

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 22, 1917

FIVE CENTS

THE OPENING MATINEE

Hurd Takes First Money and the Honors in the Running Game

Dixie Alcantara Canters Away from the Field. Are Amm Bee Comes Back to Lead the Way



THE JOCKEY CLUB season was formerly opened by Nat Hurd. Hurd was first, last and all the time when it settled down as to "who's who and why." Those who saw the races on the brisk sunny afternoon of December 5th know, but for the benefit of the unfortunate who did not take the opportunity here is the way it was.

Hatto was scratched, which left three horses in the Innaugral Purse, 4 1-2 Furlongs for Thoroughbreds, Kinder Lou with Hurd up, Little Pop with Smith up, and Marian H. ridden by Thomas. After a lot of running up and down the track and trying to get started, they finally were off. Hurd took the pole with Thomas right after him and neck and neck they came around the track until the turn when Hurd sprang into the lead and held it to the finish.

Not being satisfied with one purse, Hurd went right after the Guests Purse in 3-8 mile dash, and started off by heading Rex to a lead which he held until the tape. Nellie with Thomas up won second place and Cameron rode Lassie C a hard race to third place. The pride of the Pinehurst Stables, known the world over as Are Amm Bee showed the field the dust in the 2.15 Pace for the "Mabel Trask Purse." Walter C. gave chase each heat but the best he could do was to push the champion to his limit.

ALCANTARA CANTERS AWAY

When a man believes he has a good horse he will stay around to prove it, so our old friend of the recent fair races, Dr. James showed that there is nothing like trying. In the 2.22 trot driving Dixie Alcantara he finished fourth in the first heat which was won by Dick McKinney driven by Reeves. The second heat was very prettily run, the field keeping well bunched together till well towards the finish, when Dixie Alcantara and Dick McKinney pulled away from the rest. Then the doctor gave his favorite the high sign and Dixie developed the speed and reach of neck sufficient to

win by an ell.

The last and deciding heat was just as thrilling all the way around, but towards the finish Dixie Alcantara decided to vindicate her inheritance, and fairly boiled away from the flying squadron, a handsome and safe winner of the event.

TRAVELLOR TAKES THE HURDLES

Put four darkies on the same number of horses and tell them they have to win the race or bust, can you imagine what will happen. And it happened at Pinehurst on the same afternoon. The Steeplechase was begun by Travelor with Williams up starting off with a rush followed by Wells riding Sam. It looked from the grandstand as if it was going to be a dead heat from the way those boys stuck together. Hoof for hoof they went over the hurdles until Williams felt

seconds, out of a board about five feet long seven nails, hammer and saw, a chair was brought forth, and the grand stand applauded. Very good Eddie.

CHRISTMAS TREES

For Local White and Colored Children

Those who are interested in giving a war Christmas Tree to the three hundred children around Pinehurst, who otherwise would have little Christmas Cheer, are asked to leave their contributions at the desk of their Hotel or hand same to Rev. T. A. Cheatham.



NEW RESIDENCE OF MR. AND MRS. DONALD PARSON

that something must be done to win the race, and whatever he did was pretty sufficient, as Travellor shot ahead for a short lead and held it to the wire. George with Dixon up won third place, leading John Henry on Gatherer by a jump.

A RECORD IN CABINET WORK

Wonders and Hobbies, they are back again—the tree choppers. And they sure can chop. It took exactly two minutes and four seconds for the best man to chop thru fourteen inches of solid pine wood. Take the money Rufus. That man Picquet can certainly pick out some novelties in the contest line. Not satisfied with bringing on such an extraordinary thing as a tree chopping, he brings forth the immortal Chair making contest. In the short time of one minute and 17

The Opening Shoot

The Gun Club was the scene of the first formal trap shoot of the Season last Tuesday afternoon. It was the first of the Weekly Trap events scheduled to run through the Season. These events are pulled off for substantial prizes, and are run on a handicap system.

Commander G. A. Elia shooting with an allowance of twenty-five, took first place with a net score of 94 out of a possible 100 targets. Jay Hall shooting with a handicap of four squeezed second place from under the guns of G. M. Howard, the Scratch man, whose 88 in turn was seven points better than G. A. McGoon, his nearest competitor.

A SHERIFF'S POSSE

Repels a Threatened Invasion at the Lumber River

Men Familiar With the Handling of Firearms and Life in the Open Called to Volunteer



THINGS have come to a pretty pass when the wild fowl and the game birds of the inner fastnesses adopt the principles of Kulture and mobilize for the invasion of a peaceful and golf loving country, but that is what has come to pass. Numerous scouting parties have been reporting the presence of the sly and predatory Turkey snoopers around the very confines of the village, and spying upon the sacred precincts of the kennels and then laughing at the pheasants (in the park) yielding to the yoke.

This menace became so real that finally even the most optimistic of the pacifists were aroused to take some action. And although utterly unprepared for the invasion, Sheriff Knight gallantly called a volunteer posse, and set forth to hold Blues Bridge against the flying menace, even as Horatius of old. The ancient ordnance with its yards of barrel, tried and true, was taken down from the chimney jam. The B B shot and the powder horn, languishing this many a day dreaming of Kings Mountain and the final obsequies of myriads of stout bucks brought down with one ringing shot in the Piney Woods, were girded to his loins. And on his left side, and on his right side stood old veterans of the chase, survivors of those days when the prowling Turkey was a fixture in the landscape. Not forgetting the crafty and deceitful Artist, the treacherous interpreter and spy, the handler of the Turkey call, the man who understands the Turkish language, and lures the feather enemy into the ambush. He is the Camouflage artist of this war, the most important man in the ranks.

Daring a lowering sky and a pathless forest, a threat of snow and a certainty of darkness this intrepid band proceeded to the old line of defence of the Sandhill country, to the margins of that mysterious and alluring region surrounding the swift waters of the Lumber River. They took the counsel of Carl Buchan,

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