

The Pinehurst Outlook

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. IX; NO 15.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH TENTH, 1906.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

GALLOP HARD THROUGHOUT

No Let up From Start to Finish in Tuesday's Paper Chase.

Moorman and Todd Make Thrilling Finish in Neck and Neck Race Down Home Stretch.



TUESDAY'S Paper Chase was gallop hard from first to last; gallop until the cool air was on fire, the winding road a vanishing ribbon; the surrounding country a dim and fleeting panorama, and fellow hounds pursuing demons! Never from the time the eager pack gave the "strike" cry until their voices ended in a wild hurrah at the finish, was there a let up in the music or the pace, and the hares were figuratively, if not literally, "torn to pieces," long before they reached the warren.

The conditions were that the hares (Mrs. Leonard Tufts of Boston, and Mr. Horatio L. Whitridge of Baltimore,) should be allotted ten minutes start and that if the hounds should reach home within ten minutes of their time they would win. This was done to obviate any danger which might result from a wild race down the home stretch, and at the same time, to provide more time for the laying out of an intricate trail, and the result was the best run of the season. Instead of a race after the quarry the chase became a question for the fleet hounds to decide among themselves, and a prettier race than the leaders made down the home stretch has never been seen anywhere.

The start was at three-thirty, several hundred people being assembled on the western porch of The Carolina to witness the fun. With the click of the watches the hares bounded off, the horses a bit unused to the paper bags across their shoulders, going gingerly and scattering flakes of paper behind them as they went.

Ten minutes later starter S. E. Buck's stern voice called "Are you ready!" and a moment later "Go!" was a signal for a general scramble of hoofs and a rush for the front. Close together the pack got away, Mrs. Horatio L. Whitridge, of Baltimore, in the lead with Mr. J. Cushing Todd and Miss Mary Dutton, of Boston, a neck behind, and the rest a length or so away. Over the Dickinson School hillock road the group went, indistinct in a cloud of dust, the rhythmic hoofbeats in harmony with the vanishing

picture.

Clear and sharp the trail stood out at the gate, leading straight down the road, the leaders giving cry which the pack caught up, until the woods and hills rang with the merry music. Straight on went the trail, then suddenly, came to an abrupt end, the momentum of the pace carrying the hounds far beyond. They recovered in a moment, scattered on all sides, and a few seconds later the cry was taken up again, and once more the killing pace resumed. In and out through the burnt land the trail twisted, then out upon a woods road with straight going

It was rough going for a ways, but the wood road was soon struck, and it was not many seconds before the clear stretch of the Dickinson School road lay before; winding on and on like a river, seen from a mountain through the mist—and beckoning! The goal lay beyond! Instinctively riders bent far forward and horses' necks straightened out, and from that moment until the end, the mad pace never lessened.

Up in front the leaders were fighting it out to a finish, Mr. George L. Moorman, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Todd, in the lead, with Mrs. Whitridge a length away,



HARRY DUTTON, OF BOSTON, TRAINER MORGAN, AND A RECORD STRING OF QUAIL.

for half a mile, then another twist and turn, a double, and a maze, and once more the pack was on. Round a small hole in a wire fence they went, through the scrub oak and out upon a road again, then sharply to the right through the burnt land, to a clever double, which was speedily worked out. A moment later the boys were found and the cry, "Now for Home!" rang out from the leaders. The others took it up, down the line it went and then the wild race began!

and Mr. Harold Tofley, of Jersey City, and Mr. G. H. Simonds, of Boston, neck and neck, close upon her heels. Gradually the leaders drew a bit ahead, Mr. Moorman and Mr. Todd, side by side, waiting for the final struggle. Thus they came to the turn in the road. Mr. Moorman took the straight cut; Mr. Todd swung round the curve. It was but a slight advantage, perhaps a gain of a fraction of a minute, but at the killing

(Concluded on page twelve.)

RECORD BREAKING SEASON

Quail Hunters Have Enjoyed Good Sport From First to Last.

Record Bags and Generally Good Sport the Features—Plenty of Quail Left Over.



THE QUAIL hunting season, just closed, has in every important particular, been the most successful since the establishment of the Preserves, and it is a pleasant prophesy for the future. From the first day of the season to the very last, excellent sport has prevailed and results in general have been most satisfactory.

There were very few days when there were not one and generally several parties in the field, the coveys started averaging six daily to each party, with the bags ranging from ten to twenty birds. Best of all, however, a large number of quail have been left to breed, one sportsman starting nine coveys averaging a dozen birds each, on the last day of the season. It is a conservative estimate to say that there are at present an average of from six to eight birds in every covey on the Preserves.

In the high line kills for a single day Leonard Tufts and Harry Dutton, both of Boston, and John M. Ward, of Brooklyn, divided honors, Mr. Tufts making a bag of thirty-five, and Mr. Dutton and Mr. Ward each securing twenty-eight. Other good bags fell to Horatio L. Whitridge, of Baltimore, who secured twenty while hunting alone, and another of seventeen on a day's trip with J. V. S. Findlay, of Baltimore.

H. W. Brown, of Boston, secured eighteen on a day's trip, alone and over his own dog, Cyrus A. Taft sixteen on his best day, J. D. Foot, of Rye, N. Y., H. H. Westinghouse, of New York, an even dozen each, and scores of others from six to ten each.

Frank Presbrey of New York, J. S. Jopp, of Boston, and two Aberdeen friends, made a kill of fifty-eight, early in the season, and E. R. Johnson, of Merwin, Pa., and B. G. Royal, of London, England, sixty-seven in five days shooting, bags of eight, twelve, fifteen and eighteen. J. R. Such, of South Amboy, N. J., led with an individual high line string, making three visits during the season and always with good success.

(Concluded on page twelve.)