

The Pinehurst Outlook

VOL. VI., NO. 10.

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, JAN. 30, 1903.

PRICE THREE CENTS

IN JEALOUS MOOD!

Dick at Pinehurst Kennels Writes Letter to Editor.

Insists that Rock is Not the Only Pebble on the Beach and Modestly Tells About Himself.

To the Editor of THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK:

If you will excuse me for blowing my own horn a little, I will try to interest the sporting readers of your columns. Being naturally of a jealous disposition I cannot hear and read so much about Rock, one of my neighbors, without feeling justified in addressing you in my own behalf.

I realize that Rock is a noble dog and rightly named, being as immovable when on a point, as the famous Rock of Gibraltar. He captivates all who shoot over him on account of his fine work, and no wonder many people say, "Rock is good enough for me," and "they don't lie about Rock," and it is not surprising that Pinehurst refuses a large sum for him every week. But some say, "Rock is a homely brute," and I agree with them. That is where I get the lap on him, for (excuse my blushes) everyone says I am a very handsome animal. My color is red with six white points, and I am said to have a very fine head as well as a beautiful coat and fine stylish build. I am 20 months old, and a strapper for my age.

I am half English, half Irish and the balance dog. My father is Dash Gladstone No. 54148, who boasts of such ancestors as Count Roderigo, Roderigo, Count Noble and Gladstone. My mother an obscure Irish lass, made many friends by her fine work in the field.

I was "farmed out" when very young and before I was six months old set to work in the field. The first day I pointed a covey and a single, retrieved a bird shot over me, and back stood my old dad, Dash. I worked in the field with my dad all last winter and never broke in when he was pointing, never flushed a covey of birds, except by accident. By the first of March my education was nearly completed, and I was sold to a very kind master and taken North for the summer. When I returned here last November, I was quite wild and thought I would have some fun by myself, chasing birds when they flushed; but after being shot with cow peas and fine shot several times, I decided that my trainer had a long reach and so I came to terms with him and gave up trying to catch the birds.

Now I boast that I can cover ground with the best of my kind when it comes

to pointing—well listen: About a month ago I found a covey and pointed, and while Doc was trying to find me, my half brother, Boy, stood another covey about three hundred yards away. When they flushed Boy's covey Doc dropped one bird, which Boy retrieved. I held my covey fast and in about 10 minutes, Gray and his party shot on the other side of me. Soon after Doc found me and hooted for Gray, who was a quarter of a mile away. He came over with Mr. G. and that man Merrow, who does so much noiseless shooting, with a black box and makes everybody handsome, except Rock, and what do you think? Saucy Rock and Zeb stole my point, but Boy as usual took his place behind me like a man.

men my staying qualities by holding a covey in an open field, until they came a third of a mile and walked the birds up.

A short time ago I was sent into a running stream to get a dead bird. I found where he fell on the bank, but it was not there so I naturally ran down stream about a rod and picked it out of the water under the bank, instead of giving up as most dogs would have done.

Last week I went out to show Mr. P— that Rock was not the only pebble on the beach around Pinehurst, and I held a covey eight minutes by the watch. During the time Mr. P— shot at some other birds and walked over a quarter of a mile, before he kicked the birds up. I was backed this time as usual, by Boy



PROMINENT GOLFERS AT PINEHURST.

Reading from left to right: I. C. B. Dana, Hillandale Golf Club; H. O. C. Davis, Ridgewood; John M. Ward, C. H. Lester, George Brown, E. A. Freeman, Montclair; P. R. Oliver, Pelham; P. F. Murphy, Garden City; W. C. Freeman, Montclair; F. W. Larom, Ardsley.

Merrow who can't "shoot" facing the sun, went around me and the gunners lined up ready for action. We all stood in this position while Merrow shot from different positions until he got boiling and puffing like a porpoise, and we probably would have been there now had not the birds gotten hungry and lit out for supper. And will you believe it, when those birds flushed the three sports got only one bird—a small return I thought, for my 25-minute stand. I would not care if the pictures gave me credit for the point, but they don't. It is that homely brute Rock, that has the point on paper. If Rock had been there 25 minutes his tail would have been trailing in the dust instead of at half mast as in the picture.

Two weeks ago I showed two gentle-

who got tired and sat down at the end of the seventh minute.

Mr. W— and Doc say that Miss Nixie recently pointed a covey, balancing herself on a rail fence, meanwhile I have no doubt of it for she is a fine lady and a cousin of mine, too.

I never performed this feat for the simple reason that I never stop on a fence, going over it with a bound; but I did jump a high board fence awhile ago, and point as I landed without moving a foot, and I had the birds!

Now Pinehurst sports admire Rock all you please, but remember there are others—me, and Boy and Dad and Nixie—and some day when I point about lunch time, if you will not be too anxious to show how to "miss 'um," and the

(Continued to second page)

ABOUT PINEHURST!

Mr. F. J. Bailey of Chicago, in National Hotel Reporter.

"Restful, Healthful and Delightful Resort in the Long-Leaf Pine Section of North Carolina."

The following letter, written by Mr. F. J. Bailey of Chicago, for the *National Hotel Reporter* is such a graceful compliment to Pinehurst, its equipment, climate and advantages, that THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK takes pleasure and pride in reprinting it in full.

Mr. Bailey is a guest at The Holly Inn, with Mrs. Bailey.

Mr. Bailey's Letter.

"This comparatively new southern resort, which this year is making a somewhat more prominent bid for patronage, has as yet scarcely had time to become well known. Its many attractions are however, rapidly being recognized and the results have already surpassed the expectations of its founder, Mr. James W. Tufts, of Boston, who was attracted to the region by its climate and superior location.

Moore County, North Carolina, is in the long-leaf pine section—over six hundred feet above sea level—sufficiently far from the coast to avoid its influence and with light sandy soil from which the effects of the heaviest rain storm disappear in an hour's time. It possesses all the essentials of a perfect, moderate winter climate. The days are almost continuously of brightest sunshine, there being last season but five days when storms prevented out-of-door exercises and sports.

The idea of Mr. Tufts was to create a comfortable and complete community for residence during the winter months, for people desiring a more genial climate than is to be found in the North and yet without the enervating influences so often experienced in Florida and other sub-tropical climes.

Pursuant to this end thirty thousand acres of land was purchased and Olmstead, Law & Olmstead, the famous landscape gardeners of Boston, were employed to "lay out" the town of Pinehurst. About fifty residences and cottages were built, besides which a power house, water works, general store, post office, village church, school, public casino, stables, etc.

Two small hotels—The Berkshire and The Harvard—being found inadequate, The Holly Inn was built accommodating about 200 guests. Modern and complete in every detail, it is a most delightful and cozy hotel, located at the head of

(Continued to second page)