

THE OVERTURE OF SPRING CARDINALS DEFEAT SAND-HILLS FOR CLUB TROPHY AT CAMP BRAGG

By J. P. McEvoy

The robin doesn't always come on schedule,
The early worm may often oversleep,
And the soporific breezes
So provocative of sneezes

May be tardy in arriving from the deep;
The trillium and the crocus may be drowsy,
And a lethargy possess the little bugs,
But there's one unspoken token
That the winter's back is broken:
When you hear the wifely walloping
of rugs, rugs, rugs.
The sounding and the pounding of the
rugs.

Oh, it used to be an eye exhilaration
And a promise of a gustatory glee,
When the lithographed precursor
Of the beaded Bock immerser
Smiled from yonder corner window
frame at me.

But now a doom has fallen on that
haven,
And with ginger ale they desecrate
those mugs;
Gone the Bock and fled the Beaker,
And the Spring harbinger seeker
Must content him with the dust of
walloped rugs, rugs, rugs,
With the trusty, musty, dusty, fusty
rugs

Every morning I'm awakened from my
slumber
By a grim reverberation far and near,
By the flail of wife and spinster
With its consequent concussion on the
ear.

Do I depreciate this overture domestic
To the Goddess of the smilax and the
slugs?
No, indeed I rather fancy
There's a mystic necromancy

In the somber roll and rumble of the
rugs, rugs, rugs,
In the mystic roll and rumble of the
rugs.

Journeying along the border a few
weeks ago, Tom Mix, a motion picture
actor, drove his automobile across the
river into Juarez for a glass of beer, in-
nocently parked it in a space where park-
ing was prohibited, and walked off. He
had made about two blocks when he was
clapped on the back by a breathless Mex-
ican policeman.

"You air under arrest for putting ze
automobile where he do not belong.
Come with me. Why you not stop when
I call you?" panted the *gendarme*.

"You never called me," said Mix.
"Si, senior, I call you twenty times, I
hees—like dees: Ssssssssss! Zat is ze
way we call attention of a *hombre* in
Mexico."

"Well," said Mix, "all I've got to
say is that's a rotten way to call an
actor."—*New York Evening Post*.

The detective sat in a corner of the
station house exclaiming, "He's a thief,
a scoundrel, a blackleg—"
"Less noise there," said the sergeant.
"What are you doing?"
"Why, I'm running down a criminal."

In the course of the polo tournament
at Fayetteville during the week past, the
Camp Bragg Cardinals won chief honors
and the Officers' Club trophy by virtue
of a 7 and 3 victory over the Sand Hills
team in the final round. Teams from Ft.
Oglethorpe and Ft. Benning, Ga., and
the Camp Bragg Blue Birds had previ-
ously been eliminated in match play.

The match between the finalists was
keenly contested. Both teams played
from scratch, and it was anybody's game
until the final gong. During the first
four chukkas the Sand Hills team seemed
to have the edge, but in the latter half
of the game the military team changed
their tactics, and by clever work in "rid-
ing off" their opponents succeeded in
holding down the score of the civilians.
The fine team work of Major Clark, Ma-
jor Bowley and Lieut. Col. Norton in
feeding the ball to Major King, who was
playing a brilliant game at No. 1, en-
abled them to earn a hard-fought victory.
Lieut.-Col. Norton played a strong defen-
sive game.

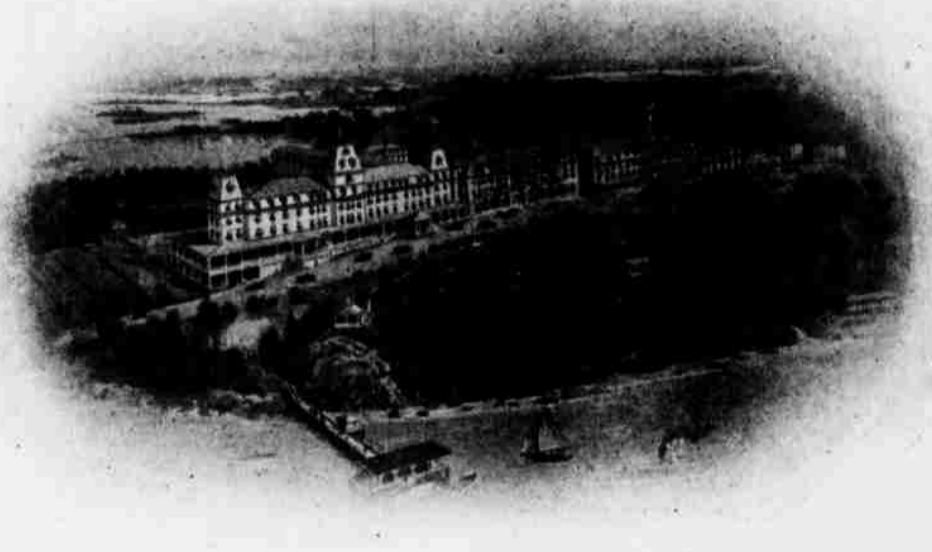
Mr. F. W. Haserick at No. 1, and Mr.
John A. Tuckerman at No. 2, played an
unusually fine game for the Pinehurst
team, while Mr. W. V. Slocock at No. 3,
and Mr. R. S. Lovering, who played back,
gave the team strong support, but the
Sand Hillers were unable to withstand
the rush of the army men and lost the
honors and the trophy.

At a tea-dance given at the officers'
club following the game, the trophy was
presented to the winners by General Bow-
ley, a beautiful silver vase being pre-
sented to each of the four officers com-
posing the winning team. General Bow-
ley also presented four handsome fruit
dishes to the members of the Pinehurst
team, as runners-up in the tourney.

ROOSTER'S SECOND FAMILY
KINSTON, N. C.,—(United Press).
George Knott's favorite rooster has left
the nest with the second brood. Alder-
man Allen W. Knott was authority for
the fact today. Alderman Knott said
"mother and brood are doing well."

As a youngster, the rooster came here
from a rural point where, ere he reached
the crowing age, he had manifested
"squaw man" tendencies and caused all
the hens in his home flock to giggle at
his effeminate fancies. Chicken ridicule
means nothing in his young life. He
attends to his own business, which is
minding his family, but if anybody gets
fresh with his chicks, oh, boy!

'T WAS EVER THUS
I can not cook—
The heat affects my head.
Nor sweep a room—
My heart was never strong,
I can not nurse the sick;
My doctor said
With my neuritis
Sewing would be wrong.
But I can walk ten
Miles upon the links
And with a man
Play golf the whole day long.
—*Anne Pleasants*.



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The Bankers of North Carolina are a powerful factor in the welfare of the state, and a desirable group of men for Pinehurst, or any other community to have on the visiting list.

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