

# THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1917

FIVE CENTS

## MISS ROSENTHAL'S MEDAL

Mrs. Barlow Second and Mrs. Hurd  
Third in Qualifying Round

Fastest Field Ever Entered in the  
Women's United North  
and South



EXPECTATION and interest almost equal to that preceding the National Championship prevailed at the Club Monday morning.

Assembled for the Women's Championship—the United North and South—was a cordon of champions, the veteran golfing world, each with their large and loyal following, the subject of endless comparison and debate, ready to decide the mooted question on the links. Mrs. Roland H. Barlow was there to defend the title won these last years by such close and desperate margin from the old champion of the world, Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd. What man can guess the outcome between these two—Mrs. Hurd having, as in former years, just taken the Silver Foil trophy from Mrs. Barlow in two rounds of medal play. And what of Elaine Rosenthal, that comes flushed with victory from Florida and who has been the delight of the gallery for weeks past by reason of a phenomenal driver? Can she still hold the odds against Miss Mildred Caverly, second only to Alexa Stirling at Belmont Springs? Or can any girl however clever with the midiron start with any great confidence from the first tee with Mrs. J. R. Price in the game—who came through to the finals last year and drove Mrs. Barlow to the eighteenth green?

To discover the answer to this perplexing proposition all Pine-

hurst and golfdom turned out in brilliant array of purple and gold, and yellow coats and red Scotch caps, with score cards and wicker seats and opera glasses and white flannels that morning when the medal round began.

There was trouble ahead for the old stars. The skies had but recently ceased their sorrow, and heavy greens militated against grandstand putting. The last bunker on the course yawned for Mrs. Barlow, while a single unfriendly trap it accountable for

more astonishing her resultant score of 89, eked out by the steadiest approaching seen that day.

Going out the favorites were about even, Mrs. Barlow being in the lead with 42, Miss Rosenthal and Mrs. Price even with 43, and Mrs. Hurd, Mrs. C. B. Hollingsworth of Greensburg and Miss Caverly only one stroke behind.

These and Mrs. M. J. Scammel of Oakmont and Miss Sarah Fownes, who has many times



LEADERS IN THE NORTH AND SOUTH

Miss Elaine Rosenthal, the Champion; Miss Mildred Caverly, Miss Eleanor Gates and Mrs. Roland H. Barlow

no less than five strokes in Miss Caverly's score.

The most consistent game and the medal belong to Miss Elaine Rosenthal. Wonderful in her drives, casual and successful on the greens, she made the course in 86, including a 6 on the 18th, two better than Mrs. Barlow and three better than Mrs. Hurd. The National medalist made two astonishing exhibitions. For some reason her driver was not working, and she played wild and loose with her tee shots. All the

figured in the championship in years past constitute the fastest first division ever enrolled in the classic.

Summary. Played over number two course.

Miss Elaine S. Rosenthal, Ravisloe	43	43—86
Mrs. Roland H. Barlow, Merion	42	46—88
Mrs. J. V. Hurd, Pittsburgh C. C.	44	45—89
Mrs. J. R. Price, Oakmont	43	49—92
Miss Mildred Caverly, Philadelphia Cricket	44	50—92

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## A WONDERFUL FINISH

Miss Rosenthal Wins Spectacular  
Match from Mrs. Hurd

Finals in All Divisions of Women's  
Championship Marked by  
Close Scores



A MORE perfect setting for a golf match could hardly be imagined. Fair were the Spring skies and gentle and warm the breezes,

when all Pinehurst in gala array lined up at the first tee on the championship course to see the grand finale between Miss Elaine Rosenthal, victor over Mrs. Barlow, and Dorothy Campbell Hurd known of old. The first balls driven gave intimation of the historic struggle to follow. Mrs. Hurd is conceded to be master of the short and accurate game. But her drives have recently developed a most deplorable hook, and it was on this hook that the Rosenthal chances were sanctioned.

The Florida champion led off, true to form and a delight to the eye, with a long ball singing two hundred and forty yards down the course. Alexa Stirling, what do you say to that? Does this maiden need any short course built for feeble women? The next shot showed that all hopes based on a Hurd hook were doomed to oblivion. True as a base line Mrs. Hurd sped her shot to within a span of the other ball, and the delighted gallery moved down the course, like an army with banners. This is quite literal. It looked like new Russia's birthday. For the marshalls of the host, ever and anon ordering a premonitory halt, Fore, with Col. Ormsbee in the Van and Dr. Brown on the right