

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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FIVE CENTS

THAT WONDERFUL FAIR

Pageant and Victory Parade Celebrate
Before Thousands

Governor Bickett Addresses Berk-
shire Convention Holding
Memorable Hog Show



AND NOW WE KNOW and will tell all that will hearken what makes a fair. It is the boys and girls—primarily the country girls—that lend the charm and color and the action and the devoted work that ac-

counts for the thousand jitneys that streamed down the roads of Moore County all last Thursday morning, and taxed the brave array of the Reserve Militia to its utmost in endeavor to marshal them single file into the parking ground.

Probably next to these same girls themselves, garlanded and arrayed in the brilliant regalia of the coming dances, the automobiles made the single most astonishing exhibit. Lined up for a third of a mile, three or four deep across the arena, they afforded a spectacle that no man would have believed could be produced out of the sticks.

A JINNEY CIRCUS

When the whole cantonment turns out, including every grandmother and every tottling within riding distance, and flood forty acres of ground; when the track is humming with the rush of horses, and the air full of bursting hickory nuts—by which one can tell that Annie Oakley is again at her favorite pursuit—and the offing is full of \$10,000 hogs, and the hot-dog man is working overtime, and the outlying buildings are popping with the myriad harvests of the fertile fields; when the band is playing and the babies are yelling and the companies manoeuvring, and the tractors a-plowing for dear life, and the school boys turning hand-springs to the fierce barking of the drill sergeant—it's a pretty howdydo to write a consecutive narrative. Your reporter felt like a special correspondent at the front in the midst of a counter attack in a thunderstorm. And so will go at it in the same spirit.

So, let us begin at the top, and hail the performance as a great victory of the plateau and the fellowship of the happy people. The grand prize we allot without hesitation to the field marshal and

propogandist, starter, barker, and professional goat, Charlie Piequet, who mobilized the host. And thereafter the forces went into action at his command in something of the following order.

FAST COMPANY FROM EUREKA

The drum major threw a fit, the little drummer knocked a hole in the bass drum, and Captain Plane led the husky platoon of his Farm Life School boys into the ring on the run. Ensued an exhibition of military gymnastics that constituted a complete and final argument for universal service. The youngsters showed the stamina and the boundless energy of monkeys on the loose, turning handsprings, somersaults, double dips and tumbling acts with the abandon of Japanese aerobats. From this they proceeded to hold a field day of track



SEEN AT THE FAIR

athletics. If I am any judge of these performances, they would have given any school league in the Union a hard run. When Thomas of Sandorf covers 100 yards on a dirt track in a pair of sneakers in 10¾ seconds, and pole vaults 9½ feet with a hickory branch in the sand he wouldn't have to ask any odds at Soldiers' Field or the Cherry Diamond. Dwight Sykes cleared five and a half feet high jump, and Hurdler Lobdelia Seagrove led the way over the timber for 220 yards in 30 seconds.

A SHOOTING PIECE OF MACHINERY

Annie Oakley—the Annie Oakley—was then ordered to advance on the flank, which she did, armed to the teeth with about ten rifles. Each rifle held six shots. Which accounts for the heavy casualty list among flying walnuts, marbles and pin heads, mashed potatoes, punctured discs, and in all exactly sixty various revolving, running, and infinitesimal objects that she took a fancy

against while the ammunition lasted. The consensus of opinion upon this performance was expressed by an old turkey hunter who asked Frank Butler if it was true she was his wife. Frank said it was. "Well," said the veteran, "you sure have got a piece of shooting machinery."

Now everybody knows that a prevailing feature of any Southern gathering lies in the burning question which horse can beat another. And it was thoroughly demonstrated this day in tearing chariot races and running bouts, over the hurdles and under the wire. The races are a subject in themselves, and will have to be treated elsewhere by a follower of the turf. Suffice to say that they constituted a major event on the program each day, and held the eye and strained the voice

THE OPENING MATCH

Hall and Smith Beat Bogey and
the Host

Tin Whistle Club Christens a New
Champion on Golf Course



THE ANCIENT and honorable, the advance guard of the Tin Whistle battalions opened their campaign on the Pinehurst links last Saturday. The contest was a line-up for a raid on Bogey with twenty-three entries on the virgin No. 2 course, and under a smiling heaven.

In spite of a formidable reserve in the shape of well-gauged handicaps, Bogey got the best of it, as is his custom. Nevertheless, eight of the old-time champions led him home to the locker, and a very close finish for the day's trophy developed. W. B. Hall, of Youngstown, wielding an allowance of 25 came packing home with a hundred and five, a net medal of 79, and three holes to the good. C. L. Becker was close at his heels, piling into the last cup with a gross 84, the best of the day's play, and a medal net of 76. But neither availed him. He was only 2 up at that, and tied with H. W. Ormsbee, whose even hundred thus brought him into the calcium ray.

"THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST."

Thus the matter stood until the last man packed his putters. But that last man was Colonel J. Ernest Smith, and he had a contribution to make. In spite of a poor start, due to a refractory driver, he had made hash of his two partners, combined against him, and recorded a net of 79 which he so thoughtfully distributed that he also was 3 up on the card. This left him tied with Hall, and put Ormsbee and Becker into the discard.

Youngstown was not to be denied, however. On the playoff Hall held his pristine lead, and was awarded the first prize. The Colonel, of course, got the second.

Dr. J. S. Brown and John Staunbaugh were in the immediate vicinity at the finish, one up each, and T. A. Cheatham held his own, these constituting the survivors of Colonel Bogey's inevitable score.

SUMMARY—Played on No. 2 Course.—

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of the multitude.

THE LATE LAMENTED U-23

By Wednesday noon the landscape was ablaze with the myriad costumes of the arriving pageantry. The Sandhills was flooding in gala array, to parade for its own benefit, and for the glory of Foch, and the joy of victory. As the blazing sun passed the meridian the order for the advance came down the line, and Captain Cross, of the Sandford company, rang out his commands for the khaki clad militia to shoulder arms. With martial tread the ranks fell in behind the band and the advance guard, which consisted of a crestfallen replica of the late lamented U-23, pursued by the battle plane of Jim McConnel. Behind the soldiers the community floats slowly passed in review down the densely crowded track. The most striking tableau was entitled "Victory." Like herself, glorious to behold on a dias of

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