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# TOLD AT THE 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE

HUMOROUS ST ANDREWS GOLF STORIES

COMPILED BY A. B.



“Wha’s your man?”

“I dinna ken, but I think he must be a  
Glesca’ ironmonger.”

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## Humorous St Andrews Stories.

A friend, who had a powerful telescope, invited Tom Morris to make use of it for a view of the moon. Tom looked at the magnified moon attentively. "Faith, sir," he said, "she's terrible fu' o' bunkers."

\* \* \* \* \*

The Rev. Dr A. K. H. Boyd, as he came out of the vestry after having preached a good sermon, met Tom Morris, who was one of his elders. "Ah Doctor!" said the genial old golfer, "Ye missed nae putts the day."

\* \* \* \* \*

Gourlay was short-sighted. One day he had driven into the rough, where the ball was plunged deep in soft tussocky ground. He spent some active minutes there, his caddie patiently waiting near him. At length the ball was moved on a foot or two by a lucky stroke. But Gourlay remained in a stooping posture peering earnestly into the deep grass. "Here's your ball," cried the caddie. "D——n the ball," spluttered

Gourlay, "it's my false teeth I'm looking for now."



Peter K——, who was the barman, many years ago, in a tavern adjoining the Links, was particularly anxious that nobody should be found in his bar helplessly intoxicated. He was much annoyed by Bob M——, who made it his constant practice, after drinking too much in other bars, to find his way to Peter's. "Man!" said Peter to Bob, on one such occasion, "what way do you aye come here this way when you're that way?"



Somebody came into the bar and found it empty. "You're no very busy the day," said he. "No the noo," replied Peter, "but if you had come in here a quarter o' an 'oor ago, you wouldna' ha'e gotten served for half an 'oor."



The affable clergyman inquired of the old man carrying his clubs what was his name. "Andra Melville," said the old man. "Ah, that's a well-known name in Scotland," remarked the clergyman. "I daur say that,"

said the caddie, "I've been carryin' clubs here for the last fifty years."



I took my friend, Harris, to play golf, which he had never attempted before, lending him a few of my most experienced and least valuable clubs. He fell into the swing with surprising aptitude. But, a few holes out, as he played from the tee, the unpremeditated thing happened. His smitten ball, in place of going in the direction desired, swerved off at right angles to Harris, and struck an old caddie, who had no reason to foresee that he was in a place of peril. After an instant's speechless indignation, the victim raised his clenched hand on high and roared: "Gae 'wa', ye bee-headit gomerall and play on the Sahara desert."



"I'm going to play Major G—— tomorrow," said a member of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club to the old and experienced caddie he was employing, "what sort of a player is he?" "Oh, he canna play worth a d——n," answered the expert, "he's nae better than yoursel'."

The novice employed a caddie, who found the round monotonous. At one hole the novice asked: "How many have I played?" "I canna' tell ye," said the caddie. "But what's the use of you if you can't keep count of my score?" demanded his nettled employer. "What you want," was the retort, "is a clerk, no' a caddie."



Two enthusiastic golfers, after an exhilarating game, holed out on the last green, all square. As they walked up the steps to the Club House, one said, "That was a good close game. What about playing again to-morrow?" The other deliberated on the proposal. "It might be arranged," said he, "I was going to be married to-morrow, but maybe I could put that off."



A licensed caddie of few years, insignificant stature and not too robust physique, was reported to the Caddie Master for refusing employment. "Why did ye no' carry for him?" asked the Caddie Master. "He wanted me to carry fourteen clubs and an umbrelly," replied the boy, "and I'm no able."



My old acquaintance, Bisset of Glasgow, is a keen golfer ; but he is not up to my mark. He came to stay a few days with me at St Andrews and was in fine form when we started off. To his delight the first two holes were halved. As he holed his putt on the second green he bubbled over with satisfaction. " All square and sixteen to play," he said, " By gum, this is a stiff fight ! "



Old Willie B——, genial soul, liked to encourage the players who employed him as a caddie, by appreciative comments on the strokes they played. One day his " man," expending on a tee stroke more energy and zeal than skilful guidance, carried out a vigorous swing which was just too high to encounter the ball. " That wad hae been a splendid shot," chirruped Willie, " if ye had but hit the ba' ! "



Major M—— was golfing at St Andrews when the Boer war broke out, and had to leave at the end of a day's golf with some haste, having been recalled to his regiment by telegram. It was some years before he returned and set forth briskly on a round of the

Links. "I'm glad to see ye lookin' sae weel, Major M——," said the man who was carrying his clubs, as they walked to the Starter's box. "Do you remember me?" asked the Major, pleased at being recognised. "Aye, fine dae I mind ye," said the caddie. "You owe me five bob."



"What a mess I'm making of it" said a disgruntled golfer to his caddie. "Do you think anybody could play worse than I've been doing?" The caddie had been accustomed to speak the plain truth. "Oh weel, there may be worse players," he answered, "but it's likely they dinna try to play."



It was a cold, boisterous, wet day in the end of March, and in the Caddies' Shelter the unemployed bearers of wood and iron shrugged their bodies and endured. "They say," said one, bitterly, "that when March comes in like a lion it gangs out like a lamb. It hasna' been that way this year." "No," said another, "it cam in like a lion and its ga'in' out like a bloomin' menagerie!" and he lit his pipe with an air of profound disgust.



The boy was not much bigger than the bag he bore. "What does your man do wi' a' thae clubs?" he was asked. "Maks me carry them," gloomily replied the boy.



The couple in front had apparently had a little argument, and the elaborately attired gentleman, who had waited with manifest impatience till they settled who should play first, turned to his caddie after both had played. "Can I play, caddie?" he drawled. "Ye can gang ahead now," answered the caddie, "but," he muttered for his own satisfaction, "ye canna' play."



"Wha's your man?" asked Robbie Black of Jamie Gourlay, as they waited at the Starter's box for the golfers to come out of the Club House. "I dinna ken," answered Jamie, ruefully considering the heavy bag entrusted to him, which was lavishly furnished with nibliks, mashies, cleeks, and irons of all sorts and shapes. "but I think he must be a Glesca' ironmonger."



There was an earnest and vociferous discussion going on in the Caddies' Shelter,

"Oh!" bellowed one of the disputants, "you needna' argue wi' me. I ken what I'm talkin' about." "Man, Geordie," said another, "if ye kent twice as muckle as ye dae, ye wad still be a mental defective."

\* \* \* \* \*

We had started rather late and the darkness was on us while we tried to play the few last holes of the Eden course. Brown lost his ball and wandered round looking for it. After five minutes I caught a glimpse of him, still perambulating erratically in the dusk. "You'll have to give up that ball!" I shouted. "Oh, I've got my ball," came back the answer, "but I can't find my clubs."

\* \* \* \* \*

A royal personage visited St Andrews and was attended round the course by a veteran professional. Among the crowd of spectators were many who pointed cameras at His Royal Highness while he was addressing the ball. The professional knew very well that these flattering attentions were not likely to improve the quality of the royal golfer's play, and in exasperation he at length cried out to one of the eager photographers: "Awa out o' there wi' that d——d magic-lantern!"

The Rev. Robert Macpherson was an earnest and conscientious minister, who learned, during a visit to St Andrews, to play golf after a fashion. He was always keenly absorbed in his match and suffered great vexation when he played badly. On one particular day he happened to be in bad form, and committed many golfing faults, getting more and more annoyed with each fizzle, but bottling up his feelings with a manifest effort. At last he said desperately to his partner: "This will never do. I'll have to give it up!" "What, give up golf?" asked his partner. "No," said Mr Macpherson dismally, "Give up the ministry."

\* \* \* \* \*

The player was on the tee of the Short Hole on the banks of the Eden. "What should one take to the hole, caddie?" he asked. "Just a mashie shot and a putt," said the caddie. But the player failed to keep his eye on the ball, the stroke was misdirected and the ball moved only a yard's distance. "Crivens!" muttered the caddie, "He's ta'en the putt first!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Cousin William's first visit to St Andrews Links. After a strenuous round,

he picked his ball out of the last hole with a sigh and remarked to his caddie: "This is an awful course for bunkers." "Aye," said the caddie, "and there's twa or three mair that ye havena' been in."



An ancient stone cist had been dug up in the neighbourhood of St Andrews and was a topic of conversation among the caddies resting on the wooden seat near the Club House. "I wouldna' wonder if thae stane coffins cam' into fashion again," said one. "Weel, they wad be dear enough," said another, "and, besides, what way wad a stane coffin be better than a wudden ane?" "Oh, they micht cost mair than wudden anes," said the first, "but it's like this, ye see. A guid stane coffin wad last a dead man a' his life!"



Professor T——, a patient scholar, took up the game of golf when he settled at St Andrews. "How is he getting on?" one of his friends asked the caddie who commonly accompanied the Professor. "Yon man will never be a gowfer," declared the caddie. "When he fozzles, a' he says is 'Tut, tut'!"

The ball had got into a bad lie. The inexperienced player assailed it with different types of iron clubs, but could not get it away. "What can I do now?" he asked his caddie. "Gie it a dunt wi' the bag," said the caddie, wearily.

\* \* \* \* \*

A distinguished Cabinet Minister, who, some years ago, was a frequent visitor to St Andrews Links, employed, on one occasion, a young, but confident caddie. "What do you think I should play here?" he asked the boy, when the ball was lying on heavy ground. "Ye should tak' your brassy," advised the boy after studying the situation. The Cabinet Minister deemed the advice sound, and with a well-played stroke reached the putting green. "You were quite right, boy," he said, as he returned the brassy. "Oh ay, sir," said the boy, "if you had my brains and I had your height we wad mak' a grand pair in a four-some."

\* \* \* \* \*

Geordie C—— had carried clubs on the Links for many years and was regarded as a man of prudent counsel. He was carrying for a beginner. "The game I played yesterday was shocking bad," said the latter, as

they went together to the Starter's box. "Have you any advice to give me for to-day?" "Weel, sir," answered Geordie, "If you'll no' do what you're gaun to do, ye'll do better the day than you did yesterday."

\* \* \* \* \*

A former resident of St Andrews achieved considerable fame as a barrister. During a holiday he employed a caddie whom he had known as a boy. The golf he played was not conspicuously good. "Are ye daein' onything weel at the bar, sir?" asked the caddie, after a few days. "Not so badly, I think," was the smiling reply. "Aweel," said the caddie, gravely, "I think ye should stick to that and gie up gowf."

\* \* \* \* \*

Bobbie G——, a clever caddie, now long dead and gone, was charged before Bailie H——, a pompous, but uneducated magistrate of the Burgh, for a breach of some police regulation. Bobbie did not deny having done the act complained of, but pled that he was not aware he was doing anything illegal. "That winna' dae," said the Bailie, "ignorance of the law is nae excuse for any man." "Aweel, Bailie," replied Bobbie, "that's gey hard on the baith o' us."



After a good deal of aiming at his golf ball, and striking the turf behind it, Simpson propelled his ball on a flight of some twenty yards. There was another player, coming from the opposite direction, whose ball lay close to Simpson's. Simpson reached the place first, bent down, and looked closely at one of the balls, uncertain if it were his. "What are you playing?" he asked the other man. "Golf," said the stranger, "what are you?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"What's the guid o' gaun tae the Kirk?" said Willie C——, who prided himself on his liberal views. "Weel," said old Tam S——, easing the band of the golf-bag on his shoulder, "Ye're aye learnin' something at the Kirk. Tak last Sunday. There was a young chiel preachin' about Sodom and Gomorrah, and I made out, what I never kent afore, that they were twa touns. I aye thocht they were man and wife."

\* \* \* \* \*

Professor G——, who achieved great renown as an Egyptologist, was noted for eccentricities. He spent a month at St Andrews and played golf nearly every day.

Old Willie S—— carried his clubs during the visit. Somebody discussed the Professor with Willie. “Dae ye think he’s a’ there?” asked this person. “Hoots, aye,” said Willie, “the man may be peculiar in his mainners, but he’s perfectly sound in his judgment.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The stout old gentleman had found the New Golf Course deplorably heavy, and, by the time he had come to the fifteenth hole, he had not only broken several clubs, and lost a good many balls, but was physically exhausted. “I think I’ll give it up and walk in,” he said. “Tuts,” said his stolid caddie, “finish the round, sir. Ye hae three clubs left yet.”

\* \* \* \* \*

As Tommy W—— joined the group of caddies on the road at the Links corner, Sam T—— accosted him fiercely. “Did you say tae Peter Broon that I was a leear?” he demanded. “Deed, no,” said Tommy, “there was nae need for me tae tell him anything o’ the kind. He kens ye brawly.”

\* \* \* \* \*

John L——, a labourer, resident in St Andrews, took a fellow labourer, new to the

Town, down to the Links on Saturday afternoon to give him some idea of the game of golf. They watched, from a point near the west end of the high hole green, the couples who played westward from the tee. Some of these got into bunkers, some into whins. The stranger observed their behaviour attentively. "By gum!" he said, "it may be a game, this gowf; but as far as I can see there's nae difference between it and work." "Nae difference!" said John. "Ye wad sune see the difference when pay-day cam' round."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Jamieson's first experience of the game of golf. He came down to the tee early, in full golfing rig, with a caddie to carry his new set of clubs, and he looked at the tee-box. He remembered that the tee-stroke should be played from sand. "But I can't play from here," said he, "there's not enough sand." "Hoots aye," said the caddie, "there's plenty o' sand." "How the dickens," asked Jamieson, "could anybody strike a ball out of that box?" The caddie's jaw dropped.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two young caddies, their usual day's work done, played a match for a shilling.

They were both desperately keen and evenly matched. Somewhere at the east end of the Elysian Fields, Geordie lost his ball in the rough. Both searched for it vainly. Tam at length came on it, deep in a tuft of grass. Turning round he saw that Geordie was looking in the opposite direction. Quickly he pocketed the ball and affected to continue his search. Meantime it passed through Geordie's mind that if he could not find his ball he would forfeit the hole. Therefore he resourcefully dropped another ball, unnoticed, and immediately shouted, "I've gotten my ba'!" "Ye infernal leear!" roared Tam, "I have your ba' in my pooch. I picked it up a meenit syne."



David C——, who lived in Strathkinness and earned a living by carrying clubs on St Andrews Links, very frequently spent a considerable portion of his earnings in the taverns that he encountered on his way home. His wife thought it was time he got a fright and, dressing herself up in a huge black cloak, and smearing her face with phosphorus, she lay in wait for him at a dark and eerie part of the road. When his irregular footsteps sounded on the macadam she came out

from behind a tree. David stopped at the sight of the apparition. "And wha may you be?" he said. "I'm Sawtan come to tak you awa," came the hoarse answer. "Are ye, indeed?" said David. "Man, I'm marriet tae a sister o' yours, and if ye'll just come along a wee bit wi' me, I'm thinkin' she'll be mighty pleased to see ye again."

\* \* \* \* \*

After one heavy bout, in an acute state of remorse, David went to a farmer, who was an acquaintance of his, and begged for the loan of a gun and ammunition. The farmer scanned his appearance suspiciously. "What are ye gaun to dae wi' the gun? Shoot yersel?" "Na, I dinna want tae dae that, exactly," said David, "but I wad like to gie mysel' a deevil o' a fricht."

\* \* \* \* \*

David's wife, finding that she could not keep the home going, unless she could secure a larger share of his earnings, persuaded the minister to reason with him on his excessive drinking. In the course of the interview the minister reminded David that too much beer must be bad for his health. "How much beer will you drink in a day?" he asked.

“ Oh ! maybe four pints.” “ Four pints,” exclaimed the minister, “ why, I couldn’t drink four pints of *water* in a day ! ” “ No,” said David, “ nae mair could I ! ”



There was a worthy elder of the Free Kirk, half a century ago, who, retiring from business, settled down in St Andrews, and, having fallen under the fascination of the local game, gave a good deal of time to it. “ Aweel ! ” he was heard to mutter one day, “ I’m sure I couldna’ help it. I began the gowf a Christian man ; but, eh me ! it’s fair turnin’ me intill a blasphemin’ sinner ! ”



Mr S—— was feeling far from well, and went to consult Dr B—— about it. “ There’s nothing much the matter with you,” said the medical man, “ you’ve just been overdoing it. Cut down your golf to a single round a day for the next month and you’ll be all right.” S—— merely grunted and moved off towards the door. “ You’ve not paid me for my advice,” Dr B—— reminded him. “ No,” said S——, “ for I don’t mean to take it.”



They were discussing politics in the Caddies' Shelter, and Willie C——, who was by way of being a dogmatic talker, was laying down his views vigorously. "Ye needna' blether tae me," said old Tam S—— (who disagreed with Willie). "A' ye say to me just rins like water aff a duck's back, in at ae ear and oot at the ither."

\* \* \* \* \*

Sheriff—— was on the bench when young Robbie Black was called as a witness. "Do you understand the nature of an oath?" gravely asked his Honour. "Oh ay, sir," answered Robbie, with equal gravity, "I've carried your clubs mony a time."

\* \* \* \* \*

The lady for whom Tam S—— had been carrying clubs possessed a camera. She asked Tam if she might take his photo. Tam good-naturedly consented. Some days later she brought him the result. "Is this me?" asked Tam. She nodded. "Is it like me?" he asked. She nodded again. "Aweel!" said Tam, gravely, "It's a humblin' sicht!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Tam S—— was a caddie who supposed himself to have a cheerful turn for humour.

He was employed to carry the clubs of a golfer who seldom used an iron club without cutting a substantial divot from the course. Tam, as in duty bound, picked up the whanks of sod and fitted them back in the excavations. It was a wearisome enough task for a man with a touch of lumbago. A huge slice had been lifted and Tam affected not to have noticed it. But the golfer himself stopped and eyed it, saying suggestively, "What will I do with that?" "Maybe," said Tam, "ye could tak it hame and practeeze pitchin' on it."



Two caddies sat together on a bench, one of them reading a newspaper. He was puzzled by a word he had come across and turned to his companion: "What's a prodigal, Jimmie?" he asked. "Prodigal?" said Jimmie, "Was that no' the chiel' in the Bible that ate the tattie-peelins?"



The brisk English gentleman in the startling tweed costume was in a chatty mood. "I suppose," said he to his caddie, "there are a lot of odd people about a golf course like this?" "Ye may weel say't," replied

the caddie, "there's nae end to the curiosities that come to bide in the hotels here in the simmer time."

\* \* \* \* \*

Old Sandy W—— when he gave up carrying clubs fell into a chronic state of despondency. As his wife said, "He was ane o' the kind that's aye deein', but never dees." It was at the time when the Prince was Captain of the Club. Willie C——, on his way to the Links, met Sandy, leaning heavily on a stick and pulling a lugubrious visage. "Hullo Sandy!" said Willie, "are ye gau'n to see the Prince playin' next Monday?" "No me!" said Sandy morosely, "I'm mair likely to be in the Kirkyaird next Monday, if the Lord spares me."

\* \* \* \* \*

The discussion in the Caddies' Shelter turned on bad luck. Said old Tam S——, "When I was bidin' in Kirkca'dy, I kent a carter o' the name o' Will Shaw, a swank, healthy chiel'. His wife was a terrible peevish cratur'. She was aye nag-naggin' at him. He got sae wearit' o' her that he committed suicide. Ye talk about bad luck, Weel, as sure as I live, the wumman deed a day or twa after."



Sandy T—— was a caddie that had a great work with dogs. He could train a young pup to do wonderful tricks. As he was putting one through a performance one day a gentleman strolled over from the Club House. “I wish I could teach my dog to do tricks like that,” he said. “Weel, ye see,” said Sandy, “there’s just this intill’t. Ye maun ken mair than the dowg, or else ye canna’ teach him nothin’.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Willie C—— was asserting to a group of fellow-caddies with vehemence that he had accomplished certain remarkable feats of golfing skill in a round on the previous day. Old Tam S—— frankly expressed doubt as to the accuracy of the statements. “Oh!” said Willie, indignantly, “I suppose I’m a leear then?” “Weel,” said Tam, “that’s nothing to brag about, either.”



## The Silence of Dean M-----.

The Dean and the Colonel were playin' a match,  
They were very guid billies, and baith o' them scratch ;  
And 'deed the hale round it was close enough play  
For baith held their ain and gied naething away.  
Few clergy were mair circumspect than the Dean,  
And when he played gowf he was terrible keen.  
When they feenished the seeventeenth hole they were  
square,

And each teed his ba' wi' pernicketty care.  
The Colonel drove first. Wi' a long rakin' shot  
A yard and a half ower the roadway he got.  
Syne the Dean took his stance. When his driver swung  
high

A terrier suddenly yelpit near by,  
And his stroke smote the turf wi' a boss-soundin' baff,  
The shaft gae a crack and the heid birl't aff.  
It landed a foot further on than the ba'  
And yet wasna' up to the burn after a'.  
The face o' the Dean was a pictur' to see  
As he gazed on the wreck o' his stroke frae the tee :  
His e'en flashed like lightnin' : his mouth it was grim ;  
But the thochts in his mind werena' uttered by him ;  
'Twas the Colonel that nichered and said "On my word  
A mair blasphemous silence I never yet heard !"

### Due Precaution Taken.

As we drew near the second hole, behold, there might be seen,

A lady, with her back to us, *sitting upon the green* !

We shouted "Fore" with vigour, and more than once, indeed ;

But, lost in thought, she heard us not, nor took the slightest heed.

She baulked a bold approach for me ; but, manners still intact,

I thought a word of caution seemed to be the courteous act.

I said, "Excuse me, have you realised the risk you run By sitting on that green ? It is a thing that's seldom done."

She beamed upon me brightly—"Oh, many thanks !" she said,

"But there isn't really any risk—I'm sitting on a plaid."



### The Wrong Route.

His ba' lay near the eastward verge o' yon lang green  
plateau,

The Elsyian Fields. Rough ravelled ground surged up  
and down below.

The red flag fluttered far beyond the whins and knowes  
and heather

And, further still, the town, roofs, lums, towers, spires,  
a' linked thegither.

He picked out a conspicuous spire pokin' up tall and fine.

"Ho caddie! Tell me, should I take that steeple for my  
line?"

"Dinna dae that," came hoarsely back the skilly caddie's  
yell,

"If ye gang by the U. P. Kirk you're sure to land in  
'Hell'!"

### Lines on a Dead Stymie.

The Major, affable old soul, consented that Miss Prim,  
His wife's young guest, should wander round the Old  
Course with him.

The game of golf was new to her, and on a sunny day  
She walked beside the Major, marvelling at his cunning  
play.

They came towards the Railway Hole, (unwitting, to be  
sure,

That on a field close by some hinds were spreading out  
manure)

The Major scrutinised the balls, as on the green they lay,  
And, being furthest from the hole, prepared himself to  
play ;

But, when he realised the lie, abruptly raised his head :  
“ By jingo ! A dead stymie ! ” in a chastened tone he  
said.

Miss Prim sniffed delicately : “ Ah ! That's what it is,”  
said she,

“ I had begun to wonder what the nasty smell might be.”

## A Seeming Superfluity.

The Laird o' Corrymullohead, scunnert' wi' hills and heather,

Fand pleasure in the game o' gowf in every kind o' weather.

He bocht a house in Howard Place and moved in wi' his wife,

His mind made up to gowf for the remainder o' his life.

A fortnight after Martinmas his factor travelled here

To gie account o' a' his intromissions for the year.

The dockets signed, and nips brocht in, "Now, John," the Laird said,

"Come wi' me to the Links and ye shall see how gowf is played."

The Factor doucely followed him.

"Ah man! this game is grand,"

The Laird declared, perching a ba' upon a pinch o' sand,

Syne, glarin' fiercely at the ba, a lightnin' swiipe let fly;

But the club-head whirled aboon the globe an inch or twa ower high.

He straddled and he frowned again, and wrought a mighty swing,

And the driver whistled through the air, but ne'er strak anything.

The Factor said: "A right guid game for exerceede an' a!

But I canna' see the purpose o' the bonnie wee white ba'."





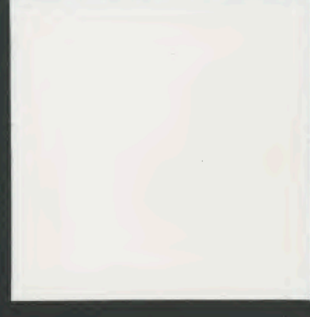
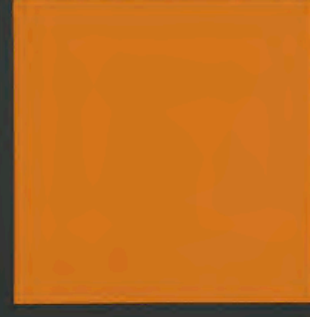
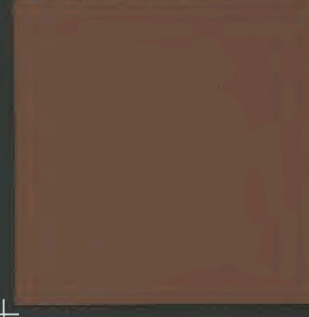
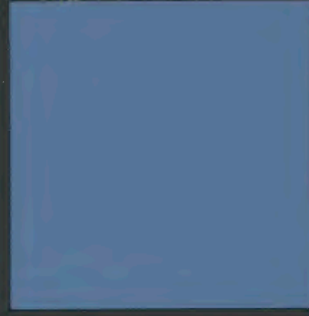
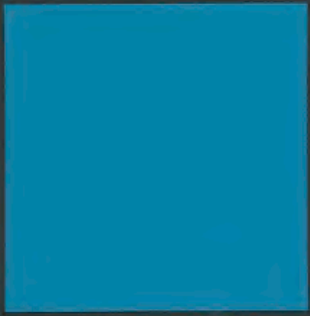
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