

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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FIVE CENTS

THE JUNIOR CHAMPION

Beats the Senior Champion for President's Midwinter Trophy

Phillips Wins Again—Barr, Weller, Ormabee and Halsell Triumph in Week's Play.



HOLDING constantly down below the eighty mark, excepting only on the wet fairways of the final round, Arthur L. Walker, Jr., of Richmond County, the youngest champion in the lists fought his victorious way

through a fast field in the Annual Midwinter Golf Tournament at the Pinehurst Country Club last week, and reached a triumphant climax in competition with the oldest champion in America—W. E. Truesdell, twice senior champion at Apawamis.

Promise of this interesting conclusion had been given in the qualifying round, when the youngster had led the veteran to the medal by the barest margin.

Capt. Roberts' Uphill Fight.

The lists on the first day brought the medalist up against Captain A. T. Roberts, of Detroit. The Captain was pitted against a medal round of 79, which, combined with two stymies, proved too much for him by five down and four to go. For all that he stayed with the game to such good purpose that he trimmed Julian Bishop even worse, C. F. Lancaster, of Woodland, to the same tune, and fought a magnificent uphill battle in the final of the Consolation, which he won from H. G. Wellborn on the last green, having been down the whole way to the seventeenth.

Some Driving.

Having disposed of Roberts, the schoolboy champion met J. M. Thompson, of Springhaven. Another round of 79, including a 37 coming in—par golf on every hole but one—turned a disadvantage of one at the turn into victory of 3 and 1. F. H. Danforth was no more successful in staying the victorious progress. The Associated Press explains Walker's victory to a streak of phenomenal driving, and got out its stadia to demonstrate that at least twice he outraged all precedent by getting off for 300 yards.

Chapman Takes a Hand.

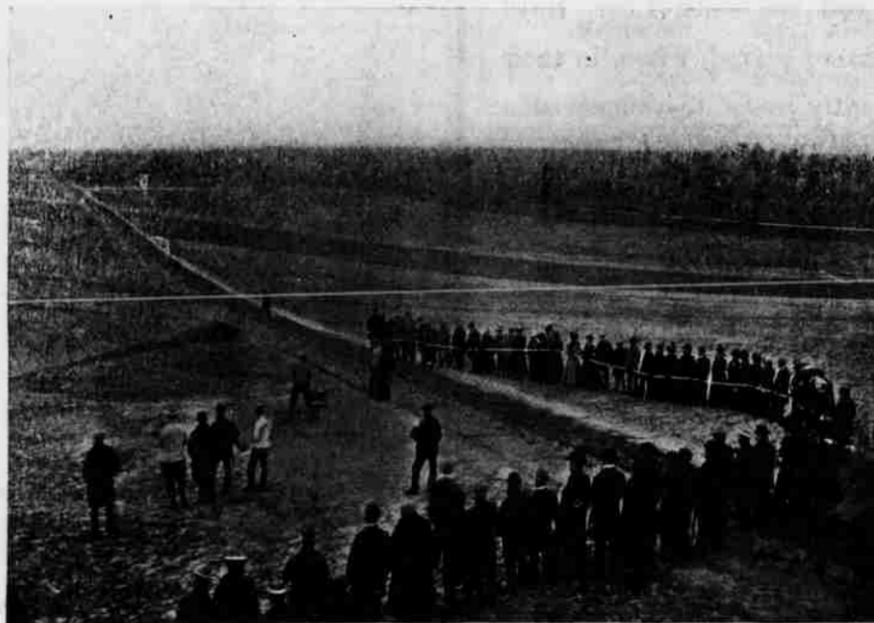
Meantime the Grand Old Man of the fairway was working down the bracket to meet him. He had his work cut out to handle John D. Chapman, a Greenwish player bred to the course. Chapman got away to such purpose that he was three up on the sixth. The Garden City veteran reduced this to one at the turn and none on the tenth, and it took every painstaking stroke and not one to spare all the way to the last little hole for him to win one up.

That Famous Match With Parsons.

In the second round Truesdell had a breathing spell against Lieutenant Van Clief, of Richmond County, who succumbed on the sixteenth, but in the semi-final, where he joined issue with Captain Donald Parson, president of the Tin

The Sailor Patts to Port.

And so on a battlefield still slow with the evening dews and damps, the oldest and the youngest of champions drove off for the Midwinter trophy. Sparring for an opening they came neck and neck to the turn without more notable incident than two stymies aiding the veteran. The wet fairway gave scant opportunity to the formidable driver, so the sailor turned to his putter for relief, to such good purpose that he deposited one from off the tenth green for a birdie three and repeated with a sinker from at least forty feet distance on the thirteen, in both cases taking the lead in the match by just that margin. The critical test came on the next two holes, and both players responded in the best championship spirit. The fourteenth was halved one under par. The fifteenth was halved



WHEN VARDON PLAYED HERE

Whistles, he had the fight of his life. It was the kind of golf match that delights the headline makers of the metropolitan press—full of stymies and dormies, of surprising recoveries and nineteen holes. Going out Parson was stymied twice, and wonderful to relate, made his hole both times, notwithstanding. So he was two up on the seventh. Truesdell then brought forth two perfect holes, played in a birdie 2 and a par 3, and evened the match at the turn. Parson jumped back into the lead with a stymie of his own on the 14th, negotiated a spectacular 3 from a hopeless pit and increased his lead to 2 on the 15th, halved the 16th, and drove for the 17th dormie 2. The gallery had still its climax. For Truesdell saved his hide with a twenty-five foot thriller for a 3 and win, and lived up to his reputation by taking both the 18th, the 19th, and the match.

in fours. Missing an easy putt for a win at this juncture proved to be Truesdell's last chance. He fell down and lost to a five on the 16th, and when Walker turned a three on the 17th, the match was over.

The Cards:

Out	
Walker	5 5 4 5 6 4 6 3 5—43
Truesdell	5 6 4 5 5 4 6 4 3—42
In	
	3 5 6 4 4 4 5 3 5—39—82
	4 6 5 4 4 4 6 4 5—42—84

A Season's Record.

In the play of this Division it is worthy of record that Captain Donald Parson in his opening match with J. D. Armstrong, of Buffalo, made the best medal score, not only of the tournament, but so far recorded in Pinehurst this year—38 out, 37 in, for a 75.

(Continued on page five)

ARANYI ARRIVES

Outrides The Amateurs in The Racing Meet

Peter Stevens and Sarecta May Win the Big Money on the Track Five Running Races



SOME FAST amateur riding marked the Wednesday meet at the Pinehurst race course held by the Jockey Club. There were four running races on the program pulled off by Colonel Swigert, besides a diverting contest indulged in by the cast of the opera Faust, in full regalia, for the delight of the concourse. In this running business the interest naturally centered upon an event staged for guests of the colony, and in nine furlongs over the flat scheduled for thoroughbred steeple chasers, ridden by gentlemen. Both fulfilled the highest expectations.

In the guests' dash George T. Aranyi, of New York, up on the famous Lucille, riding like a Camanche, sprang into the lead, and held it every screaming inch of the way, with Otto Salm urging Hardy at his flank, and Remsen McKim, of New York, and Lieutenant A. H. Corwin, of East Orange, tearing close in the rear, like a body guard.

Incidentally, it was this wild riding Aranyi who led McKim, Corwin and Julian Bishop home in a costume affair, strangely and wonderfully clad, in guise of the devil's disciple. Those who believe that brilliant raiment has no effect upon a race, should have been on hand to observe the joy of the spectators when the animals turned the bend, straddled by the splendid colors of midaeval hose and variegated baldric.

Melos, Nibbs' wonderful runner, carrying 145 pounds and ridden by R. W. Hall, of New York, outran the Little Horn with Lambert Splane in the saddle for nine furlongs by perhaps the length of a yardstick. Nat Hurd on Abden, Preston's powerful jumper, weighed in at 155 pounds, was a good third, and J. W. Thomas and Julian Bishop on Houston's McAdam and Tufts' Drawn respectively, brought up a very close rear guard. The time was 2.08.

Houston's confidence in Genevieve was vindicated in a five furlong contest against Lady Betty (Nibbs) and Wells'