

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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FIVE CENTS

MAGNIFICENT GOLF

Carter Wins Three Matches by a Thread and the Championship

Dyer's Dramatic Finish Against Paul. Becker Comes Back Into Championship Form



THERE has slowly grown up among the golfing fraternity of Pinehurst a conviction that Phil Carter of Nassau bears a talisman, and has no known limit in the game of golf. It has become a fetish that in match play he could not be beaten, be the circumstances what they may. He does not always play such good golf. It is quite the usual thing to hear the experts at the game remarking that he has gone stale, or is off his game. And this is usually substantiated by his scores whenever his opponent is making a poor round. If he plays with a man who just manages an 82, why Carter is more than apt to be a bare winner at 81, and anybody can show how he would have met defeat if only his silly opponent has holed an easy ball or two. But next day he rolls up to the eighteenth all even against some diabolically clever fellow who has made the range under par without a discernable flaw, and apparently just happens to win with a two or a three at the last gasp.

THE RABBIT'S FOOT

The superstition is borne out by the whole harrowing week's play for the United North and South Championship. But in no case so dramatically as in his match with Charles Skehens of Woods Hole in the semi-finals. Skehens, who also shared honors with Ross in the Amateur-Professional event, is one of the most accurate men on the links when he is playing his game. And he drove off from the 17th tee one up. Not only that, but his drive landed on the green within twelve feet of the hole, a perfect shot and a certain three.

On all sides could be heard men firing into the apostles of those holding the creed that Carter carried a rabbit's foot, the exultant question "Now what do you think about it? Can he get away with this?"

And they all stubbornly answered, "God knows how. But he can't be beat. He has no limit. Watch."

And once more the miracle was sprung under our eyes. Phil Carter also drove onto the green. But much further away, perhaps twenty-five feet from the goal, onto a promontory of the sandy way jutting into the grass. This was golf and nerve enough to elicit a round of applause; but what followed fairly stunned the multitude. He put the next shot in, and there is reason to believe that it would have gone in if he had been half a mile away behind a tree. For when needed these things occur for men of destiny.

PERFECT PLAY IN THE FINALS

The match with Skehens went nineteen holes and was the most spectacular, but Dyer in the finals called for the best

golf. Judging by previous performance there was plenty of ground to believe that the Pennsylvania champion might land the trophy. He made easy work of Guilford and Rodney Brown, had shown championship form and a power of rising to emergency and great golf against Paul, and played with the sympathy of a great host of supporters, gained by the most sportsmanlike and generous demeanor in his matches. Carter had beaten both Beall and Skehens by a thread. But both of these had made several costly mistakes. Beall gave away two holes by futile strokes within inches of the cup, and Skehens had wandered into the woods on several occasions and been lost to view. Still Carter barely won.

Dyer was slated to make no such mistakes. It was a thirty-six hole match. It so happened that Carter had to play all the time, and so of course he did. In the first round Dyer won five of the eighteen holes. One of these was in 4, but the other four were in 3 and 2. They had to be. He even lost one hole, the fifteenth, which he made in three. He made the round in 74, and was still two down, against Carter's 70. This score of 70, which the Nassau wizard repeated in the second eighteen, is the tournament record of the course, and is one under par.

THE SECOND ROUND

It has been many a day since fours and threes were losing scores on the holes of number two course. But they lost for Dyer in this second round. Two down to begin with he squared the score by beating par on the third and equalling it on the fourth hole. The score of his next five holes included a three and a

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PINNEY ON TRAVELER

Takes the Steeple Chase. Mrs. Johnson Leads the Ladies' Field

Last Trotting Event of the Season a Signal Success and the Promise of a Great Future for the Track



IT WAS with a keen sense of regret that we realized that Colonel Swigert's trotting matinee was meeting for the last time until Fall, when we joined the gay company on the course Wednesday last to back our favorites and gloat over the spectacle, and listen to the strains of martial music while the racing thoroughbreds boiled down the stretch.

Looking over a season full of the finest kind of sport and good contests, so cosmopolitan in its entries, and diverse in character it seems to the writer that the Sandhills owe more than it knows to Col. Swigert, who inaugurated the games, and Thomas, the leading spirit on the track and in the paddock, whose smiling efficiency is a source of satisfaction to all that ride or watch, and Charlie Picquet, master of the judges' stand and organizer of events. Rivalry and contest, the community gathering, music and interest and the assembling of the clans; a neighborhood spectacle and a chance to

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FINALS OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP—CARTER VS. DYER

Showing from left to right—Charles Skehens, medalist, caddying for Phil Carter, Ned Beall, C. L. Becker, consolation winner; Frank Dyer, runner-up, William Paul of Charlotte, and B. R. T. Meunley.