

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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FIVE CENTS

ELEANOR GATES

Wins St. Valentine's Tournament from Dorothy Campbell Hurd on 20th Hole

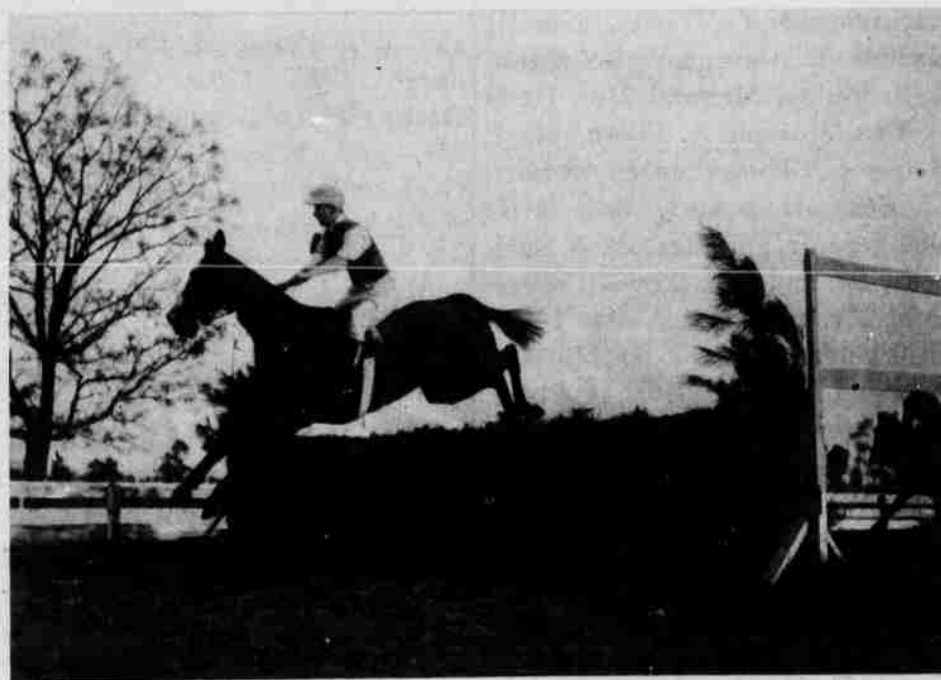
Mrs. Hurd Takes the Medal; Mrs. Danforth, Mrs. Spiane and Mrs. Hempstone Lead their Divisions



A LARGE and enthusiastic gallery of golfing fans followed Miss Eleanor Gates and Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd over the terrain of Number One Course of the Pinehurst Country Club last Saturday to view the final round in the President's division of the Annual St. Valentine's Tournament for women. And they were richly rewarded. Not only was the contest sustained and doubtful for twenty mortal holes, but the diversity of style and game between these two champions made the playing of every individual hole an exciting and interesting spectacle. Miss Gates, runner-up to Mrs. Hurd in this same event last year, has won the championship of the Nassau Club since, and developed a phenomenal accuracy on the putting green to assist her long balls from the tee. Mrs. Hurd is still in her old championship form, and since their last meeting had won the qualifying round both of the National and this tournament. Mrs. Hurd's long suit is in her approach shots, which are clean and true. In consequence from nearly every tee Miss Gates took the advantage with a powerful drive—Mrs. Hurd recovered on the midiron shot, made one of her famous mashie shots and lay dead at the pin with Miss Gates struggling on the fringes of the green. And fortune having thus shifted in the anxious gaze of the partizans, the Nassau girl would

retrieve her fortune with that magic putt.

It was an even struggle the whole way, Mrs. Hurd taking the lead by a margin of one most of the time, and Miss Gates staying with it and putting for dear life. The old champion took the lead on the first hole, lost the second to a five, tied the third, and was given the fourth. The fifth and sixth were halved in bogey, Miss Gates won the seventh and squared the score; the eighth was halved and Mrs. Hurd got into trouble on the ninth, leaving Miss Gates one up at the turn—the only time she led at all until the last putt was sunk.



RODMAN WANAMAKER II WINNING THE ST. VALENTINE STEEPLE CHASE

Mrs. Hurd came home in 48, steady and consistent—and Miss Gates missed exactly one putt. The game was all even again on the 10th. Mrs. Hurd took her lead on the 11th and held it with even fives to the 15th, which she lost to a five, and so they drove from the 17th tee with a clean slate, but the odds still in favor of Pittsburgh.

These increased into long proportions on the 17th, an interminable hole 505 yards up hill among innumerable pit falls, which can be neither driven nor putted. Mrs. Hurd rolled home safely in 6, with

Miss Gates still practicing approach shots in the offing. The short and treacherous 18th alone remained to settle the day.

And here the Nassau girl showed her staying power and her qualities as a tournament player. She won this with 4, and began all over again. There was no let up now. Mrs. Hurd made the 19th in 5, one better than her first round, and Eleanor Gates duplicated. And then the end came in startling and dramatic manner. Mrs. Hurd lay dead for an easy 5 which is bogey on the 20th; Miss Gates had sent a splendid 200-yard ball from the tee as usual, and also as usual was

a long way short of the pin on the third shot. It called for a putt of at least 15 feet to win. But she did it. She knows how to do it, and she did it, and won a victory as creditable and as hard fought as any ever seen on the famous links.

The card. Numbered one course:

MISS GATES		
Out—7 5 6 8 5 4 4 5 6—50		
In —7 5 5 5 5 5 6 7 4—48		5—4
MRS. HURD		
Out—6 6 6 5 5 4 5 5 7—49		
In —6 4 5 5 5 6 6 6 5—48		5—5

In the qualifying round Mrs. Hurd had led her field by the sub-

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WANAMAKER'S MONEY

Whisper Bell Wins from Little Horn Over the Hurdles

Bachelor and Hurd Take a Fall. Miss Abbe and Pearson Win the Guests' Cups



GENTLEMEN, that was a horse race. Miriam H., the pride of the Pinehurst Stables, was scratched, being out of shape, and the world was divided into two confident camps—one-half backing the Little Horn, Hurd's great jumper, ridden by Smith, and the other half swearing by the Whisper Bell from the Meadowbrook Stables with Rodman Wanmaker II in the saddle. The afternoon was bright and warm as a day in June; the stand and the track was lined with the brilliant purple and red and orange colors the girls wear nowadays. The thoroughbreds danced against the deep green background of the pines waiting for the signal. All nature was tuned for a great moment. Both horses wheeled at once. Colonel Swigert dropped the flag, and they were off for a mile and a half over the hurdles.

Wanamaker took the lead—unwillingly it seemed, both riders turning the first bend almost at a canter, as a great runner swings casually into his stride at the beginning of the marathon. For both knew that the race need not go to the swiftest. Such a venture is a campaign, a stratagem, requiring both head and heart, and a wise husbanding of resources. So they set off easily, in reality both working might and main to be in last place. The fresh and eager mounts struggled at the bit, and they soon settled

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