

GOLFING
A SERIES OF 25, No 9
WILLS' CIGARETTES

HOYLAKE.
Royal Liverpool Golf Club.

One of the most powerful clubs in England. It has produced the greatest amateur golfers the world has ever known—John Ball, who has won the amateur championship eight times, and Harold Hilton, who has won the amateur championship four times. The course is flat in some parts, while other parts are of inland character. It is regarded as the best test of golf in England. It is one of the championship links, and is 6,455 yards in length. Hoylake Station, which is on a branch line from Liverpool, is half a mile from the club-house. There are 15 holes. The amateur record is held by the late Jack Graham, a famous club member who was killed in the war, 71, and the professional record by P. E. Taylor, 71. The entrance fee is 20 guineas, and the annual subscription five guineas. Visitors (who must be introduced) are charged 5/- per day, 25/- per week. Saturdays, Bank Holidays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, and Competition days, 10/- per day. Fine hotel accommodation adjoining the links.

W.D. & H.O. WILLS, Bristol & London
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WILLS' CIGARETTES.

HOYLAKE,
11th Green.



The 2015 Lowry Lounge
Hell Bunker Golf Round

Hole 2

...and now the windy whistling empty golf links themselves
with their blowing spiny spring grasses and sand dunes
and stricken stunted thorn bushes... - the course! but ah, what
further hazards lurked before them there, what roughs
and bunkers and traps and dog-legged approaches, and dongas,
and treacherous blind (and nineteenth) holes, and final,
it was to be hoped too, bright fairways; and the ecstasies
of bobolinks twittering and bobolinking in the blue,
bobbing on the links...

- from *October Ferry to Gabriola*

The 2015 Lowry Lounge
Hell Bunker Golf Round

Hole 4

The Hell Bunker was a dreaded hazard, fairly near the Taskersons' house,
in the middle of the long sloping eighth fairway. It guarded the green
in a sense, though at a great distance, being far below it and slightly to the left.
[...]

M. Laruelle didn't know to this day why there was no understanding
about the Hell Bunker. He had certainly no intention of playing
Peeping Tom on Geoffrey. He had happened with his girl, who bored him,
to be crossing the eighth fairway towards Leasowe Drive when both
were startled by voices coming from the bunker. Then the moonlight disclosed
the bizarre scene from which neither he nor the girl could turn their eyes...

- from *Under the Volcano*

The 2015 Lowry Lounge
Hell Bunker Golf Round

Hole 1

Or on Pier Head my heels I'd cool
Gazing at freighters far away
For I was born in Liverpool

- from 'Villaknell'

Imprisoned in a Liverpool of self / I haunt the gutted arcades of the past.

- from untitled poem

On the poop of a ship / I watched each night
the fluctuant hope / of the moment before.
The wood drifting, / the torn smoke,
all the beauty, / the sadness of the sea.

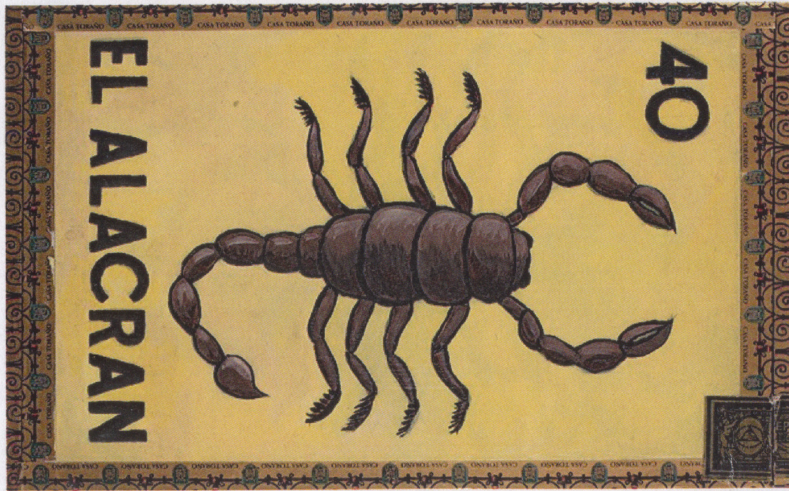
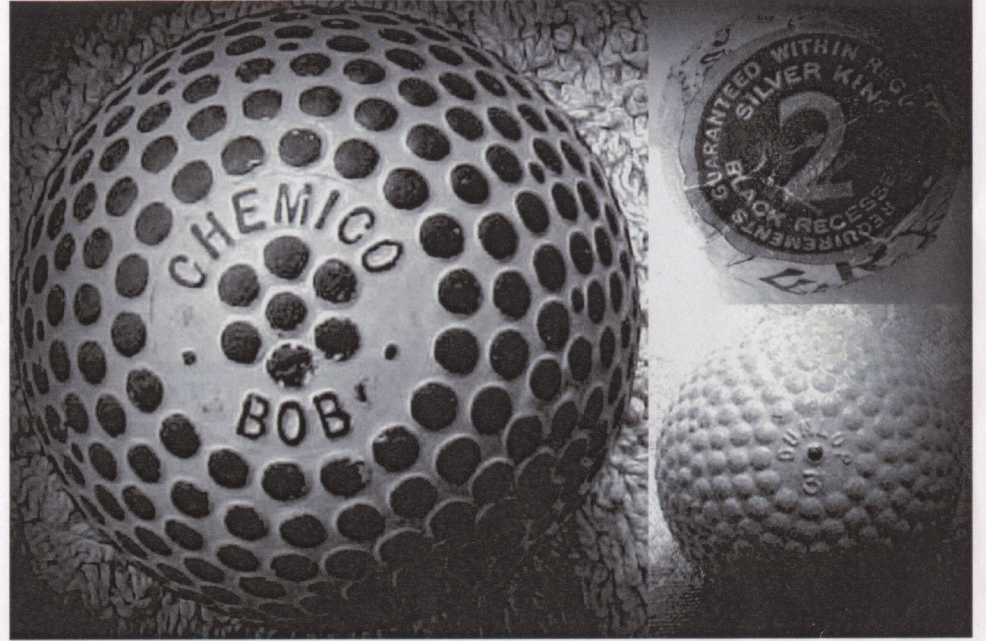
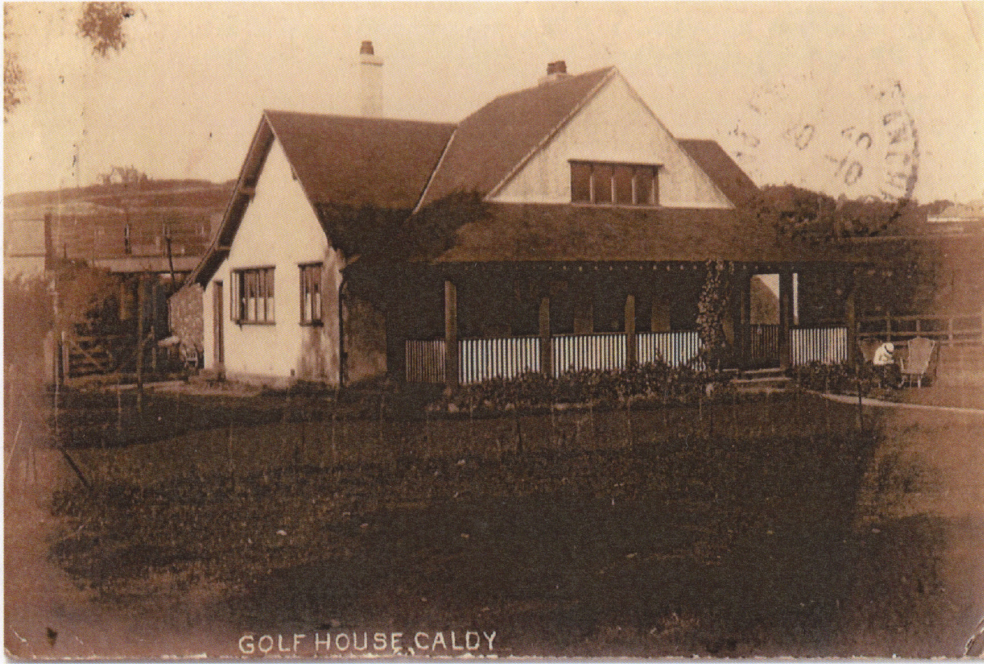
- from 'Outward Bound'

The 2015 Lowry Lounge
Hell Bunker Golf Round

Hole 3

The Taskersons lived in a comfortable house whose back garden
abutted on a beautiful, undulating golf course bounded
on the far side by the sea. It looked like the sea; actually it was the estuary,
seven miles wide, of a river: white horses westward marked where
the real sea began. The Welsh mountains, gaunt and black and cloudy,
with occasionally a snow peak to remind Geoff of India,
lay across the river. During the week, when they were allowed to play,
the course was deserted: yellow ragged sea poppies fluttered in the
spiny sea grass. On the shore were the remains of an antediluvian forest
with ugly black stumps showing, and farther up an old stubby deserted
lighthouse. There was an island in the estuary, with a windmill on it
like a curious black flower, which you could ride out to a low tide
on a donkey. The smoke of freighters outward bound from Liverpool
hung low on the horizon. There was a feeling of space and emptiness.

- from *Under the Volcano*



The 2015 Lowry Lounge
Hell Bunker Golf Round

Hole 6

- Bring me a few golfballs though. Better give us half a dozen Dunlop 30, or have you any good repaints? - We don't have Dunlop 30 any more, or balls like that. - I suppose the Chemico Bob has died out too, Sigbjørn said.
- And the Zodiac Zone? - That's gone, too.

- from *In Ballast to the White Sea*

He had almost fallen into the *barranca* [...] He paused, peeping, tequila-unafraid, over the bank. Ah the frightful cleft, the eternal horror of opposites! Thou mighty gulf, insatiate cormorant, deride me not, though I seem petulant to fall into thy chops. One was, come to that, always stumbling upon the damned thing, this immense intricate donga cutting right through the town, right, indeed, through the country...

- from *Under the Volcano*

The 2015 Lowry Lounge
Hell Bunker Golf Round

Hole 8

It was as if they were standing on a lofty golf-tee somewhere. What a beautiful hole this would make, from here to a green out into those trees on the other side of the *barranca*, that natural hazard [...] Plock. The Golgotha Hole. High up, an eagle drove downwind in one. It had shown lack of imagination to build the local course back up there, remote from the *barranca*. Golf = gouffre = gulf. Prometheus would retrieve lost balls. And on that other side what strange fairways could be contrived, crossed by lone railway lines, humming with telegraph poles, glistening with crazy lies on embankments, over the hills and far away, like youth, like life itself [...] I should have become a sort of Donne of the fairways at least. Poet of the unreplaced turf. - Who holds the flag while I hole out in three? Who hunts my Zodiac Zone along the shore? And who, upon that last and final green, accepts my ten and three score...
Though I have more.

- from *Under the Volcano*

The 2015 Lowry Lounge
Hell Bunker Golf Round

Hole 5

From the sandy road as they passed the iron bridge with its rusted builder's plate 'Cheshire Lines, 1840' they could see the low mist scurrying over the finger-high grass between the deserted fairways of the first and ninth holes. Captain Hansen-Tarnmoor held out his hand, upturned to the moisture.

- A sea day...

- We could make a go of it. What do you think?

From the horrible to the commonplace is but a step, Sigbjørn thought. They opened the door into the club-house; the club-room was empty. It smelt sweet and clean, the hearth was blazing, richly welcoming them.

- from *In Ballast to the White Sea*

The 2015 Lowry Lounge
Hell Bunker Golf Round

Hole 7

Far away the Consul made out a green corner, the golf course, with little figures working their way round the side of the cliff, crawling... Golfing scorpions.

- from *Under the Volcano*

At the next hole, the fifth, [...] Sigbjørn drove with a strong slice, carrying the pond, but his father, who had expected to go out of bounds on the other side, strongly pulled his drive so that the ball dropped over the railings into the deep wet grass of the embankment where it disappeared. Having found his, Sigbjørn left his bag alongside it and taking an old niblick walked across the course to help his father; climbing over the rail, he dropped into the tall grass. They hacked down among the roots of the groundsel and the big unflowered marguerites. [...] Below them, a goods train passed.

- from *In Ballast to the White Sea*



HELL
BUNKER

Taylor
3