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THE DISMAL DOLE OF THE DOODLEDOO.

A bingo bird once nestled her nest
On the lissom bough of an I O yew,
Hard by a burrow that was possess'd
Of a drear and dismal doodledeoo.
Eftsoons this doodledeoo descried
The blithe and beautiful bingo bird,
He vowed he'd woo her to be his bride
With many a sleek and winsome word,
"Oh, doo! oh, doo!" sang the doodledeoo
To the bingo bird in the yarrish yew.

Now a churlish chit was the bingo bird,
Though her plumes were plumes of cardinal hue
And she smithered a smirk whenever she heard
The tedious yawp of the doodledeoo;
For she loved, alas! a subtle snaix,
Which had a sting at the end of his tail
And lived in a tarn of sedge and brakes
On the murky brink of a grewsome swall
"Oh, doo! oh, doo!" moaned the doodledeoo,
As dimmer and darker each day he grew.

Now, when this doodledeoo beheld
The snaix go wooing the bingo bird,
With envious rancor his bosom swelled—
His soul with bitter remorse was stirred
And a flubdub said to the doodledeoo,
The subtle snaix and the doodledeoo!
I tell no tales—but if I were you
I'd stop his courting the bingo fair!
Aye, marry, come up, I'd fain imbrue,
If I were only a doodledeoo!

The very next morn, as the bingo bird
Was nursing her baby bingoes three,
She gave a start, for she plainly heard
An ominous sound at the foot of the tree!
Her keen eye lit on the grewsome brakes
From whence proceeded the hullabaloo—
And, lo and behold! 'twas the subtle snaix
Busy at work with the doodledeoo.
Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! how the feathers flew
When the snaix imbrued with the doodledeoo!

They fought and scratched and they bit and bled,
Dispensing gore and their vitals, too,
And never pausing till both were dead—
The subtle snaix and the doodledeoo!
And the bingo bird—she didn't mind,
But, giving her shoulders a careless shrug,
She went the way of her female kind,
And straightway wedded the straddlebug!
And there was nobody left to rue
The doom of the snaix and the doodledeoo—
Unless, mayhap, 'twas the I O yew.

—By Eugene Field, New Amsterdam Book Co.

NAMING THE DEER.

A Merry Party Spends a Pleasant Hour
Among the Interesting Animals in
the Park.

A TALE OF THEODORE.

Walking is a popular pastime in Pinehurst; and naturally so as all conditions combine to make it enjoyable—almost uniformly ideal weather, well kept walks, attractive shrubbery on every hand, beautiful groves, and numerous points of interest within and around the village. Of these, the Deer Park is probably the one most frequently visited. This is a seven-acre plot south of the Village Green, enclosed by a high, woven wire fence, in which is kept a herd of native deer. There are at present eight of these interesting animals of

various ages and sizes; most of them are comparatively tame and make friends readily with kindly disposed visitors, particularly with children.

Although these pretty animals have been visited every day by hundreds of people for the past several seasons, they have never yet, with but one or two exceptions, been honored with individual names; why the ceremony of christening was overlooked in seasons past is not explained, but probably as the deer never complained, no one ever thought of it, and but for the thoughtfulness of a few, the deer might have been allowed to live on in ignominious namelessness. This, though, was not to be, for a party of their friends and admirers came to their rescue on last Monday afternoon and the calamity was averted.

They met by appointment at the Deer Park entrance at 3.00 o'clock. Gamekeeper Shaw was in waiting and the party was conducted inside the enclosure.



Then, one by one, the older deer, which were the less timid, were brought forward and christened, while their marks were carefully noted for future identification. The names given in every instance were suggested by the ladies and children of the party and met with general approval.

The first candidate for distinction was a gentle, soft-eyed doe, which was christened "Rosa Duncan," in honor of one of the little ladies of the party. Immediately after being named, Rosa scampered off to ruminate—over her new title, perhaps—and her place was taken by one of the largest stags in the herd, who remained just long enough to be informed that he would hereafter be called "Cupid;" he appeared perfectly satisfied and the party felt encouraged in its work. After him came a dashing, military-looking stag, whose appearance at once suggested the very appropriate name of "Theodore," which was bestowed upon him by common consent;

it is comparatively safe to assume, however, that he will soon forget what his real name is and answer readily to "Teddy." "Marmion" was the name selected for the next candidate, a large, handsome stag, with a sleek and glossy coat of reddish-brown, while another smaller stag was christened "Sir Walter." "Venus" was the name given to the smallest deer of the herd and a very shy stag, who would not stand still long enough to permit one's taking a good view of him, was fittingly called "Comet."

One of the most interested spectators of the proceedings was the mossy-horned patriarch of the herd, who has long been known as "Harry;" he was the tamest and most gentle of the family and appeared disposed to make friends with all the visitors. In this respect, he was very different from "Marmion," who appeared to be anxious to go on the war path, and gently "butted" one or two of

find a conveyance to bring him back to Pinehurst. But, during his absence, "Theodore" butted a side out of the crate and made off once more. It was pitch dark and raining when Mr. Shaw returned and discovered the escape, but delay was dangerous and he at once started after the fugitive. It was almost daylight when he came up with the deer and he exhausted his entire supply of diplomacy and cabbage leaves in a futile effort to induce the animal to retrace his steps toward the barn and the deserted crate. When all other means failed, he resorted to force, grabbed the deer by both hind legs and threw him down; there was a very exciting wrestling match for nearly a half-hour, but when it ended, Mr. Shaw was sitting on "Theodore's" neck. He remained there for several hours arranging in his mind a campaign for the pacification of the subdued enemy, when a darkey happened along, who helped him to carry the vanquished "Theodore" back to the crate, in which he was safely transported back to Pinehurst.

As he quietly submitted to his christening the other day, his appearance gave no sign of the exciting scenes through which he had passed, but deer, like human beings, do not all have their histories written in their faces.

Among those who took part in naming the deer were: Mr. Lee Peirce Butler, Mrs. F. E. Roberts, Mrs. Will J. Irvin, and Misses C. E. Chesterton, Sarah Grant, Rosina Mordecai, E. V. Webster, Lyda Douglass, H. E. Brandon and Rosa and Carrie Sharpe.

THE PREACHER AND THE 'POSSUM.

We had a 'possum supper—
De preacher come ter see;
But dey wa'n't a bit er 'possum
Fer de 'hillun, or fer me!

Fer de preacher ax a blessin'
En pass his plate en cup,
En des in 'bout a minute
He eat de 'possum up!

He says: "I likes de gravy,
I likes de 'taters, too;
It takes a whole, fat 'possum
To pull de preacher th'oo!"

He ax des one mo' blessin',
Den pile his plate en cup;
En scoop in all de dressin',—
Des eat de 'possum up!

En den he climb de pulpit,
En ter de tex' he reach;
But couldn't say a single word,
Kaze he too full ter preach!

At las' he up en tol' 'em:
"Dis weather mos' too col';
I gwine home, believers,
En res' my suff'rin' soul!"
—Frank L. Stanton, in Dixie Land.

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