

The Pinehurst Outlook

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

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SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER TENTH.

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BIRDS AROUND PINEHURST

The Village Offers Varied Attractions for the Lover of Songsters.

Winter Residents and Transients Constitute the Bird Colony—Interesting Information Concerning It.

THE bird lover of the North adds one more depressing item to the list of disconsolate ideas connected with the autumn. To him the falling of the leaves, the fading of the flowers, the sighing of the winds, the blighting frosts, are nothing in comparison with the departure of the birds. Every day he looks at the departing birds with the look one gives to friends he may be meeting for the last time. If, however, he too is preparing for a southward flight, he can nod to them cheerfully, saying, "Only a few days and we'll meet again." Pinehurst certainly offers great attraction to the bird lover. Every day he is here there are numerous birds to be found who are winter residents, while, if he comes early enough, he can have glimpses of many on their way to Florida and from February on, he will see many others pause here on their spring migration northward.

The first bird, I noticed here, early in November, was the bluebird. His notes will be heard all winter, somewhat plaintive in tone, but full of his own peculiar sweetness. His coat seems to be of a deeper, richer blue than in the north, and is thrown into relief by the brown oak leaves among which he perches.

Naturally we think most of the robin, but that familiar friend seems to have some objection to Pinehurst as his winter abode. Last season I did not see one until sometime in January, but a fortnight ago I heard a great clamor among the trees and found it to be caused by a large flock of robins who were flying about, scolding and calling all at once and again perching in rows on the same branches to exchange confidence. Evidently something of importance was under consideration and as I have not see a robin since, I surmise they were preparing for their departure.

Frequently one may hear the sound of the red-headed woodpecker's watchman's rattle. His beautiful red head is a sign of age and wisdom as he does not show a hint of that brilliant color during his first season. He seems to spend a great deal of time in plying aimlessly from tree to

tree, often holding in his bill some large object which he pounds vigorously against a branch or drops indifferently, as the case may be.

The flicker is always in evidence, his brown, mottled breast and golden-lined wings distinguishing him from other woodpeckers with whom his red cap and long bill proclaim kinship. Both of these woodpeckers seem to be strangely attracted by chimneys. I have seen the red-headed one promenading about them, inspecting the opening with great

a yellow breast quite unlike the brown spotted one of the flicker and the flash of white in flying comes from the outer tail feathers, while that of the flicker is on the back.

One of the most beautiful of the sparrows is very plentiful around the branches. This is the white-throat, known variously as the peabody-bird, Canada-bird and planting-bird. You may know him by the beautiful black and white stripes over his head and especially by the dainty white bib he wears carefully



MRS. M. D. PATERSON—WINNER RECENT BALTUSROL CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP.

interest and within a few days a sorely frightened flicker was rescued from the chimney of The Holly Inn music room.

Every now and then the sweet shrill notes of the meadow larks greet our ear. A chorus of them is well worth hearing but they are nervous, timorous creatures and seldom allow a close approach. They are sometimes confounded with the flickers as they are about the same size, wear black crescents on their breasts and show white in flying. The lark, however, has

tucked under his chin. His song is peculiarly distinctive, high and clear, and on warm, sunny days I hear it with all the vigor of the spring time: "Sow wheat! Peabody! Peabody! Peabody!" he calls, sometimes flattening the second note very badly. I fancy he does this more frequently on dark, chilly days and surely the note when correctly sung, is of a sufficiently high pitch to require good spirits to attempt it.

L. E. O.

(To be Continued.)

COL. ASHBY WINS TROPHY

Saturday's Golf Tournament Draws Good Field of Participants.

Charles Hansel and A. I. Creamer, the Scratch Men, Finish but a Single Stroke Apart.

SATURDAY'S subscription medal play golf handicap drew a good field of participants, and there were pretty contests not only for the cup offered for the best net score, but also for the honor of making the best gross score of the day.

Col. B. S. Ashby, of Passaic, N. J., won cup offered for the best net score with a card of 111, which less his handicap of 20, gave him 91 net, and Charles Hansel, of New York, and A. I. Creamer, of North Conway, the scratch men, were but a single stroke apart on gross scores, 108 and 109, respectively.

The scores were as a whole, rather large and slow greens caused by the rain of the day previous, and the fact that many of the participants were not in form, were responsible for them. For this reason several did not hand in cards.

THE SCORES IN DETAIL.

	Out	In	Gr	Hp	Net
Charles Hansel, New York	51	57	108	0	108
A. I. Creamer, Kearsarge, N. H.	53	56	109	0	109
B. S. Ashby, Passaic, N. J.	57	54	111	20	91
O. H. Blackman, New York	68	58	126	12	114
F. A. King, Northboro, Mass.					No card
H. L. Jillson, Northward-Ho! Kineo.					No card
F. W. Kenyon, New York.					No card
T. B. Cotter, Winchester, Mass.					No card
J. V. Hall, Pittsburg, Pa.					No card
E. G. Warfield, Brooklyn.					No card

Sunday Services.

Sunday services will be held regularly in The Village Hall Sunday morning; Episcopal services at ten and Union at eleven-fifteen.