

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 6, 1918

FIVE CENTS

Captain Schofield Leads Fight

Fownes Makes a Phenominal Recovery in Second Round

Thirty-Six Hole Qualifying Medal Play of United North and South Golf Tournament



MAKING his spring drive while on a short vacation from the army, Captain E. L. Schofield went over the top in such effective style last Monday and Tuesday that he simply sailed away from the whole cordon of champions assembled for the United

North and South Golf Tournament. It was in the qualifying round of 36 holes, eighteen played on the championship course and eighteen on number one.

He started on number two, and had a bad start at that. His terrific drive and iron shots had not become manageable, and led him into the wilderness for a 6, a hole made by all his closest competitors in a par 4. As a matter of fact the famous distance shots were not what brought his so signally to the fore at any stage of the game. It was the infallible and deadly short game. He became unbeatable on the short holes. In the main these tell the story. A drive, a putt, or at most a short approach and a putt and it was all over in every case. The 6th he made in two. The 8th and 9th he made in three each. The 15th he made in two again, and closed out the 17th in another 3. Added to this were two birdies on longer holes, a three on the third, and a four on the 432 yard 14th, which brought him home with a 77, and the low card of the day.

Schofield Course 1.
Out 6 4 3 5 6 2 7 3 3—39
In 4 6 4 4 4 2 5 3 6—77

Pushing him close was Irving Robeson, the Tin Whistle Champion, whose 37 coming in was the best nine holes of the day, to a plethora of 6s wrung from him in careless moment, his score going out had been 41, making a total of 78. Franklin H. Gates of Broadacre, came back into the game with a rush and demonstrated his intention to dispute the way with a 79, and G. A. Miller of Detroit and R. A. Stranahan of Inverness were close up with 80 apiece. H. C. Fownes, the Spring champion, ran into a streak of bad luck and off play, and seemed to be out of it with a ninety. I say seemed advisedly. For as will appear not even this enormous handicap was sufficient to put him out of the running.

Doctor C. H. Gardner and Donald Parsons followed hard at the heels of the leaders, scoring 81 each.

So the play opened on number one Tuesday morning, with a strong group only a stroke or two apart fighting for the medal, and a place in the championship division.

TUESDAY'S DEVELOPMENTS.

The outstanding features of the second eighteen were Fownes' phenomenal recovery, and Schofield's consistent defense of his leading position. The Oakmont champion made a 39 going out, but it was coming home that he cut most of the sixteen strokes from his Monday's score. Three threes, four fours and two fives tell the story of his return to the game. This is one over par, and well up to the standard of the event.

But not to be denied Schofield himself lit into the Season's tournament record and began sinking his impossible twos from the beginning. On the 380 yard second hole, which is a par four, he slipped in his second shot for an eagle, and on the long and sloping 9th, with the impossible green overhanging the pond and perdition he went home with a 3, for a 37 out. Coming into the stretch, he played a careful and consistent game

Fownes for all the initial 90 was seventh.

The other nine coveted positions in the President's division, fell within three strokes—167, held by Allan Lard and Arthur Yates, 168 recorded by five—Howard Phillips, P. S. MacLaughlin, W. M. Crooks, L. D. Pierce and R. A. Stranahan of Inverness, and 170, made by R. O. Tunstall of Norfolk and R. M. Markwell, heralded from Lake Shore.

R. C. Shannon II, medalist in the Spring tournament, got edged out by a margin of one, tying with J. Watson of Merion Cricket, another player of championship calibre for the leading place in the Governor's division.

The lowest cards over Number 1
Schofield
Out 4 2 5 5 5 3 4 6 3—37
In 5 3 4 3 4 4 4 6 4—37—74
Fownes
Out 5 4 5 6 4 4 3 4 4—39
In 3 3 4 3 4 5 4 5 4—35—74



MRS. HURD, WINNER, AND MRS. BARLOW RUNNER UP IN THE WOMAN'S CHAMPIONSHIP

on the last nine, playing six of the holes exactly as ordained by their maker, and dropping a stroke on par on three—the tenth, the seventeenth and the eighteenth. So he made it in 37, a total of 74.

This gave him the medal without debate. Fownes was the only man that challenged him on this course at all. And Fownes started with too big a handicap. Doctor Gardner was the only other player to slip in under an 80. His 79 was two better than Robeson's 81, but he started the day three behind the Rochester champion, so had to be content with third place. G. A. Miller of Detroit stayed consistently around his eighty mark and took fourth with a total of 161 for the 36 holes. Donald Parson dropped from 81 on Monday to 82 on Tuesday, but at that edged in even with Fank Gates who followed his 79 up with a plebian 83 for a total of 163.

The Summary

E. L. Schofield, Wee Burn	74	77	151
I. S. Robeson, Rochester	81	78	159
Dr. C. H. Gardner, R. I.	79	81	106
G. A. Miller, Detroit G. C.	81	80	161
Don'd Parson, Youngstown	82	81	163
F. H. Gates, Moore County	84	79	163
H. C. Fownes, Oakmont	74	90	164
Arthur Yates, Oak Hill	81	86	167
Allan Lard, Chevy Chase	80	87	167
H. G. Phillips, Moore Co.	85	83	168
P. S. MacLaughlin, Ekwonok	83	85	168
W. M. Crooks, Mt. Everett	86	82	168
L. D. Pierce, Brae Burn	80	88	168
R. A. Stranahan, Inverness	88	80	168
R. O. Tunstall, Norfolk	88	82	170
R. M. Markwell, Lake Shore	85	85	170
R. C. Shannon II, Brockport	87	85	172
J. W. Watson, Merion Cricket	84	88	172
W. T. Stall, Brockton	82	91	173
J. T. Bishop, Chevy Chase	86	87	173

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Hail Butter, King of the Track

Diminutive Darky Brings Lady Betty Home for the \$100 Purse

Razzle Dazzle Creates a Sensation in Which Predmore, Shepard and Hurd Take the Money



A victorious field marshal returning home through arches of triumph, or a popular actress on her opening night would have either of them been proud to have received the popular applause and acclaim that was meted to the hero of the hour

when the thoroughbreds came boiling down the stretch in the handicap for the Hundred Dollar purse. Mingled with the roar that greeted the straining horses from the stand and the concourse that lined the track was the exultant and insistent cry of "Butter, Butter, oh you Butter Ball."

And Butter whose thirteen years and whose seventy pounds consist almost entirely of grin and good humor, brought the Favorite over the mark, like a marmoset riding a kite in a typhoon. It was the climax of the month on the track, and a finish that delighted the multitude almost beyond endurance.

This little black son of Ham had been put up on Lady Betty by Nibbs and given 20 yards over Mollie O, running from scratch, and himself handicapped from 25 to 170 yards by the other entries—Hardy and Fort Johnson from the Pinehurst Stables, and Bannie V, Lambert Splane's prize winner. The race was twice around the course, 1/4 of a mile, for final honors in the thoroughbred class, and the purse.

Starting bravely after the leaders it soon became apparent that it was going to be a very close thing whether Lady Betty and Melos could overtake them before they reached the wire. The supreme moment arrived as it should, in the last few desperate furlongs. As the little Ethiopian blew by horse after horse in the stretch, the grounds rocked with the delight of the crowd, and in a flash the contest narrowed to Mollie O and Lady Betty. It was a matter of a fraction of a second, and the location of the wire. But Butter passed under just in time, half a head to the good.

Now even this \$100 handicap, and the steeple chase itself, on this particular occasion was eclipsed by the return race between Nat Hurd's Kinder Lou and Mrs. P. C. Thomas' Little Pop. Difference of opinion in the stable as to the merits of these two horses had run so high, that, as in the Trojan War, and divers major disputes from that time to this picturesque language, promises, threats, and prophecy had been added to the arsenals of the contending factions. All jockeydom was in a furor, imparting a mild sympathetic glow in the stand, (Continued on page eleven)