

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 15, 1917.

FIVE CENTS

BECKER'S DAY

Wins President's Trophy in Annual Fall Tournament

Sharman Takes the Medal. Lancaster, Nicholson, Shannon and Hitchcock Share the Honors



C. L. BECKER commander in chief and arbiter elegantium of the links came into his own last week and salted away the great silver flagon that immortalizes the winner of the fourteenth annual Autumn golf tournament of the Pinehurst Country Club. The veterans of the game were lined up in fuller ranks than usual at this time of the year, but the youngsters, terrors of the champions, the Bealls and Carters and Armstrongs were missing—long since having swapped niblics for bayonettes and established themselves in the permanent bunkers in Flanders.

Nobody disputed the right of way with R. R. Sharman of Youngstown in the Medal round. He hit a 41 pace on the way out, came in easily in 43, and gracefully accepted the medal without serious competition. R. C. Shannon II led Frank Gates, the Carolina Champion home for second place by one stroke—these three, W. M. Crooks of Egremat and F. J. D. Mackey from the Virginia Country Club being the only ones in the whole parade to crack a 90.

The opening day of the competition for the President's trophy found Gates the favorite, with Becker and Clarence Hobart next best bet in a field including such reliable players as Phillips and Kelley, Armstrong, Hudson, Goodall and Wrenn. The first round developed two surprises. C. F. Wood of Virginia sprang a fast and a long game, and put Hobart out on the sixteenth green. And C. B. Hudson, the North Fork expert, who has come back here with a system of golf that might have been devised for him by an engineer with a transit, hung onto the medalist all the way, tied him up at the home green and work a rabbits foot for the match on 19th. This match was something to watch. Sharman hits his balls from the tee after the fashion made popular (and difficult) by Jessie Guilford. That is, he shoots for the horizon. And on this day he was making it. Nevertheless

this straight and narrow game of Hudson's was right there putting with him, whether it was for a two or a five. And in sight of victory all the way, Youngstown still failed to land the match at the 18th. On the 19th Sharman as usual drove out of sight, and was still waiting to play two when Hudson had taken his fourth. A comedy of errors ensued. And before the medalist had negotiated the precipitous route he selected to the pin, he had consumed 7 shots, which was just enough to loose him the hole and the match.

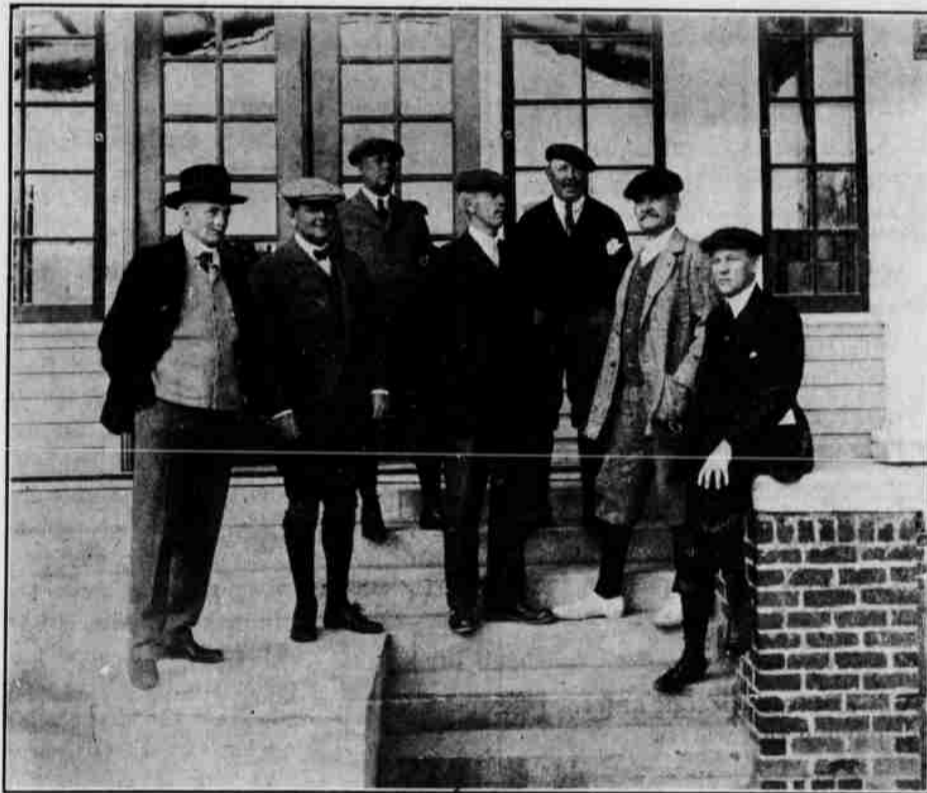
GATES FINDS A TARTAR

Next day Spike Hennessee tried in vain to stop the champion's triumphant progress. Wood kept up his streak and

a nervy and accurate putter, and is accustomed to ward off defeat in many a close place by sinking long shots. And this day was no exception—except for the attitude of the Gods. No less than eight times during the battle he rimmed the cup, and still lost the shot by a whisper.

BECKER VS. PHILLIPS.

At this stage of the game Phillips and Becker took command. They just went out and beat the Virginia pair, and that's all about it. And then having done this in good old Pinehurst style, they had a final match such as we used to have on old home week at Saugus. It was a friendly and casual affair, under none too good conditions



THE OPENERS.

Annual Advance Guard of the Golfing Legion. They took the Lion's share of the Honors in the Autumn Tournament. C. L. Becker, in the centre, won the President's Trophy. Second from the left is C. F. Lancaster, winner of the Governor's division, and between the two J. G. Nicholson, consolation winner in this flight.

put Howard out where he could go hunting. Philips mixed his threes and sevens so judiciously that he had the conservative Hudson five down by the time they reached the short fifteenth. And then it was that the first big reversal took place. Mackey from Virginia sailed out after Gates. It was a hard thing to the fourth hole. And there, as he has become accustomed to doing, the Broad-acre champion knocked the Virginian's ball into the hole for a win, and started himself a line of might-have beens and almost weres which left him leisure to farm after the sixteenth hole. Gates is

in which two brilliant threes on the 6th were balanced by two indifferent 7s on the 7th, and everybody reached the turn all even. Becker then hit a steady pace of fives with a seasoning of fours at the short holes. Phillips made him a present of the 12th and 14th, cut the lead to one on the sixteenth, and then they both sailed home with even scores, with Becker one up, and champion of the event.

LANCASTER LEADS THE FIELD.

C. F. Lancaster of the Woodland Club was up against a stiff proposition in

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PERSHING'S RETURN

In Historical Pageant; Scotch Lassies in Picturesque Dance at Harvest Ball

**Royal Berkshire Show and Two Days
Trotting Matinees Feature The
Annual Sandhill Fair**



LUCKY were they that had come to Pinehurst by the 22d of November. And there were plenty of them. It certainly included no less a distinguished company than Christopher Columbus, John Alden and the fascinating Priscilla, the Marquis de Lafayette, John Brown, Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, Kaiser Bill (hind-side before on a mule, where he belongs) in charge of General Pershing, the hardy De Soto, George Washington and other lesser celebrities, not the least of whom were the famous Flora Macdonald sextette and the Queen of the Harvest Ball.

What with 13,000 spectators, the full squadron of our allies, the congress of Berkshire breeders of the World, endless jockeys wearing the brilliant colors of their stables cohorts of nurses in their immaculate regalia, platoons of soldiers, brigades of farmers and mechanics and sailors and canning club girls and representatives of all the rest of the reserve army that is backing our expeditionary force to run the Devil out of Flanders—what with all these the Sandhill Fair took on the aspect of an international carnival, or a madigras.

Not the least of the spectacle were the thousand or more flivvers interlarded with the proud limousines and the humble buggies scattered all over the teeming landscape. And even the permanent residents were astonished to find buildings and equipment for all this display had sprung up over night.

The Fair centered about the race track—where any well conducted fair naturally gravitates. The booths and exhibits of the products of the fields and orchards were assembled in a fine new exhibition hall constructed of concrete—a permanent addition to the village, and the home of many fairs to come. Barns for a hundred race horses lined the way, and special and elaborate apartments for the aristocracy of hogdom flanked the grounds.

In their astonished comments and congratulations the press of the State paid