

# THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1918

FIVE CENTS

## A NEW CHAMPION

### Oak Hill Star Swings Into the Tin Whistle Firmament

**Robeson Wins Three Days Battle With Fownes, Gregg and Pierce**



SEVENTY-ONE strong the aspirants for the championship of the Tin Whistle Club toed the tee of number 2 at Pinehurst Monday last. They were prepared for three days' medal play, 54 holes, scratch to de-

cide the momentous question. This led to a sustained contestant, in which every fellow had two night interim to examine the scores of his opponents and to figure what he had better expect of himself on the morrow.

From the very beginning the contest was narrowed to four men—barring some phenomenal play from the trailers, or some unexpected reversal of form. As a matter of fact the whole outfit were afflicted with a bad epidemic of superfluous shooting on the last round—which caught two of the leaders for a heavy set-back.

Irving S. Robeson, back in his old form, brought in the best card of the first day, playing up to the best standard of the Spring Tournament with a 79. As a matter of actual fact Dr. George T. Gregg of Oakmont equalled the play, but under the club rules was penalized two strokes for coming in after the appointed hour and the appearance of the moon. This left H. C. Fownes, the champion of the Spring Tournament in second place with an 80, and L. D. Pierce fourth with 83. This was close enough to suit the most sportily inclined, and left much to future play and conjecture. Behind these the stalwarts of the clan could muster nothing closer than an 86, held by W. H. Gregg, Jr., from St. Louis, and a number of 87s handled by Becker and Hamilton, Clapp and Dunlap.

With the main focus then on the four leaders, and an occasional glimpse at the 87 men to see if any of them were surging into the phenomenal for a look-in, the second's day play began. Robeson held his precarious position on the pinnacle with an eighty, leading the host

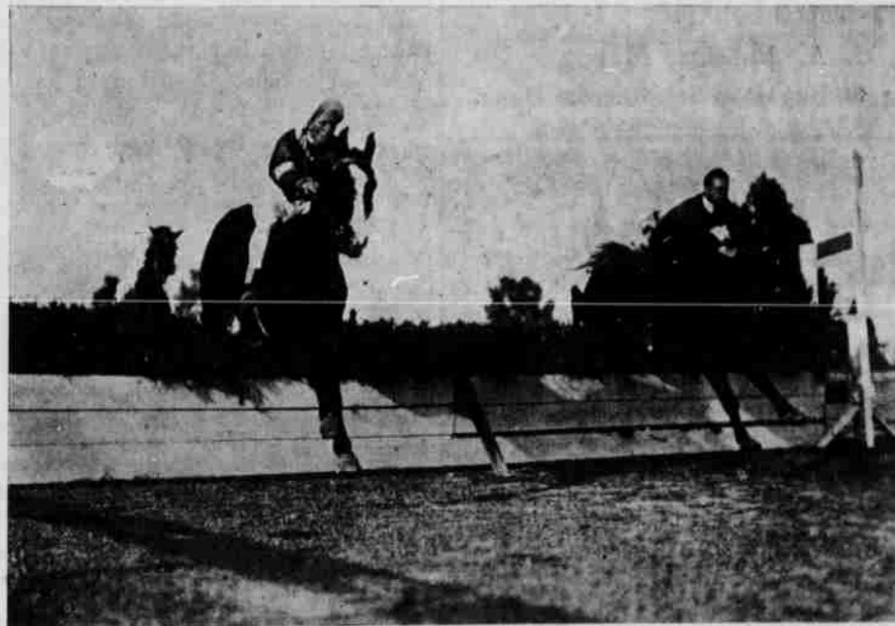
with 159 for the thirty-six holes. Dr. Gregg clung to him shot for shot, and was still behind exactly those two penalized strokes. Pierce duplicated the 80, and Fownes well to 83, which left these two tied in third place. Louis Hamilton was the only one of the lower level to show signs of breaking into the dangerous class. He made him an 81, which left him only five strokes behind Pierce and Fownes.

The last day was many a man's Waterloo. Whether the signs of the Zodiac were wrong set for medal play, or a spell was cast by some anti-golfing voodoo, we cannot say. But the scores soared, and many a handsome slate was spoiled. In the general demoralization both Fownes and Gregg were swept along out of the running. Gregg skipped from 80 to 90, and Fownes to

net score he ran away from the whole company, with a card of 213. He led them all the way. But one prize being enough for one man, H. R. McKenzie who had the second best net for the first day, got a prize with his 69. By the same token Dr. Gregg got the prize for the best score on the 18 holes. The Second best net score was turned in by S. H. Fields with 229.

The Summary

I. S. Robeson	79	80	80—239
L. D. Pierce	83	80	81—244
H. C. Fownes	80	83	88—253
Dr. Geo. T. Gregg	81	80	90—254
C. L. Becker	87	84	87—258
J. H. Clapp	87	87	89—263
Donald Parson	86	89	88—263
E. M. Taft	88	89	94—271
T. A. Kelley	89	87	95—271
C. B. Fownes	89	94	88—271



EVEN UP AT THE THIRD HURDLE

88. Robeson meanwhile held his own, portent or no, and with another clean 80 cinched his cup, and won his nich on the tablet, along with the inevitable Whittemore. His score was 239. Pierce held on pretty well, being only 81 this last day, and 244 for the whole play.

But this was by no means all the contest. For there were prizes and competitions every day for the best net score, club handicaps, and for the best total gross best total net of the first and of the day's play, as well as second prizes in both classes. Becker, the bookkeeper, had no trouble in following the course of events, and enforcing the old and just rule that no man with a major prize could also pull down a minor one.

Hence it was that M. B. Byrnes of New York, handicap 30, landed him a substantial memento of the fact that in

W. H. Gregg	86	92	99—277
Geo. T. Dunlap	87	91	99—277
L. A. Hamilton	87	81	89—257
Dr. Myron T. Marr	89	84	86—268
C. B. Hudson	88	88	101—277
A. L. Carr	94	87	88—269
F. S. Danforth	93	83	93—271
T. A. Cheatham	89	86	99—274
W. E. Truesdell	89	86	93—268
G. W. Statzell	92	94	93—279
H. G. Streat	93	96	96—285
Dr. J. S. Brown	97	90	99—286
C. H. Lay	94	92	84—287
W. L. Milliken	96	97	94—287
C. L. Jones	99	95	95—289
J. D. Hunter	97	96	96—289
S. H. Fields	95	96	98—289
J. G. Nicholson	101	92	99—292
R. H. Hunt	95	102	96—293
W. B. Merrill	95	96	106—297

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## HAIL THE LITTLE POP

### Vindicated in Runoff With Kinderlou

**Lambert Splane Rides to Victory Scratch Horses Too Fast for Thoroughbred Field**



BEFORE we go any further let us say that next week there promises to be a horse race in Pinehurst. These Lady Bettys and Molly Os, Kinderlous and divers other blue blooded favorites have been di-

viding up honors in the running business, until Mrs. P. C. Thomas decided that it was time to have a show down once and for all. So she put up \$100 in purse to be donated to the winner—an open event for Thoroughbreds to be pulled off at the meet next Wednesday. Every stable in the place has an eye on the coin, and unless we are deluded, there will be something to see when that bunch turns into the stretch Wednesday.

On the 13th in a match race Little Pop, ridden by the redoubtable Why-mark, bearing the triumphant colors of the Nibbs stables was pitted in a match against Hurd's Kinderlou. This resulted in a dead heat, which had the effect of dividing the racing world hereabouts into two camps, or debating societies, who repaired in full force and with intense partizan enthusiasm to support their favorites for a run off on the 20th. So they yelled their encouragement and their imprecations while the horses circled the arena in scenario style. Call made the fatal mistake of letting the running Betty get a clear lead at the post. This fixed the position of the contestants not only for the start, but for every heart-breaking foot of the way. Like a tandem team they started, and tandem still they finished in the same order.

The Steeple Chase was a very pretty and well run spectacle. Dave, the Nibbs entry, bearing Whymark, started off like a mad horse. Call took up the challenge on Little Horn, and from the first hurdle clung to his heels all the way round the full course. Some idea of the pace can be judged from the fact that the champion Melos never got out of third place at any stage of the proceedings. Coming into the stretch Hurd's Hurdler

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