

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

VOL. XXI, NO. 6

WINTER GOLF NUMBER 1918

FIVE CENTS

ON THE HOME GREEN

Maxwell Wins Close Matches from Phillips and Shannon

Victor Seggerman, Page, Frost and Magoon Score in Midwinter Golf



ONCE AGAIN Norman Maxwell of Aronomink has fulfilled expectations. This time he lifted the President's Trophy in the Fifteenth Annual Midwinter Golf Tournament. But he ran into at least two surprises, and did not get across without a fight, and some fancy uphill work. Victor Seggerman of Englewood first crossed his path. He was unable to stay the champion's victorious progress—but later on made it hot for the consolation, and cleaned up the beaten eight in good style. The field began to show fight with a vengeance however on the second round. After losing the first two holes getting under way, Howard Phillips of the Waring Plantation struck a championship pace, sailed down to the turn at a par gait, caught Maxwell unaware, and drove off from the tenth tee two up. Not only that; he halved the 10th in four, slipped in a long putt for a win on the eleventh, and had the championship three down with only seven to go.

Now it is just exactly this kind of a situation that proves the calibre of your player. It was his ability to get out of just this sort of fix that made Carter invincible down here two years ago.

Maxwell came to, realized the critical aspect of the affair, and called on his trusty driver to pull him out. And from there on he gave an exhibition that accounts for his reputation. The drive on the 12th was close to the three hundred mark.

The second shot was placed with a masterly precision on the sand, and the assembly treated to a perfect four. By the time the pair reached the 15th cup he had halved the match. And he proceeded to take the sixteenth in manner seldom if ever seen on these links before. It is 424 yards long, that hole, over a pond and a chasm and a mountain. This he made in three, breaking Phillip's spirit. The match was won then and there. The seventeenth was halved, and when Phillips' second shot on the last stretch hit a tree the game was up.

SHANNON'S STAND

This left R. C. Shannon II holding the last line of defence against the medalist. Shannon had not only led the whole field except Maxwell in the medal round, but had just finished a brilliant game against W. E. Truesdell of Apawamis, whom he defeated five and four to go.

Here again Maxwell came into the turn behind. The outward journey revealed no startling features of any kind, except a comedy of errors played by Maxwell on the 7th. This is the longest hole on the course—537 yards, the very place his prodigious drive might be expected to pull in his favor. And it did. He more than halved the distance from the tee. Thence however he proceeded by the bunker route, and only came home in 9.

The tenth found Shannon still one up, a lead which Maxwell overcame this time on the 14th, where he gave another exhibition of how a long hole should be negotiated. Drive 274 yards. Then toss an easy mashie niblic beside the green.

Then take two putts. It is very simple. So all even they drove for the 15th cup, 212 yards away. It proved to be the deciding hole. Both drives were a bit off. Maxwell's landed him on the side of a bunker. Shannon's behind a hill of whizkers. The game was too old for any chances then. The man who had the faciest approach out of difficulties stored away in his locker was the man, as it turned out, that was to have the championship. Aronomink selected him a weapon with great care, took one casual glance at the desired goal, made a neat little motion, and, biff! the ball dropped over and rolled so lovingly close to the cup that the whole audience gasped. Here lay an easy three. Shannon shot for it manfully—negotiated the mound and the bunker, recorded a four—well played under the circumstances, but not well enough.

Thence home they came, stroke for stroke—five apiece on cavernous 16th, two perfect threes on the 17th, and two imperfect sixes under the tension of the last.

PIERCE'S PROGRESS

While this was going on, and Seggerman was putting Tom Kelley and J. D. Armstrong into the Consolation discard, L. D. Pierce of Brae Burn showed his mettle and speed by taking the final round of the second division play from J. W. Baker from Plainfield to the tune of four and three. Previously he had disposed of C. F. Lancaster two and one. Lancaster has a habit of turning up with a cup in most tournaments—and kept up the tradition even after this set-back. He did Geo. W. Statzell out of the consolation prize on the sixteenth green, shortly thereafter.

A TARHEEL TROPHY

The natives were truly astonished to discover one of their numbers hammering

THE NEW HURDLE KING

Fort Johnson Wins Exciting Steeple Chase

Lee's Stables Take the Thoroughbred Purse. Vaughan and Miss Tufts Outride the Guests



WHAT LOOKED to be a disagreeable day in the morning turned out to be a glorious afternoon for the regular Wednesday meet of the Pinehurst Jockey Club. Combined with the brisk snap in the air and the rivalry rampant among the riders there was witnessed the hardest racing yet seen on the Pinehurst track. The challengers had their innings, the old favorites took a fall, but not without some furious and heartbreaking finishes. Mr. Tufts again occupied his high position as starter of the trotting and pacing races, while Col. Swigert upheld his honors as grand master of the Flat events.

Rivals of old, Miss Esther Tufts and Miss Mabel Bliss again took the track in an effort to dislodge each other from the pedestal of fame. Miss Bliss started off in the van, but as they came around Miss Tufts gradually crept up until she captured the lead by a length, which she never relinquished.

Mr. W. Vaughn, a newcomer on the Pinehurst track, hailing from Boston, captured the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile dash, overtaking J. M. Moore, up on Captain, who had led to

(Continued on page twelve)

