

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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FIVE CENTS

CONVERSATION'S DIFFERENT

Fox Hunters Live Thrilling Hours Once Again in Carolina Lobby

Local Season Swings Wide Open and Best of All, the Months Lie Before



NO, that's not the "nineteenth green"—the group at the right of the desk in The Carolina lobby. ¶ Looks like it? ¶ Possibly, but those are fox hunters. In most sports it's the "big un you lost" and the "putt you missed," but over yonder you'll find 'em telling about—well—the conversation's different.

"The gray fox is clever," the elderly man is saying, "but the red's got the endurance, speed and resourcefulness, if not the cunning." ¶ "We've got 'em both," says Mars' Twitty, "and some of 'em are surely the real thing. Makes a mighty fine hunting combination—the two—and we've struck most everything from river swimming and running behind the pack, to tree climbing. ¶ And, say, talking about endurance, some of 'em have carried us fifty miles from strike to kill."

"That reminds me," continued the first speaker, "of my first catch, in boyhood days; a crafty old red that had played tag with hounds and hunters for years. Again and again I had tried my

best to run him down but always the sly old rascal sniffed danger in advance and left only a complex running trail which never seemed to end. ¶ As a final resort I assembled the hounds of the vicinity into one big pack and with a crowd of young friends spent the night in an old log cabin close to the red's range.

"Clear as crystal the morning broke with a heavy white frost and no wind, conditions as nearly ideal as the hunter may hope to find. At the break of day we hurried to an adjoining thicket where we cast the hounds off and shortly after the race was on at full cry for the pack had taken the old fellow unawares and fairly tumbled upon him in his snug bed. ¶ The first dash was a three-mile run down an old road with a counter play in a turn along a creek and a wide circle to the right which led back to the headquarters thicket, and what he didn't think of on the way isn't worth mentioning.

"Hot pressed, however, the fox found only time for a few doubles before he was obliged to strike free and so close were the hounds that this move was checkmated and he turned back as a last resort to deep cover with the dogs close upon his heels. Out they routed him shortly after and it was a neck-and-neck race in a two-mile circle and back to the thicket again into which I saw him vanish with the hounds only a few yards behind, mad at sight of failing quarry.

"We boys were close up and just as we dashed in the music ceased in the death gurgle. Old red had made his last run. ¶ And I was a chesty youngster!"

"Our Wednesday run was some hunt," continued Master Twitty. "Found a clean-cut trail two miles out, and half an hour later had two fast ones going. Five dogs struck off for Aberdeen and we let

'em go, following the remaining fifteen who were beating the wind in a race towards Jackson Springs.

"Clever chap he was and fast, too. Took a hillside, walked the railroad, and tried the nearby sand road, but no use; hounds right on his heels. Then a dash to a swale from which he was soon routed, a sight race back to cover—and—it was all over but the shouting.

"Little Miss Joy Hansel first in and is the proud possessor of the brush. Messrs. Rothschild and Jones next, who tossed for honors; Messrs. James Boyd, Jack Boyd, Pyle, McLachlin, Dickson, Bell, Gordon, Armstrong and des Jardin, and Misses Katherine Edwards, Belle Dickson and Burd Dickson all close up. ¶ Mrs. C. E. Dickson and Masters George and Bruce Dickson drove and heard the music.

"We'll try the one that got away next and give him a run for his money! Glad to know where he's located. * * * Three hunts a week, everybody welcome. Recruit or volunteer, it's all the same when the music's clear. ¶ Everybody happy? ¶ Ask those who follow!"

The Why and the Wherefore!

T. B. Boyd of Bellerive recorded a seventy-nine, with rheumatism in his shoulder, the day after his arrival. Very naturally the "local affliction" disappeared, but Mr. Boyd's score has jumped upward several strokes. ¶ Now the question is: "Does rheumatism improve golf—or does golf improve rheumatism?"

Eighty-Six Years Young

Eighty-six years young in March Mr. D. N. Clark of Woodbridge, Conn., is awaiting the opening of The Holly Inn on January tenth; anticipating also his daily round of golf.

YE GODS; WHAT A DAY!

Beach and Barber Head Fast Field in Holiday Golf Qualification

Gardner and Travis Are Next in Line With "the Bunch" Snug Up And Coming Fast



THERMOMETER at sixty, gentle breeze from the southwest, blue skies, yellow sunshine * * * Let's see; was it rainy Tuesday and the day before that? ¶ We forget. * * * "Ye Gods, what a day!" * * *

And the golfers "forgot" also, eighty-two of them who participated in Wednesday's qualification round of the eleventh annual Holiday golf tourney!

Eighty was the best score and that figure found Chisholm Beach and William A. Barber, Jr., tied, but—mark—there were *two eights* in those cards; one on the fourteenth for Beach, another on the eighteenth for Barber; surely three or four more strokes than there should be in each total. Dr. Charles H. Gardner got under the wire at eighty-one and Walter J. Travis required one stroke more:

BEACH	
OUT—	4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 5—39
IN —	5 3 3 5 8 5 5 3 4—41—80
BARBER	
OUT—	4 5 5 4 4 3 5 4 5—39
IN —	5 3 3 4 6 4 5 3 8—41—80

(Concluded on page three)

