

# THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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## THE TIN WHISTLES DINE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB

ON THE 10TH INSTANT, in the good year 1920, in the month of March, the assembled Tin Whistles and their friends sat themselves down in the ball room of the Country Club at their annual banquet, which is invariably a feast of reason and a flow of soul. With all Lucullan delights spread before them and with a never failing flow of wit and ice water—the latter a water hazard which all took manfully—they totalled one hundred and fifty of Pinehurst's enslaved golf fiends, and this number is but a small portion of those who would have been there if they could.

The diners were invited to be present at seven-thirty, but it was nearer eight-thirty before the green velvet curtains swung aside and the centre rush into the ball room began. It was a great relief to all to get into the dining room and take up the matter in hand, to get away from the futile alibis heard on all sides with regard to the match that afternoon between the Bolshevie Reds and The Alcoholic Blues, and likewise escape the persistent attacks of the moneychangers Fownes, Becker, Milliken and Hudson, all of which preceded the more important and pertinent consideration of getting something to eat. For the golfers, having been out on the links all day, were possessed of devastating appetites, as John Fitzgerald will testify emphatically.

As soon as the diners were seated and quiet restored and the pianist persuaded to desist from further syncopation, the company arose in response to a request from President Donald Parson and sang the national anthem and paid silent tribute to the memory of brethren who had passed on to the other side.

And then "Pop" Fownes began his pathetic plea regarding his disinclination that any part of his bony or cartilaginous framework should ever be interred in accordance with the accepted mode among Christians, and all knew that a Tin Whistle banquet was about to be committed. Presently, while each guest was examining with admiration the beautiful silver favor provided for him by Jim Barber, lovely handmaidens from the hotels entered bearing refreshment for the hungry and a ripple of applause greeted their coming.

It was a curious and appropriate thing that the golfers were provided with a menu of four courses, all corresponding somewhat to the four courses that Leonard Tufts provides for their daily bill of fare. Need it be said that if all players wielded their spoon on Course Number One as effectively as they

wielded their spoon on the *consomme* at the banquet they would rank with the professionals? Did anyone find Course Number Two heavy going? And, from the gourmet's point of view, is not Course Number Three the salad of the bunch? It cannot be denied that Number Four is a toothsome morsel for any golfer to smack his mouth over.

When the inner man was satisfied and the haze of many perfectos filled the air Mr. Donald Parson let loose the flood gates of oratory. In presenting Dr. Cheatham, the toastmaster of the evening, the president in mellifluous and elegant praise paid tribute to the favorite toastmaster of the Tin Whistles, to all the members in general and in particular sang the praises of the beloved Mr. Becker, to whom the club owes an incalculable debt of gratitude. Mr. Parson did not detain his hearers long, for he said that orating was not in his line, and in classic metaphor announced that speakers were coming "beside the Niagara of whose eloquence I am but as casual water."

The speakers in due order were liberated by the toastmaker, and their remarks were punctuated with applause; the company was regaled with an endless variety of jokes and sallies; a sextet composed of Fownes, Vrooman Newcomb, Kelly, Richardson and Picquet enlivened proceedings by instituting a search for the lost chord and being unable to find it retired in confusion and were thereafter the butt of many a pointed jest by the speakers.

Mr. Leonard Tufts made a brief address of welcome. Mr. Tufts annually makes 172 addresses of welcome and these "so-glad-to-see-you-and-thank-you-so-much" things are the most difficult in the public speaker's repertoire, and although Mr. Tufts' manner may not possess the dramatic fervor and wild metaphor of the "cullud gemmen" to whom he referred, his experience stands him in good stead of these harassing occasions.

Mr. Tufts was followed by Mr. H. H. Johnson, who spoke briefly of his experience in Europe in connection with his work on the Salvage Commission. His remarks were followed closely when he made a strong plea for greater interest on the part of Americans in events in Europe, where a new era is dawning.

Mr. Johnson took care to point out that it was very difficult to know what was taking place abroad, because of the corruption of the sources of news and the coloring of press dispatches, which is a great evil and a great menace.

The toastmaster next introduced Maj. Harold E. Porter, familiar to all in Pinehurst as "Holworthy Hall," purveyor extraordinary of diverting fiction and the world's greatest teller of golf tales, Pinehurst's O. Henry! He entertained the company for a few minutes with anecdote of the Pinehurst links and Judge Casey's court room.

The next speaker on the program was Mr. Edgar Guest, or just "Eddie," as he would like to be called. He recited a number of his poems, and produced a brand-new one on Pinehurst, which we hope to reproduce in our next issue. The annual appearance of Mr. Guest in Pinehurst is an event of importance, and his presence at the Tin Whistle banquet gave the affair a decidedly literary turn, for if Porter is our O. Henry, surely Mr. Guest is our James Whitcomb Riley.

The flow of oratory was dammed at one point in the evening's proceedings long enough to allow Mrs. Charles W. Picquet to render several vocal selections. Her singing was warmly received.

At midnight the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

## MANY PLAYERS OF NOTE COMING FOR THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

WITH THE APPROACH of the North and South Annual Tennis Tournament there is in Pinehurst a revival of tennis enthusiasm and in view of the list of entries as already announced the villagers are looking forward to some great exhibitions on the Country Club Court.

There is a prospect of a visit by a celebrated trio hailing from Boston—A. S. Dabney, Richard Hart and L. B. Rice, all players whose presence adds class to any tournament.

We are counting on having with us Mr. S. W. Merrihew, Editor of the American Lawn Tennis and a player of note. He has recently been competing in the Florida tournaments.

There are several foreign players

whom we cannot announce definitely as sure participators in the North and South, but we believe that if Mlle. Lenglen, the phenomenal young French player, reaches the United States within a short time, as is anticipated, she will make the trip to Pinehurst and will limber up for the work on Northern courts.

There is an excellent possibility that the famous English players, Lowe and Dixon, will make a flying visit. In short, the outlook is bright for having in our midst a record-breaking bunch of experts when the curtain goes up April 8th.

As Tilden has already signified his desire to enter the list, the comments made upon him and other famous American players by Norman E. Brooks, the brilliant Australian who, with Patterson, invaded this country last summer, are of peculiar interest. These remarks, published in the Sydney Referee, will win the general approval of followers of the great international game in this country.

His remarks are peculiarly significant, not only as coming from the acknowledged dean of the modern courts, but also as representing the opinion of one who, in spite of his more than forty years, is still an actual champion, sharing the American doubles title, and leading the Davis Cup team of Australia, which seems likely to make a successful defense of the much desired trophy.

With many of Mr. Brooke's statements the close followers of lawn tennis in America will unqualifiedly agree. In a few cases, however, they may feel that even so keen an observer has perhaps been misled by the necessary haste with which his impressions were formed. The comparison of champion Johnston, for an instance, with W. A. Larned, is a neat compliment in both directions, but scarcely stands the acid test of detailed analysis. The Californian is far more of a one-stroke player than the old titleholder, and his forehand drive is correspondingly more effective. Johnston's game is unquestionably the best model in America today, but one could scarcely call him a stylist of the Larned type.

When Brookes picks R. N. Williams as potentially the greatest player in the world, he at once deserts his formula, since the erratic Bostonian is anything but conventional in his methods, and has the reputation of being rather very, very good or very, very bad.

Unconventionally of style in other directions like that of Tilden or Richards, does not appeal to the Australian particularly, although he lauds the strokes of the former. He thinks "the cut" is bad for a young player. It would have been interesting to see his

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