

The Pinehurst Outlook

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. XIV, NO. 10

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 4, 1911

FIVE CENTS

SANDY, RED FOX AND FLEET

Forewarned He Heeded Not and Over-Confidence Was His Undoing

Twice Outdistances Hounds, But Clever Double Doesn't Work and Sight Race Ends Chase



SANDY, red fox and fleet, had things pretty much his own way hereabouts. The chickens and ducks at the Poultry Farm were plump and juicy, the days balmy, the nights warm. A haven it seemed in contrast to the bleak north which had once been his home. To be sure, the serenity of things was disturbed somewhat by the appearance of many hounds and the familiar norn, but Sandy, like all of his kind, only regarded them with noble scorn. From time to time news of the havoc wrought among his gray brothers, gathered in nocturnal ramblings, should have forewarned him, but this did not even elicit sympathy, for why shouldn't a gray fox be caught if he persists in wasting strength in twisting and doubling, when he should strike for the distant hills?

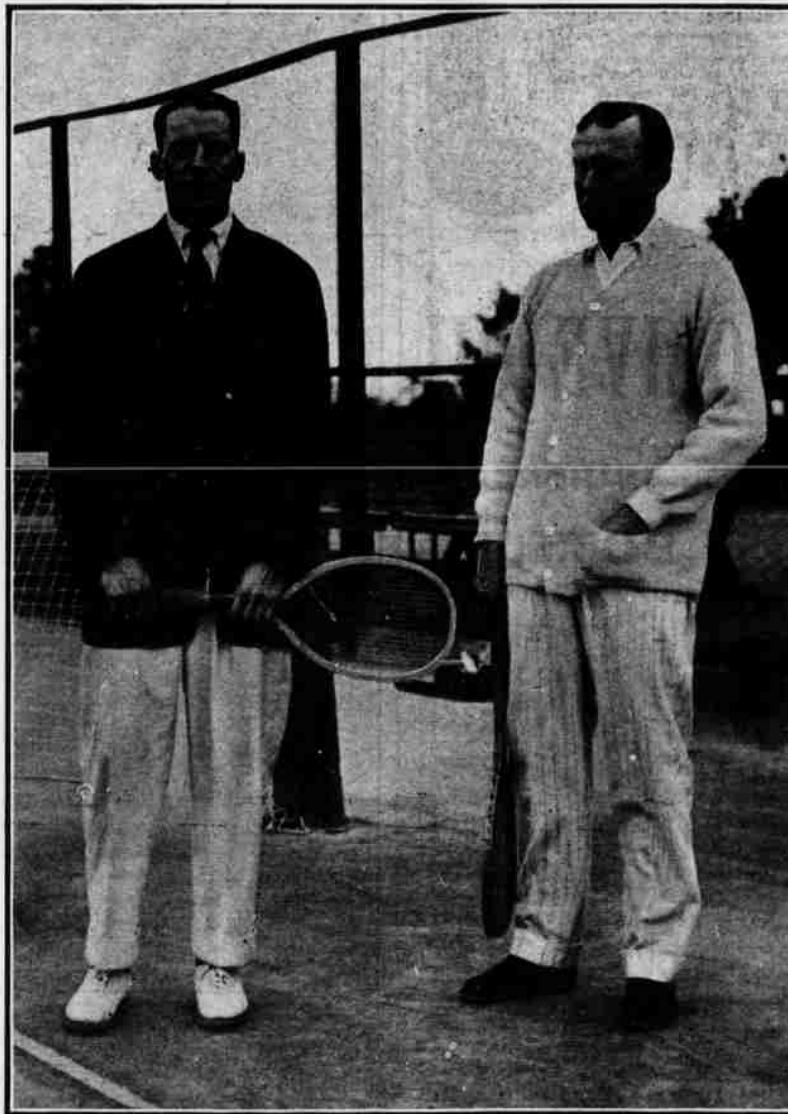
And so Sandy went his way rejoicing, confident, unconcerned. Then in the gray dawn, there came to his alert ears the baying of dogs. Down the swale it wound and up the hillside to the poultry yards, and Sandy vaguely recalled as he lay in his snug bed, that there was a certain familiarity in the route as associated with the night just ended. Then the sound swept down to the point where Sandy had entered cover, very carefully hiding his tracks by walking down stream, and swung away to the north. "Thought so" soliloquized Sandy, closing his eyes again, just as the music shifted. Then a pause and the sound moved down stream. "They'll never find me," thought Sandy, and his cunning eyes narrowed as he waited for the dogs to pass.

Pass they did, but quickly back they came and one keen nose came in contact with a spot Sandy had touched ever so lightly, on his way to secret cover. A wild cry told the story and for a less confident fox it would have been the alarm signal, but still Sandy lingered. Then an answering chorus warned him that it was only a question of time and regretfully he rose, stretched himself and waited, poised for the first

spring. A few minutes later the foremost hound sighted him and with a magnificent leap and a defiant whisk of the tail, Sandy darted away, a tantalizing "catch me" in his manner. Then tiring of play Sandy laid out for distance, vanishing on wings of the wind, and not until Little River was reached did he pause, muddle his trail at the waters' edge, swim up stream, cross and sink to rest, in a nearby swamp, confident that the race was won, conscious that his work was good.

meditated, the persistent baying bore down upon him and he leaped away, swinging in a wide circle towards the starting point, but the speed was not there and try as he would, nearer and nearer came the ominous baying, and nerving himself to a supreme effort, he left the hateful sound behind again, but even as he paused the wind bore it down to him.

Then scenting danger, Sandy played his best card. Galloping down an old road he doubled quickly back, log-hop-



IRVING C. WRIGHT

HENRY C. BRIDGERS

Presently Sandy heard the hounds at the river, he expected that; but when the voices took the trail again half a mile up stream, he felt annoyance. Nearer the pack came and Sandy moved on, vaguely conscious that things were not turning out just as he expected. Once more a wild dash left the music far behind. Once more a pause to cover the trail and slink to cover, but while he

ped across to an adjoining cover and waited for the dogs to sweep past, thus opening an avenue to safety, a run back to the impenetrable swamp, its cool, refreshing waters, and safety. Spread out like a fan the pack came, on they swept and Sandy's shrewd lips curled; but alas, too soon, for at that moment the right tip of the fan touched one of Sandy's

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MIDWINTER CHAMPIONSHIP

First Annual Tennis Tournament Rounds Out Full Week of Keen Play

Interest of Big Gallery Centers in Final Which Irving C. Wright Wins from Henry C. Bridgers



THE first annual Midwinter tennis tournament rounded out a full week of keen play, the interest of big galleries which followed play centered in the final of the Men's Singles, in which Irving C. Wright of Boston, met Henry Clark Bridgers of Tarboro, N. C., from whom he won handily 6-1, 6-1, 6-2. In the semi-final Mr. Wright defeated Fred A. King of Northboro, Mass., 6-2, 6-3, and Mr. Bridgers won from Howard Bissell of Buffalo, 6-4, 6-4. In the second round Wright met F. H. Norton of Brooklyn, whom he defeated 6-2, 6-3; Bridgers, Thaxton Eaton of Andover, whom he defeated 6-0, 6-2; Bissell, R. W. Nalle of Richmond, whom he defeated 6-4, 6-4; and King advanced on the default of Paul E. Gardner of Chicago. In the first round Wright defeated H. E. Avery of Detroit 6-2, 6-1; Bridgers, Hammet Norton of Brooklyn, 6-8, 6-1, 6-4; Bissell, E. B. Aymar of New York, 6-1, 6-2; Nalle, E. F. Cheney of Grand Rapids, 6-0, 6-0; King, Guy Metcalf of Providence, 6-4, 6-1; and N. S. Hurd of Pittsburg, defaulted to Eaton, R. H. Fullerton of Chillicothe, to Norton, and Paul D. Hamlin of Chicago, to Gardner.

In the Women's Singles final, Mrs. C. F. Hager of Lancaster, Pa., defeated Mrs. R. C. King of New Canaan, Ct., 7-5, 6-4. In the semi-final, Mrs. Hager defeated Miss Ethel Check of New York, 6-0, 6-0, 6-3, and Mrs. King won from Miss H. M. Shannon of Buffalo, 6-1, 6-2. In the first round Mrs. Hager defeated Mrs. H. W. Brower of Plainfield, 6-1, 6-4; Mrs. King, Miss Barbara C. Lewis of Philadelphia, 8-6, 6-3; Miss Check, Miss Marjorie L. Weller of St. Catherine, 6-1, 6-0; and Miss Shannon, Miss Eleanor Boyd of Boston, 6-2, 3-6, 6-2.

In special Mixed Doubles, Mr. E. B. Aymar and Miss Barbara C. Lewis, were the winners of the final from Mr. and Mrs. R. C. King, 6-2, 6-3. In the semi-final Mr. Aymar and Miss Lewis

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