

of having other professionals, managers or greenkeepers think he is trying to pose as a seer or a superior person hunted out by opportunity.

Right now he is studying the hotel and restaurant books, talking with men in that field, looking for entertainment ideas for his members and doing a patient and persistent job of getting a close-up view of proper house operation so he will grow at a pace even with his new responsibilities.

DOPED IT WRONG

**Pro Vote for Field Split Beat B
Players Down in Prize
Money**

THE SIX to one vote by which the pros voted for the split field method of operating the Miami-Biltmore tournament, the major prize event of the winter circuit, turned out to be another demonstration of the wisdom and profit of thinking thoroughly before acting.

The split field plan was a hunch of the Miami-Biltmore people for getting more pros acquainted with the great Miami establishment. It did produce the largest field the tournament ever has had. However it would not have been adopted had the pros questioned on the split new deal ruled against the suggestion.

Pros who have complained that the tournament players get all the gold, glory and breaks hoped that a division of the field into class A for the first 30 in the National Open and the first 64 scores in the PGA championship, and class B for the remainder of the entrants, would give the B boys a better chance for dough.

But when you see that of the first 39 scores 24 were players in class B, there dawns the suspicion that the B boys voted themselves out of some dough. Class A was four players shy of enough to take care of the divisions of the rich class-A prize total. Entry fees of class-B players at \$15 per player came within \$1,000 of the amount of class-B prizes.

Among the 43 prize winners of class-B there were only about nine who might be considered outsiders among the money-winners at tournaments. Only two of these won more than \$36.25. The last man in class-A with 336 got \$3.75 more (on the official award basis) than the last men in class-B with 312—a 24-stroke better score. However, the class-A players, by unanimous agreement among themselves, resplit

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the prize money in their class so there would be easier jumps between the prizes, rather than the jump from \$2,500 for first place to \$250 for fifth, which the A boys regarded as a bit too violent for the cash split in tournaments.

So far as the pro family circle is concerned, two features developed out of the Biltmore tournament, in addition to the generally unsatisfactory experiment of splitting the field and prize money. It was obvious that the Biltmore course with a wind blowing is one of the toughest courses in the country for scoring. The big shots can dump plenty of strokes on that course; still it's a fair one for the average or high handicap golfer. The other standout dope on the tournament is confirmation of many experts' expression that Olin Dutra is the ranking shotmaker of the country now. Veteran pros in the locker-room were all of the opinion that Olin's shotmaking and putting abilities merited his triumph.

Only possible peril to Dutra's continuance of peak standing that the fellows can see is that of the printed stories emphasizing some physical misery, which in a game calling for steady, psychological balance, as does golf, is liable to sell the star on the idea of ailing instead of concentrating on his shotmaking. Olin was handed a laugh in some stories on this tournament. A bridge over which he, Bill Burke and Al Watrous and their gallery were walking, collapsed and dumped some of the customers into a shallow, weedy stream. By the time the incident got into print Olin had been in a raging torrent, swimming to shore with women and children survivors on his broad back, battered by the heavy debris of the busted bridge and coming out like Frank Merriwell in the last chapter.

It makes great color stuff to read about in the newspapers so long as the hero can read it and giggle to his palsey walseys and comment, "baloney," which Olin can do. And it's hard for a writer to duck this sort of stuff, since he can't be everywhere at once and must depend to some extent on lurid reports.

Pro thought, by both the tournament stars and those who get into prize money now and then, after the Biltmore tournament finished was that the pros have in Bob Harlow the man who knows more about successful, satisfactory tournament operation than anyone else in the country; so it's not a bad idea to let him handle the job for which he is paid by the pros.