

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 21, 1918

FIVE CENTS

MELOS TOPS THE TIMBERS

Brilliant Colors in Thoroughbred Run
Reminiscent of Ascot

Uncle Sam Vindicated, and Front
Royal, Genevieve, Gentry Dictator
Maud Tero Share First Monies



A RED CROSS on a blue field, shining on the back of Nibbs' little black jockey, Wells, flashed under the wire amid a storm of cheers, and the great two-mile steeple chase was a thing of history. The story is one of a long stern chase, in which the redoubtable Little Horn, premier hurdler of the Pinehurst track, fought gallantly to overcome a five length lead for the better part of the two miles.

It was the first big meet of the Jockey Club, held on the Pinehurst Track last Wednesday afternoon, December 18th. A particularly thrilling program came to its climax when the Little Horn, with Diamond up, Preston's whitefooted racer Abden, Poran, Hurd's new find the veteran Melos, lined up for the jumps. Poran and Melos, the two brown coats, got the jump, and made off in the van together, taking stride for stride and leap for leap for the better part of a mile. Abden, apparently a little out of condition, sauntered along casually in the rear, while the great Hurd mare started out to challenge the leaders.

LITTLE HORN'S GAME FINISH

Poran, who in this race made his debut over the hurdles, seemed to have plenty of bottom, but was either not interested in the occasion or had not yet been trimmed down to battle form. Anyway, he was directly left in the lurch, while the Little Horn flashed into the limelight and took up the battle with the flying Melos. Twice the mare surged up within a fraction of the lead—and twice failed to hold the gain. She responded gamely to the call for the final dash, and made a hard finish of it. But Melos won. Abden, with the easy stride of a champion out for exercise, pulled away from Poran and diminished the open distance by half, ending a good third, but so far not really dangerous.

FRONT ROYAL TO THE FRONT

Even more of a picture, and suggestive of the historic pageantry of the track,

was a thoroughbred mile and sixteenth run by six entries, all of them new to the Jockey Club. The brilliant colors worn by the riders, and the rush of the squadron flashing by the stand, the thunder of hoofs and the yelling of the crowd was reminiscent of the Ascot, and the elder days in Kentucky. Farnsworth's Front Royal led a hot performance for a mile, and then cut loose for keeps. At this stage there developed one of those spectacles dear to the follower of the turf. The diminutive Butter, delight of the grandstand, held Nibbs' big brown Counsel in fourth place. But at the turn from this position he challenged everything in sight, and in a whirlwind finish passed Ray-O-Light and Clifffield on the jump, and made after Front Royal to such good

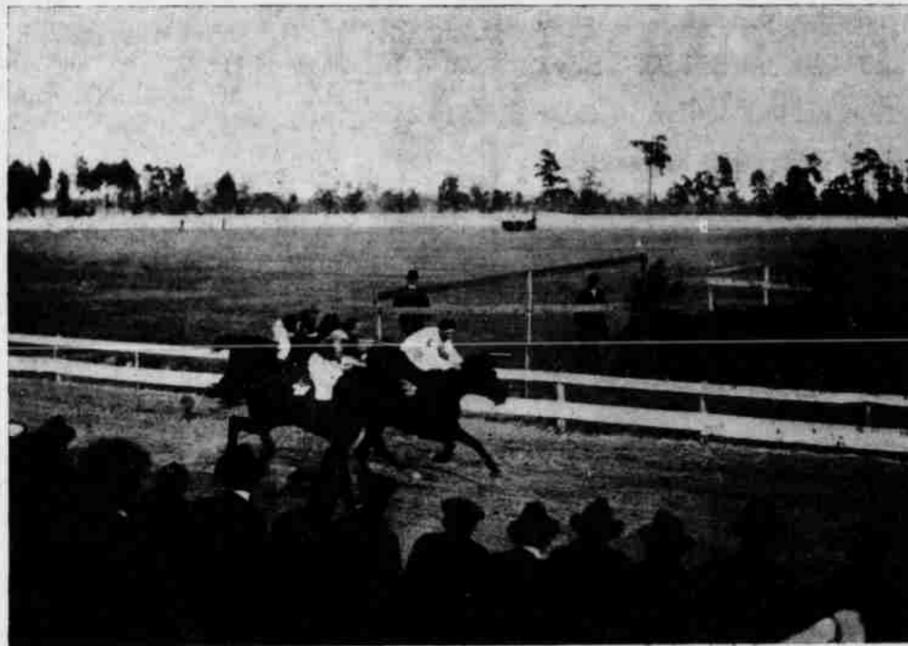
than sawing his own wood.

NAT HURD GIVES AN EXHIBITION

Nat Hurd, up on his own Genevieve, made an exhibition of a perfectly ridden race, and won the weekly prize in the guests' event in faultless form. Lieutenant P. S. McKinney, of Pittsburg, got the best start on Kinder Lou, and held it as far as second place over Lambert Splane, whose resplendant yellow and red regalia travelled in a length to the good over Louis Rutherford on one of Tufts' new entries called Drawn.

A CLEAN PAIR OF HEELS

Gentry Dictator showed his heels to the assembled pacing and trotting champions in the main event twice in succession and took first money without debate in 1.10 for the half. Thomas driving Direct Bell and Wilcox behind Fond



A CLOSE FINISH AT THE JOCKEY CLUB

purpose that with another five jumps to spare he certainly would have made it. Ray-O-Light passed under third, Clifffield fourth, George Roach fifth, and Disturber last. At that the Disturber was not far enough behind the winner for there to be anything to spare.

THE HORSE OF THE HOUR

The horse of the day was Preston's Uncle Sam. As the stable boys remark with unctious: There IS a horse. Burns brought him swinging home at a torrential pace in the five-eighth flat half a length before Lady Betty, travelling as even and steady as the Empire State express. It was a match race in which James Tufts' new entry, Machese, a hard running little black racer, edged the veteran Molly O out of place, and in which Houston's McAdams brought up the rear—probably because Houston was busier about bothering his neighbor

Memory divided the second purse, each holding the second and third place once. Saretta May, Bryant's fast little bay, made a bad day of breaking, and so did not have a look-in.

THE STARTER TAKES A HAND

The Junior pacing race was a slow race. Slow in starting. For the better part of ten minutes the drivers overdid the jockeying for position stunt, and would probably be at it yet except for some prompt and vigorous language by Fred Shreve from the judges stand. He talked to them like a Dutch uncle, to the vast delight of the grandstand, and so finally got them off into a couple of pretty heats which demonstrated to all concerned the supremacy and money-making power of Maud Tero. Wilcox driving Cochran's Morine was the worst offender in the starting business, and

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SHANNON AND BROWN

Share the Week's Trophies With
Houston and Du Puy

In Four Ball Medal Play of the Tin
Whistle Golf Club Held
Last Tuesday



WE HAVE BEEN wondering where Shannon was while the prizes have been distributed these last few weeks. In the present running any prophet would be betraying his clients who neglected to slate Shannon for a place. Well, he appeared in full war paint on the links Tuesday, playing in the strong combination with Dr. J. S. Brown of Montclair. The occasion was a Tin Whistle golf tournament, medal play, four ball combined score handicap. It was played in two classes over Number 2. The partners were drawn by lot, and this arrangement developed into a fierce contest between three pairs for the honors of the day. Playing with an allowance of 20 Shannon and Brown squeaked under the net wire with a total of 161—just one better than C. L. Becker and J. B. Eiseman and L. D. Pierce and C. B. Fownes. Pierce and Fownes made the hardest fight of the day. They chalked up the best actual medal of the contest, a gross of 176, and ran into Becker and Eiseman in the net of 162. This leaves us still to record the outcome of second place.

With the same score that made second place in the first flight, and so only one more stroke than the best made at all, H. S. Houston, of Holyoke, and J. A. Du Puy struck out for first place in the junior division, and got it by a margin of two over Colonel H. W. Ormsbee and Harry G. Waring.

THE SUMMARY:

FIRST DIVISION

Shannon and Brown	181	20	161
Becker and Eiseman	186	24	162
Pierce and C. B. Fownes	176	14	162
Phillips and Mallinson	186	20	166
Sandforth and Danforth	198	31	167
Seggerman and LeRoy	193	24	169
Hudson and Lancaster	195	25	170
H. C. Fownes and Rumsey	200	29	171

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