

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

VOL. XVIII, NO. 15

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1915

FIVE CENTS

STILL IN THE RUNNING!

Walter J. Travis Heads Fast Field in Annual Spring Golf Tourney

Jesse P. Guilford is Consolation Star and Ten Others Win in As Many Divisions



YES, stranger, Walter J. Travis, onetime international champion and many years national title holder, is still in the running. ¶ Eleventh annual Spring golf tournament was pretty much his very special, only own; four match rounds with a medal average of seventy-five and a half, and no match which carried him further than the fourteenth green. ¶ Gold medalist, also, with a margin of five strokes over a field of two hundred contestants, and some of 'em with some speed. ¶ Surely golfers may come and golfers may go, but Travis goes on forever! ¶ Straight down the alley, straight for the pin, straight for the cup; just playing his own best ball with sublime, subconscious, preoccupied concentration, all of which goes to show that "temperament" is the stuff that makes champions; the infinite capacity for detail which is always the surest indication of "genius."

Down the bracket the veteran golfer skied, W. E. Truesdell, W. W. Powers, J. M. Thompson, and I. S. Robeson the pacemakers in the order given. ¶ Not a path strewn with roses was it for Robeson, however, who contended every match from first hole to last and left three good men by the wayside; Henry C. Fownes, Robert Hunter, and J. C. Parrish, Jr., in the order given; all of them in the running until the trusty putters were sheathed on the eighteenth green.

Fownes was the first victim who, one down at the turn, won the eleventh for the lead which he lost on the thirteenth and regained on the fourteenth, only to retire before 4's which won the sixteenth and eighteenth and halved the seventeenth. ¶ The cards:

ROBESON
OUT— 5 5 4 4 5 3 5 4 4—39
IN — 5 6 5 4 5 4 4 4 4—41—80

FOWNES
OUT— 5 5 4 4 6 4 6 3 3—40
IN — 4 5 5 5 4 4 5 4 5—41—81

Next in line Hunter who two down at the turn squared the match on the twelfth, lost the next two holes, and was all square again with a 2 on the seven-

teenth, failing to score the eighteenth with a putt which positively refused to go down. ¶ The cards:

ROBESON
OUT— 5 4 4 5 6 4 4 3 4—39
IN — 6 6 5 4 5 4 4 3 4*—41—80

HUNTER
OUT— 6 5 5* 6 5 3 5 3 3—41
IN — 4 4 6 5 5 3 4 2 5—38—79

NOTE—*—Stymied.

PARRISH
OUT— 5 5 4 4 5 3 6 4 4—40
IN — 5 6 5 5 5 5 4 4 5—44—84

Parrish advanced on a two and one win from Dr. G. T. Gregg who dropped Jesse Guilford into the consolation to the tune of five and three. All even the pair made the turn, halving the tenth and eleventh. Parrish gained a lead on the twelfth which he lost on the thirteenth and regained on



WALTER J. TRAVIS—"STILL IN THE GAME"

Then the crucial semi-final test with Parrish who turned homeward one up, halved the tenth and lost the eleventh for a tie, with four 5's and a 4 for halves on the next five holes, Robeson gaining the lead on the seventeenth and winning the match through a halve on the eighteenth. ¶ The cards:

ROBESON
OUT— 6 5 4 4 4 3 7 3 5—41
IN — 5 4 5 5 5 5 4 3 5—40—81

the fourteenth, clinching the match with a winning 3 on the seventeenth and halving the eighteenth in 5. ¶ Hunter found John H. Clapp a worthy foe in opening play who was in the game until the seventeenth hole was played, where A. L. Carr also retired to Thompson; C. M. Ransom, Thompson's second round opponent, winning from C. S. McDonald on the home green.

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NEVER A DINNER LIKE IT!

Tin Whistle Annual Combines Pleasant Memory and Joyous Anticipation

Good Fellowship Reigns With Never Dull Moment from Greetings To Auld Lang Syne



YOU may bring me half a dozen grains of oatmeal, Mary—without cream, please! * * Tom can't you handle that silver with a little less noise—and for heaven's sake open a window—two windows! ¶ But,

say, Billy, old top, it sure was some party! ¶ Tobacco smoke as thick as London fog, eats 'till one felt like Broadway on election night, and drinks until you fancied yourself the Atlantic squadron on dress parade! ¶ Roar, rattle, bang; song, laughter, voices; wit, sally, mirth; with always the consciousness of good fellowship tingling your elbow tips. * * Make it coffee, black coffee, and hot, Mary; never mind the oatmeal! * *

No indeed, there never was a Tin Whistle dinner like it; never any dinner to beat it! ¶ Country Club house the place, Tuesday night the time, in attendance each and every honorable member within striking distance of the Land of Promise; journeying hither joyously from frozen north, sunny south, golden west, and starry east. ¶ President John G. Nicholson, Toastmaster Robert Hunter, Leonard Tufts, E. G. Chandlee, A. S. Newcomb, I. S. Robeson, H. W. Ormsbee, C. B. Hudson, H. C. Fownes, C. B. Fownes, W. L. Milliken, C. L. Becker, Edwin Henderson, and Rev T. A. Cheatham at the big round table at the head of the hall.

These members and guests in congenial groups within speaking distance: H. W. Priest, J. D. C. Rumsey, T. A. Kelley, W. S. Van Clief, C. D. Chandlee, A. E. Lane, A. L. Carr, C. M. Wells, W. T. Stall, J. H. Herring, George Barber, T. B. Boyd, J. P. Gardner, Dr. J. S. Brown, J. P. Bowman, John C. Spring, P. W. Whittemore, W. L. Baldwin, John Barclay, R. H. Hunt, R. C. Blancke, H. H. Rackham, C. M. Ransom, W. W. Powers, W. H. Faust, W. S. Morse, Donald Ross, Alexander Ross, James MacNab, R. C. Shannon, II, J. M. Thompson, Donald Parson, C. L. Jones, Thomas McGraw, Jr., Dr. G. T. Gregg, H. W. Croft, W. H. Thayer, W. L. Hurd, Tyler L. Redfield, Judd H. Redfield, C. S. McDonald, J. R. Towle, J. M.

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