



# LINKS TO ST ANDREWS

LINKS TO ST ANDREWS  
THE EBOOK  
SAMPLER



*Links to St Andrews: The Ebook Sampler* is adapted from the hardcover first edition of *Links to St Andrews: Love Letters to the Home of Golf* coming soon from Pinwheel Press. It features essays from and conversations with professional players, artists, designers, historians, collectors, managers, and amateur lovers of the game from throughout the world of golf, including Arnold Palmer, Gary Player, Greg Norman, Rory McIlroy, Michael Bonallack, Annika Sörenstam, Gordon Simmonds, Ben Crenshaw, Bill Coore, Lorena Ochoa, and many others.

320 pages, 400+ illustrations, more than 100 contributors.

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Cover image: *Swilcan Bridge, St Andrews*, by Michael Klein.

Editing and design of full-scale book and ebook sampler: Carol Haralson

Photos by Matthew Harris: 3-4, 18-20, 33, 43 (background), 46-47, 50, 58-59, 62-65; photo by Mark Alexander: 16-17; Science and Society Picture Library: 21-24, 26, 42, 44-45, 49, 52-53, 60, 62; photos by Brian Henry: 5-15, 34-37, Arnold Palmer Collection, shown courtesy of Mr. Palmer; page 43: Rules of golf, courtesy of British Golf Museum; page 55: courtesy of Greg Norman.

# LOVE LETTERS TO THE HOME OF GOLF



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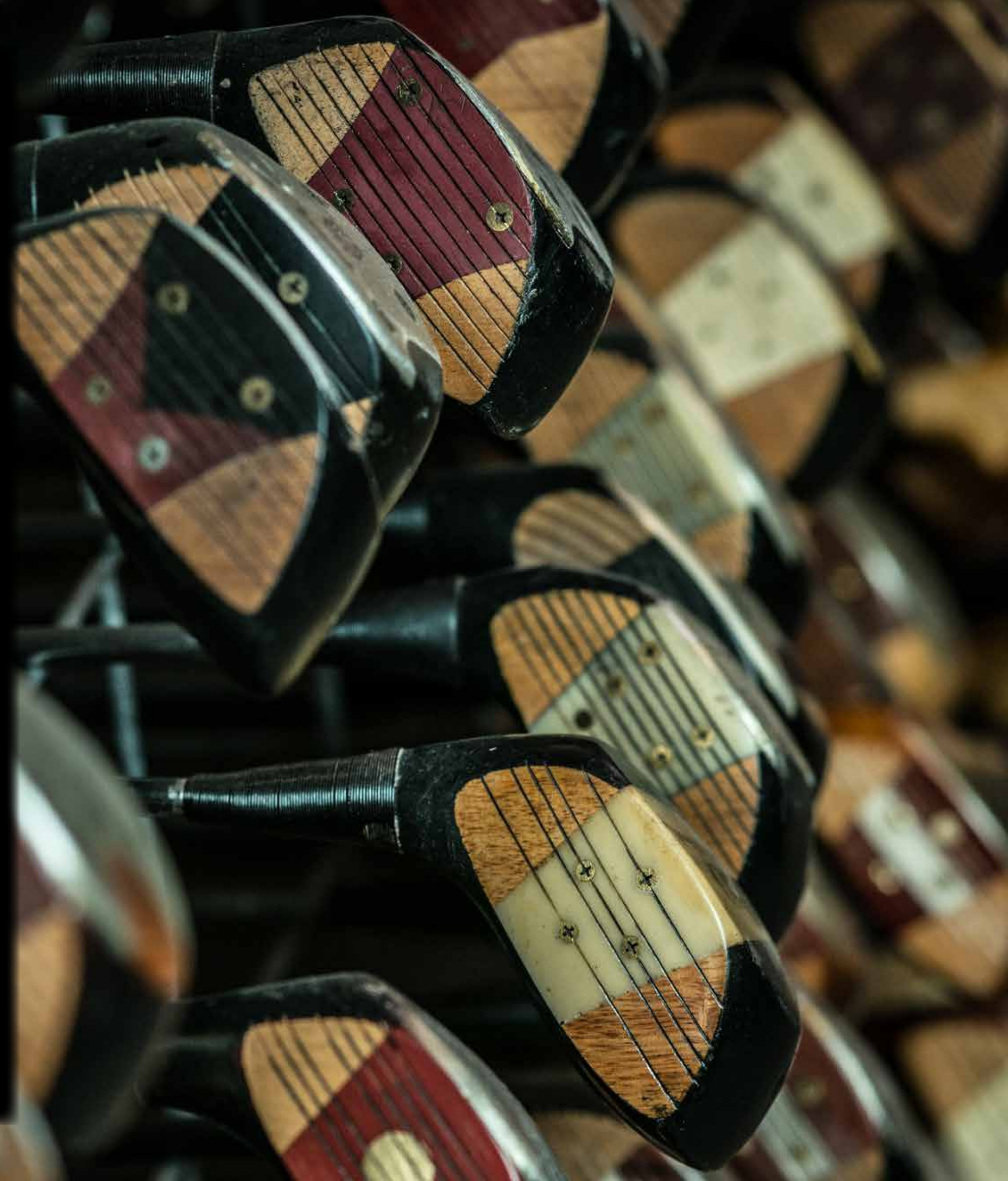
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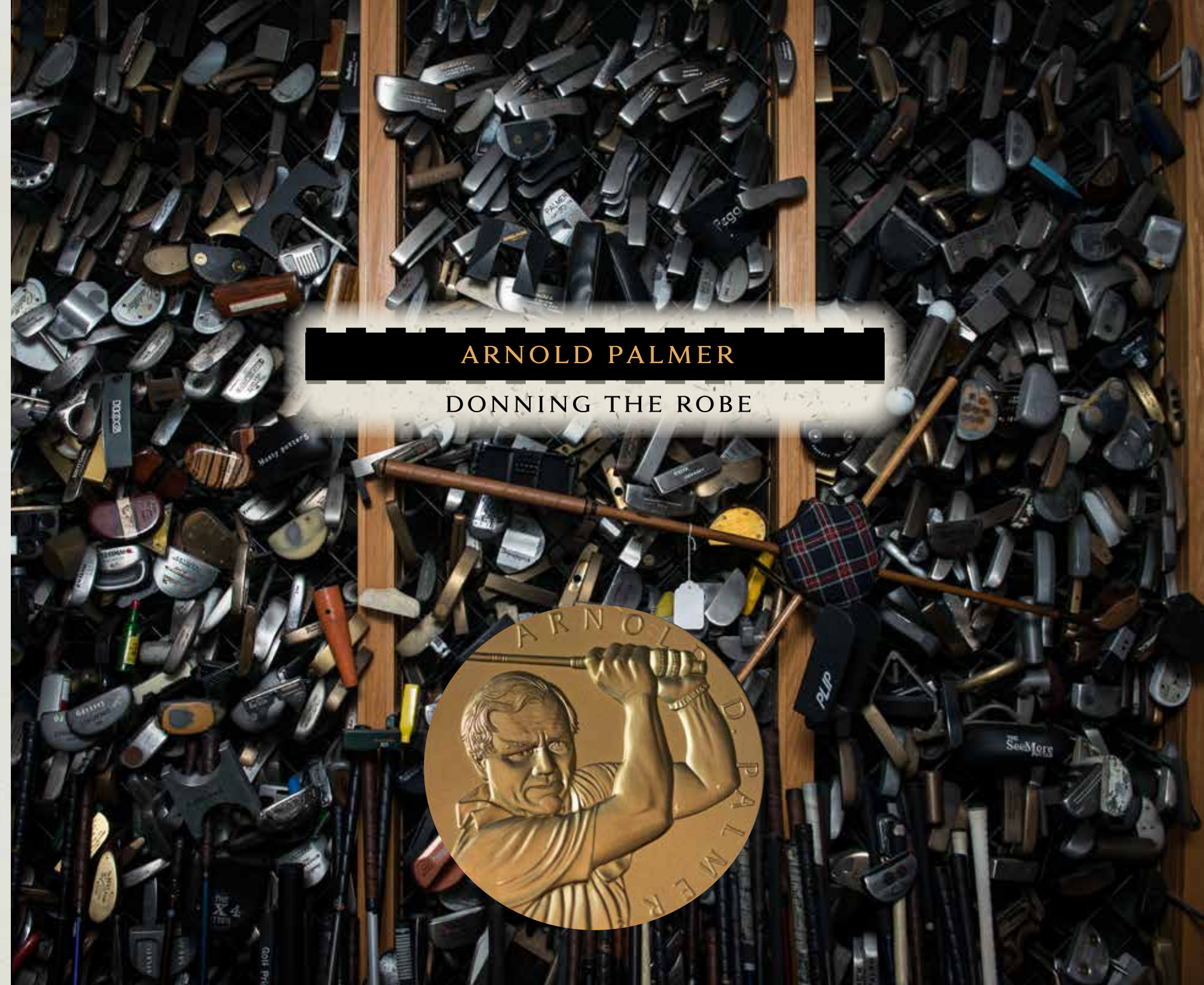
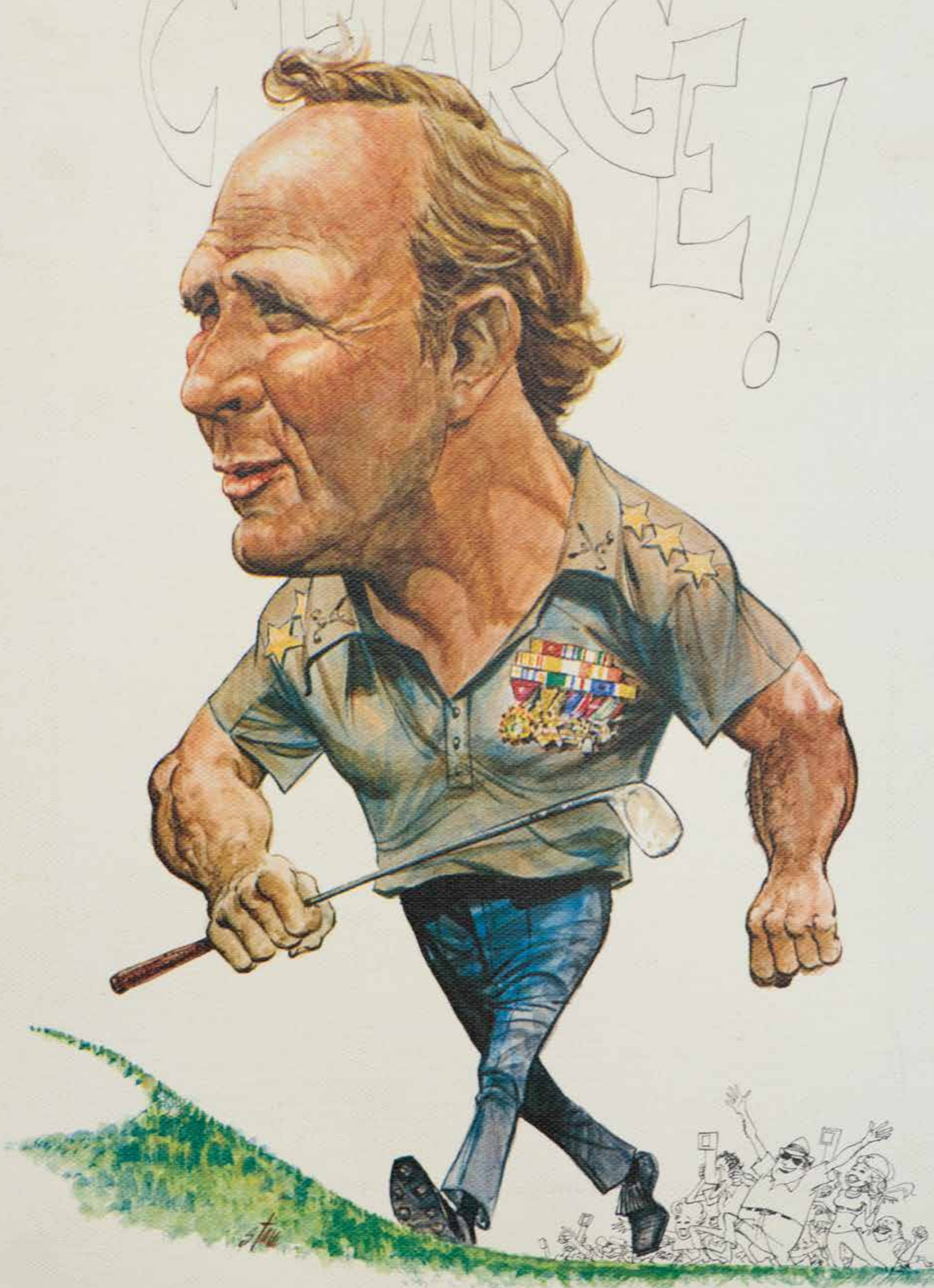
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LASTING IMPRESSIONS

LASTING IMPRESSIONS

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## ARNOLD PALMER

### DONNING THE ROBE

**I BELIEVE WHOLEHEARTEDLY IN GOLF. I CONSIDER IT A GAME OF HONOR. IT DOES MORE TO BRING OUT THE FINER POINTS IN A MAN'S CHARACTER THAN ANY OTHER SPORT. — DONALD ROSS**

I have been privileged to receive honorary degrees from many fine colleges and universities, but none, other than the one from Wake Forest University, my alma mater, is more meaningful than the that conferred on me in 2010 by the University of St Andrews. It was the crowning moment in my long association with the historic community on the shore of the North Sea.

An admiration for St Andrews dates to my early years in Latrobe, Pennsylvania, when the game of golf was first taking hold of me. As I was learning how to play in those days, I became fascinated with golf's history and traditions. I read about the exploits of great players

past and present and about the great championships and storied courses, certainly including the oldest of them all—The Open Championship—and its home at St Andrews.

The opportunity to live a boyhood dream presented itself in the early years of my professional career. I had passed up my first chance to travel to Britain in 1955 as a member of the Walker Cup team after winning the 1954 US Amateur Championship when I decided to turn professional late that year. Newly married, I needed to make a living.

Success over the next few years on the PGA Tour culminated in victories in the Masters and the US Open



in 1960. Even though The Open Championship had lost some of its luster in the post-World War II years, it made perfect sense for me to go for that cherished Claret Jug, especially since I was to partner with Sam Snead as the US team in the annual Canada Cup, now known as the World Cup, which was scheduled at Portmarnock in Ireland the week before players qualified for The Open Championship, and particularly since St Andrews was the venue that year. It was a memorable trip. Sam and I won the Canada Cup, and I just missed winning the Open, losing to Kel Nagle by a stroke, but St Andrews, the golf course and the town, the country of Scotland, and the Scottish people won me that summer. I knew that I had to come back and that I had to convince my fellow American pros how important it was to play in and perhaps win the hallowed Open Championship, just as my father had impressed on me in years past.

I won the next two Opens—at Royal Birkdale and Troon—and I like to think that my trailblazing efforts led to most American players of note adding the championship to their schedules, restoring The Open Championship to its rightful place as one of the four major tournaments in the world of professional golf and an integral part of the professional Grand Slam that I had inadvertently “invented” on my way to Ireland on that first trip abroad.

What wonderful memories I have of St Andrews. My first look at the town and my first experiences on a true golf links. My Scottish caddie, colorful Tip Anderson, who proved invaluable to me for many years whenever my playing schedule took me to Europe. My stays at the Rusacks Hotel that bordered the course’s incomparable eighteenth fairway. The unpredictable weather. Most of all, I recall the great kindness people of all walks of life

extended to my wife Winnie and me whenever we had the good fortune to visit the birthplace of the game. I even developed a fondness for the weather!

And, most recently, the exciting and rewarding experience of donning the robe and kneeling as the university drew me into its honored company in a profound and age-old ceremony. I will always hold that dear to my heart.



A CONVERSATION WITH  
HOWARD GILES

*When you are doing something really cool, it is neater than neat. — DR. H. GILES*

*Golf is full of great people. — DR. H. GILES*

Arnold Palmer said of Howard “Howdy” Giles, author of *The King and I: An Unlikely Journey from Fan to Friend*: “How often have you heard somebody described as ‘one of a kind’? I think just about everybody has hung such a tagline on a person or two of their acquaintanceship. I know that I have. Yet nobody has ever fit that description better than Howdy Giles. Because his boundless enthusiasm struck a special chord with me, I encouraged him to be a friend as well as a fan.”

Howdy Giles, unofficial field general in “Arnie’s Army” (the phrase was coined by James Dodson), is known for saying that “Life is made up of doing neat things with neat people, and it does not get any better than doing things with Arnold Palmer.” Howdy became Palmer’s “unofficial official” photographer long ago. A quarter of a million photos and nearly fifty years of friendship later, he remains Palmer’s No. 1 fan.

Dr. Giles learned to love golf from watching Arnold Palmer on television at a time when the sport was becoming attractive to people of all ages, regardless of background or demographic. He became a fan in 1965, after receiving a kind smile and a photograph from The King. He played in his first Bay Hill Member–Guest event in November 1973; Palmer bought Howdy’s team in the Calcutta for \$650. Impassioned to win, the team started strong—then finished sixty-third out of sixty-four.

THE AULD GREY TOWN  
TOWN, GOWN, GOLF





THE AULD GREY TOON

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**KEVIN CATTANACH**  
TOWN, GOWN, GOLF

St Andrews is a unique and historic small town with two huge influences that determine its character—its university and its golf. The University of St Andrews brings a youthfulness to the historic old town, as new young blood arrives each year with refreshing energy and enthusiasm. Town and gown are bridged by golf, as many students play the courses on the beach and its surrounds. Golfers come from around the world to test themselves on the same course that is played by the game's elite. And yet any member of the public can walk onto or across the famous Old Course. Town and golf come together at the Autumn Meeting of the R&A Golf Club, to which I am fortunate to belong. This is when the annual Town Match is played. Members from the local clubs unite in the name of golf. All want to

win for their side, but the overriding factor is friendship, whether newly forged or fondly renewed. The good banter during the day culminates in the announcement of a winner—usually a win to The Town! The participants always remember those not present, especially the late Alan Elliot, who organized the games for years and will forever be remembered by all who gather each year. The views of the courses, especially the Old Course, are seen round the world by millions of people, so everyone feels they know St Andrews just a little bit. But being there, you appreciate the unique blend of past and present, and of sport, learning, and town life that makes the place so special.

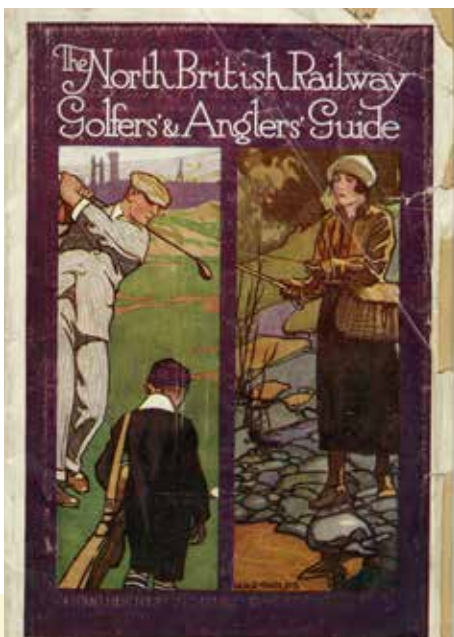


**ALEX HOLMES**  
KNICKERS TO NIKES

Over the past 150 years, professional golf style at St Andrews has meant anything from tweed trousers to polyester polos, and every variation in between. Without regulation uniforms or the necessity for specific sporting apparel, the trajectory of golf fashion mirrored the movements of classic menswear. It evolved through the good, the bad, and the ugly of 20th-century men's style until finally morphing into a unique subgenre of athletic gear in the first decade of the new millennium. As the 144th Open Championship returns to St Andrews, it is an opportune time to look back at the shifts and standards of golf style through the lens of the game's oldest championship on its most legendary links course. Like virtually all golf histories, the game's style story

also starts at St Andrews with Thomas Mitchell Morris. Son of a Scottish weaver and keeper of the green at St Andrews Links, Morris sported a working-class utilitarian wardrobe that epitomized the look of the early modern golfer and has influenced the style of the game ever since. Before the turn of the 20th century, countryside and course were one and the same, and a man's clothes were tailored more for the Scottish terrain than any particular tee. Tough tweed suits, wool socks, and boots guarded men against the wet weather that swept through their seaside town and the gnarly gorse that ran through their links. Shirts and ties, nowhere near the serious sartorial statement they make today, underpinned every ensemble, and a flat, soft wool cap covered the head of every man, boy, and child from the street to the sea.

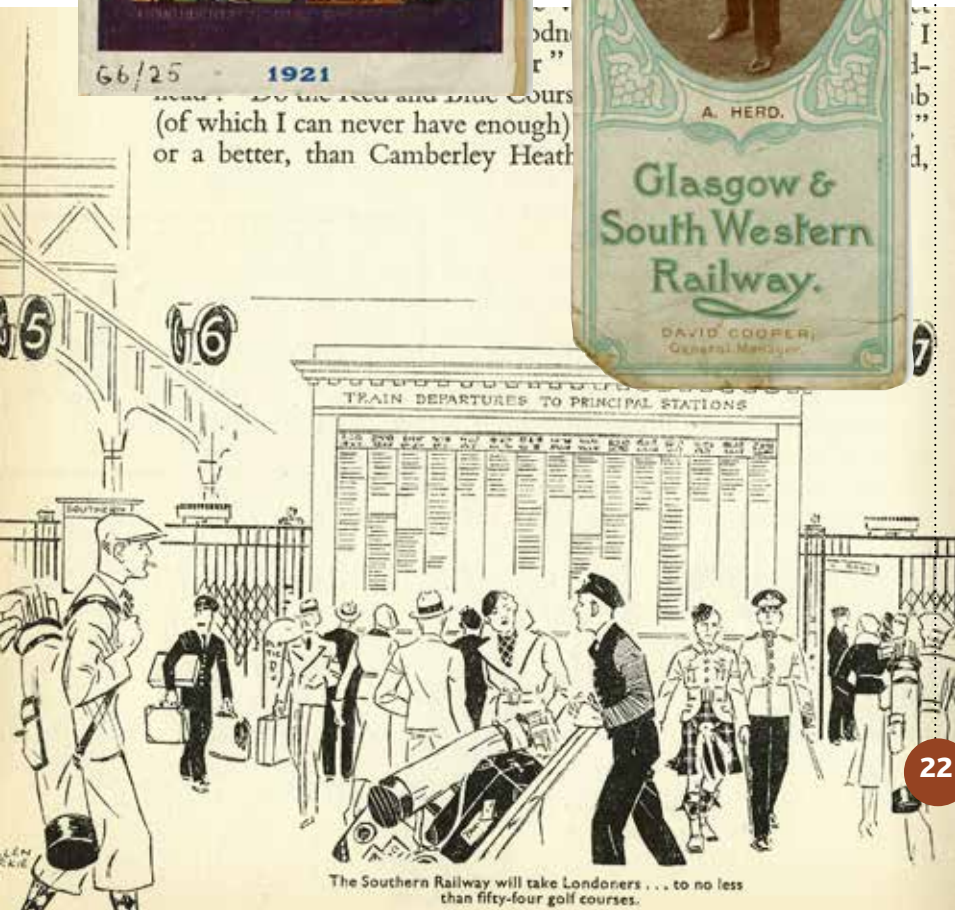




And while utilitarian workwear certainly defined the dress of the day, Morris and many others did appropriate one specific style that caught on like wildfire and could even be argued as the sport's first true fashion "trend." In the early 20th century players began donning Norfolk jackets to play golf. The belted-back and box-pleated coats, originally designed for increased mobility while hunting, freed up the arms and made for the perfect piece of outerwear for lashing one's gutty around the links. Utilitarianism would continue to inspire golf style through the modern era, but by the 1920s two influential Americans emerged to run the table at The Open Championship for the following decade. They began to elevate the game's aesthetic from its humble heritage to more sophisticated standing.

Bobby Jones and Walter Hagen combined won seven Claret Jugs between the years of 1921 to 1930. Their successes across the Atlantic officially heralded golf as an international game, and their discernibly high-society style defined the look of golf during the interwar years.

Jones, the gentleman amateur from Georgia, and Hagen, a professional golfer although you wouldn't know it by looking at him, were not of working-class backgrounds. Unusual for the time, they both dressed more like the men they were off the course than those who had preceded them on it. The shirt and tie remained a prominent factor of the links look, but soft, more comfortable vee-neck sweaters replaced many tweed country coats. Coarse woolen trousers and leather boots gave way to gabardine plus-fours, delicate hosiery, and the game's first spiked golf shoe. Full-cut, billowy bottoms were a mark of affluence, as fabric was expensive, but this detail didn't seem to concern some of the game's most distinguished players as they strode the





**TOP:** Arnold Palmer and Bob Hope on location at Denham Golf Club for Bob Hope's film *Call me Bwana*, 1962. **ABOVE:** A contemporary golfer in blue plaid.

links at St Andrews in style. The decadence of the decade ended, however, as the western world descended into economic depression and ultimately the Second World War. Just as the form and function from the game's forefathers would leave a lasting impression on golf fashion, so too would the dapper dress of the Jones and Hagen era.

The postwar period saw the popular rise of two definitive style narratives: one was a conservative aesthetic that maintained much of the minimalism of simple styling and wartime fabric rations, and the other was a set of subcultures that bucked classic looks in their own iterations of an anti-establishment image.

Golf style followed the former. Casual sportswear—full-length trousers, knit polos, and simply layered pieces in dark, dusty shades epitomized the look of conservatively clad suburban middle and upper classes. The links look from the fifties and sixties mirrored this movement and would solidify into the classic statement that we identify with the sport today.

Some of The Open's most notable champions, such as Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, Peter Thomson, and Arnold Palmer pioneered the mid-century mold and still represent some of the game's most stylish icons. There was a refined masculinity to their style, casual but never sloppy. And while their clothes were not as utilitarian as those of Morris's generation, they were also less overtly elite than Hagen's and Jones's. Style during the first few decades of the postwar period is often overly romanticized, but the 1950s and 1960s were truly the golden years of golf style. However, the soft simplicity that trended through the middle of the century wouldn't last long. Conservative shapes and shades of classic sixties style slowly shifted to fan collars, geometric prints, and bell-bottom trousers. By 1975 the tours had followed suit as glam bands and disco fever seemed to have influenced everyone from St Andrews to Cypress Point.

Color palettes transitioned first and were soon followed by all sorts of prints and plaids in different shapes and sizes. Tony Jacklin claimed his only Claret Jug in a solid fuchsia getup, Jack Nicklaus and Johnny Miller each took home trophies in plaid pants, and by the late 1970s practically everybody had abandoned wool and cotton trousers for polyester bellbottoms.

Mod arose as another subculture in the UK at the end of the decade, but golf fashion at The Open Championships continued to follow the mainstream. Pop colors, prints, and polyester trended through the 1980s and even though trousers lost some of bell at the bottom, pants only seemed to get bigger through the end of the 20th century.

Golf style shifted significantly in the 1990s. While it continued to follow the broader movements in mainstream menswear, it also adopted a discernibly different characteristic that would ultimately separate it from popular dress and define the game's look for its

foreseeable future. In the 1980s Giorgio Armani began to reshape the silhouettes of men's style. He abandoned the standard sharp, slim lines of classic tailoring and adopted designs that focused more on drape than shape. By the early 1990s Armani's vision had transcended the runway and redefined a global contemporary masculine aesthetic. Fuller pleated trousers became universal, shoulder widths widened, and shirts and sweaters were so baggy they billowed in the breeze. As in years past, golf fashion followed the trends of traditional sportswear and the looks on the St Andrews links were as loose as anything on the market.

The second shift in golf fashion had less to do with the actual clothes and everything to do with the image they projected. The 1990s began the era of bigtime branding, and golfers emblazoned their once-vacant sartorial real estate with endorsements from all varieties of sponsors.

The utility of the game's apparel had hardly changed since the golf spike was developed in the early part of the century, but the 1990s marked the decade where golf clothes became much more than just clothing. Companies had long sponsored players on every tour, but now players became true brand ambassadors.

The shape of the clothes themselves still resembled the classic sportswear worn outside the ropes, but the aesthetics were less homogenous, as each style reflected a particular brand's perception of what the sport of professional golf should look like.

Some guys, like Nick Faldo, kept it classic, while others, like Jesper Parnevik and David Duval, donned discernibly sportier looks. By the mid 90s companies clearly intensified the branding of the professional players in their stable and thus also aimed to make sure the amateur outfit looked and felt different from the rest of their wardrobes too.

It was a cosmetic difference at first, but a move that nonetheless started to shift golf style away from off-course clothes into its own category. In 1996 sports equipment and apparel juggernaut Nike signed nineteen-year-old rising star Tiger Woods to a five-year, \$40-million-dollar endorsement and set the stage for the scales to tip completely.

By 1997 Nike knew it had the most dynamic player since Jack Nicklaus. However, the new millennium still opened completely unprepared for the modern athletes who had taken over the game. Tiger Woods rushed onto the scene dressed in ill-fitting hand-me-downs from the previous generation—a style completely at odds with the youth and energy he brought to the sport. Even as apparel companies outside the game began to evolve past the shapeless silhouettes of the 1990s, golf was its own genre of clothing by now. Seemingly untethered to the macro movements in men's style, the sport took even longer to react to this change. Companies continued to attempt to separate themselves on aesthetics alone, and fit in the early part of the 2000s remained unchanged from the

previous generation. Woods, however, as well as a number of other players who came of age in the first few years of the decade, left golf in much different fashion.

Technology took over in the second half of the decade, further separating the look of the spectators in the gallery from that of the pros inside the lines. The distinction between golf apparel and equipment progressively blurred as polyester came back to the tour in a much different look and feel than it had in the 1970s. Almost every stitch of gear was researched and designed to wick sweat, block odor, breathe, stretch, and so on.

Different brands did still portray different images across the spectrum of conservative and contemporary style, depending on brand identity. The more athletically inspired brands like Nike, Adidas, and Under Armour constantly pushed the envelope of active aesthetics and tailored fits to develop sporty looks often using pop colors and modern accents.

Classic brands like Peter Millar and Ralph Lauren Golf reimagined standard styles in democratic shapes in a wide range of rich colors. However, despite the stylistic differences on either side of the market, many of these companies were sewing their stuff with the same synthetic threads.

Golf's clubs, balls, bags, and even courses have all seen significant changes throughout the history of the sport, but arguably some of the most dramatic moves have occurred within the last twenty years. In that regard, golf style has followed a very similar narrative. Golf clothes began and existed for quite some time as just that, clothes. But after a hundred years of highs and lows, of swagger and stumble, the style of the sport has emerged into something much more. For the professional player his look is an extension of his brand, and in a day and age when money made outside of an event often trumps the checks cut inside it, a professional's image turns into yet another critical shot in his bag.

The story of golf style is still governed by functionality but the demands of today's professional game go beyond just getting the ball in the hole; in fact, you might say that the modern tour pro now begins his pre-shot routine by putting his pants on one leg at a time.



## SARA KATE GILLINGHAM

### DINING AFTER A GOOD ROUND

It's no wonder that there is a connection between food and golf. We all know that a round of golf isn't exactly a quick endeavor and so the culinary tradition of golf clubs has its roots in necessity-based eating—sandwiches on the go, drinks in disposable cups. But these days the golf world is mirroring the rest of the world and has turned its eye to more creative gourmet pursuits and, in many clubs, serious fine dining.

For those who opt to dine outside the club, it's a no-brainer to head to the local pub, where the spirit is

celebratory, the food is satisfying, and the drinks flow. Such is the connection of golf life to pub life in places like the UK, where the pub might be the only place to go once the dining room at the club closes for the night. A good round of golf will make anyone hungry and thirsty.

Here is a collection of recipes reflecting some of the food enjoyed by golfers in the UK and the US, from a deeply satisfying Cauliflower and Cheddar Soup that is reminiscent of the rolling golden carpet of Royal Dornoch to a Chocolate Mousse made doubly wonderful with good Scotch whisky.

## SCOTLAND / IRELAND

### JIGGER INN'S CLUB SANDWICH

- 3 rashers Ayrshire Dry-Cured Bacon, cooked one-half free-range chicken breast, roasted and sliced
- 20 grams of shredded iceberg lettuce
- 1 vine-ripened plum tomato, sliced
- 3 grams mayonnaise
- 20 grams egg-mayonnaise mix
- 3 slices round Arctic Bread, toasted (white or granary brown)
- 40 grams hand-cut chips

Spread two slices of the toasted bread with egg mayonnaise and mayonnaise. Cover with lettuce and tomato. Place the chicken on one of the dressed slices of toast and the bacon on the other. Stack the two and top with the third slice of toasted bread. Secure the sandwich with four buffet skewers and cut into four. Plate and serve alongside hand-cut chips.

Makes one club sandwich.



Courtesy of Sara Kate Gillingham.

## IRISH STEW

- 2 pounds lamb stew meat cut into 1 to 1-1/2-inch cubes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 3 large carrots, peeled and sliced diagonally into 1-inch pieces
- 3 yellow onions, peeled and sliced into eighths
- 2 russet potatoes, peeled and cut into bite-size pieces
- 1 tablespoon tomato paste
- 4 cups chicken stock
- 1 bay leaf
- 3 tablespoons chopped fresh Italian parsley

Preheat the oven to 300°F.

Toss the lamb with the salt. Place a large heavy-bottomed Dutch oven over medium flame. Pat the meat dry with paper towels. Working in batches, brown the meat on all sides, turning with metal tongs. Do not crowd the pan, you may have to add more oil if the size of your pot requires more than two batches. After each batch, transfer the meat to a plate.

Using the remaining rendered fat and olive oil (if there is none left, add another tablespoon) sauté the carrots, onions, and potatoes together, stirring frequently, until they begin to take on some color. Add the tomato paste and stir to coat.

Add the meat back to the pot and then add the stock and bay leaf. If the stock doesn't cover the meat, add water until the meat is submerged. Cover the pot and place it in the oven and cook for about 1 hour, until the meat is fork-tender, or falls easily off the tip of a paring knife.

To serve, skim the fat off the top of the stew. Ladle the stew into individual serving bowls and garnish with chopped parsley.

Serves four to six.

## ENGLAND

### RHUBARB PIMM'S CUP

- 2 ounces Pimm's
- 3 ounces soda water
- 1 ounce rhubarb syrup
- 1 slice cucumber
- 1 slice lemon
- 1 ribbon of rhubarb skin, peeled off the stalk with a paring knife

In a highball glass filled with ice, combine the Pimm's, soda water, and rhubarb syrup. Place the cucumber and

lemon slice in the glass, then garnish the rim with the curled rhubarb skin. Makes one Pimm's Cup.

**RHUBARB SYRUP:** In a heavy-bottomed saucepan, combine 1 cup chopped rhubarb, 1/4 cup granulated sugar, and 1/4 cup water. Bring the mixture to a boil then lower the heat and simmer, stirring often, until the rhubarb softens and starts to break down, about 7-10 minutes. Pass the mixture through a fine mesh strainer set over a bowl, pressing the solids with the back of a spoon. Discard the fruit, and pour the syrup into a glass jar and allow it to cool before using.

### SMOKED MACKEREL SALAD WITH HORSERADISH CREAM, RADISHES AND PICKLED RED ONIONS

- 1 head butter lettuce
- 1/2 cup heavy cream
- 3 tablespoons prepared horseradish
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 tablespoon apple cider vinegar
- 2 teaspoons chopped fresh dill
- Freshly cracked black pepper
- 4 radishes, sliced as thin as possible
- 6 ounces smoked mackerel or trout, broken into bite-sized pieces
- 1/2 red onion, pickled (see below)

Wash and tear the lettuce leaves into large bite-size pieces and set aside on a towel to dry.

In a medium bowl, whisk together the cream, horseradish, olive oil, vinegar and dill. Season with black pepper, to taste. Toss with the lettuce and radishes.

Assemble the salad by dividing the lettuce mixture between salad plates, topping each with chunks of mackerel, and rings of pickled onion. Serves four to six.

**PICKLED RED ONION:** peel and slice half a red onion into thin rings, about 1/8-inch wide. Place them in a glass dish and sprinkle over 2 teaspoons granulated sugar. Pour over just enough vinegar (white, champagne, white wine, apple cider) to cover. Set aside for about 20 minutes, turning halfway through. When ready to use, drain off the vinegar.

# BEST WALKS





# 1 THE BURN

The first is by no means the most difficult on the course—occasionally quite the opposite, in fact—but an important opening hole for me and one that can set the tone for the round. If I get a drive to the right spot, then I feel confident a birdie can follow. But overconfidence can also be a mistake, and it's quite easy to spin the ball back into the burn if the flag position is too close to the front of the green. The first is really one of those quirky holes where a golfer can be easily lured into thinking it's all a little too easy. Confidence, not arrogance, is the key on many holes on the Old Course. — RORY MCILROY

The first at St Andrews is the toughest. It's a hundred yards wide. You must focus and find the smallest point to aim at. Drill into yourself that you need to hit that one spot. What I took off the tee depended on where the pin was. If it was at back, I didn't care. I took a yardage to get five to ten short of the burn. — GREG NORMAN

The first is one of my favorite holes in golf. It looks so benign, like there's no strategy or anything. The green is right by the burn. The contours of the green make it imperative that you hit a real quality second shot. Last I played, I hit it in the burn. My caddie said, "You managed to hit it in the *only* water on the course."

The first hole ought to tell you about what you're to experience. The first is "welcome to a different world." It's a subtle but fascinating introduction to a totally different experience. It doesn't shout. It's a whisper. A quiet one. Have fun. — BILL COORE

I LIKE 1 AND 18 FOR THE AURA AND 11, 14, AND 17 FOR THE STRATEGY. — NICK FALDO



# 2 DYKE

The second hole, called Dyke, is the gateway to the Old Course. Once over the Swilcan Burn and through the first, we're off and running. The tee offers a beautiful view of The Old Course Hotel, with the Himalayas putting course on the right of the tee.

The tee shot is not complicated; the safe play is left of centre, on line, but short of Cheape's Bunker. The strong play is to the right of Cheape's, leaving you a shorter shot in and also a better angle to attack this very tricky green. At a little over four hundred yards, it typically plays longer as the prevailing wind is in your face.

Getting your club selection is all important for the second shot. The easiest pin placement is far right. If the pin is anywhere else, then accurate iron play is required to land one's ball over a series of severe mounds guarding the front of this green. The humps and bumps are a microcosm for links golf. When off the putting surface, using the putter is a very good option, but it takes much skill to successfully "read," and then execute the huge undulations that the Old Lady has to offer.

The goal for the second hole is par; birdie is rare. — DAVID SCOTT

DRAWINGS BY LEE WYBRANSKI.



# 3 CARTGATE

AS FRIENDS AND I USED TO SAY, "NUMBER THREE IS NO GUARANTEE. PLAY FOR FOUR AND DON'T ASK FOR MORE."

At three hundred and seventy yards, Cartgate is not as easy as it looks on the yardage guide. While the tee shot is somewhat blind staring into a wall of gorse, it is actually a very generous fairway, sharing with the sixteenth. Strategy dictates the golfer to position his or her tee ball down the right side to have a clear opening to the large undulating green. The primary goal for three is to avoid Cartgate Bunker, which guards the front left part of the green. Simultaneously, be sure not to leave your approach too far right, as the fifth tee is right up against the green. With tees and greens almost coexisting, you'll soon learn why the Old is one of the best walks in golf. — MATT GIBB

I lavish particular praise on the approaches to the greens on Holes 3 and 6 and how the heaving ground in front of the greens obscures the valleys that lay just beyond them. The tops of the ridges blend so well with the putting surface that the golfer's depth perception is thrown off just enough to make the shot mentally uncomfortable. The fronts of several of the greens, 12 and 16 being notable examples, blend seamlessly with their approaches. This transition is so perfect that it appears as if the only way to distinguish the putting surface from the approach is the mowing line. — GIL HANSE





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COMPETING

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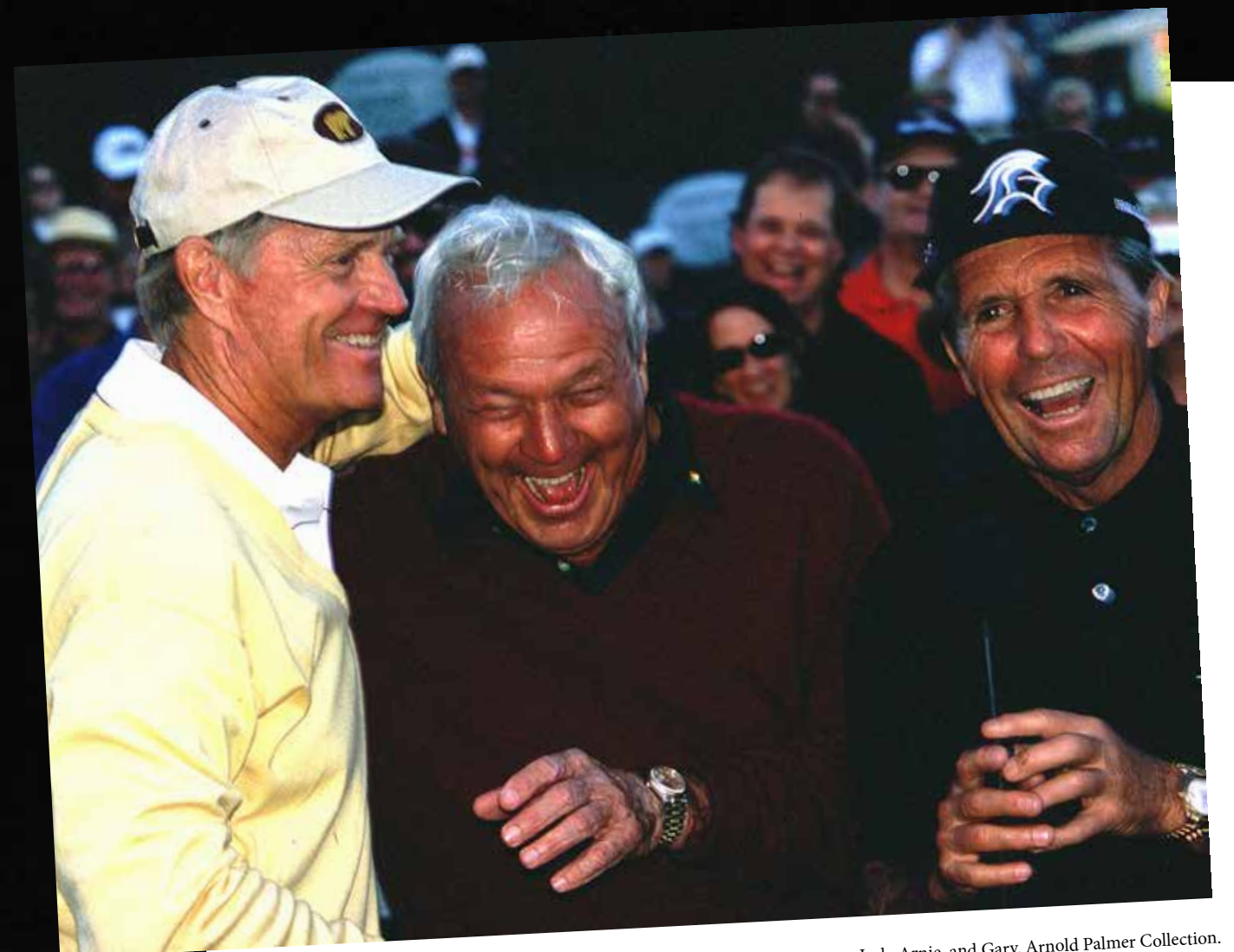
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Jack, Arnie, and Gary. Arnold Palmer Collection.

## MARTY HACKEL

### ADVICE

The first year you are lucky enough to play in the Dunhill Links you quickly realize that you are going to be nervous. When you finally arrive at the course for your first practice round that nervousness has multiplied by ten. I was much too nervous to putt or try to actually take a full swing so I headed to the area designated for chipping and bunker shots. Making contact was a moral victory, and after hitting about twenty of the worst chips I have ever authored I stopped for a moment and looked around. In the bunker was the famous Italian player Constantino Rocca, hitting picture

perfect shots onto the practice green. He emerged to greet me with “Let me give just a bit of advice about your chipping.”

Your stance is closed.

You are hitting those chips with the wrong club.

Your swing is too long.

Your grip appears to be very tight.

Your stroke is way too shallow.

Your ball position is too far back.

At which point I asked, “What am I doing right?”

“Ahh,” he said, “What you are doing right is listening to me!”

## GORDON G. SIMMONDS

### THE WALKER CUP ON THE OLD COURSE

**THE WALKER CUP IS THE FINEST INTERNATIONAL CONTEST IN GOLF FREE OF COMMERCIAL INTRUSIONS, IN WHICH PLAYERS PARTICIPATE AT THE PEAK OF THEIR AMATEUR CAREERS FOR THE HONOUR OF REPRESENTING HISTORIC GOLFING NATIONS AND THE SIMPLE PLEASURE OF SHARING IN THE COMBINED EFFORT TO WIN A MAGNIFICENT TROPHY.**

The Open Championship has been the highest profile event staged on the Old Course since rotation began in 1873 and Tom Kidd received the first medal. The Old Course was also the venue for another high-profile competition to be played fifty years later for the first time in Britain—The Walker Cup.

The inaugural match, co-organised by the USGA and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, had been played at National Golf Links in the US in 1922. The home team triumphed with surprising ease. When it came time to choose a UK venue for the return match, it was thought by the hosts that the unique challenges and discernible idiosyncrasies of the Old Course would provide material home advantage, righting the perceived wrong of the British loss at National.

John Caven, a member of the 1922 British team and reserve, went so far as to observe in *Golf Monthly* that “It was regarded as impossible that the Americans could become familiar with the intricacies of the Old Course in the short time at their disposal.”

Such hubris proved mistaken in 1923, and again

on five other occasions, when the match was played on the Old Course, but there were also two famous British triumphs, in 1938 and 1971, among the eight matches played so far between 1923 and 1975, with another likely to come in 2023.

Each of the eight matches showcased the world’s finest amateur golfers of their generation, many of whom went on to become captains of The Royal and Ancient Golf Club, including the extraordinary Francis Ouimet and Bill Campbell, who played for or captained the US in all of them. By coincidence, Campbell was born in May 1923, the same month that the first match was played on the Old Course.

It wasn’t one of the great American teams that sailed over to Britain. Three key players were missing: Bobby Jones, by then on the cusp of his formidable run of seven championship years of unparalleled success, couldn’t make the trip because of examination obligations at Harvard, and neither could Chick Evans, a past US Open and US Amateur champion, nor Jesse Guilford. Yet the ten players who sailed over were no slouches and included Bob Gardner as captain, Francis Ouimet, Max Marston,

Harrison Johnston, and Jess Sweetser—all US Amateur champions in their careers. The British side was captained by Robert Harris and included Roger Wethered, Cyril Tolley, and Ernest Holderness (all three British Amateur champions).

Played over two days of four thirty-six-hole foursomes matches and eight thirty-six-hole singles matches, as was the format until 1961, it was a close encounter, with Britain squandering a three to one lead after the first day and, through the loss of five of the last six singles, handing victory to the visitors by the narrowest of margins. Bernard Darwin, writing a few years later, noted his admiration for the American performance, but poignantly reflected, “We ought not quite to have let it happen.”

A much stronger US team, again captained by Bob Gardner and including Bobby Jones, returned in 1926, the next “home” match in the series after the decision in 1924, primarily on account of costs, to change the annual encounter to one played biennially.

The Old Course was selected as the venue because of its proximity to Muirfield, venue for the British Amateur being played the week before (in which all of the US team was entered). Rather than the favourite, Bobby Jones, who was knocked out in the quarter-final, it was his compatriot Jess Sweetser who became the first home-born American to win the Amateur Championship.

A week later at St Andrews, the British team was at full strength and fancied to do well despite the obviously impressive opposition. The US won again—by a single point.

The whole match may have turned on one hole on the first day out of the hundreds necessary to decide the contest. When the difference between winning and losing is one point, the significance of leading the foursomes three-to-one instead of being all square is vital.

The match in question was between Bob Gardner and Roland Mackenzie and William Brownlow and Eustace Storey. All square at the seventeenth (or thirty-fifth) hole, Road Hole, the British pair appeared well placed with the Americans in knee-high rough seventy yards from the hole.

Robert Harris, the British captain, wrote that “MacKenzie extricated it in the only way possible—he hit it bang on the head, it bounced in the air, the ball following on after and above the club head, reached the course first bounce and with the spin imparted by the top it trundled onto the green. Bob Gardner, unperturbed, holed the ten yard sloping putt for a four to become one up.”

Darwin also saw the hole played, and with subtle implication described the result thus: “These things will happen, but that it was an astonishing piece of luck, admittedly taken noble advantage of, is undeniable.”

The playing captains for the 1934 match on the Old had a combined age of 105 years. Britain’s Michael Scott

was fifty-five and Chandler Egan five years younger. The American team included the reigning US Open champion Johnny Goodman (the last amateur to win the US Open) and the formidable Lawson Little, who was on the threshold of his own amateur “slam.” He would go on to win both the British and US Amateur Championships in successive years, 1934 and 1935. This was the last match in which Francis Ouimet participated in a playing capacity, though he would stay involved as the non-playing captain for four more contests. Wethered and Tolley also played for the last time.

The match was one-sided and easily won by the Americans by nine points to two with one halved game. Intriguing, and a sign of the ongoing struggle regarding the golf ball specification, was the fact that the British side played with the smaller R&A-approved ball, while the Americans used the new USGA-approved 1.68 inch and 1.62 ounce ball.

Europe was on the edge of catastrophe in 1938. Hitler’s aggrandisement policy was becoming clearer. Austria had already fallen. There was tension in Czechoslovakia. The fiasco of Munich would follow in September, when the final nail was driven into the misguided appeasement policy of Neville Chamberlain’s government. In America, President Franklin Roosevelt was in his second term of office, having successfully dragged the country out of the Great Depression.

Against that political backdrop, the tenth Walker Cup match took place on the Old Course.

No one could have predicted the many years of global conflict to come, least of all the organisers of a transatlantic golf match. Yet, fate would be on hand at St Andrews in 1938 to cause the most timely of upsets and ensure that when peace eventually returned to the world the Walker Cup would be of some interest for both sides.

Pre-match trials held on the Old Course presented a home side with a quality lineup, an inspired captain in John Beck and an outstanding number one in the form of eighteen-year-old Jimmy Bruen from Ireland. “A golfing genius had suddenly come among us and it gave the side a tremendous lift,” observed his teammate Leonard Crawley.

Bruen had averaged about 70 in the many rounds played, and his Boy Wonder tag attracted a crowd of more than 10,000 on the first day foursomes, which Great Britain and Ireland won by two matches to one with one halved.

Some at the time viewed the American team as not quite “top drawer,” an unfair observation insofar as it probably represented as good a set of players as could have been fielded. Indeed, the week before the match Charlie Yates from Atlanta won the British Amateur at Troon, and Johnny Goodman, John Fischer, and Bud Ward were all US Amateur champions. Added to which was Chuck Kocsis, who placed in the top ten of the 1937

US Open and would continue a Walker Cup player till as late as 1957. Such was the general belief that this was the time GB&I could break through for a first triumph in the series that more than 15,000 spectators came through the gate on the second day. It was an exciting day of singles matchplay and only the long-suffering (in Walker Cup terms) Bernard Darwin should be permitted to describe the denouement, after the visitors had got very close by virtue of winning three of the first five singles:

Then suddenly the atmosphere seemed to grow miraculously clearer and brighter, and before we realised it the match was over and won. To me in the Eyrie at Forgan's (he was commentating on the match for BBC Radio) came almost simultaneously two great pieces of news; [Charlie] Stowe had beaten Kocsis by 2 and 1, and [Alex] Kyle was dormy. It was said dormy five.

If this last were true then the match was won, and, by Jove, it must be true for there, a sight for sore eyes, came a huge crowd, away from the fourth green and heading for the burn.

Soon it had mingled with the other crowd coming with [Cecil] Ewing and [Ray] Billows to the last green. One more flustered calculation—[Hector] Thomson, [Gordon] Peters, Stowe and Kyle—yes, there was no doubt of it, four of our men had won.

That was all we needed and now it was possible to watch Ewing with sympathy but without agony. He was dormy one, was he? Well, so much the better, though it did not really matter. The next minute Ewing had laid a long approach putt beautifully dead; Billows had tried for his three and failed. We had won the Walker Cup by three whole points. *Nunc dimittis.*

Once the formal part of the presentation ceremony was over and Francis Ouimet had said a few dignified remarks (it would be the only losing team he either played in or captained, and there were twelve of them between 1922 and 1949), Peters and Yates sang a well-received rendition of Harry Lauder's popular song "A Wee Deoch an Doris," a marvellous display of sportsmanship and friendship between nations.

The first post-World War II match was supposed to take place in the United States, but for obvious reasons, in a war-ravaged country operating in extreme austerity where golf was not high on the priority list of life, the trip was impossible to contemplate in either 1946 or 1947. As a gesture of goodwill, however, the USGA offered to send a team over to Britain and the R&A arranged for the match to be played on the Old Course in May 1947, followed a week later by the Amateur Championship at nearby Carnoustie. Sound planning was required insofar as petrol rationing, amongst the rationing of many other basic commodities, was at its most severe.

Yet again, Ouimet was captain of the American

team. Beck was tasked with attempting a repeat of 1938. However, after a hopeful first day for the hosts that was even blessed by good late spring weather, the visitors ran away with the second-day singles, winning the match 8 points to 4. Notable singles winners for GB&I were Ireland's Joe Carr and England's Ronnie White. The Irishman went on to set a playing record of eleven "caps" and White was a stalwart through 1955.

The Old Course hosted its sixth Walker Cup match in 1955, by when Francis Ouimet had retired from duty and Bill Campbell, in his third match, was awarded the captaincy, and while selected in a playing capacity, he elected not to play. No need, clearly, as the Americans, with the world's best amateur, Harvie Ward, at number one, cruised to victory by 10 points to 2, including an embarrassing whitewash of their hosts in the first day foursomes.

It was another sixteen years before the R&A arranged for the match to be played again on the Old Course, and by then the format had been changed (in 1963) from thirty-six-hole matches to eighteen-hole matches—four foursomes and eight singles on each of the two days. There was a further scoring refinement in 1971 when halved matches were counted, with a half point awarded to each side. While not changing who won or lost, it certainly would reflect more accurately the respective performances in terms of total points achieved.

Michael Bonallack, Britain's finest-ever amateur golfer, was playing captain of the home side, and leading the Americans was John Winters, a past president of the USGA and only the second non-Walker Cup player to captain an American team. Under his charge were future professional stars Tom Kite and Lanny Wadkins, well balanced, on paper, by first-class career amateurs Bill Campbell, Vinnie Giles, Bill Hyndman, and Jim Gabrielson. There was also Steve Melnyk, 1969 US Amateur champion and (after the match) British Amateur champion.

The home side comprised five Englishmen, four Scots, and an Irishman (another Carr, but this time Joe's son Roddy).

A first morning sweep of the foursomes augured well for GB&I, but the American record on the Old Course in the Walker Cup is a good one, and only Hugh Stuart's defeat of John Farquhar and Carr's halved game with Hyndman prevented a reversal clean sweep in the afternoon singles, when there were no fewer than four wins for the visitors on the last green. That is the fascination of matchplay on the Old Course. Going into day two, America led by a single point, and when they edged the second series of foursomes by a single point (that could have been two points had Campbell and Kite managed a par on the last hole when dormy one), there weren't many supporters predicting a British triumph, particularly when Bonallack lost the opening singles' match to Wadkins.

But team matchplay golf is a game of momentum swings. No greater example in the history of the game has occurred than that of 27 May 1971. All of the next six games went at least as far as the seventeenth Road Hole, with four of them continuing to the eighteenth. And, remarkably, GB&I won all of them. Geoff Marks's loss in the final game didn't matter. As one of the most closely contested encounters in the history of the Walker Cup, a brief analysis reveals that fourteen of the twenty-four games went to the last green, and another five ended on the Road Hole.

Of ten players in the British team of 1971, only Warren Humphreys and Roddy Carr turned professional; the rest were career amateurs, and five of them would later captain the team in a non-playing capacity.

The 1975 match was due to be played at Royal County Down Golf Club in Northern Ireland, but because of the ongoing Troubles, the R&A made a relatively late change in venue and for the eighth (and, to date, last) time the Old Course hosted.

There would be no repeat, however, of the heroics of 1971 for GB&I, as they were up against a US team described by many commentators as the finest ever fielded. That may be a slight exaggeration, but the strength in depth was impressive: Jerry Pate (US Open champion, 1976 and US Amateur champion, 1975); Curtis Strange (US Open champion, 1988 and 1989);

Craig Stadler (Masters winner, 1982, and US Amateur champion, 1973); Jay Haas (NCAA champion and nine-time PGA Tour winner between 1978 and 1993); Bill Campbell (eight-time Walker Cup player and US Amateur champion, 1964); Vinnie Giles (US Amateur champion, 1972 and British Amateur champion, 1975); Dick Siderwof (British Amateur champion, 1973 and 1976); George Burns (US team, Eisenhower Trophy, 1974, Canadian Amateur champion, 1973; four-time winner on the PGA Tour); and Gary Koch (US team, Eisenhower Trophy, 1974, six-time winner on the PGA Tour). Pate, Strange, Stadler, and Haas also made Ryder Cup teams.

It is worth noting that the heralded Pate contributed nothing to the US tally of 15.5 points. Bill Campbell, however, went out of Walker Cup competition on the high of a winning singles. In a career that spanned twenty-four years and eight matches, he recorded seven wins and one half in the eight singles he played. In 1982 he was elected president of the USGA and served two years; five years later he achieved the unique dual honour of serving as captain of The Royal and Ancient Golf Club.

The Old Course might be a mystery for many, and perhaps considered by the R&A a venue providing home advantage, but only twice in eight contests did the visiting American teams fail to master its intricacies. No other Walker Cup venue has hosted more than twice, on either side of the Atlantic.



MICHAEL KLEIN. *Swilcan Bridge*. Watercolor, 2015.



**DAVID RICKMAN**  
SOME THOUGHTS ON THE RULES

**T**he Rules of Golf have a long and colourful history, but the core principles of the sport remain unchanged. “Play the ball as it lies. Play the course as you find it. Do what is fair.”

The first written Code of Rules dates to 1744 and was formulated by the Gentlemen Golfers of Leith, who would later become the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers and move to Muirfield. Ten years later, in 1754, the Society of St Andrews Golfers published a very similar code for use on the Links of St Andrews. These early codes of rules were written for one golf course only and for just one form of play, matchplay.

The practice of individual clubs making their own rules for their own course continued until the 1890s when the leading clubs of the day decided that a single set of rules was required and The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St Andrews was asked to take on this responsibility.

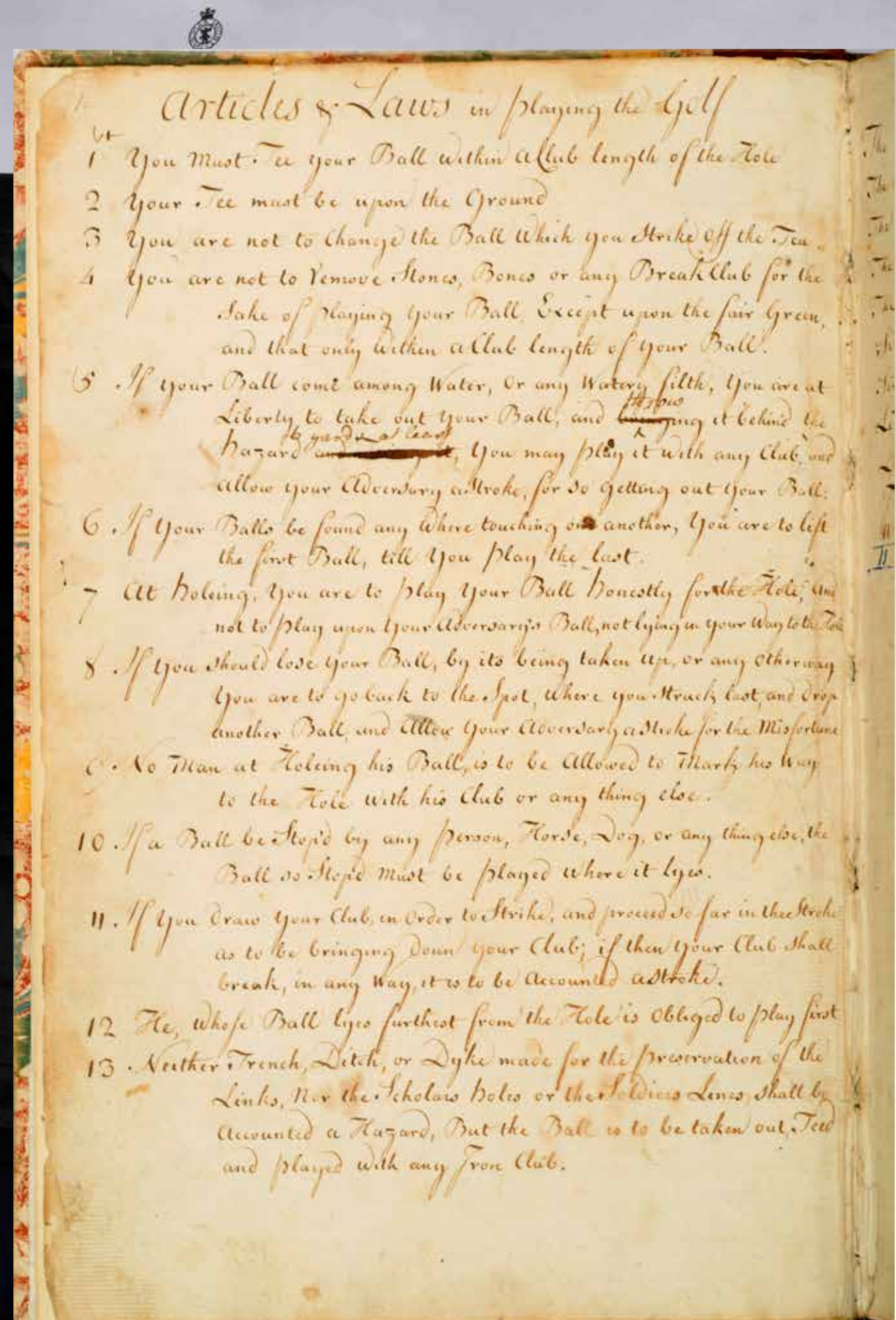
In 1899 the first generally applicable Code of Rules was produced. This little red book has thirty-five short rules for matchplay and a five-page section at the back articulating “Special Rules for Stroke Competitions.” These were more complex and comprehensive than the first codes, but still very much simpler than what we have today.

Since that time, the game has spread across the globe and, as it has done so, The R&A’s sphere of influence has grown from national to international to global. Golf is now played by an estimated 60 million players in more than two hundred countries across the globe.

Golf may have its roots in Scotland, but today it is a global game—and one of contrasts and contradictions:

- It is the same game played around the world—but each course is different and presents a unique challenge.
- It is essentially a simple game—but one with infinite complexity.
- It is a game of skill—but one in which luck plays an important part.
- It is a game where the rewards are elusive—but the frustrations never far away!

The challenge for the rules has been, and continues to be, to ensure that they reflect this fundamental simplicity, but are sufficiently robust and comprehensive to provide universally equitable solutions to the myriad of questions that continue to be asked by golfers around the world.



# LIVES LINKED TO THE GAME



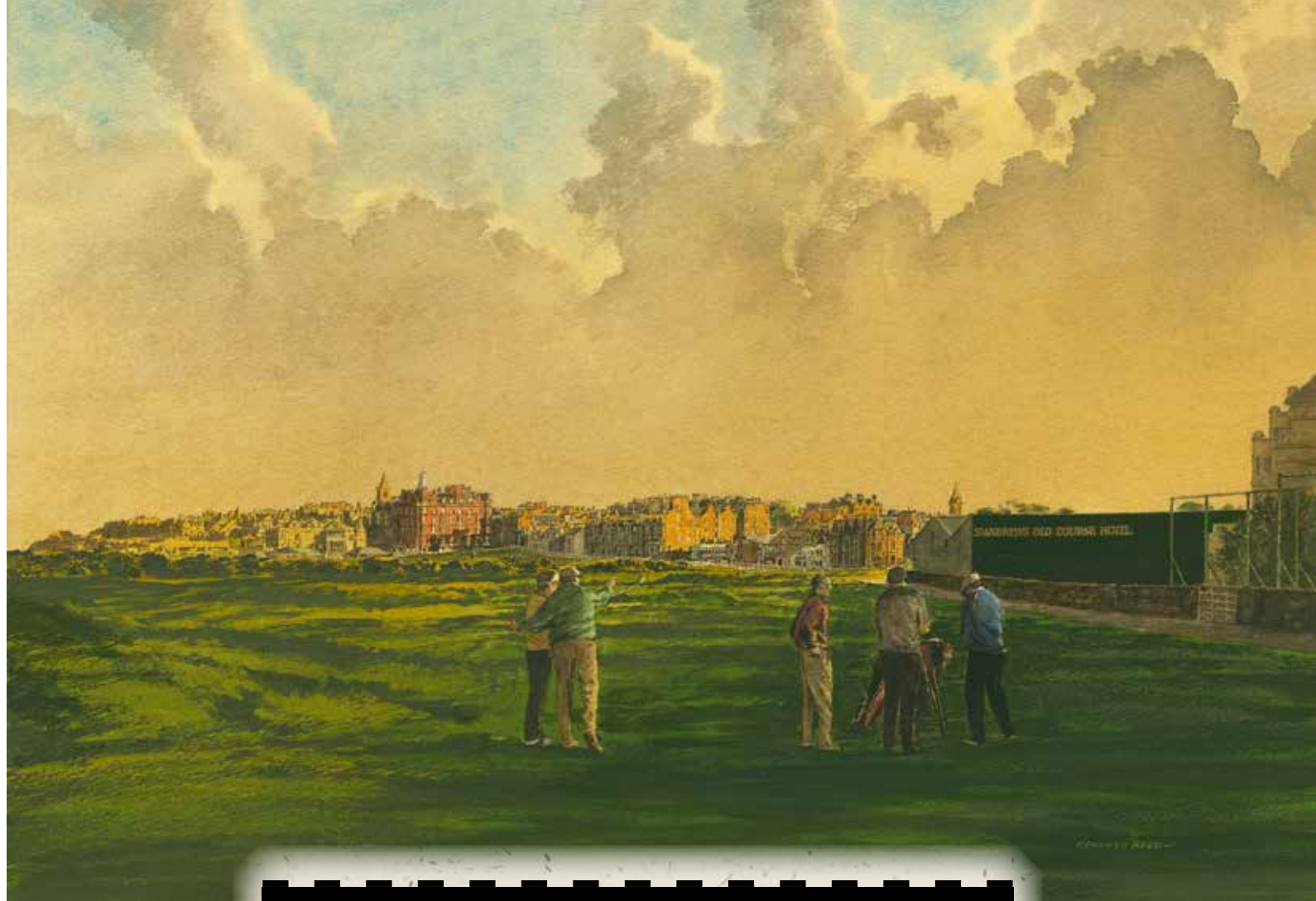
A fire engine donated by Major Carnegie gives its first public demonstration before members of the Town Council near a links green, ca. 1901.



LIVES LINKED TO THE GAME

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MIKE NUZZO

LIMITED ONLY BY IMAGINATION

My father and grandfather introduced me to golf when I was young, and some of my favorite memories are of playing the game with them. I later worked as a caddie at the local country club. I had a sound golf education, and my enjoyment of the game grew as I matured. Gradually my interests, outside studies, and reading encompassed more and more golf, including the study of golf architecture. At the time my career was as an engineer and designer of satellite antennas. Satellite antennas are massively complex, expensive, and take years to design and build. Yet as technological as they were, successfully creating one required a great deal of creativity.

However, I wished for an even more creative outlet for my work and ideas—and where better than a place where friends convene in the great outdoors to play a historic and rewarding game together. And so that is the direction in which I evolved.

Golf allows players the freedom to create and play as they wish and still be competitive, though sometimes golf suggests or even requires a certain manner of play to be efficient. You can move from one end to the other of this spectrum simply by moving the location of the target on the green. Golf at St Andrews is beautiful because it

embodies the same spirit of freedom for all players, young or old, skilled or novice, serious or happy-go-lucky.

My father had planned on visiting St Andrews his whole adult life. For a year, we planned our trip and had a great selection for our 2006 visit via the ballot. Standing on the first tee for the first time was a thrill for us both. The breeze was cool, the air smelled of the sea, and we enjoyed talking to the starter and our caddies. Time spent in the R&A clubhouse was pleasant. But it was also a strange encounter with the Old. We were playing the course backwards! It was April Fool's weekend, when golfers are given the once-a-year treat of playing in this rare manner. It should be noted that this is done to celebrate the original clockwise routing from long ago. (All of the run-ups to the greens are still evident from this historical routing.) Playing the course backwards is a special opportunity tied to the history of the great course. But for us it was unsettling, because in all our years of watching The Open Championship, we had never seen these shots.

We spent our visit playing North Berwick, the New Course, and Kingsbarns, and we also got to play the Old Course forwards. During post-round reflections, it was perfectly clear what made golf so great for the typical player and so different for the pro, and what was missing

KENNETH REED. *Players Ending a Round*. Print.

from American golf. It was a windy day, blowing two clubs from the firth into town; you know the saying, “nae wind, nae golf.” Playing our first seven holes, I struck all my shots sure and far and found myself near par at the turn. After the turn, besides my score, what changed was the wind. It was still blowing toward town, but now in the same direction as the holes. As an example, I bombed a persimmon driver over three hundred yards on thirteen and followed with a fifty-yard pitch that caught the down slope of a little swale short of the green. I was playing to run it on, but the ball caromed and ran a hundred yards past the hole. It was still on the green for the longest putt of my life.

The Old Course lays so close to the ground that even playing forward can be disorienting, as the course blends naturally into its surroundings. The tees and greens are hard to distinguish from the fairways. The greens are complex, with many beautiful natural slopes. The double greens are unique and have a million times more charm than the many imitative double greens in America.

The eighth hole is the second-best one-shot hole at the Old Course. Pretty good, considering that number eleven is one of the best one-shot holes on the planet. And what also makes the Old Course unusual is that the eighth is also the worst, as there are only those two. The eighth hole allows for the golf course to stay in a small footprint, unusual for a course with only two one-shot holes. The eighth also helps the golf course turn and form the crook in the routing. The eighth green is subtle compared to the eleventh, as its strategy is based on little bumps in the green and a small bunker front left of the green. Any misplaying of these subtle features results in a lost shot, just the same as a more dramatic bunker or slope. So the eighth is an ideal musical note in the

symphony that is the Old Course, between one crescendo of the eleventh and the quiet respite of the ninth.

St Andrews was an inspiration to our work long before my first visit. When we set out to create Wolf Point Club, the shorthand, sticky-note description was “to build the Old Course on the Gulf Coast of Texas.” The property was a low-lying coastal ranch used primarily for cattle grazing. There was a small creek to be incorporated as a natural hazard on several holes. The intent was to create a clean look free from manmade devices, facilitating an escape experience and allowing players to follow their own preferences.

For the clean look, we had no cart paths, no ball washers, no tee markers, and no above-ground irrigation equipment. Most importantly, no golf features were distinguishable from the land until the greens were maintained with a different grass height. When taking a tour of the course before it was planted with turf grass, our visitors could not tell what were tees, greens, or fairways. By design we chose to have everything blend together. Today there are no formal tees; the winner of the previous hole picks a good flat spot to play towards the next hole, from anywhere of his or her choosing. The only distinguishing feature is that the greens are mowed lower than the fairways; otherwise, everything looks like one giant fairway spotted with random bunkers. Many of the greens and a few of the holes have no bunkers.

The most direct homage to the Old Course is that we named our giant bunker complex Infierno, after Hell Bunker. Freedom at Wolf Point is ever-present. Players can choose any number of ways to complete their objectives. They are limited only by their imaginations.

As are we all.

Open Championship golf at Hoylake, 4 July 1956. Henry Cotton holes out at the 16th, watched by a large crowd.





## R. M. MCSTRAVICK

### TOM AND TOMMY MORRIS



Although I've lived in St Andrews for some time, I still pinch myself when I turn the corner of Golf Place and see the eighteenth green and first hole of the Old Course. I get flashbacks of Seve holing The Open winning putt in 1984 and Jones carried aloft in 1930 after winning the Open, holding his Calamity Jane putter in the air; of play on the links and the joy of supping in The Dunvegan Hotel with the brilliant writers and artists who live here.

When people ask what started me writing and researching golf history, I always give the same reply, "David Joy." I went with Michael Tobert, another local writer, to see David Joy perform his Old Tom Morris show in 2010 during the Open. It was spellbinding. The first part of his show was David dressed as Old Tom Morris, telling us all about the grand old man of golf. The second part was with Peter Alliss who came on to interview him.

I didn't want the first part to end. I was completely gripped as Old Tom recalled how his son Tommy's wife died and then the death of Tommy himself a few months later. If you don't know the story, I will give a quick recap. Tom and Tommy were playing a foursomes match against the Park brothers at North Berwick on Saturday, 4 September 1875. Tommy was a golfing phenomenon, winning The Open three times as a teenager and four times in total. Tom himself had won The Open four times too by this stage. Tom's greatest rival and winner of the first Open in 1860 was Willie Park from Musselburgh. Any match between Tom and Willie drew thousands of spectators and had press speculating about it weeks in advance. These games were boisterous affairs and it would not be uncommon for a rival's ball to be booted into the tall grass by an overzealous supporter. Every blow and every shot was chased after.

The Morris clan won the day after a very close match but just as they came off the eighteenth, Tommy received a message that he should get back to St Andrews quickly as his wife Margaret (Meg), was in difficulty giving birth

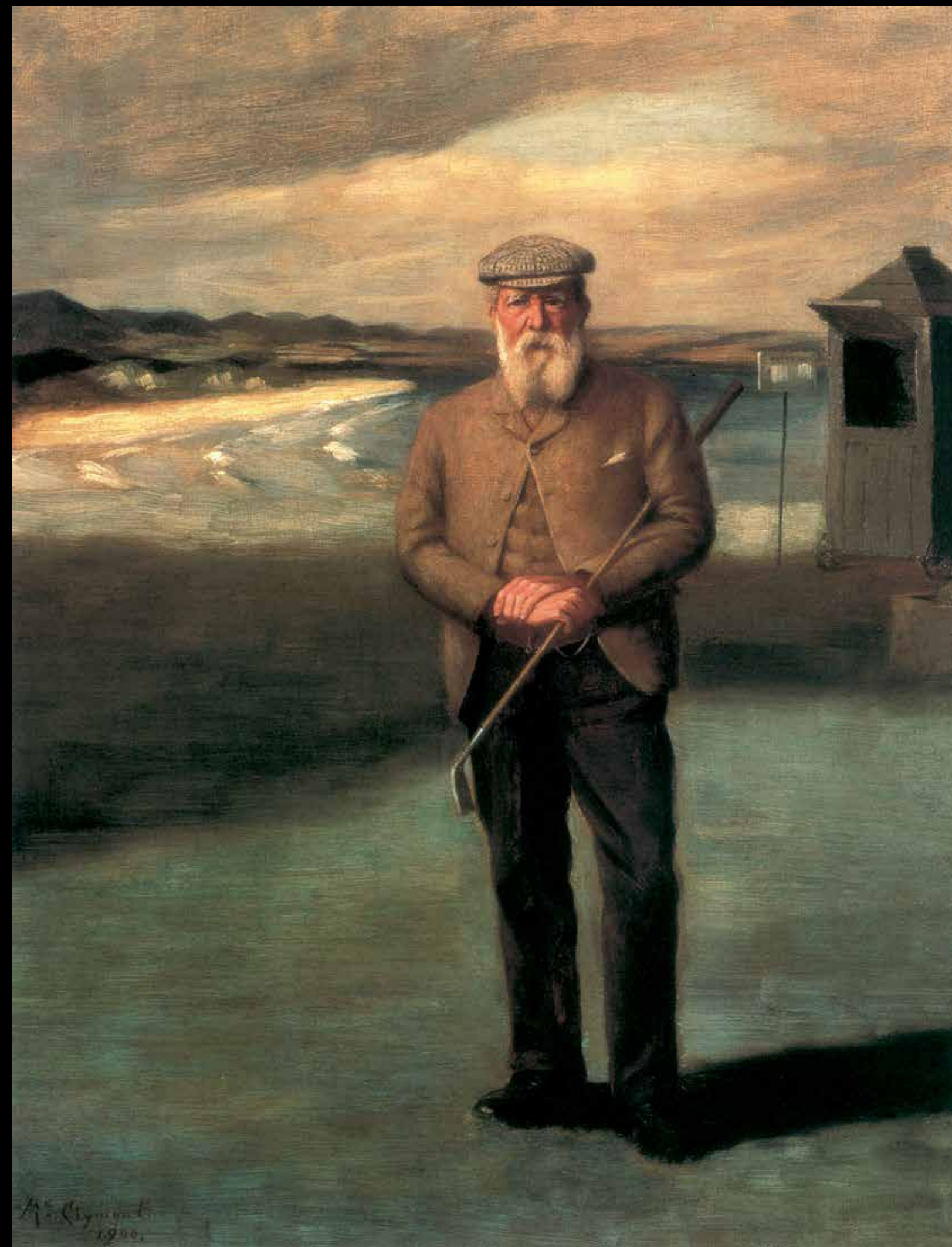
to their first child. A local offered his boat to take them home quickly, as the journey by road and rail would have taken much longer. Just as they were heading off through the crowds to the boat, Old Tom was handed another telegram. It said that Tommy's wife was dead and his son stillborn.

Tom and Tommy boarded the boat but Tom was not sure how to tell Tommy. As the boat pulled into St Andrews harbour by the East Sands after what seemed a very slow journey, legend says that Old Tom broke the news. Tommy replied, "It's not true" and ran up the hill by the cathedral, down North Street to his house at what is today 1 Albany Place. The house is still there.

Reverend A.K.H. Boyd was at the door to give his condolences but Tommy pushed by him with a tearful "It's not true." He ran upstairs unbelieving but there in rest were his late wife and child.

Tommy was a broken man. After the funeral he took to drink, which was something he rarely did before. His friends tried to get him out on the links but he was not interested. When they finally got him out to play in a match in St Andrews, Tom and Tommy were four up with five to play when Tommy broke down. They lost every hole on the way in. When Arthur Molesworth came to St Andrews he challenged Tommy to a match but Tommy refused. Tommy's friends encouraged him to play and he eventually relented, giving the challenger one shot every three holes. After the first day, Tommy was in a comfortable lead. However, there was a heavy snow overnight and Tommy's friends told Molesworth that they should abandon the match. Molesworth in a pique of delusion saw this as weakness on Tommy's part and insisted the match be played. The snow was so bad that they had to paint the golf balls red so they could be seen. Markers had to stand in the distance to find the balls amongst the deep snow. Tommy won easily but the chill he picked up never quite left him.

After a night out on Christmas Eve with friends, Tommy, who was now back living with his parents and family at 6 Pilmour Links, came in and spoke a few words





## JOHN BOYNE

### CHOOSING THE LIFE OF A CADDIE

Life rarely moves in a clear linear direction. I would never have thought when I was living in the vibrant, leafy, cosmopolitan West End of Glasgow and working in a light engineering company in 2002 that I would now be a seasoned St Andrews caddie of thirteen seasons, a member of the historic St Andrews Golf Club with an 8 handicap, and a three-time winner of competitions on the ancient Old Course while establishing a moderately successful Scotland golf tour business. We all expect to have a few twists and turns as the decades tumble, but the change that brought me here was seismic, replacing the constant work of factory life with the realization of a long forgotten dream. I recognize that many golfers might consider selling their wives, children, and perhaps even their loyal pet dogs, to have the opportunity to walk upon and golf the Old Course. I do not treat my luck lightly.

I stumbled into caddieing when my wife, Lorna, saw an article in the Scottish golf magazine *Bunkered* about a four-day caddie course to be run at St Andrews by then caddie master Rick MacKenzie and thought that I would enjoy it. I had always golfed. My father was a keen amateur, and my siblings and I had staged putting competitions on the lounge carpet when we were still toddlers. That spring Lorna and I had been going through an unsettling period as our three remaining parents slowly passed away. It is tough for anyone—that helplessness we feel when we cannot reverse the inevitable. With two funerals fresh in mind, the distraction of a guy talking about caddieing was welcome.

After the course, MacKenzie, one of few outside our family to know of our recent distress, asked if I would like to join the St Andrews caddie team for the 2002 season. After some discussion, Lorna and I decided that my pivotal position in the world of stock control would probably survive without me for four or so months. The chance to walk the Old Course every day had been dangled in front of me and Lorna saw how much I wanted to try it for that summer. By the end of April we were renting a small apartment less than a fifteen-minute walk from the Old Course. Lorna's employers kindly set her up to link to her Glasgow office via Internet.

I had been slightly concerned about the reception I would receive from the established caddies, but there was nothing to be concerned about—they simply ignored me. I did not feel aggrieved by this as they also ignored the other dozen trainee caddies who would stroll quietly up to the small, but imposing, St Andrews Caddie Pavilion, step inside briefly to collect a cup of hot brown water dispensed from the Klix coffee machine, and return outside to relative safety to enjoy it away from the hardened professional caddies.

Now entering my fourteenth season as a registered caddie at St Andrews, I have enjoyed contact with an amazing assortment of golfers of all levels whom I obviously would never have encountered had I remained with the light engineering company in Glasgow. Laughter and tears have ensued. A different life beckoned, and I have never looked back.

## A CONVERSATION WITH

### GREG NORMAN

*Golf is the Great Mystery. Like some capricious goddess, it bestows its favours with what would appear an almost fat-headed lack of method and discrimination.*

— P. G. Wodehouse

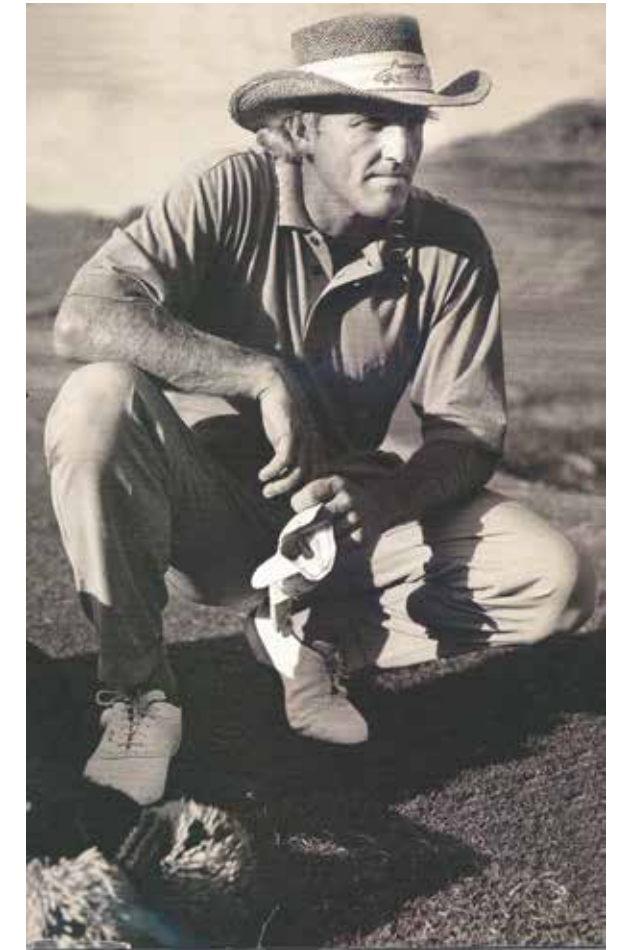
Greg Norman, known as The Shark, took up golf at fourteen.

“My mother taught me the game.

She was a great player, a 3 or 4. One day I caddied for her. She stood five feet and

three inches and was a hundred pounds wringing wet. I figured if she could play, so could I.”

While Greg's mother was having tea in the clubhouse, Greg took her clubs out and played four holes, out and back, out and back. “My first official handicap was 27. I went from 27 to scratch in eighteen months. As a person learning the game, we all seek tips. My bible was *Golf My Way* by Jack Nicklaus.” — JCE



# THE LADIES



LADIES  
GOLF  
UNION

THE LADIES

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SHONA MALCOLM

SPORTING WOMEN IN SCOTLAND

SO THE LADIES HAVE INDEED WOVEN THEIR OWN PART  
INTO THE RICH TAPESTRY OF GOLF IN ST ANDREWS OVER THE CENTURIES.

Ladies can, and have always been able to, tread the fairways of the Old Course. The number of times people have said to me “Isn’t it terrible that in the 21st century women can’t play golf in St Andrews” underscores a sad misunderstanding, but facts speak for themselves.

Golf has been played in Scotland for over five hundred years by all elements of society (today there’s a golf course in Scotland for every 9,800 people.) It’s widely believed that the womenfolk of Scotland, from royalty to the working “wifies,” played the original links from the very earliest days.

In the days of Queen Victoria, sport in general was not generally considered “ladylike,” so for the gentlewomen of St Andrews to be seen taking a full swing at a golf ball might have raised eyebrows. The ladies themselves, however, were known to be keen to spend time on the links—there were so many attractive, wealthy, and eligible gentlemen at the R&A—and so The Ladies’ Putting Club was born in 1867. The introduction of the excellent Himalayas putting course gave the ladies the opportunity for competition amongst themselves and for social matches with the men from the R&A. Was The Ladies’ Putting Club a forerunner of today’s online dating sites? Evidence suggests it may have been.)

A key milestone in the relationship between lady golfers and The Old Lady came at the turn of the 20th century, in 1903, to be precise. The Ladies’ Golf Union, then an English-based organisation founded in 1893, introduced a British championship. It was followed in 1902 by the first series of Home International Matches—when the Scottish team was comprehensively beaten 9-1 by England and 3.5-2.5 by Ireland. This did not sit well with one Miss Alice Grainger, who took it upon herself to arrange a national championship for Scottish lady golfers so that they might hone their skills and wreak revenge on “The Auld Enemy.”

So the very first “Ladies’ Golf Championship of Scotland” was contested at St Andrews June 16 through 19 in 1903, and the title went to Miss Alexa Glover who beat Miss Molly Graham by one hole. (Miss Grainger was no doubt be delighted with the success of this inaugural championship, and indeed Scotland’s Home Internationals win in 1904).

The “Scottish” has been played in St Andrews a further eight times since 1903, the most recent being in 2003, for the centenary championship. Every golfer wants to win at St Andrews, and it is testament to its appeal that the centenary Scottish championship was grossly oversubscribed and many top amateur players were balloted out.

It took the Ladies’ Golf Union longer to make its first trip to the Old Course, with the first “Ladies’ British Open Amateur Championship” being played there as late as 1908. “The British” has only been contested another three times in the intervening 107 years.

The LGU did, however, bring one of its other flagship amateur events to the Old Course in 2008, with the 35th Curtis Cup match between Great Britain and Ireland and the United States held at the start of the summer. The US was defending the Curtis Cup, which it had not lost since 1996; it proved that the introduction of a new format, with play over three days, could not stop the Americans from adding another victory to their impressive list.

The Curtis Cup was introduced by sisters Harriott and Margaret Curtis “to stimulate friendly rivalry among the women golfers of many lands,” and in many ways the social aspects around the biennial match are almost (but not quite!) as important as the match itself.

Each year, a past players’ competition is held, and the temptation of the Old Course, followed by dinner in the clubhouse of the Royal and Ancient, was too much to resist for an unprecedented number of Curtis Cup alumni from both sides. Many of the ladies had never played the course; very few had ever crossed the threshold of the then male-only R&A clubhouse.

Phyl Wylie, then frail but lively at ninety-six years and the oldest surviving Curtis Cup player from either side (she played in 1938), was determined to attend the dinner because “in my day, we weren’t allowed in there and I wasn’t going to miss this chance for the world.”

The emotion of standing on the first tee at St Andrews affects everyone, particularly if they haven’t been there before. The LGU’s Council and the members of the USGA’s Women’s Committee play a friendly match over the championship course, and never in my experience have I seen so many grown women shed tears as I did that day. The Americans in particular were blown away



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# LINKS ACROSS THE WATER

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祖父の自慢は、「全英オープンゴルフ」を見に行ったことだ。



そして今夜、「全英オープンゴルフ」が僕の部屋にやってくる。

## 第113回全英オープンゴルフ

- 7月19日木 23:20~26:30 ■ 7月20日金 23:20~26:30
- 7月21日土 23:15~26:30 (延長あり)
- 7月22日日 21:00~26:00 (延長あり)





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## JOE LOUIS BARROW, JR.

### BREAKING BARRIERS

**DAD BECAME AN AVID GOLFER AND ADVOCATE FOR EQUAL RIGHTS IN THE GAME, HELPING GREATS LIKE TED RHODES, BILL SPILLER, AND CHARLIE SIFFORD BECOME NATIONALLY RENOWNED FIGURES WITHIN THE AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY.**

I was first introduced to the game of golf when I was five or six years old. My father, former heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis, would take me to Pipe O'Peace Golf Course outside Chicago because it was one of the only courses where we, as blacks, could play. It was an honor, then, when in 1986 the course was renamed the Joe Louis "The Champ" Golf Course.

My father's love of golf started years before I was born. It was a pastime that worried his promoters. His trainers were concerned that the sport would develop his muscles in the wrong way, plus it took a lot of his time. He would go out to the course whenever he could, whether he was in training or not. As a result, he became quite an accomplished amateur golfer.

The one time my dad did not listen to his trainer resulted in the only time he was ever beaten. That was the first Max Schmeling fight in 1936. My father was overconfident going into this fight and began to cut back on his training. He later said, "I thought I was going to win no matter what I did. So I took my golf clubs to training camp with me. I had the idea that I was doing a lot of hard work for nothing, so I started cutting my training short. I'd box two rounds and drive to the golf course." Fortunately, Dad focused more on boxing and less on golf while preparing for his successful 1938 rematch against Schmeling.

My father had an illustrious and inspiring twelve-year reign as heavyweight champion of the world. But when he retired from boxing, he indulged his passion for golf, a sport he thought akin to boxing. It too was an individual sport that required intense focus and perseverance.

Outside of his accomplishments in the boxing ring, my father played his most influential role in sports when he helped break down golf's segregation barriers in the 1952 San Diego Open—at a time when the Professional Golfers' Association (PGA) still had a "Caucasian-only" clause. My dad, along with others, put together a petition and delivered it to the California governor, Pat Brown, who declared that the clause was unconstitutional. The PGA permitted my father to play in the event as an exempt amateur, making him the first African-American to compete in a PGA-sanctioned event. His appearance made a powerful case for the inclusion of minority

players in the sport, leading to the removal in 1961 of the clause.

Dad became an avid golfer and advocate for equal rights in the game, helping greats like Ted Rhodes, Bill Spiller, and Charlie Sifford become nationally renowned figures within the African-American community.

My father did pass his love of golf on to me, but more importantly, the golf course became a special place for us. My parents divorced when I was young. My sister and I would visit my dad, and he would take us out to lunch or dinner, but it was difficult to really get to know him that way. In public settings like restaurants or city sidewalks people would constantly stop him for autographs or just to talk. But on the course, we were able to share that special intimacy created by two people sitting in a golf cart. During rounds he told me about his background, revealed details of his fights, and discussed my future with me.

Although he passed away in 1981, before I became involved in the golf industry, I think Dad would have been proud of my current work with The First Tee—an organization that uses golf to promote education, character, values, and a healthy lifestyle to young people.

In 2000, I became chief executive officer of The First Tee and have watched it steadily grow into a robust youth service organization, impacting, influencing and inspiring more than 9 million young people in all fifty states and select international locations since its inception in 1997.

What I'm most proud of—and what I think my father would be as well—is that The First Tee is not just about golf. What started as a concept to make golf more accessible to young people turned into an opportunity to help young people develop core values and learn life skills that are inherent in the game of golf. Our curriculum was formulated with the help of academic, sport psychology, youth development, and golf experts to proactively teach core values and life skills as part of basic golf instruction at chapters.

Through after-school and in-school programs, we help shape the lives of young people from all walks of life by reinforcing values like integrity, respect, and perseverance through the game of golf. And I am happy to say that it is making a difference.

The First Tee has produced more than 1,750 college golfers and we have alumni who have gone on to have incredible careers in the golf industry because of their involvement with The First Tee. Not every alum becomes a professional golfer—like PGA Tour professional Scott Langley—but as a result of golf and leadership opportunities offered to participants through The First Tee, they learn that there are many job options within the industry.

For instance, we have an alumnus who is currently one of the golf professionals at the Abu Dhabi Golf Club, United Arab Emirates, and another who is the marketing activation liaison for TaylorMade-Adidas and Ashworth Golf in Carlsbad, California; several have interned at The First Tee home office; and many more have become coaches or directors at The First Tee chapters across the country.

Lives have changed because of coaches and teachers delivering our curriculum. For many young people, their sense of purpose has been altered. They are more

confident, focused, and determined to succeed and to contribute in ways they had not previously considered.

We are fortunate to have the support of chapters, colleagues, schools, families, and other organizations who bring our vision to life. We are fortunate to have young people across the country living what they have learned from The First Tee and excited about their futures. We are thankful for the involvement and support of their parents.

My father inspired people to do things they otherwise would not do, and his overwhelming desire to help others also influenced me. These were important factors in my decision to join The First Tee, and they now provide inspiration for this organization that is so driven to help young people develop the confidence to succeed in life.

Joe Louis Barrow, Jr., with his father, heavyweight boxing champion Joe Louis, helping him place a ball, and Ted Rhodes.





**ABOVE:** Mission Hills Group Vice Chairman Tenniel Chu shares a light moment with Oscar-winning actor Morgan Freeman during the 2014 Mission Hills World Celebrity Pro-Am.

**RIGHT:** Mission Hills Group Chairman and CEO Dr. Ken Chu (right) and Vice Chairman Tenniel Chu.

**FACING PAGE:** Pictured at the 2014 Mission Hills World Celebrity Pro-Am are (from left) American-Korean singer and actress Jessica Jung, "Captain America" star Chris Evans, Mission Hills Group Chairman and CEO Dr. Ken Chu, Oscar-winning actress Nicole Kidman, Mission Hills Group Vice Chairman Tenniel Chu, and golfers and Mission Hills course designers Greg Norman, Ian Poulter and Justin Rose.



## TENNIEL CHU

### CHINA IN OUR HANDS



**B**agpipe music, tartan kilts, VIPs performing a ceremonial tee-off using vintage wooden drivers, and a delegation from the University of St Andrews looking on with pride ... the sights and sounds of Scottish golf at its traditional best.

Except this is happening some 8,000 kilometres from Scotland. The setting is Mission Hills Golf Club in China, a country where golf is just over thirty years old and the game's history and heritage remain a mystery to the nation's rapidly expanding golfing population.

The occasion of this old-meets-new scene is the second annual Mission Hills–St Andrews: Home to Home Scholarship Fundraising Championship, whose proceeds are used to send talented Chinese golfers to the University of St Andrews to further their careers.

The theme of nostalgia continues into the evening, when the prize-giving dinner includes a putting competition using two-hundred-year-old putters plus an auction of golf memorabilia, which includes items signed by the doyen of China's golf professionals, Zhang Lianwei, plus Rory McIlroy, Tiger Woods, Ian Poulter, and Annika Sörenstam. Teams' entry fees in the tournament go towards the scholarship fund as do proceeds from the auction.

The tournament is part of an escalating programme of activities and exchanges between Mission Hills—officially the largest golf club in the world—and the University of St Andrews. These include Mission Hills making a financial contribution to the town's museum, to which St Andrews responded by donating exhibits for the new Dr David Chu Golf Museum—the first such public facility in China.

Golf, clearly, has come a long way to China, and has come a long way in China. While there is well-documented evidence that an early precursor of golf was played in China many centuries ago, and golf was enjoyed by Westerners and wealthy Chinese in 1920s Shanghai, it was viewed as elitist and even decadent by the Communist Party, which assumed power in 1949, and the sport remained banned until 1984.

Following golf's legalization, the first course—designed by Arnold Palmer, no less—was opened that same year at Chung Shan Hot Springs in Zhongshan, in southern China's Guangdong province. The sport was slow to take off, with only around ten courses in existence in the whole country by 1990, but gathered pace after that. Today there are more than six hundred courses dotted across our landscape.

When the history of golf in China is written, one man's relentless drive and towering achievements will form its central narrative. This man, I am proud to say, was my late father, Dr David Chu, who is fondly remembered as the founder and chairman of Mission Hills Group and the visionary known as "The Father of Golf in China."

Simply put, my father masterminded Mission Hills Group's astonishing growth into the premier golf and leisure brand in Asia, in the process building the world's largest golf club and putting China firmly on the global golfing map.

Dr Chu was already a successful businessman and philanthropist when, in 1979, he became one of the earliest entrepreneurs from Hong Kong to invest in mainland China before the country's economic reform. Then, after falling in love with golf, he transformed



MICHAEL KLEIN. *Thistle*. Pencil and chalk, 2015.

LINKS TO ST ANDREWS  
THE BOOK  
SAMPLER

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CONTAINING CONTENT LISTINGS FOR EACH SECTION  
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