

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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FIVE CENTS

A FAMILY AFFAIR

Perfect Conditions in Spring Tournament Results in High Average of Play

H. C. and C. B. Fownes Divide the Glory in the President's Division Fancy Golf in Bush League



THERE were two hundred and seventeen of them in all, golfers from all points of the compass and champions of every district. And yet not one man of them all could beat a Fownes. Not one. Side

by side, like Horatius and Herminius at the bridge, father and son, the formidable H. C. and C. B. Fownes withstood the whole onset, and came into the final round of the Spring tournament all by their wild lones.

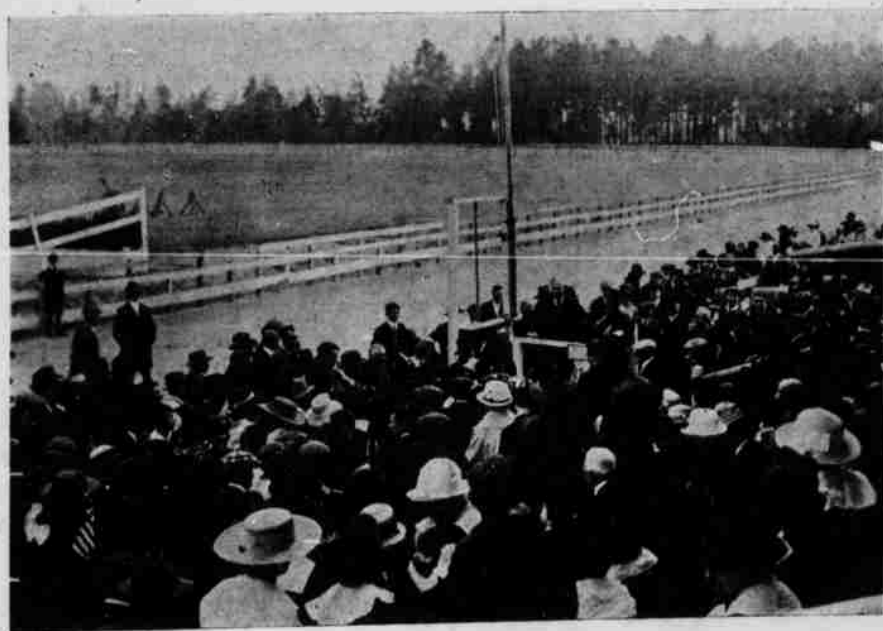
It was the Fourteenth Annual Spring tournament. It was played under those perfect sunlit skies and in that soft and salubrious climate we boast so much about, and lost awhile. More perfect conditions would have been impossible. And they were reflected in the play. There were no National champions in evidence, and an 80 was good for first place where in ante-bellum days some youngster now dropping souvenirs on the Huns was wont to slip in with a 70. But in all other respects the average of the play was higher than we ever remember. More than one first class man was astonished to find himself relegated to a low division, and the more astonished still to discover that although he was improving on his erstwhile winning streak in the second that he was losing in the fifth.

Aside from the heroic defence of the Fownes Tribe this was the outstanding feature of the event. For instance; in the consolation of the sixth division Charley Horton fondly believed he had the goods. But C. H. Schmidt got the ozone in his veins and came home with a 38 in the final round. Traveling some for the sixth division. T. A. Cheatham won the fourth after adventures that read like a field day in the National. And the fighting spirit so pervaded the ranks that it was the rule rather than the exception to find matches running into the twenties for a decision.

The opening match was the hardest experienced by the victorious Fownes family. It was put up by G. M. Howard

against C. B. Howard was at the crest of his wave, and came rolling into the seventeenth one up, and going strong. Both players came to the immediate vicinity of the cup on that hole in even strokes. But right there Fownes laid a dead stymie on the very rim, and cut Howard from the possibility of an even putt, squaring the match. And as it proved, winning it. For the eighteenth was halved, and Chick took the nineteenth in a perfect four, with an ease and abandon that should have warned the field.

The best card of this first day was recorded by Frank Gates of Broadacre, who was probably the favorite at this stage of the game. He was out in 39 against Truesdell, the Senior champion, par golf on every hole except the 7th, where he concentrated all his mistakes for an 8. He was only one up at that. This match was also about as close as could be, and was decided, as all close



GOVERNOR BICKETT ADDRESSING THE CROWD.

matches are, by the merest trifle. On the fifteenth, Truesdell lay dead for a three. Gates' second shot was bound for the woods when it hit the Truesdell ball, and came to an instant stop in place for a half. This incident gave Gates the lead which he maintained to the end.

R. C. Shannon, the medalist, and E. H. Wiswell of Englewood succumbed to the Pittsburg pair in the second round, and the Carolina champion, Gates, and L. D. Pierce of Brae Burn in the second. The Gates-C. B. Fownes match was clinched by a spectacular two on the seventeenth, leaving Fownes up three and one, although the medal score of both players was the same—an 84.

FWNES VS. FOWNES

The defeated battalions joined the gallery to see the battle out in the final round. Chick started the fun by driving a terrific ball out of sight behind

the opera house. It cost him one hole. H. C. made the edge of the second green in two and rimmed the cup on his third. This was too fast for the junior, and left him two down. This pace was maintained by the elder Fownes for two more holes. The two putts disposed of the third. But the fourth we must credit to the Gods of chance. For Chick here hit out the longest drive we have seen for some time. It was a scream, an horizon splitter, that never came to rest until it was almost on the edge of the bunker by the green, 300 yards from its point of flight. When C. B. landed in the pit on his second it looked as if the tide had turned. But Chick luffed into the chasm, and H. C. worked his rabbit's foot for a 30 foot putt once out of the sand, and so drove for the 5th four up. Driving into the whiskers on this hole Chick landed in difficulties from which he recovered just in time to lose that also. However he made up on

the next three, winning them all, and halved the ninth in 4, thus reaching the turn two down. On the long 7th he made a spectacular recovery from a hole midway the course, from which his brassie landed him hole high on the third shot.

At this stage of the game H. C. took on his championship gait again. He won the tenth in par, drove the offing on the eleventh and landed on the green in his second. But Chick was not done yet. He duplicated both shots, and then sank his putt from twenty feet, for an eagle. So still H. C. Fownes was two up. This was Chick's last stand. He topped into a bottomless pit on the 12th, was stacked up against two fours and par golf on the 13th and 14th, and so gave up the ghost, five down and four to play.

Louis A. Hamilton of Garden City,

TO THE UTMOST FARTHING

The Governors of North Carolina and Pennsylvania Pledge the Last Man

Picturesque Ceremony at Great Patriotic Gathering at the Pinehurst Race Course Saturday



GOVERNOR Bickett of North Carolina and Governor Brumbaugh of Pennsylvania were the principal speakers at the big patriotic rally last Saturday in which the Sandhills were

pledged to do their share in purchasing the Baby bonds—the War Savings Stamps, and their duty in eliminating luxury and waste from their lives.

It was the most notable public occasion of the section since the day when the Secretary of Agriculture made his first public address after taking office in the school house at Aberdeen.

Long before the hour set the concourse of Fords from the farthest corners of the county, bearing the country folks from Drowning Creek and Little River, the Clay Countree and confederated towns had lined every inch of the race course, and the grandstand was packed with the veterans of Gettysburg, the leaders of the clans, the parents of our first contingent, and the moguls from the county seat. The red, white and blue streamed from every vehicle. The last touches were put to the decoration of the speakers stand and the fences were lined with artistic and stirring posters—the work of famous artists—now grown familiar to embattled America.

Meanwhile the distinguished guests were being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Tufts at luncheon at the Country Club. From the coign of vantage at the judge's stand they could be seen starting for the field. This was the signal for the ceremony to begin.

HERALDED BY INFANTRY

The Pinehurst orchestra, turned for the occasion into a military band with Wiley Pope Swift as drum major, struck up a martial air, and came down the course with great spirit, followed by the businesslike formation of the Farm Life School Infantry Company, marshaled by Sargeant-major Plane. In front of the stand the company halted and were

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