

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 17, 1917

FIVE CENTS

THE ANNUAL BANQUET

Tin Whistles Hold Merry Session at the Country Club

W. L. Milliken, Leonard Tufts, Donald Ross, Channing M. Wells and Others Addressed the Clan



AND now on Thursday, the 18th of March, hard from the field of battle, all the Tin Whistles assembled under Old Glory to the strains of Auld Lang Syne for the Annual Banquet and re-joining. The big ball room in the Club House was garlanded and festooned for the occasion. Bright sparkled the vintage, and loud carolled the full cry and

many and merry were the greetings as the old familiar figures made their triumphant entry.

Hardly had the refreshing bivalves gone their way than the fun began. Pop Fownes arose to renew his youth and immortalize the fame of "Alfalfa Hay." The difficult and unfamiliar refrain was readily taken up by the skillful board, to everyone's satisfaction except T. B. Boyd, who considered the motif uncalled for so soon after the passing of his favorite cigar.

Thus encouraged Oscar J. Klose of the mighty voice out of Chicago, led the club in mighty chorus rendering the masterpiece of the year written for the occasion by the club, Angus S. Hibbard, to the tune of "I Love a Lassie."

GOLF IS THE GRAND OLD GAME
I have a driver, a bonny, bonny driver,

You should see me with it standing on the tee;

When my arms begin a swinging,
Then the ball it goes a singing -
Just as far as any honest man can see.
And then I have a brassy,
It's a club so mighty classy
That I know the shot will surely go
a mile,
Then my chest is all puffed out
And I hear my caddy shout,
"He's a Golfer, he's just the proper
style."

CHORUS

Come every golfer, take off your cap
and doff her
To the ancient and honorable name,
For it's ever fair weather,
When golfers get together,
Golf is the grand old game.

I have a mashie, a bonny, bonny mashie,
With a half a swing the ball's up to
the hole,
And the ripping, roaring fun
When I'm up and down in one,
Which is just the truth, it is, upon my
soul.

And then the darling putter, there's
No word that you can utter

OFFICIAL WAR PICTURES

Famous Artist and His Wife Will Lecture Upon Scenes at the Front in France

What Becomes of Frontier Children When Contending Armies Blast Their Way Through the Country



WHAT became of the children when von Kluck's army swept over the fields and homes of France towards Paris in 1914. Who keeps care of the tens of thousands of orphans and wandering little fugitives from the battle-fields?

If you were to visit the lines at the front, and had a sympha-

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THE TIN WHISTLES