

SKY PILOTS

Given Rousing Reception at the Gun Club

Five Planes on Way South Enter-
tain Town With Dizzy
Acrobatics



WE WERE OUT hunting one perfect cloudless day last week where the bob-white congregate between the Mason and Pinehurst orchards, and had come to a pause on the brow of the hill overlooking the distant blue valley of Deep Creek, when Fry exclaimed in what Richard Washburne Child calls a tone of voice:

"Yonder they come!"

In our time we have heard him casually announce the discovery of a covey, the imminent departure of a drove of wild turkey, and even the exciting presence of a young buck. None of these had hastened his normal drawl a fraction of a second, or put any more pitch into his announcement than is usual in a blessing. So when his eyes danced and his words sang with the exultant peal of a bugle, we sprang to arms and attention, expecting a Bengal tiger or a herd of elephants—nothing less.

We followed his gaze into the depths of the blue overhead, and joined him in wrapped wonder, with somewhat the same feeling with which the Northern woodsmen are wont to pay respect to one of the most thrilling spectacles of the wilderness—the passing of the flying squadron of heaven—the triangular formation of the Canada geese heading for the Gulf.

There they were, seen here for the first time in the history of the work a replica of the most typical picture painted on the skies in the Great War—a flight of army aeroplanes.

Five in all, manned by seven lieutenants and two mechanics under a captain. They were making for Columbia from the aviation camp at Hampton, Virginia. With the eagle eye of their profession they had spotted the big field beyond the station as a good place to settle, and the village of Pinehurst as a propitious neighborhood in which to tarry.

If they had as good a time out of it as we did they will never regret the engine trouble that held them lingering under the pines for three days. The great engines were hardly parked in towering array before the news ran riot through the colony—and by seven o'clock a contingent of the belles of the resort flanked by a solid phalanx of visiting captains of infantry, artillery and cavalry were framing a proper welcome of ham and eggs and divers brews over the bright coals in the big fireplace at the Gun Club. By eight o'clock everyone had been acquainted for a lifetime, more or less, and thirty strong were mingling

the stories of battles with present toasts and a mighty chorus.

It so happened that it was preeminently aviation night—presided over by Mrs. William Mitchell, whose husband, the General, is in active command of all our flying forces at the front. Great were the reminiscences and stories thereof. And it so happened a flock of cars appeared upon the scene, and in holiday mood the whole assembly repaired to the polished floors of the Carolina ball room, and celebrated until the narrowing hours to the cyncopated roll of the drum.

Nor was that the end. For on the following morning the timid Ethiopian might be seen seeking shelter under the station steps, against the almost certain concussion of a lunatic gymnast in the air. Loops and dips and dizzy drops, tail spins and head whirls, and no man can say what volcanic gyration enthralled the populace for hours, while Capt. James showed the paces of his wind riding steed.

And finally when they did go, sinking like a cloud in the silent summer heaven, they left behind them a pleasant memory, and a peaceful glimpse of war.

Seven Golden Golf Rules

The seven golden rules of the golf drive, as prescribed by Harry Vardon, are as follows:

1. Keep the head steady and do not let the left heel turn outward, then the body can only wind up when the arms go back.

2. Grip firmest with the thumbs and forefingers—they are not so well adapted as the other fingers to the purpose of taking a strong hold, and they are the most important of all for the purpose of the golf grip.

3. Let the club head lead, the left wrist turning inward, the arms following the club head and the right hip screwing next.

4. Don't throw the arms forward as you start to come down as though you were mowing grass. Rather throw them back, and let them come around in their own way from that point.

5. Let the movement of the right shoulder be steady and rhythmic; it should have nothing in the nature of a sudden drop or jerk.

6. Don't be afraid to hit hard; if you are swinging correctly, hard hitting is not "pressing."

7. Keep your head still until the club has struck the ball.

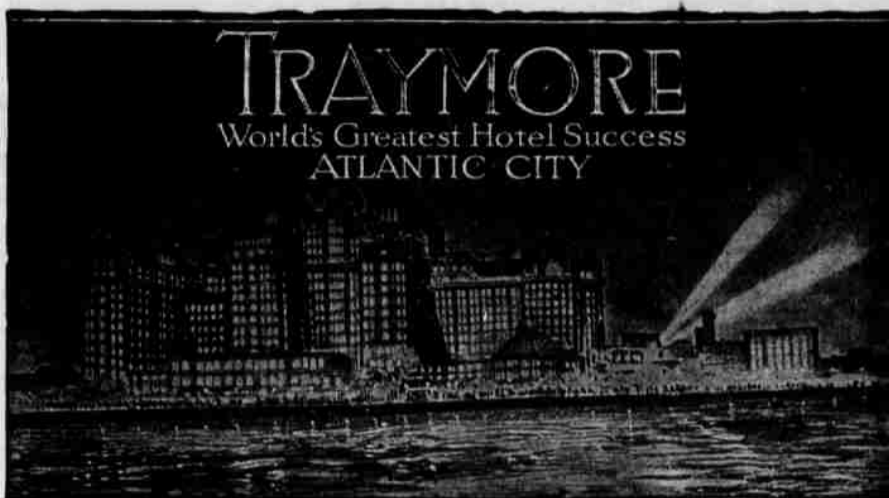
Christmas Trees

Will be provided this year as usual for about four hundred native white and colored children living in and around Pinehurst. Contributions may be left at the Hotel Office or handed to the Rev. T. A. Cheatham.

We cannot administer the food problem on the basis of the present food shortage. We must prepare for long continuance of this shortage.

America can ship 50 per cent more food this year if we are all 50 per cent better Americans.

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