

# The Pinehurst Outlook

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FIVE CENTS

## EVANS' REMARKABLE CAREER

Wonderful Record of Only Amateur Who Has Won an Open Championship

"Whether Victorious or Vanquished He is Always the Same Smiling, Sun Burnt, Lovable 'Chick'"



THE PRESENCE of Charles Evans, or "Chick" as he is universally known, gives new meaning to the United North and South golf championship, for this twenty-year old university player is the marvel of American golf. Just at present the announcement that he will participate in the British amateur championship has given him international prominence and he is generally regarded as the American who is to do for the game much what Walter J. Travis has done. With both these players and amateur champion Fownes, in this year's championship, not to mention Whitmore, Crocker, Lard, H. C. Fownes, Becker and others satellites, Pinehurst, this week, becomes the center toward which the eyes of the entire golfing world are turned. In this connection the accompanying story by William H. Evans, a recent visitor here, is of exceptional interest:

Western open title . . . . .	1910
Western amateur title . . . . .	1909
National semi-finalist . . . . .	1909-1910
Western junior title . . . . .	1907-1909-1910
Interscholastic title . . . . .	1907-1908-1909
Chicago title . . . . .	1908-1909

This in a nut shell, is the remarkable golfing history of Charles Evans, Jr., of Chicago. In addition he has won so many club trophies and so many gold medals for low qualifying scores that it would take too much space to chronicle them. His record for 1910 is a fair sample. Last year he won in addition to the western open championship and the western junior championship the Westward-Ho!, Lake Geneva and Onwentsia tourneys, was runner up in the western amateur championship, and low medalist in the western open, Westward-Ho!, western junior, and Edgewater tourneys and tied for the low score with Paul Hunter at Onwentsia.

In a letter to the writer he says: "I remember when I saw golf played for the first time in 1898, the year we came to Chicago, and how I showed my ignorance in defining it. As a youngster of

eight the boy living next to us, took me over to the Edgewater course and there I 'scabbed' a job as caddie and made thirty-five cents. I remember how rich I felt. I went over day after day and tried to caddie, going through the stage of being interested even in poorly played golf up through the observant stage where the caddies watch the golfers, trees and everything except the ball, to the desire to see the best golf played.

"Of course I tried to play some during these years, but as my only club was a shinney stick, I did not make much head-

door with irons on my legs. When I got out of bed I was a different boy.

"As it was about April I did not return to school that year, but remained around home in order to regain my health. No crutches were bought for me because when I was able to get out of the house my little Morristown and shinney stick answered the purpose. Soon I abandoned my shinney and was given the putting cleek, which I now use. These clubs were continually with me—my companions and chums. Gradually I became able to support my weight on my leg and



CHARLES EVANS, JR.

way. Finally my father gave me an old Morristown cleek for a Christmas present and then I realized the feel of the contact of ball and club for the first time. But I was a beginner and easily discouraged and hence played little because I was in everything going on in the neighborhood. I was pitcher on the baseball team, quarter on the eleven and ready to do everything. In the late fall of 1904 I broke my left leg playing football. Three long months I lay on a flat

finally lengthened my walks to the dear old grounds of the Edgewater Golf club. Each day I sat under an exceptionally majestic poplar tree and watched my former employers. Of course, they did not know me for a golfer sometimes does not discriminate between caddies.

"Later on I began to try to play. Even after I had the fever and to this day it is even more pressing than before. For the first time I began to see and feel the

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## SOCIETY CIRCUS MAKES HIT

Snappy, Colorful and Funny It Was Splendid Success Throughout

Cavalier Equestrian Lancers, Tandem Driving, Lady Bareback Rider And Clown Are Features



NO ONE took the advance announcement concerning the Society Circus—"to miss it is to mourn"—seriously until after the performance! When the big crowd had scattered, however, it became not a joke, but a fact! "Have it again, oh please do; I had a golf game," and thus in endless variety, are the requests which have been coming to the committee from the few who didn't attend, for as a matter of fact, all Moore County seemed to be gathered at the ringside. Be that as it may, it was a splendid success, and not alone a success, but an attraction which possesses almost endless future possibilities. Snappy, colorful, funny, it caught the crowd as no similar outdoor entertainment here has ever caught it, because it was different; new!

The opening number an equestrian lancers by couples in gaily colored cavalier capes and plumed caps, was run off with the precision of a cavalry drill under the leadership of Riding Master C. Gerald Taylor and Mrs. Leonard Tufts; Mr. J. E. Watson and Mrs. Daisy Porter, Mr. G. H. C. Crocker and Miss E. Marie Sinclair, and Mr. J. W. Ames and Miss Helen Nason, forming the group. The second number, tandem driving on horseback by the women, was followed by a really truly men's bow pursuit race.

And ever and always like the jokes of the interlocutor at a minstrel show, were Mr. Nat S. Hurd as the clown, and Mr. J. V. Hurd as the lady bareback rider. As for Nat, he was just everyday circus clown and good, complete even to pony; a ludicrous mimic and a good acrobat—and clever! But Jack; dear chubby, Dolly Dimple Jacky! Pen description of this dainty creation of curls, lingerie, pink tights, smiles and finger-tip kisses, is futile, for he was perfection in caricature. Artist's brush alone can picture "her" as "she" reclined upon the back of the white "Arabian" upon which a native "Bedouin" danced constant attendance.

Yes indeed, we want another circus!