

SCOTLAND!

On July 6, 2007, Judith and I began two unforgettable odysseys: a father, three sons, and a nephew to play (arguably) the five best golf courses around St. Andrews and simultaneously following The Saint Thomas Choir of Men and Boys through Scotland and England, as we explored our Anglican Heritage and rich musical tradition. Oh yes, there was spectacular golf as well.



The bridge on the Old Course's 18th, with the Royal & Ancient Club House in the background



St. Thomas Choir outside St. George's Chapel, Windsor

Last December, we enthusiastically signed up for the July 6-23, 2007 Choir Tour through the UK along with 25 or so other music lovers. By January 22nd, I realized too much of a good thing might be too much of a good thing, so I invited the boys to join me for a week of golf. The email invitation started this way:

"In your Christmas book "The Greatest Courses...", there was a scribbled note about my "itching to organize" a golf trip to Scotland. By now, I have a "rash," and am ready to make plans!"

and ended with:

"This is my gift to each of you (to be honest, your acceptance is the greatest gift you can give me), including transportation, hotel, golf and meals (golf balls are on you). The big issue now is getting everything booked, so I need your answer as soon as possible as to whether this works for you. I really hope it does."

Email is a marvel: my invitation was sent at 1:42 pm and the responses (during working hours!) poured in that same afternoon at 1:56 pm, 2:15 pm, 2:24 pm and 2:39 pm. Later,

David had to pull out to accommodate hand surgery. While he was sorely missed, my nephew, Bob Batley was a superb (and eager) substitute. Chris' wife, Louise, and a confirmed Anglophile, joined Judith for the first week of the tour. They had a blast listening to great music, walking Edinburgh's Botanical Gardens, visiting historic Lindisfarne and Castle Howard and so on.



Back to my story.....

There were lots of notices and communications from a very excited father as plans unfolded. Before long and full of expectations, we landed in Edinburgh on July 7th and raced to St. Andrews to play Jubilee that afternoon, to be followed (in order) by Elie, The Old Course, Royal Aberdeen and Kings Barns. While we had all kinds of pairings and matches, the overall five-course winner was Kevin, determined through a modified Stableford Handicapping System. The weather was nearly perfect, the food and company completely perfect, and the golf courses and weather better than we could have ever hoped for.

This was the fulfillment of this father's lifetime dream: quality time with family in hallowed pastures where golf began. If I were planning the trip again, I wouldn't change a thing. Still, there are a lot more incredible courses in Scotland (and Ireland, and England) to play.

The boy's letters/memoirs on their "walks in Scotland" are included here and mean so much to me. As you can see, they took a lot in and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. And that was the idea.

On July 12, Chris joined Louise, to undertake their own tour of the Scottish Highlands, and I replaced Louise to continue with the choir. The rest of the boys sadly returned to Newark airport.

The choir had begun at St. Mary's and St. Giles in Edinburgh, and continued to St. Albans to participate in a Three Choir Festival. Other venues included Wakefield Cathedral, Durham Cathedral, concerts at York Minster and St. John's College, Cambridge, services at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey in London and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The cathedrals were inspiring. Our Choir of Men and Boys under John Scott's incredible leadership, was magnificent, and we "Friends of the Choir" were treated to an exceptional experience and the best of church music.

As I said, we had two unforgettable parallel odysseys. Read on.....

WALKS IN SCOTLAND



Brian, Kevin, Bob and Chris

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To: Dad
August 12th, 2007

The “Moores” Take On Scotland

What could be better than five rounds in five days in the Motherland of Golf? No not six rounds in six days. In this case it's five rounds in five days with the “Moores”! Just so I can lose the quotes, we all know that “Moores” means Charles (our host and father), Kevin, Christopher, and Brian and Bob Batley (though on the other side of the Pond answers to Bon or “Kilt-boy”). In addition to those five rounds in five days let's not forget the five night's worth of meals at the Old Course Hotel, Seafood Restaurant, the Grange, etc. Well worth the trip in and of itself.

As if the prospect of playing courses like St. Andrews Old Course, Royal Aberdeen, and Kingsbarns wasn't enough to propel us across the Atlantic on sheer anticipation many of us had first class air accommodations thanks to the tremendous generosity of another Moore (thanks David). After an hour or so delay at Newark while the grounds crew “tried to locate” the airplane, we had a relatively uneventful 7-ish hour flight. Good thing there is no five minute lost airplane rule as enough strokes would be surrendered during the course of the trip and didn't need to give up any before wheels up. More on the five minute rule later.... As this was my first first-class airline experience I didn't want to waste it sleeping. I'll tell you; the problem with all that room is that it's nearly impossible to reach articles placed under the seat in front of you with out getting up. It's a real bummer.

So how does the Moore clan follow up 7 hours of first class air travel? A roomy six passenger van to cover the distance from Edinburg to St. Andrews in style? No way, that would be for tourists. Ever in search of the ultimate adventure, the Moore clan says, “No problem”, to the 5 passenger, manual transmission, cross-over wagon. How many of us are there? That's right. Five. And how many large travel golf bags do we have. Right again. Five. Oh and how many large travel bags? You guessed it five again. So that's ten bags (plus carry on) and five adults (at least dimensionally) in a Ford Escort with a hatch-back. No Problem! Dad, you may remember this exact phrase spoken on some back road from Katmandu to a Jungle Camp in Nepal nearly twenty years ago. Well that time we eventually got to our destination too though no less memorably. Thanks to Kevin's “experience” (yes, once, 15 plus years ago trumped the rest of us) and ability to ignore the “helpful suggestions” of four others, we were able to safely spill out of our vehicle in clown-car fashion in front of the Old Course Hotel, and with time for lunch and a short stint at the range to spare. And now for the golf....

Day One: St. Andrews – Jubilee (Saturday, July 07, 2007)

Despite its sort of fru fru name the Jubilee course would prove to be quite a challenging links. In addition to the courses layout, we would have what would prove to be the worst weather of the week. It would rain for brief periods on about three of our first five holes. The second green would be the last time I pulled out my rain gear for the

rest of the trip. However this would lead to me getting quite wet on the very next green where it would rain again. My head which was at this point still on New York time sat this round out and as a result I shot what would prove to be my low round for the trip, a 91. This would be our first exposure to the Scottish rough, as well as the wind. The wind is something that we'd all have to learn to deal with over the course of the trip. Some sooner and better than others. A six iron knocked stiff really ought to travel further than 125 yards, right? Wrong. Also, this would not be the last time where a par three would be virtually unreachable. As for my play on day one, it would prove to be for me a solid but not spectacular round. The scenery on the other hand was spectacular. The views of St. Andrews Bay and the Town itself will stick with me forever. The only golf shot I remember that day is knocking a pitching wedge to about two feet from 60yds off the green from off a road and over a gorse bush with the two Scotsmen watching that found my errant second shot. Even Dad's caddy said he didn't think I could hit that shot again if I tried. Boy would he prove to be right. My favorite hole was the 16th (I think). A short-ish par four with a blind tee shot (not the only one), and the second is to an elevated green nestled between hills on three sides. The quote of the day, in my opinion, was from Bobby that I think summed up how we were all feeling that afternoon, "We're walkin' in Scotland!"



Day Two: Elie (Sunday, July 08, 2007)

Since we could not actually walk out of our hotel and stumble on to the course, we had a bit of trouble locating this rugged links overlooking the Firth of Forth. The starter house on this course enjoys the novelty of having a periscope mounted to it. The reason is a blind tee shot straight up hill on the first. The course started with a long par 4 then a short par 4 (well under 300yds), and then a par 3 that I could not reach with a driver from an elevated tee. This course definitely kept me guessing all the way to a 105. The course after this point is as open as any I've played, yet if your ball leaves the fairway by too much the only way to find it is to walk on it the rough was so thick. There were some truly incredible views from this course. Particularly the holes down near the coastline. I know that this can't be accurate but it sure felt like nine holes played into the wind, eight of them across it, and one with it, the eighteenth. The low round of the day would belong to Dad. An exemplary 91. Due to some coincidence I'm sure, the round was followed up by lunch just "under the wire" at the restaurant owned by the family of Dad's caddy. After lunch we joined the locals in watching a game of Cricket being played on the beach. I still don't understand that game. In a vain attempt to right the ship that was my golf swing, a bucket of balls paid the price at the driving range. This was followed by one of the best pre-dinner walks in history. Since there is no play on the Old Course on Sundays, any one willing is allowed to walk the hallowed ground. Walking 1-8, 11-18 that evening was the perfect end to a day that definitely "did not suck". Catching up with Christopher and Bobby after the 8th was okay too. Dinner that night was at the Hotel.

Day Three: St. Andrews – Old Course (Monday, July 9th, 2007)

St. Andrews Old Course was probably the most anticipated round of the trip for all of us with the possible exception of Dad who's had a few cracks at this storied track. For me it certainly lived up to this billing even though I myself have had a round's worth of prior experience. On my first try I was around the 110 stroke marker and I was looking for a chance to improve on that. As it turns out I would not, but that did not mean that it wouldn't be one of the best golfing experiences of my life, on par with the much more local course known as Pine Valley. The first hole would serve as both an auspicious beginning and a sign of things to come. The drive straight and long (though not as long as Christopher), the second takes one hop into the Swilcan Burn (Christopher's hops over it and onto the green), my fourth, a chip to 15 feet, and a put for Bogey. Christopher's par would 17 holes later turn into an incredible 85. A combination of safe drives, consistent iron play and excellent short game would all contribute. Kevin, after an inauspicious first two shots on the first that we all attributed to the effect his female caddy was having on him, would also continue on to an equally impressive 87. I guess after his blood flow returned to his head he was able to play his usual consistent brand of golf. My other playing partner, Bobby, would also shoot his low round of the trip, a 93 I believe. Bobby perhaps a bit less conventional with the lines of his shots but would prove most impressive with his rescue shots and a very capable short game. This would culminate on the 18th. Only two drives would clear the road on 18. One would

end up four or five yards past it in the middle of a generous fairway, but the other would clear it by 15 to 20 yards hugging the out of bounds on the right. And not to be outdone by this prodigious drive, this golfer would proceed to hit the pin with his second animating the gallery in the process. Way to go Bobby! Now, the guy who would also drive the road proceeded to leave a wedge in the Valley of Sin and three-put from there. And yes in case there was any question that poor slob was me. The lesson for me on this round was that as long as I could hit Driver/3W I was in good shape. Any thing else was a disaster. Next time I'm bringing a sand wood! Dad joined our foursome on the 17th green after finishing his round which began a half hour or so before our own. Judging from his scorecard he and I played a similar course on this beautiful morning on the Firth of Tay. Never did figure out which course my playing partners were playing. But we all came together on the Swilcan Bridge for photographs and a most memorable stroll up a most memorable 18th fairway.

Just in case you thought a day couldn't get any better, we were treated to lunch at the R&A, a tour of the British Museum of Golf, and an incredible dinner overlooking the North Sea with Mom and Louise joining us. Oh yeah, and another bucket of golf balls had the misfortune of becoming acquainted with the shank-ridden clubface of a six iron. It would be weeks later that I'd learn standing too close to the ball at address would lead to too steep a back-swing and a wide open club face, but all the range balls in Scotland wouldn't have helped my realize this on this day, or the next, or the next. Thanks to the girls for not returning to Edinburg with their tour group until after dinner. Their company was most welcome after three straight days of nothing but "guy" talk. After diner, the sun would still be up for another hour or so, but I would not.

Day Four: Royal Aberdeen (Tuesday, July 10th, 2007)

We again had an early start this morning but instead of rushing off to the tee box waiting a few hundred yards from our Hotel, our first test of the day would be a two hour car ride up the coast to the city of Aberdeen, Scotland. Kevin did another fine job of navigating the wrong side of the road with four people shouting only occasionally consistent navigation instructions. This unnatural proficiency kind of makes you wonder about Kevin's driving ability when he's on the other side of the Pond and supposed to be on the right. Well after a two and a half hour advertisement for a GPS navigation system we arrived at the Royal Aberdeen Golf Course thanks to the perceptiveness of our father. Royal Aberdeen in my estimation is second only to Pine Valley as the finest course I've ever played. Yesterday's experience would take the prize for most magical due to the history of the Old Course and playing on the same ground as all great Golf Champions (past, present, and future). However, today's round would reveal the finest test of golf I've ever had save for those hallowed acres in southern NJ. One of the most brilliant parts of this trip was the selection of the courses. We have only our father to thank for this, and maybe a small part due to James Finegan, but ultimately our father. All five courses, while all falling under the Links category could not be more distinct in what made them great courses. From Elie, which basically rolls into and back out of the Firth of Forth, to the narrow and dramatic Jubilee, and the relatively wide open but potentially penal Old Course, to the sculpted and challenging Kingsbarn. Royal Aberdeen would prove to be a difficult test but also one of the most fair. And as far as natural beauty

goes, it is hard to beat the Valley hole. The hole is literally that, a valley of a fairway running along the dunes separating the course from the North Sea. Good shots here were well rewarded. A good drive would offer an excellent look at the green, and a good approach would find the ball drifting close to the hole. Of course for the wayward shot, the “tall” grass was just that, and nearly impossible to locate a ball in let alone extricate it from. It was not surprising that we would learn that the Royal Aberdeen Golf Club would be the ones to develop the 5 minute rule for locating an errant golf shot. Even a birdie and three or four pars on the middle section of this course were not enough to keep this particular golfer under the century mark. If memory serves only two of us would accomplish that feat. I think both Chris and Kevin would shoot solid but by no means blemish free rounds. This round would also be the first and last time we would see rain drops since the first round of the trip. The light rainfall would only add to the mystical aura of the course. This course if not the round played on it will definitely remain etched in my mind for the rest of my life. Thank you Dad.

And now the third test of the day. Getting back to the Hotel for a shower and making our dinner reservation at the Grange. This would prove a bit easier than the same trip in reverse four hours earlier. And it should, being the second time. At least we’re not total morons. There may be some hope for us yet. The return trip was sufficiently stress free that we were even able to solve all the political problems of our day. This was no great act of intricate diplomacy due to the fact that the political differences among the five members of this discussion could be best described as night and later that night. The biggest revelation... Since there isn’t an elect-able Democratic candidate in the ’08 Presidential Race they should all just take their carbon offsets and go home (in their personal jets of course) and let us pick among proper candidates in the Republican Party. Oh, and we solved *illegal* immigration too. There shouldn’t be any! It’s illegal. The Grange also proved to be a fantastic choice for this night’s dinner. Not only was the food excellent but the route to the Restaurant took us minutes from the location of the final day’s golf, Kingsbarns. A short detour took us to the clubhouse where we took in some of the layout for tomorrow’s test. But before then, five tired Conservatives needed a good night’s rest....

Day Five: Kingsbarns (Wednesday, July 11th, 2007)

The final golf day of the trip is upon us, and what a setting for it. Kingsbarns is less than a decade old (compared to the centuries that have aged and ripened the land the others were routed from) and is sculpted out of literally millions of tons of earth. Another incredible golf course. And we certainly had all the golf course we could handle playing from the third tees from the back, the “regular” tees. I had the pleasure of being paired up with Dad for the final round and the first time since playing with him and Christopher on the Jubilee Course the first day. If there could be anything negative said about this amazing course, it is that some of its features particularly some of the greens and bunkers were a bit too severe. This served to amplify mistakes and turn a few good shots into disastrous ones. Even despite this, I had a very real shot at breaking 100. I only needed to bogey 16, 17 and 18. Sadly I could only manage a triple, a double, and a triple. These were three challenging holes, two long holes into the wind on 16 and 17, and then over a burn on 18. The success I did have (16, 17 and 18 aside) can mostly be

attributed to Dad's caddy. The most useful (and controversial) thing that I learned all day was how to make a shot out of a bunker when the ball is up against the lip. For those that don't already know, the trick is to close the face (no, more closed than that) and then hit the ball first. By some miracle of quantum physics this drives the ball over the lip of the bunker and out a good ten yards or so. Too bad I had to learn this little trick on 17. Where was this guy on the Old Course where I found 50% of the hundred some odd bunkers. This technique met with much skepticism at the dinner table that night. However, one skeptic was won over during a ten o'clock demo session in the Road Hole Bunker after dinner. A certain skeptic on his first try not only knocked the ball out of the bunker but to within three feet of the cup. Nice shot Kevin! The highlight of my round, other than joining my father for a "walk in Scotland", was playing the par 5 12th (538 yds from the regular tees) just as it was drawn up, Driver (220yds), 3 Wood (180yds), Pitching Wedge (105yds) to 5 feet, and two putts. Yeah, I should've made the first putt, but let's not be greedy. As far as the course goes there were many highlights, the par 3 over the water (15th), the "choice" of tee shots on the 6th, clearing (or not) the burn on the 18th. What a course to finish with! A late lunch and back to the Hotel for the sad duty of packing for the following day's flight. Another spectacular dinner at the Hotel, and in the morning the group would split up. Kevin, Bobby and Brian back to the States, Christopher to Edinburg and another week touring Scotland with Louise, and Dad off to meet up with Mom in Edinburg and head South to England.

A better trip I could not have imagined. Merely saying thank you to our host seems to fall short (like too many approach shots over the week). This trip has been something that each of us will carry with us for the rest of our lives. It was truly an honor to be a part of it.

Love,

Your Son Brian

Thoughts on the Scottish Moores, 2007

I am simply overwhelmed by the emotions I experienced of going to Scotland to play golf over some of the most hallowed grounds in the game. Joy, bliss, awe – these are just some of the feelings that occurred to me as we walked those links.

It all started calmly enough at Christmas, 2006. I looked under the tree and found a rather bookish-looking package marked “for Chris – from Dad”. Well, another wonderful, thoughtful gift has arrived from Dad. Maybe I’ll learn more about woodworking or home repairs or pool maintenance. But no! It was James Finegan’s book, “Where Golf is Great”. Wonderful pictures and inspirational stories greeted me as I thumbed through the pages. I said to myself “Man, I sure do hope I get to play some of these courses someday!” Then, just by chance, I opened the front cover more carefully. There I found an inscription. I knew my wish was coming true! Four rounds of golf in five days in Scotland! What a wonderful present!

As the early months of 2007 passed, I kept looking back at the book thinking to myself each time: “I am going to be putting my feet on the same ground where many of the game’s truly great players have themselves trod: The Old Course at St. Andrews! Just maybe I will hit into (and out of) the Road Hole Bunker. Maybe I’ll find my ball in the Valley of Sin. Maybe I’ll get to play from the Hell Bunker or the Coffins. Wow!” I looked at the other courses we were originally slated to play: Elie, Royal Aberdeen and Kingsbarns. I noticed their history. I was struck by their naked beauty. And I was awed by their evident ability to extract very high scores from yours truly!

As the time got closer to travel (all the while passing more and more slowly!), Brian piped up and said “We arrive in Scotland at about 9am local time. Why are we waiting to play until the following day?” Good question. One that was obviously borne from a youthful exuberance. Doesn’t he realize that his brothers are old men (no, definitely not you, Dad!)? But we all agreed and set up an afternoon round at St. Andrews – Jubilee – still another course that looked like it could totally humble your intrepid correspondent. So our five days became packed with five rounds of marvelous golf. Could we make it? Sure! We are after all is said and done, Moores!

The day finally arrived on Friday, July 6. Louise and I were headed to Newark to join Mom, Dad, Bob Batley (taking David’s place – sorry about the hand!), Kevin, Brian and the St. Thomas Church Men & Boys’ Choir for a flight to Edinburgh, Scotland and golf heaven. An uneventful flight ensued though it was a bit late. We arrived in Scotland with little sleep but with much anticipation.

We sent Mom and Louise to join the choir for the first part of its tour. Dad, Brian, Kevin, Bob and I set about renting suitable transportation for the drive to St. Andrews. After a short delay we rented a Ford Montero station wagon, standard shift. We loaded our gear (clubs, suitcases, carry-ons) in the car and realized that only two of us were actually going to be making the trip to St. Andrews! No more room! But, again, we are Moores.

We simply crammed three of us (Brian, Bob and myself) into the backseat and piled two (over-sized) golf bags on top us. No sweat.

Having wedged myself in under the bags, I looked in the front seat of the car and realized that the steering wheel was on the wrong side! How was Kevin, brave lad that he is, going to drive from the wrong side of the car and on the wrong side of the road? Well, after several reminders to “stay left”, we made a fairly uneventful journey to St. Andrews. I’ll bet the scenery was beautiful. I’ll have to check it out next time, without the bags on my lap!

We got to St. Andrews before we were able to check in to the Old Course Hotel, so we went straight to the first stop on our golfing tour: The Jubilee Course at St. Andrews. As Brian, Dad and I teed off, we could see in the distance a rather important-looking rain cloud or two bearing down on us. We said, “Ah, here it comes. Scotland + wind and rain + golf = heaven.” Sure enough, the heavens opened on us in spurts. I put the rain gear on, I took it off, I put it on, I took it off. Eventually, I just kept it off. Easier that way. Put a lot of balls out of play, especially as we played into the 25- to 30-mile-per-hour winds. I’ve never seen shots curve like that! Came away with a respectable score of 97 including 5 pars, a 10 and an 8.

That evening, tired from our long trip, we called it a fairly early night and trundled off to the Hotel for a sumptuous meal and a good night’s rest.

Day two dawned sunny and breezy. After a wonderful breakfast of fruit and breads, we hopped back in the car sans the suitcases and drove to The Golf House Club, Elie. Elie is a quaint little town on the northern side of St. Andrews Bay. The course is fairly wide open, especially after the first couple of holes. I managed a par on the tricky, uphill second. The third was an impossible par three that even a driver couldn’t get to. The holes along the Bay were gorgeous. Here, Dad was the winner with a more-than-respectable 91 while I carded a 94 with 4 pars.

After the round we found a late lunch at a local watering hole and attended a bit of a Cricket match that was played on the beach. I must find out more about this game. Looks a bit like baseball but is played over a full 360 degree field, not just 90 degrees. Wickets, runs, batsmen – interesting terminology.

Driving back to St. Andrews that afternoon, I found that my anticipation level was rising still further – tomorrow we were playing The Old Course at St. Andrews! I couldn’t wait so before dinner Bob and I walked the Course from first tee to last green. You can do that because the course does not allow play on Sundays (except during Open Championship week of course). We noted the bunkers, we saw the rough and gorse bushes, we looked at the enormous greens (seven of them serve two holes each) and we said to ourselves, “Man, we’re walkin’ in Scotland!”. Can it get any better than this?! The next morning we are up early, rarin’ to go. We walk over to the first tee and get in line. Dad has decided that he wants his sons and Bob to play together, each with his own caddy, so he joins another group and sets off. We have to wait for another ½ hour or so

until our tee-time, during which time the butterflies are building. Will I be able to hit the ball at all off the first tee? Will it get airborne? Will I be a total embarrassment to myself and my family? The time comes and I step to the tee. The fairway is wide open especially to the left so I aim far left and pray to God that I can make contact. Swoosh! The ball actually flies down the left-hand side in good shape. Thank God! I step up to the ball and notice that little ditch just in front of the green. It's the Swilcan Burn, a nasty little surprise for anyone who hits the approach just a little bit short of the green. Now, my tee shot is so far back that I have to take a 4-iron out to reach the green. So I line up, hit it and think, "Oh my God – it's short and headed for the Burn!". Miracles do happen, dear reader. My ball landed on the near side of the Burn and proceeded to hop over the Burn and onto the green! A simple little 2-putt and yours truly has started the round of his life with a par!

It turns out that that first hole was a portent of things to come – I birdied the short par-three eighth, found the bunker in front of the par-three 11th, pitched out and made the putt for par, managed to stay out of most of bunkers, even the infamous Road Hole Bunker, did exactly as my caddie told me at every shot and got around in 85 strokes, just 40 on the front nine and despite an 8 on the difficult par 5 14th. I was thrilled! A round like that, over the most-hallowed links in golf (with the possible exception of Pine Valley). Wow! I was floating on air.

We followed our round with lunch at the Royal & Ancient Club House, a trip through the Museum of Golf and dinner with Mom and Louise, who had come to St. Andrews with the Choir. Louise and I followed lunch with a walking tour of St. Andrews town. What a perfect day!



The next day we piled into the car for a two-hour ride up the Coast to Aberdeen, the center of North Sea oil exploration in Britain, and the Royal Aberdeen Golf Club. After a bit of erroneous back-seat driving, we found the course just in time for our tee time. This course was awe-inspiring. We worked our way along the North Sea for the first several holes. Each hole was separate from the rest, each had its bit of beauty and difficulty. We even got a little wet at times. Thank God for the caddies – many of the tee shots were blind and required direction. A wonderful course, possibly the hardest of the bunch we played. I managed to get around in 94, despite three 8's.

Dinner that night was at “The Grange”, a wonderful little pub and restaurant where the hostess was loud and attentive and the food was delicious.

The last day of our trip took us to Kingsbarns. This was maybe the most “American” of the courses we played. Whereas the other courses were nearly completely devoid of trees and so were much more open to the wind, Kingsbarns had ample trees. The wind was still an important factor, though. In addition, it was clear that this course was “built” and didn't just “happen” like The Old Course. Millions of tons of earth had been moved in constructing this course.

Bob, Kevin and I set out from the third-from-the-back set of tees thinking, “You know, this is pretty short from these tees. Maybe we can score here.” Well, needless to say the course had plenty to challenge us.

The sixth hole stands out as a real test of strategy. It was par four and only about 320 yards. Do you play directly at the flag from the tee? Here the hole is shortest but the approach to the hole is blind and plays to the narrow part of the green. Or, do you play well right with an opportunity to play the approach along the length of the green? I elected to try to get it right but failed.

We played several holes along the sea with beautiful views. In fact, the 15th hole, a medium-length par three, requires a carry over the water to a green that sort of juts out into the water. And, just when you think you can let up a bit, the 18th hole comes along at 400+ yards with a creek that runs in a deep valley in front of the green. You are either on the green or wet. There is very little middle ground. I, of course, found the creek, managed a nice little pitch and made the putt for 5. Overall, I managed to shoot a 95 over this wonderful course. The score included 5 pars, a 9 and an 8.

Score summary:

Jubilee Course at St. Andrews	51	46	97
Elie	46	48	94
The Old Course at St. Andrews	40	45	85
Royal Aberdeen	50	44	94
Kingsbarns	46	49	95

What are my overall impressions of this fantastic trip? First, from a golfing standpoint, I love the skill involved in bump and run. Encouraging your ball to run on to the green is

quite different from most American courses. Playing a putter from 10 to 15 yards off the green is easily done there. Keeping the ball low and out of the wind is crucial. Staying out of the bunkers is essential (don't you agree, Brian?).

But most of all I am thankful. Thankful I could play reasonably well. Thankful the weather was so accommodating. Thankful we were able to include Louise, however tangentially.

But most of all I am thankful that I could spend such a wonderful time with my father, two of my brothers and one of my cousins. I shall never forget this week. Thank you, Dad!

Love,
Chris

Dear Dad,

How do I begin to tell you how much I appreciated and enjoyed our singular experiences together in Scotland? To play some of the most historical courses in all of golf exceeded every lofty expectation I had before emplaning. The sheer history in every step along the storied links of the Old Course; the wonder of pure links golf everywhere we played but especially at Royal Aberdeen; the beauty of the rocky hills over which we walked together at Eric's Golf House Club; the breathtaking views of the "old" Kingsbarns course so beautifully and faithfully recreated (by crass Americans, no less!); and the sheer fun of laughing along the Jubilee fairway with Bob - all of this so special that I will never forget any of it! Not only to play but also to play passably well over every one of the courses presented the topping to what were several of the very best golfing experiences I've ever had.

Before and after such wonderful golf were lunch at the R&A, enjoying as we did its rich tradition and history; walking through the Golf Museum, which gave me an ever greater appreciation for how far the game has come (putting with that old wooden putter was an eye-opener) since its early roots right where we were standing; the

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spectacular dinner sharing stories (even the dinner we had with Mum and Louise, (those interludes!)); and my "little" brother, who's never successfully negotiated a greenside bunker in fewer than 4 three strokes in his life, telling me how to play a sand shot from the Road Hole bunker ("close the face"). I even enjoyed the driving: I can still hear you reminding me to keep left! Sadly though, the world has not yet seen fit to accept the clear wisdom of the solutions to its problems that we so carefully developed during our ride back from Royal Aberdean.

Surpassing even the tantamount golf and golf-related fun was having such a wonderful opportunity to spend precious time with you, marveling at your incredible generosity and love for your sons and nephew. Sharing the time, irrespective even of location, was truly wonderful. I think especially of walking together (over the Old Course before we played it, and at least when my wayward shots landed somewhat near your excellent shots at Ebie!) or perhaps the most ~~precious~~ precious of all during five wonderful and awesome days.

THANK YOU SO MUCH!

Love,
Kevin



7/14/07

Uncle Charlie and Aunt Judith,

Welcome home! How can I thank you for including me? Here are some of the memories that will stay with me forever:

- Uncle Charlie's "improbable, impossible, surprising, dream golf trip" phone call.
- David throwing in business class tickets for a relaxing trip over the pond.
- Getting to Kevin's house early enough to see Mary Angela, Diane and all the kids! Nickilas can not be that big!
- Continental "forgetting" to pull our plane over from another gate.
- Packing us into the car with clubs on the three guys in the back, luggage piled on Uncle Charlie's lap, and Kevin trying to shift left handed. "I hate 1st gear."
- The gorgeous Scottish countryside with fields, sheep, and strawberries.
- Jubilee: "Just 'nip' across the Old Course. Kevin and I laughing all the down the 1st fairway. Brian's chip from the road, and the rain for the three holes.
- Dinner at the Peat Inn. Realizing Brian was the direction man and Kevin's driving getting better. Road sign "Flashing light ...weak bridge... proceeds with caution. My first Scottish Vodka Tonic – ummmmm.
- The Old Course Hotel: views of the road hole, the 1st fairway, and the 18th green. The R&A in the background and people playing until 10 PM. Full Scottish breakfast-did I mention the Strawberries...
- Elie- Getting lost in an old Scottish fishing town is not all bad. Periscope starting shed, the wind ... Brian hitting driver to reach a par 3 hole, and U Charlie shooting lights out. Lunch at the Ship Tavern (U Charlie's caddy's dad owned it), and watching cricket on the beach after lunch.
- Road Hole Grille: What a view and a great pre-game strategy talk about the Old Course – Worried about Chris – will he be able to swing a club?
- Old Course: Yes, Chris scored the week's low score of 85. The Old Course – Are you kidding me? My first time with a caddie. Birdie on #5, hitting the flag stick on #18 in front of a crowd. U Charlie walking the last two holes with us.

- Lunch at the R&A; Golf Museum and exploring the town. Seeing the beach where “Chariots of Fire” was filmed. Aunt Judith and Louise joined us for dinner at The Seafood Restaurant.
- Royal Aberdeen: Long drive and getting lost in Aberdeen. Biggest thrill of the week- Four hours with UCharlie playing the most beautiful course I had ever seen. Rain for four holes and lousy golf **but** great company. Hole #2 and #3; Gorgeous! Long drive home but enough time to solve political issues and Wake Robin ownership.
- Dinner at the Grange: Great Story telling: Did U Charlie really save my Mother’s life? Chuck at Wilmington Friends, Lots of moving for the Kevin and Chris as kids, Cream from Judith’s father farm... Post dinner drive to Kings barn
- Kings barn: It was hot!?! Long hard course, beautiful along the water, Caddie teaches Brian how to hit out of a Scottish bunker – on the last day! Lesson’s after dinner in the road bunker. Awards dinner with Charlie giving out gifts and enjoying strawberries AGAIN! Viewing stands started “going up” for Ladies British Open.

What a trip, what memories, what fun! THANK YOU!

Bob





Chris Moore, Bob Batley, Kevin Moore & Brian Moore