

# The Pinehurst Outlook

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

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SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 15, 1911

FIVE CENTS

## 'T WAS TREAT FOR DAN CUPID

### Contestants in Archery Party Demolish Theories, But Not Targets

A Merry Evening for All it Was, However, With Only Difficult Award of Prizes



IT WAS apparent to even the most casual observer that the group gathered for Friday evening's Archery Party at The Holly Inn were "golfers;" the term being applied merely as a figure of speech. They certainly were not archers, and Dan Cupid who spends a fair share of his time here, chuckled merrily high up in a hidden corner of the rafters, content for the time being, to lay bow and quiver aside.

When the heart target was first placed in position and the bows strung, the group seemed rather shy, but this suddenly disappeared when the first contestant "sliced" on the first try, "pulled" on the second, and "topped" on the third. "Certainly I can do as well as that", was a thought so universal that it became audible!

Number two "teed too low," "dubbed" and "missed" and number three fared little better. After that the success of the evening was assured and entries poured in faster than the committee could record them.

"You don't hold the bow right; it's this way," commented number four, with confidence, posing as if for a forty-yard dash, but it was all form; fine for the forty-yard, but useless in archery. "What did I tell you," remarked number five in the attitude of Audobon studying a hawk's nest, and which also failed to solve the problem.

"If you'll just watch me," commented a Diana in Victory pose, "you'll find it simple enough," but three shots failed to demonstrate the truth of the assertion, and down through the long list, numbering fully fifty, it was a case of demolishing theories, but not targets, and the music hall will echo with "why's" for many a day.

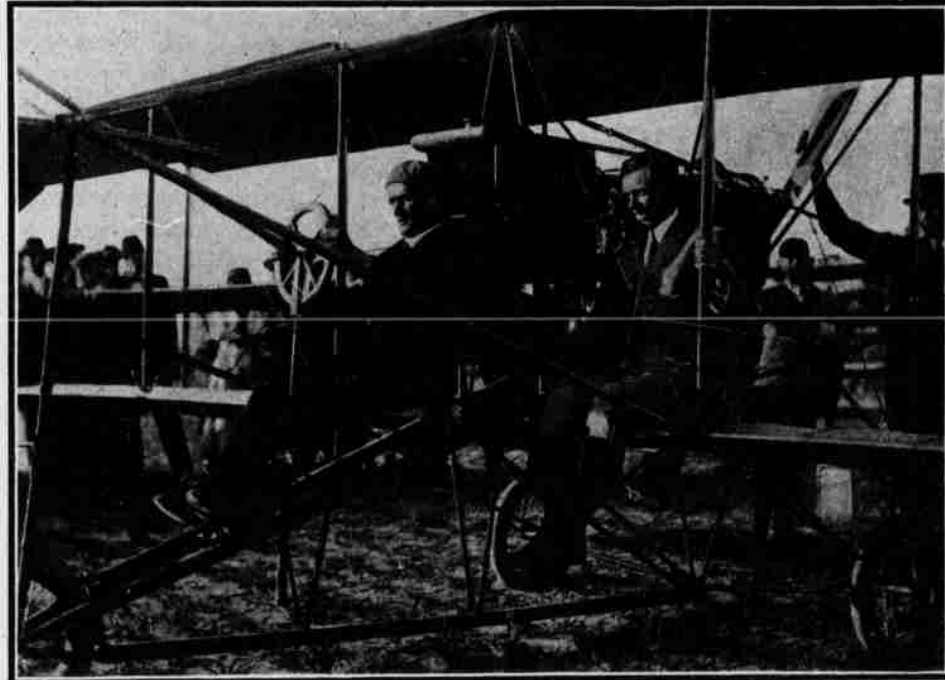
The possible score—its a shame to state it—was fifteen hundred, three in the heart or gold. The next ring counted three hundred and the last, one hundred; but if the paper outside had been wealth untold it would, apparently, have escaped unclaimed. There were six prizes,

however, and to award all of them was the problem. Just how this was accomplished in view of the many "ties" at "o" or "oh!" is still a mystery. Master H. Carter, Mr. F. G. P. Barnes and Mr. F. R. Wing led the men, and Miss Bernadette Herman, Mrs. Mason Evans and Mrs. William West, the women; not with the possible fifteen hundred, but in some cases, with as many as three hundred!

Others participating were: Mrs. Frank Tyler, Mrs. Daisy Porter, Mrs. F. G. P. Barnes, Mrs. Frank Wight, Mrs. A. A. Corey, Jr., and the Misses Myra B. Helmer, Della Wolf, Adaline Corey, Mary Fownes, Helen Brown, Eunice Evans and the Messrs. Frank L. Tyler, A. J. Woodward, H. C. Fownes, Judge J. M. Kennedy, H. Carter, F. G. P. Barnes, C. G. Taylor, Kennedy Corey, Mason Evans, Oliver G. Carter, Jr.,

"Advertisement Party" by suddenly awakening to the fact that he had been reading them himself! In a word the cosmopolitan throng upon the floor impersonating popular "displays", proved old friends to whom he hastened to extend his apologies, and thus a pet expression was relegated to oblivion and modern publicity given just recognition. *Banzai!*

For once, however, rate cards were "cut", "preferred positions" thrown in, with no charge for "reproduction in colors"; the edition limited, but classy; every copy reaching not one, but many buyers! After profound deliberation the judges awarded the "cover page" to Mr. J. V. Hurd and Mrs. William West as the "Far East" full page travel advt. in facsimile—lady tourist, jinriksha and Chinese coolie. "Inside covers" went to Miss Myra Bradwell Helmer as



"I FELT AS SAFE AS IF SITTING UPON A SHELTERED BALCONY"

Prestley S. Maclaughlin, M. F. O'Connell, F. R. Wing, N. S. Hurd, Frank Dillon, L. S. Brown, J. V. Hurd, L. D. Pierce and Dr. H. C. Perkins.

Not only dear little Dan Cupid, but the participants, enjoyed the evening for "hope springs eternal in the human breast", and like the short putt which always costs the match, the game we see when riding, or the big fish we lose, there still remains the ideal without which we cease to exist.

### MAKE-UP WAS PYED!

Nevertheless Advertisement Party at Holly Inn Fulfills a Two-fold Mission

The individual, editorially we might say pusson, laboring under the delusion that "nobody reads the advertisements" found a surprise in store at The Holly Inn

"Aunt Jemina's pancake flour", and Mr. F. G. P. Barnes as the "Cream of Wheat Chef", with "preferred positions" for Mrs. Barnes as "Korn Karo Syrup", Miss Lucile Wolf as the "Hanson-Jenks girl", and Mr. J. E. Pushee as the "Boston Globe man" of largest circulation.

On other pages were many old friends: Miss Bernadette Herman, as the "Dutch Cleanser" girl; Mrs. Frank Wight as "Heinz's 57 Varieties"; Mr. N. S. Hurd and Miss Ethel Check, as "Baker's Chocolate"; Mrs. C. S. Waterhouse, as "Poland Water"; Mr. Mason Evans, as "Arm and Hammer Brand" soda; Mr. C. G. Taylor, as "Taylor's Rye", Dr. H. C. Perkins, as "Wilson's; that's all"; Miss Helen Brown, as "Onyx Hoisery"; little Adaline Corey, as "Jap-a-lac"; "little Betty Fownes, as "Pinehurst"; little

(Concluded on page three)

## PINEHURST FROM THE SKY

### Charles Evans, Jr., Draws Dainty Pen Picture of Aeroplane Flight

Carolina the Noah's Ark of Childhood and Village Exquisite Bas-relief in Monotone



CHARLES Evans, Jr., writes interestingly of his recent aeroplane flight here; a dainty pen picture of Pinhurst from the sky: \* \* \*

Before my ascent I imagined the most acute feeling, on leaving my old friend, the earth, would be fear; the shuddering, awesome, sort of fear which assails a boy when passing a cemetery on a dark night. On the contrary, as we rose into the air, hovering gently as it seemed above the pine-woods, a profound sensation of security came over me, and while the rush of air was tremendous and the revolutions of the high-power motor deafening, I felt as safe as if sitting upon a sheltered balcony.

The world we were leaving became very small; a strange little toy world. The great Carolina hotel, was the Noah's Ark of my childhood, the crowd of people, except for the white dresses of the ladies, a regiment of toy soldiers and the tall pines, tiny, artificial trees such as the Germans send us.

The Village itself was an exquisite bas-relief in monotone and sparkling pin points, the golf links, a beautiful stretch of soft green, with strange square inserts to mark the putting greens, and the winding roads, silver ribbons; with the surrounding landscape stretching on and on, like the ocean, to infinity; every note of color with its value and in perfect harmony with the whole.

### Sunday Evening's Concert

Sunday evening's concert was delightfully rendered; the program varied in its character:

March from the Lenore Symphony	Raff
Overture "Berlin in Joy and Sorrow"	Conrad
Menuett	G. Bolzoni
Cello Solo "Berceuse from Jocelyn"	Godard
Anitra's Dance	Grieg
O! Sole Mio	Di Capua
Selections from La Tosca	Puccini

### Enjoyed by Entire Village

Saturday evening's hop at The Inn was a merry one enjoyed by the entire Village; Paul Jones, Jerusalem and Virginia reel figures adding to its pleasure.