

# The Pinehurst Outlook

PINEHURST, MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

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## THE SADDLE PICNICKERS

Graphic Pen Picture of Pleasures of a Day in the Woods.

God's Out of Doors Claims Them From the Early Morning Until Twilight's Glow.



**A** GROOM rides up to The Carolina entrance with a dozen saddle horses clattering behind him, followed not far away, by several carriages.

A score of people appear upon the hotel veranda and, close after them, a background of interested onlookers. Bell boys wedge their way through the crowd with mysterious packages which they stow away in the teams, there is the noise of preparation, and presently the gay caravan is moving away, laughter and conversation mingling with the clank of steel, the creak of leather, the rattle of wheels and the thump of hoofs.

The "Saddle Picnickers" are off for the day.

Through the Village they go, past the power house and the stable, across the little viaduct, between the kennels and the sand pit, and with the click of the wire gate The Open claims them.

It is a perfect day. The sun bathes the landscape in glory, the air sets the blood tingling, and the blue dome of the sky blends with the deep green of the pines, the rich brown of the oaks and the warm ochre of the sedge grass, into a symphony of color contrast. God's out of doors lies all about; desolate, waste land in the literal sense, but how beautiful it is!

The Unknown lies beyond and it Beckons! Reins tighten and horses spring forward, rejoicing with their riders in the exuberance of life. Cool air fans the brow, tempering the welcome rays of the sun, the landscape flits away on either side, the road vanishes as a river, below, and winds on like a ribbon, beyond.

There is a pause for a steep incline, a scramble up a rough hillock, and another gallop through the open. Then a steep descent to a tiny stream and on up the opposite hillside, through the County Gate, past a native home with no sign of life, and on again. McKenzie's wide ford is crossed mid flying water and happy jest, and the damp sand crunches under the horse's hoofs until the second stream, a short distance away, is passed, and once more the path leads through the sedge grass and oaks. Then a sharp incline, a

small stream to cross and a short climb up a rough road to a native home. Two dogs rush forward, their furious barking mingling with the cries of children, and dying away behind as the party moves on.

Down a rough path to a rustic bridge, the road leads through a bit of open, and, suddenly, enters a beautiful grove of pines, the rich green foliage a refreshing note of color to the eye. Through the arches the party swings, past a deserted house, and on into a magnificent grove of hardwood and pine, close by a

One party is testing the speed of an ungainly razor back and another examining an old fishway in the brook.

The noon hour arrives speedily and without the aid of a watch. The crowd reassembles, watching with eager interest the camp fire and the simmering of the coffee pot. My! How ravishing the odor is! Upon the pine needles the feast is spread and the opening of each package comes as a delicious surprise. First of all the sandwiches of many kinds, with a bottle of olives and one of gherkins, then a box of hard boiled eggs,



THE MIDWINTER HANDICAP WINNERS:

G. S. McCarty, Preliminary—C. W. Billings, Handicap.

running stream of pure water, where a halt is called.

Riders dismount, carriages are quickly vacated and presently the horses are scattered among the trees, contentedly munching sedge grass or playfully testing the strength of their halters, with the picnickers scattered and their merry laughter echoing and re-echoing through the forest. Someone is sketching here or taking a photograph there, while others seek birds, flowers or minerals.

with pepper and salt; one of oranges, apples and grapes; another of cookies, crackers and cheese.

Were there ever such sandwiches, such eggs, such relishes, such fruit! The coffee? Nectar brewed by the Gods! Long the company lingers, and as the men enjoy their pipes and cigars and the women chat, comes the consciousness of cool air and warm sunshine and ever and always there is the murmur of the forest

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## A "HUMMER" THROUGHOUT

Midwinter Handicap Brilliant Prophecy for Events to Come.

Week Ends with Dinner at The Carolina and Many Expressions of Kindly Feeling.



**T**HE FIRST annual Midwinter Handicap trap shooting tournament was just plain "hummer" from start to finish; a brilliant prophecy for future events which it inaugurates. A big field of entries, representative of the very fastest amateurs in the country, perfection in management and snap and go throughout, made the event a brilliant success in every particular, combined with which was the interest of the entire Village, crowds assembling daily to follow the progress of the tournament.

Each event was hotly contested, C. W. Billings, twice runner-up in the New York Athletic Club's Championship event, winning the Handicap, at the eighteen-yard mark, with a score of ninety, two targets in the lead of R. G. Stokley, winner of the Preliminary in the Southern Handicap at Richmond last June, also eighteen yards, who made eighty-eight, with Andrew Lindley, one of the New Jersey State Champions, (eighteen yards) third in eighty-six.

G. S. McCarty, winner of the Southern Handicap at Richmond last May, won the Preliminary, shooting from the twenty-yard mark, with a score of ninety-one, four targets in the lead of George H. Piercy, one of the New Jersey State Champions (nineteen yards), who made eighty-seven, with George L. Lyon, winner of last year's Preliminary in the Grand American Handicap, (twenty yards) third in eighty-three.

The struggle in the high general average contest was especially keen, William M. Foord, former New York State and New York Athletic Club Champion, leading with ninety-two per cent, breaking two hundred and seventy-six of the three hundred targets which constituted this event; Mr. Lyon finishing second with two hundred seventy-one, and ninety and one third per cent; Mr. McCarty and Mr. Hall, tying for third at eighty-nine and one third per cent. A. M. Hatcher and Harry S. Welles, "Dead Shot" Powder representatives, led the professionals with ninety-two and two thirds and ninety and one third per cent, Walter

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