

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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FIVE CENTS

BEALL VICTORIOUS

Hunter Springs a Surprise on
Maxwell

Spring Tournament Played in
Fourteen Divisions Under
Perfect Conditions



PUTTING the last pound into every furious drive, and wielding an iron that we have seldom seen surpassed for getting distance

Edward C. Beall of Uniontown took his place last week at the head of the ranks of Pinehurst golfers. The occasion was the Annual Spring Tournament which called forth some two hundred and fifty contestants playing in fourteen separate divisions.

Norman H. Maxwell, the youthful Philadelphian who captured the medal in the qualifying round with two cards of 75 each, was generally the favorite. But his charmed putter went back on him in the semi-finals, and that old voyager of the links, Robert Hunter, immersed from the press not only playing the game of his life, but setting a standard equal to any in this tournament for years.

THROUGH THE FIELD

Sufficient warning had been given of Beall's ability. During the early rounds not once had he ventured over the eighty mark; and his staying power under the stress of tournament play had been abundantly exhibited against C. M. Fink of Dunwoodie whom he had vanquished 4-3, S. M. Morgan of Altoona who had succumbed on the sixteenth after a hard battle, and most notable of all G. J. Murphy of Wollaston. Murphy sent no herald ahead, and in consequence the prophets led Beall to believe that he was

not in the championship class. This delusion was dispelled when Murphy reached the turn in even fours two up. It took par golf, a long drive and no wasted putts for Uniontown to pull this out on the seventeenth. This performance, with a medal card of 76 on the side, turned the odds heavily in his favor against Rob-

man once he gets in striking distance of the cup. And it is upon this faculty that his supporters largely depended for his pulling out the trophy. But against Maxwell there was little sign of the deadly accuracy on the greens. The sand was wet and heavy from recent rain and the air was gusty, which probably



EDWARD C. BEALL

ert Hunter.

This conclusion was strengthened by the returns from the Hunter-Maxwell match in the semi-finals. From the point of view of a contest—a hard rub, stroke for stroke—this match left nothing to be desired. But Hunter is normally a finished and dangerous putter, equal to any

accounted for the myriad of short putts that went astray. It is the story of a putting match of the "After you, Alphonse" variety. In a pinch either could be reliably depended upon to take at least three. It may fairly be said that the match was lost on the seventeenth by Maxwell missing an eighteen inch putt.

LITTLE HORN COMES BACK

Esther Tufts Beats Annie Oakley in
the Wild West Ride

Wanamaker Rides Garth to Victory
and a New Favorite Appears in the
Trotting Race Wednesday



THIS week's story from the track of the Pinehurst Jockey Club is entitled the vindication of Little Horn. All men in the State who can tell a jack rabbit from a hunter know how Wanamaker carried Whisper Bell, the darling of the Meadowbrook, over the hurdles in ahead of Hurd's great little mare two week's ago. Since when the rival boroughs of Southern Pines and Pinehurst have exhausted the language and pawned their shirt buttons in effort to express their complete conviction that it could or could not be done again.

So the gauntlet was thrown and accepted again, and the populace arrived in serried and vociferous ranks to urge the racers on. Smith, primed for battle by the wary counsel of the Hurd council of war, was up on The Little Horn, and Bachelor was selected to pilot the Wanamaker beauty. Twice around the field the course was laid, and once around the track.

They got off together, like a picture from Country Life. The strategy of the last race was discarded. Hurd had decided that the wise little animal knew more about the game than any conclave and she was given her head. This wasn't exactly according to the plans of the Meadowbrook staff, who were full aware that nothing in the Carolinas could keep pace with the Whisper Bell

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