The last 7 holes are able to ease up a bit with the sand hazard; for from the 12th drive onwards into the trees we go on the lower level of the heath; and from then to the end belts of birch make a continual threat along every hole. There’s one hole, though, where the sand comes back in a tight battalion before and around the green: the drive and short-pitch 15th. There I took a lovely 7, 5 of it struck out of sand: and this is quite, quite easy to do.

One Bad One?

There is perhaps one bad hole, the 16th: rather an undistinguished drive and pitch to a flat green surrounded by trees, and half hidden by a cross ridge 30 yards short. In winter conditions this may be a fine hole; but it somehow lacks the character of the others; and is vastly overshadowed by 15 and 17, both challenging drive-and-short-pitches. It’s a contrast to them, yes; but not a very good one.

You can sit back and try to analyse the particular charm and challenge of Woodhall, and never quite arrive at a certainty. Perhaps that itself is part of it—as with the theme of a woman with a bit of irreducible mystery about her, no matter how many years you know her. But in Woodhall’s case I think part of the answer may be that the essential of playing it well is to direct the drive to the tactical side—usually the bolder, too—of every fairway; then be able to play firmly at the pin; and then do so! Your mind, in fact, must weather the hazards before the ball is struck; and that, perhaps, is part of the best of golf.