

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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AMERICA LOSES IN HORSES' EXPORTATION

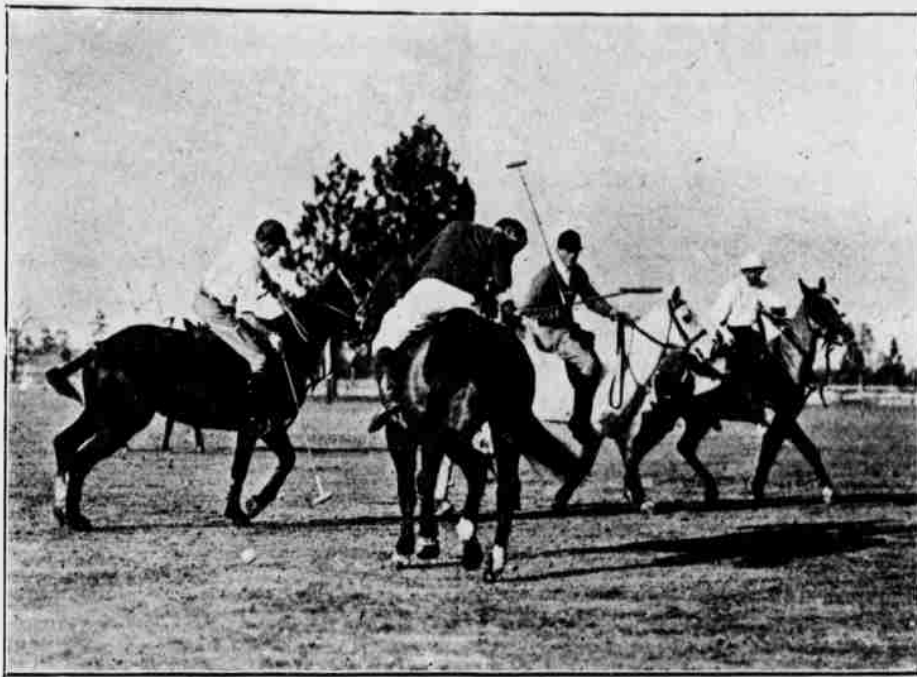
By W. H. Smollinger

Almost every day some new name is added to the list of fast American trotters sold for export and if the export is not checked before long we will begin to feel our losses severely, irrespective of the very sizeable sums of hard cash that remain with us in lieu of these horses. That is especially the case with the last notable instance—the sale of the black stallion Binland (2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$) to a horseman from Milan, Italy.

Binland, now seven years old, is, with the sole exception of Cresceus (2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$), by far the best and fastest standard-bred trotting stallion that has yet been bought by the foreigners. And as regards Cresceus, that famous horse was far past his prime when he found a new home in Russia—where he died, perhaps mercifully, in December, 1915, before the "red terror" had set in. Binland, however, is right now in his prime, and there is a very great likelihood that had he remained in this country, he would have in 1920 trotted to a faster record than that of Cresceus, even.

Our trotting breed, to date, has produced few such splendid specimens as Binland, whose breeder is W. L. Snyder, of Springfield, O., his sire being Binjolla (2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$), son of Bingen (2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$); while his dam was Alice Wren, by Ashland Wilkes (2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$). Alice Wren was for some years the favorite driving mare of Mr. Snyder, and he liked her so much that he determined to perpetuate her good qualities by raising some foals from her. As his son, the late John L. Snyder, was the owner of Binjolla, he mated her with that horse. She produced several times by him and then died prematurely while still comparatively young. Her first foal was a black colt that was named Binville and became a noted campaigner, winning many races over both mile and half-mile tracks, taking a record of 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$ and capturing over \$15,000 in stake and purse money. Binland, foaled in 1912, was two years younger than Binville, the two being brothers.

This past year he was unlucky. He started off by a really phenomenal performance, as in the very first week of the season, at Youngstown, O., July 5, he lowered the world's record for a stallion over a two-lap course from 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$. Those who witnessed the feat predicted that he would trot in two minutes before the season closed. But he had the misfortune, soon after, to become lame. He trotted one race in that condition, in which he was beaten by Aute Guy (2:04 $\frac{1}{4}$) and was then retired, as it was not thought wise to take



This shows Nat Hurd and the ball playing at hide and seek.

any chances of breaking him down. Rest soon removed this trouble and he fore fall came he was reported as good as new. Consequently his return to the turf in 1920 had been eagerly looked forward to. But his exportation ends all that.

The price paid for Binland by the Italians remains private, but it is known that it was a big one, probably in the neighborhood of \$15,000. But whatever it was, there is nothing left in America to duplicate him, consequently we suffer a distinct loss that cannot be replaced by money, when we bid him good-bye.

PINEHURST HOTELS ARE PRAISED FOR CLEAN- LINESS

Hotels at Pinehurst are highly commended for their cleanliness in a letter transmitted yesterday by Mr. John F. Gordon, hotel inspector, to Dr. F. M. Register, State Epidemiologist. The letter follows:

"The management of Pinehurst hotels is to be congratulated on their methods of maintaining sanitary conditions in all five of their hotels. The different hotels met every requirement of the State hotel law and score 100 per cent, or a perfect score, which entitles each hotel to a certificate from the State Board of Health designating it as excellent.

"All food handlers at Pinehurst

hotels have been medically examined and certified against infectious diseases. Altogether 175 employes were examined, 85 of which were employed in the Carolina Hotel alone.

"The hotels inspected are Carolina, Holly Inn, Berkshire, Pinecrest Inn, Country Club."

OUIMET NOT TO CAPTAIN MASS. GOLFERS

Francis Ouimet has decided definitely that he will not be Captain of the Massachusetts State team this year, says Pulver in the New York Globe, and has suggested that the captaincy might better be an honorary position, to be turned over to a man well acquainted with the capabilities of the golfers. Ouimet had the misfortune last fall to be unable to accompany the team to the National Links for the Lesley Cup matches. The duty of selecting a captain will be attended to shortly by Bart Stephenson, the Massachusetts Golf Association President.

The Bay State organization is also interested in the movement toward daylight saving. At the annual meeting it was announced that petitioners would be sent out to all the member clubs seeking their individual as well as united support in the movement. These petitions have been delayed because of a new move to have the Massachusetts Legislature pass a bill calling for saving for a period of seven months instead of five.

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HERBERT W. SUGDEN

Editor

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A TRIP TO PINEHURST

Edgar Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

Pinehurst, N. C., is the shrine to which every golfer hopes someday to make a pilgrimage. It is the winter resort of the enthusiast from which he returns every spring to tell the poor enthusiast at home of his marvelous performances on the links.

We had longed wished to see Pinehurst. Its beauties had been advertised to us, nor wrongly so. But it wasn't the blue sky nor the tall pines nor the summer sun in March that we wished most to see. We were burning with a desire to sneak in there and discover for ourselves whether or not these millionaires played the game as well as they have always told us they did.

At last we have seen the millionaire on his Pinehurst courses. We've seen the rich of Boston and Chicago and Cleveland and Des Moines and every other community which has rich citizens all gathered together endeavoring to make a wonderful score to go home and tell about.

We were nervous at first. Cast to play with two strange millionaires on our opening day was too much for us. "Here," we thought, "are two rich men who write home nightly to their poor friends up north telling of the 76 and 78 they made during the afternoon, and now we are to witness their actual play."

But in a minute or two we discovered the first millionaire with the same old half swing which he undoubtedly displayed at home; the second man of wealth humped his shoulders; took a death grip on his club, tied himself into a knot and plowed up the turf, and we heaved a sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness," we said, "we are at home. That is the sort of golf we understand."

The next day we were taken out by three other millionaires and again we discovered that it makes no difference how large the check a man may be able to write it doesn't follow that he can drive a golf ball any further than the chap with the perpetual overdraft.

So down to the end of the week. We watched millionaires morning, noon and night. They stood in groups on the tees and gave instructions to each other, just as they do at home. Now and then they forget to count the strokes taken in bunkers, just as they do at home and they walked up, after the game was over, and bought golf balls for the poorer financially but better golfer, just as they do at home.

We were in Pinehurst, N. C., the golfers' paradise, where all those wonderful scores we heard about last summer

(Continued on Page Ten)