Tay as well as from St. Andrews enjoy a day at Gleneagles. They appear to like contrasting the attractions of the seaside courses, particularly the " Royal and Ancient," with the more modern countryside course at Gleneagles. For the information of those from far afield it may be repeated that the journey between St. Andrews and Gleneagles, as well as by train can also be made by motor car and still allow of time for a long day's play at Gleneagles. And visitors temporarily sojourning in the Highlands north of Perth can also readily get to Gleneagles either by railway or by road, because the Caledonian Railway links up with the Highland Railway at Perth. The journey by road may either be by way of Dunkeld, Amulree, the Sma' Glen and Crieff, or by way of Dunkeld, Perth and Auchterarder. Every convenience in travel is afforded to visitors by railway or by road from whatever part of the kingdom they may journey. But railways and roads are not the only means of transport to Gleneagles. Golfers also travel by air, and a feature of the facilities during the last two seasons was the golfers' aeroplane service between Glasgow and Gleneagles in connection with which there is in the immediate vicinity of the Golf Course an aeroplane landing place fully licensed by the Government Authorities.

As will have been noted, " The Pilgrimage " is easy, but

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in order that there may be no misunderstanding, it should be borne in mind that all information in regard to Gleneagles and the way to get to it can be obtained on application to the Caledonian Railway Company, Glasgow, or to the London and North Western Railway Company, London. And as the American Express Company are the Tourist Agents of the Caledonian Railway Company, information can also be obtained at their offices in London and Paris as well as at their offices in New York and other American cities. Visitors from the Continent of Europe and also from America will be specially directed by the American Express Company; and Mr. John Fairman, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, the General Agent in America for the West Coast Royal Mail Route of the London and North Western and the Caledonian Railway Companies is also in a position to give the fullest information and make special arrangements for those American visitors who desire to include Scotland in their European itinerary and golf at Gleneagles.

It only remains to be said that Mr. James Mallen is the Honorary Secretary, with headquarters at 302 Buchanan Street, Glasgow: that the Postal Address of the Golf Club-House is Gleneagles Golf Club-House, Auchterarder, Perthshire; that the telephone number of the Golf Club-House is 46 Auchterarder; and that the telegraphic address of the Golf Club-House is "Fore Gleneagles," Auchterarder.

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THE PROFESSIONAL

THE importance of having a golfer of proved ability permanently engaged at Gleneagles to supervise important matters directly related to the play, and to act, when desired, as instructor, was a necessity early foreseen, but it was not until the right man for the position could be found that the appointment was made. The choice fell on Gordon Lockhart, of Prestwick, one of the finest amateur golfers north of the Border, and whose record includes the honour of having represented Scotland against England in the Competitions of 1911 and 1912. He was semi-finalist in the Amateur Championship, 1911, and winner of the Irish Open Championship, 1912, besides being runner-up in 1910 and semi-finalist in 1913. Lockhart's acceptance of the position closed his career as an amateur, a career that—but for the war, during which he held His Majesty's commission—might have seen him winner of the great International Amateur event of the golfing year. In deciding, however, to devote his entire time to the game, he took the wider view of furthering its interests in a professional capacity at Gleneagles, and who knows but that under his guidance future amateur champions may gain their initial knowledge of the finer points of the game.

His acquaintance with Gleneagles is not of recent date He was one of the first to play on the course with which he is now so closely identified, and it may be recalled that he was the winner of the Scottish Amateur Championship (1920), one of the principal events of the Gleneagles season. It was made abundantly plain then that his style was particularly suited to the Championship test which the King's Course sets. His success at other centres

A GLENEAGLES LASSIE CADDIE

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A GLENEAGLES BOY CADDIE

in 1920 was no less marked. He won the Tennant Cup and the Hillhouse Cup, two of the most important golfing trophies in the West of Scotland, and, with Mr. John Wilson, he scored his sixth win for Prestwick (St. Nicholas) in the biggest foursome tourney of the year, a tourney run under the auspices of the Glasgow *Evening Times*, and taken part in by players from all over Scotland. To these brief particulars may be added the fact that he holds the record for Turnberry (74) and also Prestwick (St. Nicholas) (68), where his handicap was plus 6, and prior to the period of the war he was returned winner in more competitions than he could ever hope to remember.

To his professional work he brings all the best qualities of the sporting amateur and an appreciation of the amateur's difficulties. His style answers to all that is best in attractive play, and is delightful to watch. His exposition of the game in a tutorial way is lucid and helpful, and for those who may wish to benefit from his skill and experience a special scale of charges has been arranged. It has been said by those who know, that the prospect of a round with Lockhart adds to the attractiveness of golf at Gleneagles.

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THE POSTSCRIPT

THE value of a postscript lies in the opportunity a writer is given to conclude any written statement with a reference to some point of supreme significance; not an afterthought, nor a side-issue, but the intimation of something vital to the matter in hand. It is a postscript of that character that here is penned. Excepting for its place in the order of the book, this last chapter might well have been entitled "The Prospect," for the reason that all it contains is in the nature of hopeful anticipation. It is, however, a fitting conclusion to what has been written, because, while being explanatory of something that needs explanation it gives a pleasing peep into the future. Perhaps "Addendum" might have been more appropriate, but such a title would have sounded somewhat prosaic and would certainly have been less picturesque than "Postscript." Besides it would have affected the alliterative attraction of the "Contents" page.

It has been said with some truth that "all good golfers go to Gleneagles." But owing to lack of hotel accommodation, those from a distance cannot stay there; they can go only for the day. On the other hand, there is, as has been indicated, excellent hotel accommodation at neighbouring places. That, however, is not quite the same thing. Golfers when on extended holiday like to sleep where they golf and golf where they sleep. When the Gleneagles scheme was projected it was intended that it should comprise an hotel as well as a golf course. It was realised that the one was the complement of the other, and early in 1914 the building of an hotel was commenced simultaneously with the making of the golf course, only, however, to be summarily stopped soon after the beginning of the Great War. The structure of masonry and steel, fully fireproof, was

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THE STRUCTURE OF THE HOTEL AS BUILT, WITH THE GOLF COURSE IN THE FOREGROUND

partly built to the level of the roof, and there it stands a temporary monument, as it were, to the cursedness of the War and the difficulties attaching to labour. But the workmanship being excellent, the structure is as good as the day it was built, and the prospects being bright the hope of the pre-war period springs again. The picture on this page gives a good idea of the hotel structure, in its setting of lovely landscape and its relation to the golf course. It is situated on an eminence about 525 feet above the level of the sea, and has a foreground which gradually slopes towards the golf course about 350 yards distant. The building stands, so to say, in its own grounds extending to over 500 acres. To the north it has an immediate background of gorgeous heather muir with Strathearn luxuriant in agricultural richness coming between it and the more distant Grampian Mountains, but the main prospect—a point or two to the east of south—with its falling foreground, spacious, clear and open, presents a glorious picture of Gleneagles, there being a vista up the glen for several miles. To the east, as far as the eye can reach, there is the panorama of sylvan beauty extending to

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the hills at Perth, with dark Lochnagar far away in the distant background, while westward the view is typically Highland, the features being scented pines and purple heather and the howes and knowes and greens of the golf course. An enthusiastic American visitor happily described the views from the windows of the hotel structure as being each a "fifty thousand dollar picture." They are certainly beautiful, and the panoramic prospect from the tower is, of its kind, probably unsurpassed.

It is intended that the hotel should be such as will attract the best class of people from all parts of the world. The idea is to offer visitors a combination of the comforts and pleasures of the first-class modern hotel and the delightful old country house, in such pleasant surroundings, and with such facilities for recreation, indoor and out-of-door, that the Gleneagles Summertime Season may become the vogue.

The hotel has been designed on the most modern principles. It is Georgian in style, and it is proposed that the decoration and the finishing and furnishing should be characterised by the simple elegance and beauty of the later period of the eighteenth century, with such appointments and service as are usually associated with hotels of the highest class.

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PICTURE OF THE HOTEL AS IT WILL BE WHEN FINISHED—FROM A DRAWING

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The lounge and dining room connected by the "grand corridor" will be comfortable and spacious, and a prominent feature will be a delightful roofed-in tea terrace—constructed in steel and glass—extending along the main front, facing the sun, conveniently connected with the lounge as well as with the grand corridor. The corridor will be in the nature of a promenade and of such width and character as to provide additional lounging accommodation. The plan also shews a children's dining room—immediately adjoining the main dining room—reading and writing rooms, billiard room, smoke room, swimming pond, racquets court, and also a ballroom which will be so constructed as to be readily adaptable for concerts and theatrical entertainments. The main staircase will be situated in an inner hall between the entrance hall and the corridor, the idea in this being to accentuate that feeling of domesticity, which it is intended should be a striking note of the hotel, and allow visitors, if they so desire, to go downstairs to the dining room or to the lounge without passing through the entrance hall, and to the dining room without passing through the lounge. The main block of the building having a southern aspect with the dining room at the east end, visitors will, at breakfast, bask in the morning sun, while the lounge and the covered tea terrace will afford facilities for sitting in the sunshine more or less all day, and provide opportunity for seeing the sunset beyond the distant Grampian Mountains and the moonrise over the neighbouring Ochil Hills. It is further intended that there should be suites of apartments on the first and second floors entered from off private corridors communicating with the main corridor, and a further interesting feature is a tiny tea garden on the roof of the building, about 600 feet above the level of the sea, commanding a magnificent prospect of the surrounding country far and near. The culinary arrangements of the hotel have been specially studied, and the plans shew kitchen and relative accommodation of the highest class replete with the most modern equipment. The lighting will be electric and the sanitary arrangements will be as perfect as it is possible

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to make them. There is already a plentiful supply of water—having the Ochil Hills as a gathering ground—which analysis shews to be twice as clear as the water of Loch Katrine, the source of the supply of the City of Glasgow, a supply which, as is well known, is one of the best in the country. It is intended that the grounds of the hotel should be laid out in a pleasing manner, and that as well as a small but rich and orderly flower garden there should, in the immediate precincts, be a kitchen garden to meet the hotel requirements. Ample motor garage accommodation will also be provided, and a farm in the immediate vicinity of the hotel has already been leased which will be in the nature of a home farm and from which supplies for the hotel will be obtained. It is expected that the dairy at the farm will be attractive, and if the idea of having a cake and candy shop in the adjoining quaint old village of Muirtown matures, and Miss Anne Teek decides to sell curios in one of the old thatched cottages there, the children and the ladies may have interesting "ploys" between their games of golf and tennis and croquet.

As well as a miniature golf course for practice in pitching and putting in the precincts of the hotel, it is intended that there should also be first-class tennis courts and croquet lawns in the immediate vicinity for pastime in the summer; while the Laich Loch will provide opportunity for boating in the summer and for curling and skating in the winter. And in the out-of-door recreation the children will not be forgotten, because, in addition to other facilities for enjoyment, there will be grassy playgrounds and some Shetland ponies in a paddock immediately adjoining, which will provide them with healthy amusement.

But the great attraction in the realm of sport at Gleneagles will be golf on "The Golf Course the Great in Scotland," the starting tees and home greens of which are within from three to five hundred yards of the front door of the hotel. But all do not play golf, and it is intended that visitors to the hotel amongst their other pastimes should enjoy walking with freedom in the pleasure grounds of the hotel, and for miles on the outskirts of and between the golf courses—"unbeaten

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tracks and bridle paths "—over virgin grounds of finely undulating character typically Highland with bracken and broom and whin and heather, and from the heights of which splendid views of the Glens and Bens can be obtained without the irksome feeling attaching to trespass, because, as has been said, more than 500 acres of land have been acquired.

Scotland is *par excellence* the land of golfing, and fishing and shooting, and in respect of beautiful scenery and excellent roads it is unsurpassed as a country for motoring. Gleneagles Hotel will be in the very middle of it. There are many different 100 miles return motor runs through country of vividly storied interest and natural charm. Northward and westward lie the passes and glens of the Grampians; eastward and northward, beyond the Fair City of Perth, are the fertile valleys of the Carse of Gowrie, Birnam Wood, and Dunsinane Hill, and the romantic towns and villages of the Howe of Strathmore. Eastward, through the passes of the Ochils, is the "Kingdom of Fife" with its quaint old-world seaports, and westward, beyond Loch Earn and Balquhidder, stretch Monteith and the Lennox to famous Loch Lomond, while southward there is Stirling itself the key to the north and the whole ancient battle ground of Scotland. And of an afternoon a different famous Scottish Loch may be visited every day in the week, because it will be easy to motor along roads which run for miles in mountainous glens through muirs of heather to such Lochs as Loch Lomond, Loch Tay, Loch Earn, Loch Katrine, Loch Vennacher, Loch Voil and Loch Leven, all of which are within a convenient motor car journey from the hotel. And in addition, such places as Crieff, Dunkeld, Aberfeldy, Pitlochry, Callander and the Trossachs can be comfortably visited within a few hours; while St. Andrews and even Oban and Braemar can be reached by motor car from Gleneagles, returning the same day. The facilities for angling in the district are also attractive, and at Gleneagles the lover of the "gentle art" will find himself in the centre of a varied and fine fishing district. Besides the famous "Pond" at Carsebreck, on which the great Scottish Curling

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Bonspiels are held when there is frost and sufficient ice in the winter time, and the Upper and Lower Rhind Lochs at Braco, all of which are carefully stocked and preserved, and where good baskets of trout are the rule, there is the River Earn in the vicinity and also burns at Gleneagles and neighbourhood which provide opportunity for fishing. And within easy motor run through Glendevon lies the Queen of all the angling waters in the world, the far-famed Loch Leven itself, about 15 miles distant, while a little further north, in the neighbourhood of Perth, the well known River Tay salmon fishing is probably unequalled. These fishings will be at the disposal of visitors to the Gleneagles Hotel on moderate payment. And thousands of acres of the finest shooting ground in Scotland can be leased in the vicinity of the Hotel. Glenartney Deer Forest is distant about an hour's journey by motor car, and there are grouse moors in every direction. As has been indicated, grouse and other wild birds nest on the very golf course.

In a word, Gleneagles, situated as it is on the threshold of the Highlands in the very "he'rt o' Scotland," possesses everything that is desirable for the full enjoyment of free country life amidst surroundings, which, in respect of pleasing landscape and historic and romantic interest, are unsurpassed in Scotland.

It will be appreciated that the future still holds something in store, but the present has much to offer to all who, having the wisdom of the wise, make sure of enjoying the delights of golf at Gleneagles.

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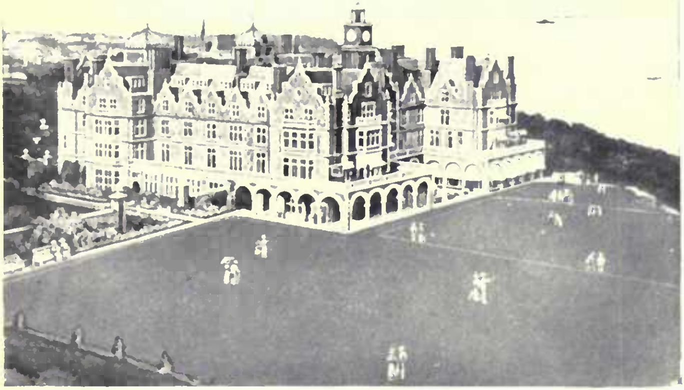

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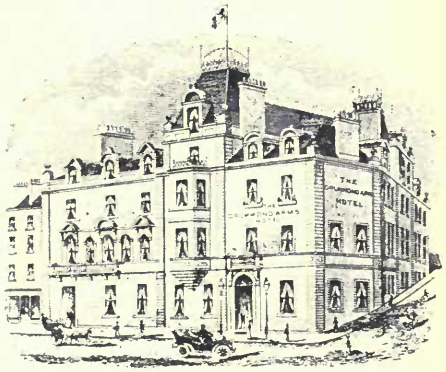

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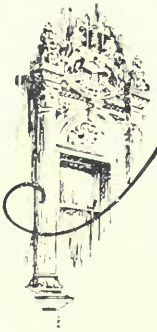

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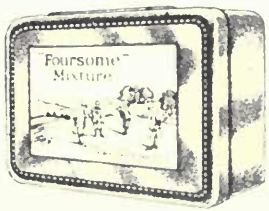

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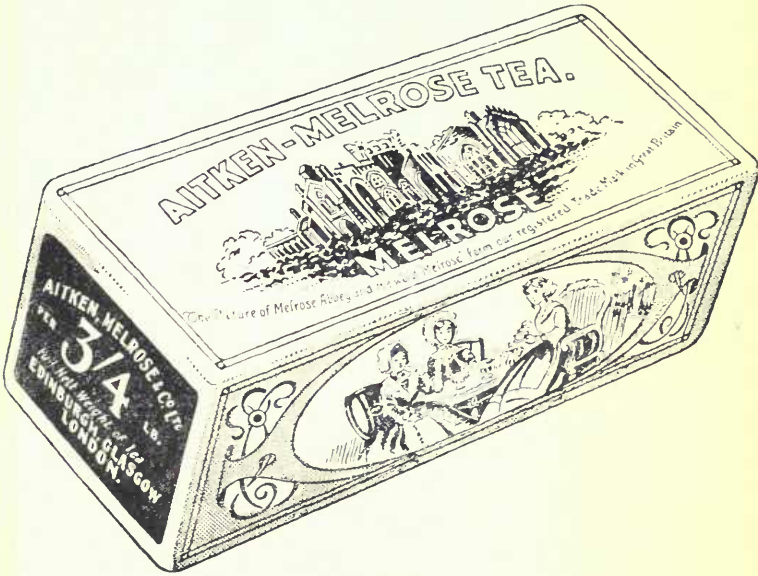

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