

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

VOL. XXIII. NO. 5

JANUARY 14, 1920

PRICE 10 CENTS

ADVERTISERS ARRIVE AT THE FIRST FAINT 'STREAK OF DAWN

Those of us who were up early enough Saturday morning were treated to an unusual spectacle. The train from Aberdeen was *two hours early*. The natives residing along the railroad line rubbed their eyes in amazement at the sight of seven solid Pullman cars coming into town at this unheard-of hour. A wise and far-seeing railroad executive had provided two locomotives and an extra baggage car to haul the advertising interests and their golf clubs up the hill from Aberdeen, but in the mad haste to get to these happy golfing grounds they failed to forewarn the management of the Carolina Hotel that they would be on hand for breakfast. And the result was that when the Winter Leaguers stepped forth from their train they found nary a soul to greet them, nor a sign of life in the village.

Undismayed they began a mass attack on The Carolina. The one solitary bell hop on duty fainted at the sight of the invaders. The alarm was sounded. Clerks sprang to their posts. Commander Lacks dispatched the buss to the station to capture as many guests as could be found. The mountain of baggage and golf bags was no sooner unscrambled than the legions of the advertisers shifted their attack to the golf links, where they laid down a pitiless barrage of golf balls.

It is difficult to deal with such tactics. The Advertising Interests still held the fort. They refuse to be dislodged from the golf links, and Pinehurst surrenders willingly.

THE HOLLY INN OPENS ITS HOSPITABLE DOORS

There is a flag now flying on the Village Green and the sound of gay music floats across the street even to our Inner Sanctum, which signifies that The Holly Inn is now open.

Informally, The Inn has been open since the 8th. A kind hearted manager opened at that date in order to take in guests beating at the doors and unwilling to wait for the furbelows and formality of the 10th. These guests came and endured the odor of paint, and the sound of the hammer and saw, and the clatter of moving furniture, rather than wait for the appointed hour. This is complimentary.

Old guests, on entering the lobby, will stare in amazement at the beauty of the new decorations. The lobby is newly lighted, and painted in white; newly papered in a pale buff shade and curtained with filmy deep-red draperies.

In the music room and in the parlors the decorator elected to hang lovely gold-colored silk curtains. There are full length mirrors at one end of the hall, and here ladies will gather after dinner and congest traffic unless one of those new yellow "No Parking Here" signs be installed at that point. The dining room is a heavenly vision in white—spotless, dainty, quiet, refined.

And over all preside Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald with great personal charm and unbounded hospitality. The famous Deschanel is in the kitchen, and his French concoctions are the pride of the house. The staff includes Mr. Wm. Kelly, Room Clerk; Miss Katharine Jones, Stenographer, Miss Lucy D. Perkins, Cashier; Mr. Henry Easton, Night Clerk; Mr. Earle Bedell, Front Clerk; Mr. Roy W. Bowles, Head Waiter; Mr. Harold Themmen, Steward; Mr. Paul Anstey, Head Bellman and Miss Belle Fitzgerald, Housekeeper.

MID-WINTER HANDICAP SHOOT STARTS ON THE 19th

The Thirteenth Annual Mid-Winter Trapshooting Tournament opens at Pinehurst on Monday, January 19th, and closes on Saturday, the 23rd. The remarkable sum of \$10,000 will be distributed to winners in cash and trophies.

Monday is practice day.

On Tuesday begins the Average Event, 450 targets at 16 yards, the last 75 targets of which will be thrown on Friday.

The Preliminary Handicap will be shot on Thursday and the Mid-Winter Handicap, the culminating event of the tournament, is scheduled for Friday.

Saturday will be devoted to a Consolation Handicap and a 16-yard event. The Popular Bear Trap will be in commission all through the week.

One of the most popular features of this annual tournament is the Team Race between the East and the West. The winners will comprise the five highest scorers from either section of the country, based on the result of the 450 target contest at 16 yards. The membership of the competing teams will, of course, change from day to day as different guns break into the "top five" on each side. The dividing line between the East and the West will be the western boundary of the States of Michigan,

Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee and Mississippi. Many of the best shots of the West will be on hand this year and will do their best to reverse the result of last year's team race, which went to the Eastern team.

PROMISING PUPILS OF ANNIE OAKLEY BLAZE AWAY AT THE GUN CLUB

It was evident from the very beginning that the contest for final honors was between Mrs. Lawrence Barr, of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Mrs. E. M. Carter, of Eastbourne, England. These two are the best among the fair scholars of the Shooting School; they make bulls-eyes with a nonchalance that keeps you guessing and they thing nothing of making 140, or more.

This time Mrs. Barr and Mrs. Carter were tied at 144. What did they do? Flip up a coin? Decidedly not. They grabbed their guns, called for ammunition and fought to the bitter end and the gallery watched breathlessly. Mrs. Carter shot first. In less time than it takes to tell about it, she had banged away fifteen times with all the bravado of a professional. Mrs. Barr then picked up her pet Winchester and shot slowly and deliberately. Her methods usually are most successful. But this time Mrs. Carter had the edge on her by a margin of four points, and with appropriate ceremony the little gold rifle was awarded to her and there was something about the scene that reminded one of a brave doughboy being decorated for valor.

Mrs. L. F. F. Wanner took third place with a score of 138.

Mrs. Barr lost the Weekly Prize, but she was not to be denied the handsome Special Prize donated by Mrs. Wanner to the woman making the three highest scores during the week. Mrs. Wanner presented Mrs. Barr with a marmalade jar. The winning high scores for the week were 144, 143 and 142.

BANKER'S CONVENTION TO BE HELD IN PINEHURST

The Executive Council of the American Banker's Association have decided that their Spring meeting can be held in no better place than Pinehurst, N. C., and they are to be at the Carolina Hotel

for three days from April 27th to 30th inclusive. There are 210 members of the council and with the members of their families which will probably accompany them there should be around 300 people in the party. This will about fill The Carolina during the last three days of the season.

Perhaps the bankers do not know it, but they have elected to come to Pinehurst during the loveliest season of the year. The Pinehurst season begins in November. It ends in May, and if we were asked which is the most delightful month of all on the Pinehurst calendar we should unhesitatingly say April. November and April are the best months to enjoy Pinehurst, because the town is not crowded. The height of the season finds more entertaining, more social activity, more of the bustle, splendor and whirl of the mob, but for downright enjoyment there is no time like the early and late season. The golf links are *not* crowded. The weather is *supurb*. Pinehurst habitues are fast realizing this. Ask the old timers. They know.

Richard S. Hawes, of St. Louis, is president of the Association. John S. Drum, vice-president of the Savings and Union Trust Company of San Francisco, Thomas B. McAdams, vice-president of the Merchant's National Bank of Richmond Va., are first and second vice-presidents, respectively.

POLO TO BE REVIVED AGAIN THIS SEASON

The news that the outlook for polo is very rosy once more will be welcome to those in Pinehurst who remember how delightful a feature this used to be in past seasons and perforce abandoned during the war. It would appear that the palm for winter polo goes to Southern California, but we see no reason why Pinehurst should not meet satisfactorily all that is required by the polo players to enable them to establish themselves here as their winter home. Pinehurst has the right climate and soil conditions and suitable equipment at the race track. It is easily accessible. It has unrivalled hotels. It has a winter colony hopelessly addicted to racing, horse shows and fox-hunting, and all that is needed is some one to give it a boost and show the way and the whole resort will support it enthusiastically.

The arrangements have been entrusted to Captain A. Loftus Bryan. He hails from County Wexford, Ireland, where from early youth he has hunted and played polo, training his own hunters and ponies. When the war came on Bryan had a commission in the South

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THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK is published weekly from November to May by The Outlook Publishing Co., Pinehurst, N. C.

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Subscription Price, \$2.00. Ten cents a copy.

Subscriptions will be continued on expiration unless the editor receives notice to the contrary.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Pinehurst, N. C.