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The Annual Seniors' Tournament

(BY BURT HOXIE)

THOSE hale and hearty boys of the links, with the tinsel in their hair, the spring of youth still in their stride, but some of the old sting missing from their swing, gathered at Pinehurst for their fifth annual tournament this week. They are known as the Senior's of the game, their ages running from 55 to beyond the well known three score years and ten. The ones who are the envy of many of the younger generation through their links prowess.

Whenever they gather, ferreting out a feature is no trouble. Rather, there are so many that it becomes a difficult assignment to recall them all and elect the prime one. And so in this colorful and enjoyable party one does "the hesitation" in starting the keys on the name of a particular individual.

The ensemble was composed of about seventy-five, the group being divided into three classes, with a tid bit of silverware for the best gross performer in each class. Following the opening test, which consisted of an 18 hole qualifying round, five divisions were mustered together for the hand-to-hand encounter regardless of the class they originally qualified in. And at this writing, neck and neck finishes are on the bill of fare each day, and picking a winner anywhere, anytime, as uncertain as niblicking one's way from a number ten trade mark in a deep bunker.

If opening performances mean anything G. E. McClintock, of Manchester, New Hampshire, might be considered the best bet in the first flight. He proved his capabilities in the medal test by romping home a winner in Class A with a very fine card of 95. His figures of 41 out were the best of anyone in the field, and the 46 back was very creditable, especially so as playing conditions were not exactly idealistic. A high wind swept the landscape. The trophy acquirer is 59. He certainly left his years in the club house when he negotiated that first hazardous nine holes in 41 shots.



Miss Glenna Collett, present holder of the North and South Championship, who is expected to defend her title at the twenty-third renewal of this event, starting March 25

But the real class of the field, and we will be so bold as to state the featurist of the day after careful consideration, was S. R. Smith, of Freeport, New York, a member of the Garden City Club, on Long Island. This enthusiastic "youngster" of the links has now arrived at the point where he has seen sixty-two summers and winters pass into the discard. But age doesn't mean anything as the well known New York cartoonist and golfer by the name of "Rube" Goldberg tells us. Mr. Smith wasn't in the "sixties" golfing mood on this occasion. All that he did with just an ordinary set of working implements was turn the ninth in 42, and scamper home in 47, for a very fine 89, two strokes better than the consistent C. L. Becker, of Pinehurst.

There was still another, however, to whom something besides honorable mention is apropos. This is G. W. Statzell, of Pinehurst, and Drexel Hill, Pa., the pace setter in Class C. On his shoulders are 67 years, but you wouldn't know it. And it's hard to credit on a championship course,

this card of 93, a 50 out and 43 back. But again we reiterate, the veterans can make some of those still in the Spring of life sit up and take notice. Mr. Statzell had a trio of shots to spare in snaring the honors in his squad, C. S. Strout, of Biddeford, Maine, being his nearest competitor.

Robert Foote, of New Haven, Connecticut, was the daddy of the field, having recently reached his seventy-fourth birthday. J. R. Shoaff, of New York, won second honors in this respect, being 72. Eight in the field had seen seventy years or more of life, and the ages of twenty-six ranged from sixty to seventy. Just what the game has done to men of this class is a revelation. And it's a lot of sport to see the fire in their eye as they wend their way in match play over the fairways.

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