

PERSONAL MEMORIES
of
ROYAL DORNOCH
GOLF CLUB
1900 - 1925



by Donald Grant, MA, FRGS.

date of birth - 14 October 1889

Foreword by Herbert Warren Wind and a Recollection by Roger Wethered

To Jack Mackay
with his compliments
of his
Author —

Donald Grant
R.D.G.C.

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Foreword

During the last score of years there has been a definite renaissance of interest throughout the world in the Royal Dornoch Golf Club. For the most part, this has been spread by word of mouth: golfing pilgrims have been informed in no uncertain terms by enthusiasts of Royal Dornoch that, if they fail to make the trip north, they will be denying themselves a chance to play what may be the finest natural golf course in the two hemispheres—and, more than that, an experience that reaches deep inside a man for certain reasons hard to define. I have yet to meet a golfer who has journeyed to Dornoch and has not come away convinced that its glories have been considerably understated.

To be sure, what the Royal Dornoch Golf Club has always needed is a well-written if informal history, equally strong in solid fact and in that kind of personal reminiscence that conveys its unique magic. The ideal man for this project is Donald Grant who grew up on a farm in the nearby village of Evelix, started to caddie at Dornoch in 1900 when he was eleven, picked up the game quickly and developed into such an able golfer that he was one of the phalanx that made the famous Dornoch Invasion of Muirfield and the British Amateur in 1909, and who during the next seventy years has remained utterly devoted to the club and the course, to the friends of his youth and those he made there in later years.

Donald Grant has travelled the world and he knows the renowned championship courses first-hand, but his compass always points towards Dornoch. In reading through the manuscript of *Personal Memories of the Royal Dornoch Golf Club*, I came away tremendously impressed by the quality of the writing and its evocative flavour. Inasmuch as Donald will soon be hitting ninety, this book is an unusual achievement, and it brought to mind how P. G. Wodehouse, at that same age, was still producing that beautiful gliding prose of his. It is a happy occurrence to find Donald right "on the stick" in this book, for the subject merits it. I have an idea that this book will not only kindle warm memories in the hearts of old friends of Royal Dornoch but will also stir up a new awareness among literate young golfers throughout the globe (such as Ben Crenshaw), who will be enchanted by the story of this magnificent course, set at 58 degrees North Latitude, which came into being in 1616, pre-dated only by St. Andrew's and Leith, and which was nurtured into greatness around the turn of this century by John Sutherland, one of the finest all-around golf men ever and very likely the outstanding club secretary in golf history. It is all here, and it is all very, very good.

HERBERT WARREN WIND.