

Briarcliff Lodge

Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.
OPEN MARCH 31ST

"Sir Roger knows my humor and allows me to sit up or go to bed as I please, to have my meals at his own table or in my chamber as I see fit, to sit and say nothing without bidding me be merry."—Addison.

BRIARCLIFF LODGE combines the sociability of club life—the freedom and conveniences of an hotel—the personal comforts of an home. Saddle Horses, Tennis, Golf, Swimming Pool. CHAUNCEY DEPEW STEELE

New 18 Hole Golf Course Will Open on Decoration Day

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8:45 A.M.	Southern Pines	8:12 P.M.	
9:25 A.M. Ar.	Pinehurst	Lv. 7:20 P.M.	

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—OPEN EVENINGS—

On the Fairways

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golf tilt for the seniors. All that was necessary for entry was the ability to swing a mean niblic, and to top fifty-five years of age. The very latest member of the seniors won the championship crown, or whatever was given as a prize, when R. C. Steese defeated H. C. Fownes in the final round, 3 and 2. Steese is called the "baby member" of the seniors' body here. He's only fifty-five years old.

But the odd slant at the seniors' links party is furnished by the career of George W. Statzell therein.

On qualifying day, Statzell had a neat 94. There were some scores better than 94 but Statzell won what is commonly known as the medal. This time it was a silver fruit dish. That's a pretty snappy medal, what?

The way he won the medal, though there were other gross scores better than 94, was that the prize was offered by the United States National Seniors' Association, to a member of that body playing in the tourney here who should turn in the best gross card. In the tournament, the committee gave a prize to the player making the best net score qualifying day.

But Statzell had the best gross score of the national association members and rated the neat medal, or rather fruit dish, right handily.

But he was beaten at match play in the finals of the second flight. But how, ask you, could the medallist of a golf tournament play in the second flight? Ah, that's easy too. That's the flight in which his score put him.

In the final round Statzell had a neat 90 to the 91 of his opponent. He was licked. That might bring another query. If a player scores a medal of 90 to the medal of 91 by Hon. Opponent, isn't that the finish of Hon. Opponent? No, because it was match play, not medal, and Statzell was beaten on the holes, not the strokes.

How would you like to make a golf score of 55 strokes, the total of your out and in holes? It ought to win any tournament on the links. Ask Mrs. T. B. Boyd. She made a 55 the other day and it was sure good enough to win the tournament of the Silver Foils Club here for women. Mrs. Boyd was out in 26 and back in 29, total 55. That's what the score sheet said, but there's always someone to ruin a good story. This time it was a Silver Foils official who stated that the tourney was for the choice score for the best 12 holes made in the eighteen-hole round.

Say the card read like this:

Out—10 13 5 4 9 4 454-26.

In—12 9 5 4 7 5 555-29-55.

The rules of the tourney strictly stated that the scores on only the best twelve holes played should be added up. It took some of the ladies over-night to decide what twelve holes to pick on, but finally it was found that Mrs. Boyd had won the event handily.

Last week there was played also the 19th annual anniversary golf tournament of the Tin Whistle Club here. It was a flag tournament and, strangely enough, it was won by a player who took but two shots on the 19th hole. The same 19th hole shots you're perhaps thinking of are not meant this time however.

The players were rated on a basis of 76 strokes, given a certain handicap and were allowed to play out the total number of strokes granted. If you were told to play 107 strokes, that was the stunt, whether it took you only to the tenth hole or whether it carried you twice around No. 2 course. The player who planted his flag the most golf holes away from the first tee, signaling the last resting place of his pill, won the tournament. In Class A, it was G. M. Howard. The players were divided into four classes. B. was won by W. E. Wells, C. by G. T. Dunlap, and D. by C. W. Middleton, who also had a couple of shots on the nineteenth, again not the kind you're thinking of.