

# THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 26, 1916

FIVE CENTS

## THE WINNING COLORS

Belong to R. H. Hunt and J. D. C. Rumsey

In the Flag Contest of the Tin Whistle Club on Monday



THE brassie and the midiron were put to a new test by the Tin Whistle Brigade on Monday last. By immemorial custom the championship Number Two Course was dedicated to their exclusive use in the afternoon. Every fellow was given so many strokes over bogey by way of a handicap, and sent forth to go as far as he liked, or was able with those strokes. If he could go on around the treacherous way twice, why all right. No peusilanymous eighteen hole limit on this game. The man with the longest drive and the shortest putt (provided it reached its goal) would win with a clear distance between him and his rivals.

For instance. If R. H. Hunt of Worcester is compelled to proceed until he has taken 94 strokes obviously he will have long since covered the course and will be going on down the line again well towards Carthage before they are consumed. So it proved. His 94th shot rolled home in the 20th hole, and there he camped, the farthest north, waiting to see if any Doctor Cook would presume to challenge his championship. None turned up. W. L. Milliken of Hyannisport loomed out of the offing and drove from the 19th hole towards glory with still five shots in his locker. The Milliken colors advanced over the fairway like Picket making for Round Top. It was a noble effort. He came close enough to see the white of Hunt's eyes, and fired his last shot upon the green. Within two feet he came of the 20th hole, out of sight of Dr. M. W. Marr, who held third place, roosting exhausted by the 19th hole.

Meanwhile this battle had been waged in two sections. And the second developed a more heart rending finish still. Up out of the valley, dodging the traps, his ball soaring in the clouds and whistling in triumph, came J. D. C. Rumsey, master of the spoon, leader of the hosts, from Brooklyn by the Sea. Up to the 19th hole he comes, and with a last and cautious effort drops the eager ball into the cup, displays his banner, and calls for the silver trophy.

But slow. Out of the west, from Cleveland, comes a champion with ginger in his drive and discretion in his mashie, eating up the distance like Belerafon on Fair Day. Consider then the consternation of the Rumsey clan when Johnson is seen rolling evenly over the country making for the 19th hole with confidence and precision. The Johnson ball soars over the rough; it mounts the fairway, it falls like a malediction on the green. It makes for the hole as if it had lived there always. Three inches more, and all will be over. But like Milliken, Picket and Banaparte, high

T. B. Boyd, St. Louis	92	19
J. D. C. Rumsey, Brooklyn	100	19
M. B. Johnson, Cleveland	101	19
H. H. Rackham, Detroit	107	19
G. T. Dunlap, Canoe Brook	96	19
Dr. M. W. Marr, Bethlehem	93	19
T. A. Kelly, Southern Pines	90	19
H. C. Fownes, Oakmont	89	18
J. D. Foot, Rye, N. Y.	91	18
Stuyvesant LeRoy, Newport	90	18
H. H. Buckley, Dunwoodie	102	18
C. S. MacDonald, Lambton	92	18
W. E. Truesdell, Fox Hills	86	18
John McLeod, Woodland	95	18
C. B. Hudson, North Fork	89	18



THE PINEHURST CHAPEL

tide at Pinehurst, Gettysburg and Waterloo had all been reached. There it died. Within three inches of the goal. And Johnson ended second.

The course was marked with the finish of heroes all way from the 15th hole to the twentieth, as will be seen by anyone interested to compare the tabulated annuals of this classic event.

	ST.	PO.
R. H. Hunt, Worcester	94	20
W. L. Milliken, Hyannisport	94	19
P. S. MacLaughlin, Scarsdale	93	19
C. L. Becker, Woodland	93	19
S. Waters, Apawamis	92	19
W. S. Van Clief, Richmond	94	19

G. W. Statzell, Aronimink	93	18
J. T. Newton, Tuxedo	106	18
J. V. Beekman, Plainfield	109	18
F. P. Lee, Framingham	94	18
C. H. Lay, Oil City	97	18
H. S. Houston, Mt. Tom	119	18
C. B. Fownes, Oakmont	91	18
N. D. Clark, Woodbridge	98	18
J. M. Robinson, Harbor Beach	103	18
G. F. Brown, Huntingdon	96	18
T. A. Cheatham, Pittsburgh	90	18
C. F. MacDonald, New York	117	18
James Barber, Englewood	104	18
C. F. Bacon, Brae Burn	97	18
W. T. Statzell, Brockton	101	18

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## TROTTING MATINEE

Rodman Wanamaker Wins the Steeplechase

Race Track Christened With Some Fast Performances by Are Am Bee and the Thoroughbred Mare



MEMORIES of Autumn days on the Deerfield River and the shades of Neil Burgess and the County Fair were revived yesterday at the Pinehurst Race Track, when the country gentry and the local trotters, the hunters and the pacers, the assembled throng and a grand stand of automobiles assembled to make a racing holiday.

Colonel R. A. Swigert of Palmetto was on hand to start the races and see the meet was managed according to the rules made and provided and our neighbors from Southern Pines brought over some fast mounts.

First on the program came a 2.19 pace, half a mile, between two of the fastest mounts in the business. Are Am Bee, Leonard Tufts, owner, driven by J. C. Thomas, in the past has won more money in the Carolina circuit than any other one horse. The reputation was maintained. The half-mile was done easily in 1.10, and W. W. W. Hines, driving his own horse, Rockridge, was distanced. It is fair, however, to say that he had some trouble with his sulky, and that this will probably prove a very close thing next time.

The race for green trotters brought out a competition between two of Tufts' horses Fred Patchin, driven by Haines, and Red Reo, driven by Thomas. This was a fierce enough battle to suit anyone. Each took two heats of half a mile, and it was left that way to be settled another day. The best time was 1.20.

Too much cannot be said for the performance of the new thoroughbred mare, Miriel H., from the Pinehurst stables. She has every evidence of having the makings of a winner. With Cameron up she kept a small lead over the veteran, Traveller, ridden by Bachelor, the entire distance of a half mile dash, finishing easily in 49 seconds. Thomas is in raptures about her, and predicts that she will make a name for herself on the turf this Summer.

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