

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

VOL. XXII, NO. 4

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 7, 1918

FIVE CENTS

AN INFALLIBLE MASHIE

Wielded by Clapp Breaks the Hearts
of Men in the Rough

Seventeenth Hole on the Semi-Final
Tells the Romance of Autumn
Tournament



APOLLO SPORTICUS, or whatever genial deity it is that presides over the royal game of golf takes no delight in favorites. And as has been often observed before, he keeps few of his final trophies for medalists. On both of these counts Franklin H. Gates, of Broadacre, by common consent first money in the pool and winner of the qualifying round of the Autumn Tournament, had no real show. We begin this epic with Gates, for it is proper to dispose of old heroes as well as old loves before we go on with the new.

And now let us sing the wrath of J. H. Clapp, the Son of Chevy Chase, him of the horizon brassie and the cunning cleek. Sing his wrath rising as he saw his prowess discounted among the prophets and his abiding fortune on the fate ful 17th. It is the lasting lure of the game that no man can possibly tell at what stage or in what match of a well fought tournament the critical and determining factor will arise. For example: In this autumn affray, suddenly, without notice and without audience, the fortunes of Chevy Chase came to their crisis, and the outcome of the whole affair hung in the balance in the semi-final round on the 17th hole. Here was C. F. Watson, Jr., of Baltusrol, wielding a winning mashie, one up, and lying snug in two shots within a foot of this same hole on the top of the volcanic 17th. And there was Clapp, shocking the world by missing an easy two-foot putt for a half and a three and a chance at the match. I ask you? With Watson one up, on the edge of the cup in two, and Clapp missing a three, who would you pick for the winner of the tournament? Watson, or Allen or Becker? Or anybody but Clapp? It is a lesson that the game is never over. For lo, and behold! Seeing that human agencies had failed, Clapp's foxy little Radio took a hand in the game, and rambled around the rim until it found

a position exactly between Watson and the hole. Still, it was ninety to one that Watson would get a half and still keep his lead. But Apollo Sporticus gently interfered, and Watson managed to knock, not his own, but Clapp's ball into the cup. *Mirabile dictu!* And so Clapp went on and won the match, and turned into the final round unbeatable.

In recounting a carnival of matches in which three sixteens spend a week of play, and three full champions, and as many more runners up and consolation winners, divide the honors, it is no easy matter to tell where to begin. So let us begin at the end, and tell what happened to J. Appleton Allen, of Baltusrol, when he went out against the rabbit's foot. He had this much in his favor. He was the lineal and logical winner. He had cleaned up Phillips' first crack out of the box, and exhibited a whirlwind 37 on the first nine in so

the gallery had become aware that a championship was being played. That is a par five, that hole, and a good hard one at that. But this Allen fellow, he worried no more about it than Phil Carter used to when he went into his accustomed clairvoyant state. His long shots—there were only two—went as if from a howitzer. His short shots might have been the work of an engineer. There were also just two of them—and presto, the ball was spurlos gesingt in a birdie of the Paradise variety.

Now there is this to be said about Clapp. He owns a dangerous and infallible mashie. He breaks the hearts of men from the rough. He pulled this on Allen when he got into a pit driving the 8th. Of course he sailed out and settled by the pin, not only taking a three, but astonishing Allen into a total decline. So the match was evened again. Another 3 on the 9th put Clapp



F. H. GATES, AUTUMN MEDALIST

doing. And Gates' mantle had fallen on Becker, the Boswell of the links, in a typical sensational Gates' finish where the last shot was the only one that counted. And Allen had taken the glory from Becker, 4 and 2, thus having under his belt the scalps of all the accredited champions present. Phillips had gone off with the Carolina boys.

The opening holes in Allen versus Clapp yielded no intense excitement. Allen took the lead on the fourth with a spectacular driblet into the bucket from twenty feet for a par four. Clapp brought his dreadnought into action and sailed for the distant fifth in championship form in retaliation. He negotiated the green with a second spoon, and in correct imitation of Harry Vardon, polished off the hole in a perfect four, squaring the match. Both parties managed to balance their balls on top of the cone on the 6th with a back spin from a hollow mashie, take threes and all even drive for the 537 yard adventure of the 7th. By this time

one up at the turn.

End of Ninth Hole. Clapp one up. Both out in 40.

Tenth hole. Clapp takes to the water. Allen evens up the match.

Eleventh hole. Clapp comes down the line like Donald Ross on exhibition. Barely misses a three. Ditto a four. Calls on Apollo to repeat. Apollo repeats. Allen stymied. Clapp takes the lead again, one up.

12th hole. Turning point of the match. Allen's morale badly shaken by second apparition of the magic niblic. It was this way: Allen was courting the green in the open fairway in three, while Clapp was buried in a dugout in the offing on his second. Whence he came flying like a homing pigeon and lit on the rim of the cup, kicked in his four and smiled at Allen's five. Clapp two up.

13th and 14th. Comedies of errors. In statu quo. Allen's game; shot for the hole on the 13th from the middle dis-

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UNCLE SAM'S FAST FINISH

Preston's Great Horse, Well Ridden by
Yates, Creates a Sensation

Winthrop Rutherford, on Abden,
Beats the Little Horn—Opening
Races Feature Maude Tero,
Saretta May and the
Runner Lucile



THE OPENING meet of the Pinehurst Jockey Club last Wednesday afternoon can be said, without the slightest exaggeration, to have surpassed the interest in most meets, be they where they may, in two particulars. One was in the staging of one really thrilling horse race. The other was in a discovery. Every track lives in hopes of making a discovery.

The race was put up by a big roan thoroughbred called Uncle Sam. He belongs to J. Hayden Preston, of Providence, R. I., attending Captain Ford's Pinehurst School for Boys over here. He made a run that on a more famous track would live in men's memories.

It was a match race, in which the old favorite and many times leader of the track, Hurd's Kinder Lou, was slated to win from the schoolboy's entry, and a fast-running mare named Genevive entered by Fred Houston, of Petersburg, and ridden by a yellow peril named Harry Wells. Bob Burns was up on the Kinder Lou, and a new jockey, a fairly heavy fellow, Sam Yates, handled Uncle Sam.

When they got off for the three-fourths mile spurt with Kinder Lou well in the lead, and Uncle Sam all but left at the post,—and particularly when Yates passed the stand still well in the rear and apparently in no hurry. The grand stand settled down to see a race between the leaders, and dismissed the old National from the discussion. Hence the cheers and the hurrah when the Petersburg mare passed Kinder Lou on the back stretch.

The real excitement commenced about the time F. B. Shreve, in the judges' stand, was saying: "Look at that boy! He knows how to ride. It's a race—believe me; it's a race."

Shreve is an old hand at the game. He has been starter for years on the half mile circuit—and incidentally his precision and decision, and his fearless

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