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A Week With The Advertisers

(By SANDY McNIBLICK)

Golf Editor Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

THE best golf tournament we have seen all this year, partly because it's the first for 1923, for upsetting golf traditions was the fete of the Winter Golf League of Advertising Interests last week.

Plenty happened in this fete which was won by T. Russell Brown, slated from Montclair, N. J., in which town he says he hasn't been for the past fifteen years, and claiming Lake Champlain as his domicile.

To win the advertisers' championship was easy for Brown by the golf he played, but look at the things, besides opponents and course, he had to overcome.

First of all we came here to get back some physical prowess and things, and, arriving on the eve of the tourney we heard so much chatter about Brown, whom we had never seen play, that we came right out in bold, black type with it. For the first time in our career as a golf writer we predicted the winner of the tourney. We wrote that Brown would win it. That must have been a lucky move for darn if Brown didn't win and carry out the prediction.

The qualifying day, Brown won the medal, and we thought the prediction was all flooie, for it is a well-known tradition in golf that the winner of the medal is seldom able to win the final at match play. But Brown also busted that tradition for he copped the final trophy.

But wait. That's not all. In an early match Brown played Roy Barnhill, who beat him in the tourney here a couple of years ago. Barnhill is also said to have won all three matches he has played with Brown on the links. But this trip there was nothing doing for Barnhill, except to worry Brown to the very last green, the eighteenth, where Brown won the match, 1 up.

Then Brown met R. M. Purves, Boston, champion of the tourney for two straight years and going good. We didn't predict this time but felt fairly sure that Brown would be trimmed by Purves, mostly because the former had won the medal. That one still stuck in the crop.

But Brown played some fine golf shots and was five up at the turn. It would soon be over, said the gallery, thirteen fans in it by the way—also a hunting dog which was more interested in the quail than the golf match. But Purves refused to quail so the dog stuck to the match.



MISS CHARLOTTE SPEAKMAN, and her father, C. A. SPEAKMAN, Who was elected President of the League.

Brown had a chance to win the match, 7 and 6, but at a crucial moment, while in a trap, Brown's club dropped from his hand and, without thinking, he picked it up. The Jew who picks up a dollar bill in a trap is the only one that can argue in his own favor, so Brown conceded the hole to Purves.

On the next one it was the turn of Purves. His ball flew over the mound of a trap and a caddy picked it up, putting it in the bag of a golf bag he had over his shoulder. It is hard to distinguish between all the colored caddies here, but Purves was finally able to prove, not by the colored face of the little stranger who did the dirty deed, but by the difference in headgear, that the caddy was not his.

Anyhow, Brown finally won the match, 3 and 2, instead of 7 and 6. In the final round he met George C. Dutton, the Boston dry-goods man, and again won, 3 and 2. That medal-hunch we had and the fact that Dutton was, to us, a dark-horse, sort of had us edging in favor of Dutton to win but we didn't make a bet that way so all was O. K. for the feeble purse.

Meantime there was plenty of other goings on in the other divisions. This included the branch for the three golfers who failed to score well enough qualifying day to make the grade of the first six

sixteens. The committee made a special division for them called the Coue Division—"every day, in every way," sang the trio—"worse and worse at golf."

They had some fun playing their little matches, also in arguing about prizes for them. In every division there was a prize for the winner and runner-up, also a trophy for the winner of the beaten eight, three prizes in all.

The players in the Coue Division earnestly tried to talk the committee into the same move for them. Being three entries, one player drew a bye in the first match round, and the other two played a match. The winner then played the man who advanced to the final round by the bye of his opponent, who wasn't. The outcome was that one player in it won the beaten "eight" by losing a golf match in the "top" flight, the winner was unbeaten at golf match play, even if he couldn't qualify with the other 96 advertisers, and the runner-up broke even in match play. What could be fairer?

There had to be a flock of golf so all those licked in the regular divisions of match play were "advanced" to Coue divisions, which