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A Review of the Week

(By SANDY McNIBLICK)

THE best history of the past golf week here ought to be something in the nature of diary, for there were happenings on the links just about every minute.

The weather wasn't too superb for it actually rained in the day time, instead of at night, as many visitors think the habit is here.

But that didn't worry Fred Wolstenholme any. He belongs to the Whitmarsh Valley Country Club, Philadelphia, where Jim Barnes used to be the pro.

Wolstenholme has owned golf clubs for twenty-five years and, after the war, became especially keen about the game. But in that time the best score he'd ever had for eighteen golf holes was 102.

He is the same as many other mortals in one respect, at least. That is that one can't say he doesn't industriously endeavor to shatter 100 for a goal.

Wolstenholme was a-golfing the other day here with some of the citizens of the golf pro shop here, who were lending a word of advice here and there on the best way for him to drive, play a niblic, mashie, putter and things like that.

That stuff sank home. The best score for nine holes Wolstenholme ever had in his links career was a 49. That day he sank out a 39 for nine holes—ten strokes under his best previous mark.

They had started rather late in the afternoon and there was such a following behind the pro matches, that this foursome decided it would have to be called a day.

Wolstenholme must have decided he didn't have time to play the last nine holes in 60 for a 99 to break 100. But from now on he'll be rated by the Power of the Press as a worthy contender in any links field.

Tuesday was the 13th of March. The 13th is our lucky day. It was the 13th of January we arrived here, with 13 golf balls found in a new "one dozen" box unopened. Also the first break they made on our stuff for the papers was an account of the result of winning a twelve-hole clock putting contest. Somehow it appeared in print as thirteen holes—nine in 2, three in 1, and one in 3. It's not so bad to win a contest like that with more holes played than called for by the committee.

Also, again—on the 13th of March we found in the mail at The



MISS GLENNA COLLETT AND HER FATHER, GEORGE H. COLLETT
Miss Collett arrived in Pinchurst this week and will defend her title in the North and South Championship.

Carolina a neat invitation to the annual dinner fete of the Tin Whistle organization here. As George W. Statzell, Aronimink club, Philadelphia, was the retiring Tin Whistle president, we were anxious to sit in on the party and tell the Philadelphia fans all the data.

There also was Martin G. Brumbaugh, former Governor of Pennsylvania—now a golfer of parts at Whitmarsh Valley C. C., Philadelphia. He was one of the speakers and just from the favorable comment hard-by us, it was a cinch to judge that his speech made a distinct hit that night.

There was hearty approval when the situation now was compared to that which was with us at the outbreak of the war. At that time it was said America had gone in with everything she had—men, women, children, money, munitions, skill, and plenty of enthusiasm. With other countries waging war on Germany with all their hearts, it more or less required the aggressiveness of America to carry the tide. It was figured by many that the real offensive of the Allies would start in 1919 but America stepped in right heartily

before that and wound up the war with a salute of guns and things in 1918. Six months later most of the boys were back in America from the trenches and, it seemed to the speaker, America lost interest in the "war."

Efforts so benumbing to the Germans in the war ceased with the war, over here and it was suggested that the same activity almost on the part of America was necessary to conquer the problems of peace as were necessary to win the war.

Brumbaugh favors the French method and feels that Americans do not fully realize just what the French went through at the hands of the Germans.

The German slogan ought not to be "Gott mit Uns" but "When We Want Something, We'll Just Naturally Take It."

Some of those at the dinner here the other night were thankful that more Germans were not golfers. If they wanted a par golf score it was feared they'd just naturally take it. What could be fairer?

It reminds us of the incident here on the links last week. A

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