



## The Pine Crest Inn

Pinehurst, N. C.

**OPEN OCTOBER TO MAY**

Special Early Season Rates until January

A home-like, comfortable hotel      Modern in every  
appointment      Excellent cuisine  
PRIVATE BATHS      STEAM HEAT  
SUN PARLORS

DONALD J. ROSS AND W. J. MAC NAB, Proprietors

## The Day of Opportunity

These mild days while the roads are smooth and the outdoor attractive, is the time to call on **Old Lady Luck**.

A run out the Knollwood road, a trip over the Mid-Pines Country club and a glimpse at the development there, a short acquaintance with the peach orchards while the pruning and fertilizing and cultivating are in progress, and then a look at the peach ridges of Knollwood and Edgemoore will tell about the big things that are waiting in this section for the man who wants to send out a few dollars to bring some others back when they return.

Look at the thrifty orchards of the neighborhood.

Then look at the fine ridges on Knollwood and Edgemoore.

Here as in the days of Canaan Galilee the best has been kept until the Last.

For Knollwood or Edgemoore locations consult:- **A. S. Newcomb, Pinehurst and Southern Pines, Frank Buchan or S. B. Richardson, Southern Pines or Leonard Tufts, Manager of Knollwood Inc.**

## When Jim Barnes Plays

BY SANDY McNIBLICK

When Jim Barnes comes to Pinehurst to play in the North and South open, don't make the mistake of lending the elongated American champion a pair of running trunks, cork grips and spiked shoes. Goodness knows, as they say in the Bowery, what he'd do to the course records.

Recently Barnes set so many records in a championship held on a Philadelphia course that the fans are still dizzy.

When the big purses are dangled for a championship prize fight, there is always a lot of talk bandied around about the amount each fighter is to receive per minute of action. There never has been any chatter like that before an open golf championship because everybody takes his time, generally over a stretch of a couple of days, the purses are not so large, and talk about so-much-earned-per minute wouldn't mean anything.

But in the recent Main Line championship Jim Barnes made a start and set a mark for the boys to shoot at. For Jim earned approximately \$1.00 per minute. The title was decided in one day over a 36-hole route. The first prize was the championship title and purse of \$200.

The event was held at Paoli, Pa. You never heard of that town probably and, despite the fact that Barnes had been there once before, he forgot that if you miss THE train to Paoli your chances of getting there the same day are virtually nil.

Anyhow Barnes got there somehow but it was after everybody had started, many indeed being at lunch.

The tall champion was undismayed. He dashed into the lockerroom.

"I'm here and I'm going to play," he stated as he yanked off his coat, slipped on his golf shoes, grabbed his bag and beat it for the tenth tee, from which he was due to start.

On the way he caught hold of Stanley Hern, who was running the tournament.

"You're my partner. There's no time to argue. Get yourself some clubs and come on."

Hern did. No sooner had he teed off than Barnes started on the run after his ball to play his second. It landed smack on the green and Barnes quick holed out a neat bird.

Then he rushed to the next tee. Hern ran after him.

"What's the idea?" puffed the comparatively midget Hern. "It's all in fun, isn't it?"

"Not much," shouted Barnes over his shoulder as he galloped after his ball. "We've got ten miles to go and it'll soon be dark."

So they kept on, running between every shot, dashing rampant through threesomes playing their second rounds. A gallery tried to stay with them but soon began taking cross cuts or dropping out of this cross-country marathon.

Hern and Barnes finished with plenty to spare, winded but triumphant. The course is one of the longest in the district. The entries had been started in threesomes from the first and tenth tees so the course was crowded all day. It was a championship with a fat one-day's earnings in sight. A cold, stiff gale blew throughout.

Yet Jim Barnes went through it all, with a partner, in one hour and forty-five minutes. His score for the round, every putt holed of course, was 72. Just a minute.

The course record up to that time was 73. It was the best score in which the course had ever been done. Barnes himself, the amateur champion of America, the amateur champion of Britain, the ex-open and amateur U. S. champion, the open and the amateur champion of Pennsylvania, the New York open title-holder the Australian open champion, and lesser lights innumerable have all taken a crack at the course with inducement to lower the record in competition and they all failed.

Yet Barnes broke the record this time with a 72 in one hour and forty-five minutes and a stiff gale, at a run, and through a championship field. Beat that. It is something for the time wasters to think about.

After lunch, Barnes went to it again. He took more time but stepped out at that. His time was two hours and ten minutes for the P. M. His card was 77.

He won the championship against a notable field, including several internationals. He won a total of \$225 in 235 minutes playing time, approximately one dollar per minute.

These marks may all stand as records but the best one made that day follows:

At the sixth Hern hit one of his best irons about eight feet from the pin and, as they trotted along, banteringly defied Barnes to hit a better one.

"I'll take you," replied Barnes.

"I'll put mine inside yours and furthermore, I'll get a bird."

The Pride of Pelham got off one of those high, backspin shots and as it hit the green there was a flurry of feathers. They couldn't figure what had happened and rushed up to see.

It was a quail. Barnes' ball had evidently hit her ladyship right smack in the floating rib. Anyway the bird was very indignant about it, eyed Barnes angrily, and kicked his ball in a huff as she hobbled off the green to the rough. The ball rolled near the hole.

"That's one bird," remarked Barnes as he looked after the quail, "and here's another."

So saying he dropped the putt.

Nobody else, 'tis said, ever got two "birds" on the same green.