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JOINING THE COLONY

Last week Gene Burns, the New York illustrator and cartoonist joined the colony of newspaper and magazine folks in the Sandhills. He picked a lot on the Mid-lands road at the Mid-Pines club community, a short distance above Judge Way's new house, and on the same side of the road. He will build a house right away.

The writer's colony increases. Holworthy Hall has a house at Pinehurst and is figuring on an orchard out in the country. Hugh Kahler has a house in Southern Pines and a farm out on the Camp Bragg boundary. James Boyd is building a home on Weymouth that will cost \$50,000 or more. Others of the craft put in the winter in rented homes, but a lot of them come.

These are right discriminating people, but the Sandhills suits them.

Some other good lots near Mr. Burns there at the Mid-Pines club. Bright fellows like these make mighty good neighbors.

Take a look at that location and then confer with the selling agents:

P. FRANK BUCHAN or S. B. RICHARDSON,
Southern Pines.

A. S. NEWCOMB, Pinehurst or Southern Pines.

LEONARD TUFTS, Manager of Knollwood, Inc.,
Pinehurst, N. C.

International Golf

BY SANDY McNIBLICK

It was a perfect day for golf — down South. The farther South the better.

A terrific gale blew heavy clouds of snow this way and that through Chestnut Street blanketing the business heart of Philadelphia. The downfall was not at all confined to snow, however. It was liberally mixed with sleet and rain. The icy underfooting was made more slippery by a unanimous lathering of slush. Through that messy setting the icy hand of the blast took one by the seat of the pants, as it were, and swirled the passerby around like so many paper bits.

Your correspondent was battling with these elements when suddenly the old craft ran kerplunk into a pedestrian. The startled features which peered from the heavy muffling of an ulster were identified as those of Charlie Hoffner, the boy professional, who has had many brilliant moments on the links. Bleak though the day, our thoughts were mutually on golf and a speech was in order. Anchored to a lamppost on that winter-swept thoroughfare, Hoffner spoke his piece. He chose for his subject "International Golf and its Effect on the Game."

Hoffner has the formation of another pro team to go abroad this year very much at heart. He was a member of the team last year and, if another team were formed, would probably be asked to join it. But this has nothing to do with his interest.

"I would be glad to go of course, but believe that others should enjoy the experience we had and therefore would be glad to step aside," said Hoffner as he held on to his ulster with his teeth. "There is nothing personal in my desire to see another team go over. My own duties will be plenty to keep me busy over here." Having removed any notion of selfish interest in the trip, Hoffner went on to rap the feeling prevalent that a trip by an American team abroad can be successful only if the bacon is brought home. In other words, it is considered a matter of winning or losing. If we win, let's go again. If we lose, why bother. Hoffner decried this spirit.

"It seems to me," continued the pro as he jammed his hat down more firmly, "that the prime object of the invasions is being somewhat lost sight of—namely, the firm establishment of international relations in sport.

"It is a fine object, and we members of the team were able to see how it worked out. I sincerely believe that the best solution of the jumbled situation on the rules and the other problems that confront golfdom today is the sending of teams over there every year.

"Winning or losing, in my opinion, hasn't much to do with it," Hoffner chattered as the snow went down his neck. "We won the British open, however and should defend the cup this year. The amateurs and ladies failed in their events, but if it is in any way possible, they ought to try again.

"The international flavor is a wonderful stimulus to the game and it can be truthfully said that the British are as eager for us to come over there as we are anxious to have them compete in our events."

The slush was gradually rising over Hoffner's goloshes as he skidded on the pavement, but his thoughts were on golf, and he went on unmindful.

He said that most of the stuff which appeared in the newspapers relative to a "cool" reception for the American team over was untrue.

"When we landed in Southampton," explained Hoffner, "Mr. Malin, president of the Caledonian Railroad, came all the way from Scotland to meet us and made reservations on the trains as well as at the hotels for us.

"He also issued us passes on some of the railroad trains and even travelled with us, attending to our reservations. This was a wonderful help as we would have encountered all kinds of difficulties probably. Things were in a bad state, at the time, due to the coal strike.

"J. H. Taylor, many times champion of Great Britain, met us at the Station Hotel, Glasgow," continued Hoffner, "and gave us a splendid dinner at which he made a stirring speech on the subject of international golf relations. He assured us of a wonderful time, and we had it.

"We also met all the cracks of Great Britain including Vardon, Ray, Duncan, Mitchell, Briard, Herd and the rest. They were all most cordial and did many things to help us. Instances like this were common and we were made more than welcome everywhere."

Hoffner said it was true that Hutchison was handed the cup on the eighteenth hole after the play-off, that there wasn't any formal presentation, but claimed that nothing could have been finer than just the way it happened.

"Jock was perched on the shoulders of his admirers, picture men were all around, and the cheering was continuous. As they were all struggling to shake his hand, the most-prized cup in all the golf world seemed to float up to Jock over the outstretched hands, right to the bosom of its proud winner. So there, Jock and his cup, up where they all could see him, and the cheering broke out again.

"There was nothing to be said further," Hoffner stated. "Jock told me frankly that he would rather have received the cup there than any other place. As a matter of fact, I don't think they expected him to walk off with the cup then, but he was so excited that he marched all the way to his hotel with it in his hands. He was so excited he couldn't take his hands off of it.

"His victory was very popular. Right from the start they were rooting for Hutchison. Even during the play-off it was surprising the number of Britishers

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