

IN MY PREVIOUS ARTICLE in the Pinehurst Outlook a few experiences in Championships of 1919 were related, up to and including the National Open at Brae Burn which was won by Walter Hagen. The next event of importance was the Metropolitan Open on the links of the North Shore Country Club. In this I was unfortunately unable to compete, it being the only open Tournament of the year which I missed. Hagen scored another victory when he took first place from a fine field of contestants with a total of 294 strokes. Emmet French was a good second with 297 and Charlie Hoffner third with 299. Those were the only scores below 300.

Each year in mid-summer the Shawnee Country Club entertains with an open tournament which always attracts a large and representative field. The boys all like Shawnee;—they like the place, like the course, and enjoy the hospitality accorded them. This is a very fine golf course and an excellent test of golf where all the strokes in the bag are called into play. On the first day's play in the 1919 Open Tournament, Brady and myself were paired and as it turned out were leading the field at the end of the day, Brady with a pair of 73's to my pair of 72's. Therefore we were paired again on the second day and after the end of the third round my two strokes lead had been reduced to only one, for Brady had done another 73 to my 74. I believe Mike felt quite hopeful when starting the final round with me in the afternoon, for he was playing excellent golf and as steady as a clock. He played another round of about equal merit to his first three, having 74 which, however, left him eight strokes behind because my last round broke the course record—a 76. As I look back over a great many years of tournament play I can recall no round of golf quite so satisfactory to me as that last round at Shawnee. And that calls to my mind an expression I used to hear John Crout use occasionally at the Whitemarsh Valley Country Club, of which he is a member and where I spent four very enjoyable years as Professional. Now John is rather short of stature but wide of girth, having none of the suppleness and grace of the slender youth. As a consequence most of his partners and opponents out drive him by many, many yards. Nevertheless, when John's ball leaves the tee for a nice straight little ride of a hundred yards or so his face always lights up cheerfully as he remarks: "Very satisfactory to ME." So that 76 at Shawnee was not only "very satisfactory to me" but the most satisfactory I have ever played.

Shawnee was selected by the ladies for their Championship, which I do not understand at all, for it is one of the hardest courses and seems to me too severe for them to get the proper enjoyment of the competition. I can well understand Miss Sterling's victory on such a course owing to her long driving and generally powerful and accurate shots.

From Shawnee I went directly to Cleveland to participate in the Western Open at Mayfield Country Club, which course Harry Vardon pronounces one of the best in the country. It is a delight-

Experiences In Championship Play

By "Jim" Barnes

ful course to play and one on which all well placed shots are properly rewarded. But just at this time the fairways were very fast which helped to make low scoring possible. In this tournament I continued to play good golf and finished again in the lead (which makes the third time I have won this title) with a total score of 72 holes of 283. Such a score is good enough to win a tournament most any time on a championship course. This 283 combined with the preceding 285 at Shawnee gave me an average score for eight consecutive rounds of tournament play of 71 strokes. If I can do that well some day in the National Open Championship it will no doubt give me claim to that title for the first time.

Leo Diegel, a promising young golfer from Detroit, finished second with 288, his best round being the third, in which he recorded a 96. It is my prediction that some day he shall see him leading the field.

My old friend Jock got away to a bad start, but a wonderful recovery in the last round, where he registered a 96 and 70, put him in third place with 287. All who finished in the money, including Fred McLeod, Bob MacDonald and Walter Hagen, had scores below the 300 mark. Hutchinson seemed unlucky in tournament, but I am sure some day he will come across in front.

I didn't believe at first the rumor that Gil Nichols had thrown away his club, but now I think it may be true, for I have not seen him in any tournaments since. It's quite likely, however, before the Winter is over he will greet his old friends in some of the Southern events.

My next tournament was in Hamilton, Canada—the Canadian Open Championship, which was won by Douglas Edgar, Professional at the Druid Hills Golf Club, Atlanta. In my remarks about the National Open I mentioned that Edgar while at that time not thoroughly acclimated to our conditions, had great possibilities. In this event he showed his caliber by not only winning the tournament, but by doing so with the very remarkable score of 278, an average of 69½ per round. As for myself a bad start spoiled my chances and the best I could do was to finish in a triple tie for second place at 294, the other being Bobbie Jones and Karl Keffer, the latter being a former Canadian Open Champion.

Then I journeyed to Atlanta for the Southern Open Championship which was played on the course of the Atlanta Athletic Club, the home course of Bobbie Jones. This was the first time I had ever played this fine course with its ideal location and fine surroundings. A beautiful swimming lake about the Club house lends an attractiveness quite unusual for country clubs. In this tournament Bobbie was a competitor of mine

for the second time and this time by playing with him I had a fine chance to study his game and methods of play. I am much impressed with his ability, or he plays his shots in a thoroughly sound manner and is strong in every department of the game, not having a single weakness that I could discover. In my opinion he cannot fail to win the Amateur Championship in the very near future. I believe he is the most promising young amateur in the country today. Although it was my good fortune to win this tournament, it was only by one stroke from Bobbie—293 to his 294. Edgar finished in a tie with Jones for second place and the next position came to Leo Diegel at 300.

The following week found me at the Engineer's Club, Roslyn, N. Y., where the Professional Golfers' Association Championship was played. This tournament is of course limited to Professionals and is all at match play, 36 holes a day for a week, which is a greater physical strain on the contestants than any of the other events they play. It is a very agreeable change, however, for once in the year and is very well liked by the Pro's.

The course of the Engineer's Club was laid out and built by Herbert Strong and is unique in being so different from the usual run of golf courses. It possesses much originality and is a fine exacting test. Possibly the fourteenth hole created the most comment of any and I noticed that some of the news papers got the habit of referring to it as "the diabolical fourteenth." It is a short hole of about 100 yards and is called the "Thumb Nail," on account of the resemblance of it's green to the first joint of a human thumb. The play is into the green diagonally from the right to the left and there are bunkers on the right front and the left rear of the green. None but a perfect shot of the right type will find the green, but that it just as it ought to be for a hole of this length. Such holes are designed to be a test of the tee shot and as such this fourteenth at the Engineers Club is a perfect specimen. I think there should be more such holes and would personally like to see them. Thirty two professionals are selected from the various parts of the country by territorial qualification or elimination tests and when they meet for the Championship the pairings are drawn from a hat and the 36 hole matches of elimination begin. I think probably my hardest match of the week was the second, Otto Hackbarth being my opponent. When we stopped for lunch at the end of eighteen holes I was three down, but felt confident of getting them back in the afternoon and finally winning out. That I did, but it took some of the best golf I have played to come through by a margin of 3 up with 2 to play. When I finally won the

tournament, beating Freddy McLeod by 6 and 5 it was the second success for me in the event, which by the way, has only been played for twice.

The next following week I competed in an Open Tournament at the Yahnudasis Country Club, of Utica, N. Y., and was fortunate enough to once more lead the field with a score of 288, Bob MacDonald finishing second with 290.

One other tournament of the year which I attended and won was staged at the Meadow Lake Country Club of Kansas City. This is a tri-city for Professionals including Chicago and St. Louis, and a very good field competed. My score of 297 was low and Bob MacDonald with 307 finished second. Bob, as frequently happens, was leading at the end of the first day's play, his score being 147. But, as also happens, his play fell off on the second day, when it took him 160 for the eighteen holes. There is no better player in the Country than Bob and when he overcomes whatever it is that causes him to slip toward the end his name will frequently be at the top of the list.

It is evident from all that I have written that I have been very fortunate to compete in so many tournaments during the year, likewise, very fortunate to finish first in most of them. To win eight tournaments in one year is more than one man's share and it establishes a record which will be very hard to live up to. At any rate I am going to keep on trying and when I fail to win shall bow very gracefully to the successful player and wish him continued good fortune.

PERSONAL MENTION

Last Monday evening, at a little celebration at the Pine Crest Inn, to which only those very closely associated were invited, Mrs. E. C. Bliss gave away her daughter Mabelle in marriage to Mr. Lemuel Corbett Buckingham of Washington, D. C. Miss Bliss is very well known to the local community, having been resident here for some time. Miss Bliss is among the number of local sportswomen. She is very fond of horseback riding and is also a remarkable shot, being in possession of a miniature gold gun, which she won at the targets at The Gun Club. Mr. Buckingham served his country during the Mexican revolt in 1913 and crossed the border into hostile territory. During the European War Mr. Buckingham again answered his country's call and served two years in France as a member of the famous District of Columbia Cavalry Detachment. The newly-weds will live in Washington during the Spring.

The piano pupils of Mrs. Charles Picquet gave a recital last week. Annabel McNab played Spring Flowers, by Bierdermann, for the opening number, and was followed by Evelyn Vroom with Marching Along, by Rodgers. Lillian Ross rendered a Polka in F by Oscar Russ, and Algene Edson played Fletcher's Spinning Wheel very effectively. The program closed with a duet by Miss McNab and Miss Ross.

Among the last of the winter colony to reach Pinehurst are the Leslie D. Pierces, of Rochester, Vt. We hope the Pierces will make up for being late by remaining until well in the Summer.