

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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FIVE CENTS

ROBESON'S SPOON

Saves the Day and Wins North and South Championship

Annual Golf Tournament Played in Nine Divisions



IT ALL HUNG on that spoon shot. In all the history of Pinehurst golf, it is doubtful if ever there was so much discussion of a fairway shot. Fancy approaches, and twenty foot putts have figured large in almost every final championship match.

Irving S. Robeson was up against it. One up at the end of the first eighteen holes of the final round of the United North and South championship, he had gone out against R. A. Stranahan of Inverness a two to one favorite. But as the brilliant itinerant gallery slowly swept towards the finish, the hearts of the Tin Whistles were heavy, and those two to one fellows were strangely silent and introspective. For Stranahan had evened the match at the turn, and with a succession of two hundred and fifty yard drives, followed up with a streak of genuine championship play had edged two holes into the lead by the time they reached the 13th. This hole was halved in par. Some nervy work by Robeson on the fourteenth saved one hole, the fifteenth was tied again, and then at this critical juncture the breathless multitude saw Robeson drive dead into the bottomless sands of the great pit just over the pond. One down, one more as good as lost and only two to go—this was the prospect when he shoveled out

on the edge.

He lay 200 yards from the green. And it was the green or bust. He selected his spoon for this most vital of all shots. "He won't get there," said the amateurs. "He will go over," said the professionals, when he leaned on it with all his might."

They still debate whether he hit it as he intended, or whether it should have been short or over. The fact is that the ball came to rest ten feet from the cup as if it had been trained for the part. The score was not so wonderful at that. He went down in five. Stranahan's third went over, he recovered himself badly and lost the hole, leaving the score even as they approached the 17th.

Here was the perfect dramatic finish for the championship, not equalled since Phil Carter saved his bacon two years ago with a twenty foot putt on the same green. The chances had suddenly swung violently in Robeson's favor. For Stranahan's strength lay in the long game. He had consistently had a shade the better of it getting to all the greens, and had made the most of it. On the other hand, he had only won one short hole in the entire match. And the crux of the battle was right there at this short and ugly 17th. Robeson's drive landed him safe from the innumerable pitfalls by the edge of the green as safe for a three as if it had already been chalked up. Stranahan's mashie went wide, and left him struggling in vain for a half from a vicious trap.

So, in the most dramatic style, with the whole world looking on, and the home grounds covered with the expectant throng, they drove from the last tee of the thirty-six, with Robeson one up.

The erratics of this last hole left everyone quite limp. Both drives were a bit off. Robeson's spoon carried him nearly hole high on the second, but into the dangerous folds of a trap, which

has been the grave of more than one near-champion. Stranahan was short, but had a clear shot for the green. It was his last chance. If he could lay his third dead, or near enough to sink a desperate putt such as Paul won with in the April tournament two years ago, he had a chance. But sad to tell, he was over anxious and looked up. His fourth was perfect, a long straight run-up to within a few inches of the cup. If! There never was a game with so many ifs. Robeson recovered on his third, and rambled up within a couple of feet on his fourth, at which the Inverness champion very gallantly conceded the half, and so the match.

WHAT BECAME OF SCHOFIELD

Well, but what became of Schofield, that romped home unchallenged with the medal, and Fownes of the 74, and Doctor Gardner; what became of Gates, champion of Carolina tournament, and Markwell, the terror of Lake Shore? I will tell you. For two rounds Schofield held out in his old style, running away with Howard Phillips 8 and 6, laying out R. O. Tunstall of Norfolk 5 and 4. But on the third round there came a big wind, and it spoiled his style, while Robeson proceeded on his inevitable and placid way. Stranahan, unheralded and unsung, developed a speed early in the game that accounted for Dr. Gardner no less than four up and three to go. He was carried by Yates to the sixteenth, having disposed of Donald Parson without mercy on the twelfth green.

The consolation narrowed into a battle between Dr. Gardner and Howard Phillips, in which Phillips' inevitable 7s outbalanced his equally inevitable 2s, leaving the Doctor victor 2 up.

THE BATTLE OF THE SMITHS.

The Tin Whistles had their inning when their champion took off the main trophy. The rest of the local brigade—

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THE SPRING MEET

Little Horn Champion of the Pinehurst Track

Molly O Runs Away With a Fortune Redfield Springs a Surprise and Dixie and Crystalite Vindicated



AND NOW CAME the show down on the Track. Heralded as the Spring Steeple Chase, and augmented by a purse of \$250 put up for the champion of the Flat mile, the stables that have been contributing to the gaiety of the Sandhills this Winter groomed their horses for the main event, and all went in to establish a final classification.

When it comes right down to business and the big money, the steeple chase has narrowed to Hurd's Little Horn and Nibbs' famous Melos. So the track was cleared, the full course was layed out, and all supernumeraries removed, to settle just where these two were to stand for the Season. The old rival jockeys took their places—Whymark resplendant in the Blue and White, and Call riding for Hurd. The Pinehurst stables entered Firebrand as a pace maker, but he could hardly qualify even as that in this race of giants.

The story is quickly told. Melos sprang to the lead in his best form, and twice circled the field, leading at every jump. His supporters are quite justified in the delight expressed at his performance, his style and his speed, as long as it lasted. The difference in the

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