

# The Pinehurst Outlook

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. XI, No. 3.

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER FOURTEENTH, 1907.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## POINTER PUP SAVES THE DAY

From First to Last he is Supreme in Monkey Tourney.

Incidentally Golfers Putt with Drivers and Drive with Putters. Amusing Big Gallery.

**A** POINTER Pup of the impulsive, adolescent age, and twenty frolicsome golfers, participated in the first "monkey" golf tournament of the season, providing entertainment novel and unique, even for Pinehurst, the Burbank nursery of the golfing world in which marvels are introduced to Fame.

Primarily The Pup was intended only for a mascot, but he was more—he was absolutely supreme! Not only did he land his team upon the home green with a good margin of strokes to spare, but he provided entertainment and surprise from the first drive to the last putt, never relaxing in interest or effort. Ingenious and creative he did not need to be told—what he did not think of is not worth mentioning—and he did it all in such a happy, care free, unaffected, natural, generous way.

From the very first he entered into the spirit of the game, realizing that it was the proper thing to bark just as the drive was being made; to run off with the ball when it had a good lie and drop it in the rough, or to refuse to touch it when it was in a sand pit; to dart between the legs of a player when a good approach meant the green or a long putt the hole; to distract attention at the most critical periods.

And never for a moment did he lose interest in the landscape. Tireless, resourceful, eager, nothing escaped him; not even the buzzards soaring high up in the clouds, the steam roller half a mile away, the distant scream of the locomotive, the heels of nearby saddle horses or the wheels of carriages. It was wonderful how he followed it all, never for once losing track of the game, knowing just how the score was, just how his team stood, and doing the right thing at the psychological moment with discreet, but almost mechanical accuracy.

There is certainly a future for That Pup. He lives in memory and the tournament itself is recognized as an event only because he was a part of it. From just plain Pointer Pup previous to the game—any common cur will do for a mascot—he has suddenly risen to the

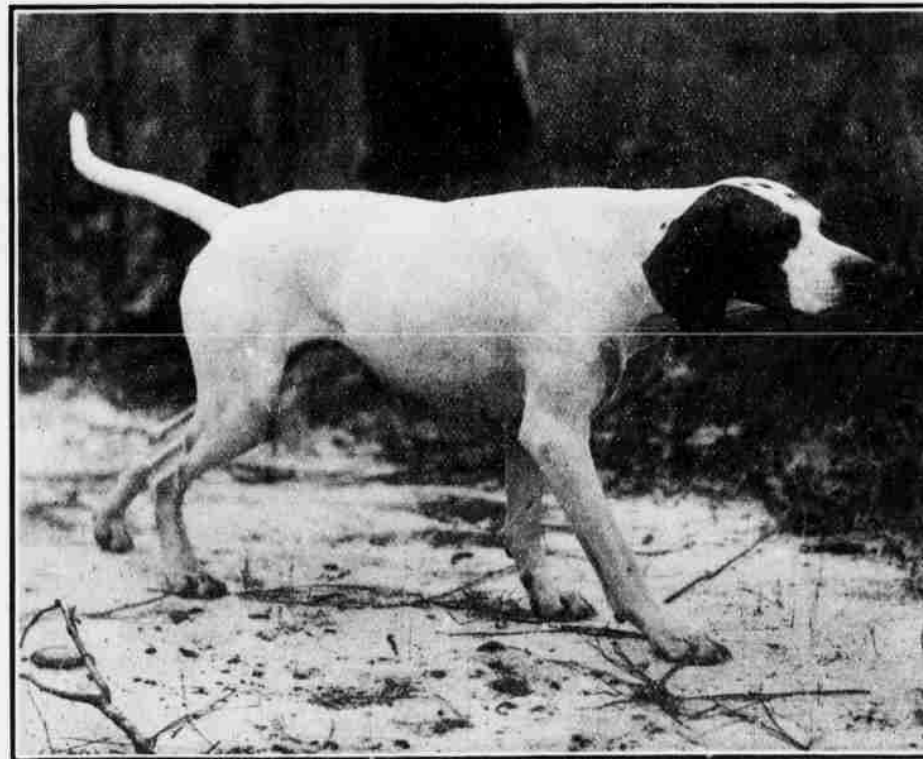
pinnacle of dog fame simply because he recognized and embraced opportunity.

All fame is thus won—Dewey at Manila, Roosevelt at San Juan, Bowen in the Pennsylvania-Missouri championship, Ross in the open. Man like, The Pup, awakes to find his name ringing in two hemispheres where the day before it could barely be heard in a crowded room!

Naturally, with The Pup so conspicuous in the foreground, the tournament itself was thrust more or less into the middle distance, and made hazy by contrast. The usual endless merrymaking was lacking; the customary good natured chaffing was less noticeable; there was more of law and order. The Pup was the tournament! In the presence of

balls found watery graves, but the obstructions were all surmounted on the second trials. Not once did the entire team take turns in plugging the pond as has been the case in many similar tournaments, much to the disappointment of a big gallery. As a genuine "monkey" tournament the event was far too serious; far too keen golf; far too much figuring to have the right club used at the right spot. Without question The Pup saved the day; the gallery is his debtor.

In the final score Capt. John Peacock's team won the box of golf balls contributed by THE OUTLOOK, with the very low score of 120; Capt. A. I. Creamer's team finishing in 127, Capt. Leonard Ingersoll's in 129, and Capt. W. James McNab's in 134, which latter score is, by



PINEHURST WINONA.

Winner Members Stake Event Continental Field Trial Club's Trials.

his unrivalled genius mankind looked on and marvelled: marvelled increasingly.

To be sure there was the usual driving with putters, niblicks and mashies, and the use of drivers for putting, approaching and sand pit work, as well as numerous other strange combinations, for the players, after the usual manner, had a club assigned them which it was necessary for them to use when their turn came, no matter where the ball lay.

There was more or less trouble throughout the match in addition to the entertainment provided by The Pup, but as a whole, things went rather smoothly and there was interest and effort towards creditable scores which is seldom seen in such contests; the result being new records.

On the tenth and twelfth holes two

the way, something like "monkey" golf. The scores:

**CAPT. PEACOCK.**

Out—7 8 5 5 5 7 9 4 7—57  
In —7 3 8 5 11 5 11 5 8—63—120

**CAPT. CREAMER.**

Out—10 10 4 9 5 8 8 5 9—68  
In —7 4 6 6 8 7 9 5 7—59—127

**CAPT. INGERSOLL.**

Out—10 7 6 8 6 8 8 6 6—65  
In —8 5 6 6 8 8 8 6 9—64—129

**CAPT. McNAB.**

Out—7 8 4 8 7 7 8 7 7—61  
In —9 5 9 6 11 7 11 6 7—71—134

The make up of the winning team included Capt. Peacock with the brassie, Dr. Hill with the midiron, J. B. Bowen with the niblick, Lincoln C. Cummings

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## PINEHURST WINONA FIRST

Wins one of Most Coveted of Continental Field Trial Prizes.

Leonard Tufts, Owner and Handler. Lands Members Stake Event and Osthaus Painting.

**P**INEHURST Winona, of the local Kennels, Leonard Tufts, owner and handler, carried off one of the most coveted of the Continental Field Trial Club's prizes in the annual Field Trials at Barber, N. C., last week, winning the Members Stake event, which was also open to members of the Eastern Field Trial Club and the Pointer Club of America.

The trophy, an oil painting of the winning dog by Prof. E. H. Osthaus, the famous dog painter, whose visit here last year is pleasantly remembered, is considered one of the most valuable ever offered by the Association, for Prof. Osthaus accepts few commissions under five hundred dollars. Further the field of starters was an exceptionally large and strong one, Judge R. C. Cornell, who won first last year at the trials held here, finishing second with "Lallah Rookh" and winning a sterling cup; Todd Russell third with "Sports Lady Marie"; John M. White fourth, with "White Lodge Lucky"; and Russell Perkins fifth, with "Lakefield Peggy."

It is rumored that Mr. Tufts has increased his chest expansion not less than ten inches, and added at least five inches to his height since the event, and at the rate congratulations are coming in he will, doubtless, keep on growing.

Nona was first down with White Lodge Dell in a wheat stubble, but the little lady made a short cast and begun to hunt for Trainer Morgan, it being the first time Mr. Tufts had handled her. She soon got matters straightened out, however, backing beautifully when Mr. Tufts brought her up to Dell who had found a covey in a swail.

The birds had run before the pair was sent on, Dell working down the swail, and Nona making a quick cast and pointing accurately. Both were steady to wing and shot, the birds making for a patch of broom sedge over the hill, where Nona made a nice point on a single, Dell backing well, both dogs being steady to wing and shot.

Nona ranged beautifully after this and

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