

"PINEHURST FOREVER"

Golfers Pledge Eternal Loyalty at Carolina New Year's Banquet

Music, Songs, Responses, Good Cheer
and Merrymaking Speed the Old
and Welcome Present Year



TUESDAY evening's banquet at the Carolina served a happy and a dual purpose as a farewell to the old year and a greeting to the new, drawing together a congenial company of "golfers"—and here the term is all inclusive. As toastmaster Mr. William C. Freeman was at his best, informal responses by Messrs. William A. Barber, Herbert Barber, T. B. Boyd, R. N. Jewett, D. W. Cooke, T. J. Check, J. C. Platt, Archibald Watson and Dr. S. G. Gant interspersed with orchestral selections, songs and merrymaking.

Over sixty were gathered at the attractively decorated tables; the souvenir favors tiny silk American flags significant of the sentiment of the evening so aptly expressed by the toastmaster—"Pinehurst Forever!" The menu was Chef Milgate's best; the delicacies in type but suggestive:

Blue Points	
Clear Green Turtle, Cognac	
Fresh Salmon, Mousseline	Cucumbers
Pommes, Gastronomie	
Roast Milk-fed Chicken	
Mashed Potatoes	Green Peas
Cranberry Sauce	
Crème de Menthe Punch	
Broiled Quail on Toast, Grape Jelly	
Jullenne Potatoes	
Lettuce and Tomato Salad	
Peach Ice Cream	Assorted Cake
Toasted Crackers and Cheese	
Coffee	

POLO SQUADS LINE UP

Gymnastics Make Preliminary Play Interesting for All Concerned

Six enthusiasts lined up for preliminary polo practise early in the week and there wasn't a dull moment from start to finish. ¶ "Don't necessarily have to be polo to be interesting, does it?" queried Referee Twitty, and Mr. Twitty was right.

For variety were a few acrobatic manoeuvres in the way of riding on the horse's neck with the ears for reins, or seeing how near one could sit to the tail; with fleeting glimpses of distant Aberdeen between seat and saddle when the ponies stopped too suddenly.

Mr. Twitty thinks his pupils may try a practise game when they have learned the difference between the polo ball and each other's heads, and are less inclined to think that football rules apply. Be that as it may, it is lots of fun for all concerned.

Here for the Holidays

Master Richard S. Tufts and Miss Esther Tufts spent the Holidays with their parents, Mr and Mrs. Leonard Tufts.

PUPPY WINS HIS CHEVRONS

Is Proudest Hound in Pack When the Race is Run

Wednesday's run was the feature of the week's fox hunting, a captured red fox providing a rattling chase. ¶ Released north of the kennels Reynard swung wide with a good lead, but strong trail, finally showing up on the number one golf course where, for half an hour, he provided entertainment for players with clever tricks to throw the pack: railroad track walking, bunker jumping and doubling.

Thus engaged, one of the puppies who had dropped out of the hunt, put in an appearance and crossed over to make the acquaintance of the stranger. For a few minutes the pair jockeyed on the "after you my dear Alphonse" plan and then sat down on their haunches for inspiration. Puppy got the first idea and suggested tag with a wide and playful circle which disgusted Reynard who recalling business of importance, trotted off. Puppy followed, teasing, unmindful of rebuff.

Then from afar off came a murmur as of rushing water. Down the wind it swept with increasing volume, resolving itself into the steady, persistent, relentless music of the pack. Puppy barked joyfully, beckoned his new found friend to follow and scampered off to join the chase, casting wistful glances backward. For a moment Reynard watched with ears up, then galloped off down the hard clay road with his lips wreathed in a whimsical grin.

Ten minutes later the pack appeared with Puppy well up in front. Reynard's doubles counted for naught, for like a flash it had all come back to Puppy: His unsociable chance acquaintance was what the pack was seeking! Picking up the hot scent the hounds gave cry; a death knell which roused Reynard snugly ensconced half a mile away. With the green glitter of defeat in his eyes he swung southward, but too late. Half an hour later the music ended in a distant swale. ¶ Foxy's last race was run.

And the proudest hound in the pack trotting homeward with tails erect, was the youngster wearing his first chevrons; "Puppy" no longer. ¶ Thus opportunity comes to many; man and beast!

Many Such Days as These

"Peace and Joy, both are here;
The Promise of a Coming Year!"

Surely such a day as Wednesday must have suggested these words; perfection from dawn's matin chant to night's sweet symphony. Many such days as these the season holds in trust for visitors; days which linger long in memory for the congenial colony gathered in this the Land of Sunshine!

Shooting Claims Many

Sharp, quick reports of smokeless at the Gun Club grounds indicate the popularity of trap shooting and the range of those who enjoy it is large. ¶ In the quail covers also, many of the colony are spending perfect January days; the average bags excellent.



WINCHESTER

Rifles and Cartridges

A man who travels the distance and incurs the expense generally necessary to get into big game hunting country should not run the risk of having his time, money and effort all go for naught by taking a rifle or cartridges that may fail him at the supreme moment. The surest way to guard against such a disappointing experience is by equipping with a Winchester rifle and Winchester make of cartridges. They come as near to being infallible as guns and ammunition can be made. Not only are they dependable, but they are made in calibers suitable for hunting all kinds of game. Remember

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