

THE PINEHURST OUTLOOK

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SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 27, 1915

FIVE CENTS

THE ELEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

Tin Whistles "Celebrate" With Patriotic Flag Competition Handicap

Editorial Comment Concerning Club's
Early History is Suggested By
Days' Association



ABOUT this time, eleven years ago, I wrote the following introduction to one of the "tournaments" which led up to the formation of what is now the Tin Whistle Club—and it

told and still tells pretty much the whole story of that event:

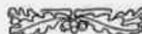
Can we golf and can we sing;
Can we make the echoes ring?
Well we rather think we can;
For the rest just "ASK THE MAN!"

¶ Just a get-together of jolly good fellows it was, with the late F. W. Kenyon as the King Cole host of the day; the special features a "buffet" at the eleventh hole on No. 1 course, where spring water was mixed with nineteenth-hole refreshment, which also constituted the "divisible" prizes. ¶ "More," cried the crowd, and with double meaning. ¶ Another tournament followed, then a smoker or two, and shortly after permanent organization. ¶ Alfred Henry Lewis' book, "The Boss," has been given credit for the name, but I think, instead, that it originated from the Club's emblem—a silver watch chain whistle—which was frequently blown in hotel corridors, in olden days, to let the "gang" know that somebody felt as once did the Governor of Kentucky! ¶ Been spinning right along all these years—has the Club—until today you turn in your application mainly for a place on the "honorable waiting list," and content yourself with looking over some three thousand dollars worth of prizes annually—and—anticipating!

Tonight I am writing a story on the eleventh anniversary Tin Whistle tournament, the first of what is to be an annual observance. The eleventh hole was still there, but no "buffet," and the prizes contributed by Chisholm Beach and George H. Crocker were not "divisible." ¶ The program was run off under the patriotic name of a "Flag Contest," best known to golfers as a "tombstone" competition, but not at all suitable under that eponym for an anniversary contest! ¶ Seventy-six was allotted as the bogey, and the player erected the Stars

and Stripes at the point his score, plus his handicap, gave out. ¶ There were two classes with George T. Dunlap of Forest Hills, the winner in Class A, very close to the nineteenth hole cup. Henry C. Fownes of Oakmont was second not far away. ¶ In Class B. Walter L. Milliken of Hyannisport was nineteen feet from the nineteenth hole, a rather happy combination which won the first prize, while G. M. Howard of Halifax finished close up for second. ¶ Forty-three other players participated, among them: R. C. Shannon, II, J. L. Toppin, P. S. MacLaughlin, Dr. J. S. Brown, J. M. Thompson, C. L. Becker, I. S. Robeson, J. G. Nicholson, C. B. Hudson, J. H. Clapp, P. L. Lightbourn, Robert Hunter, Stuyvesant LeRoy, C. B. Fownes, C. S. MacDonald, R. H. Hunt, Dr. M. W. Marr, W. E. Truesdell, Frank Presbrey, T. B.

what this word means—than a joke. ¶ To my mind three things are primarily responsible for the Club's continued growth: First, Charton L. Becker's guiding hand; second, good fellowship; and third, the fact that the Country Club eliminated handicap events from its schedule. ¶ Here are THE OUTLOOK stories. I have no vivid recollections concerning the incidents connected, but as I read them again they do seem "familiar." ¶ The "style" of introduction may, perhaps, be attributed to the old-time popularity of the "college yell."
—HERBERT L. JILLSON.



MERRY WAR CRY TELLS THE STORY OF F. W.
KENYON'S INVITATION TOURNEY

The first reference in THE OUTLOOK to the tournaments which resulted in Club



THE PINEHURST HUNT

Boyd and G. F. Brown in Class A; E. B. Pratt, A. B. Alley, J. D. C. Rumsey, H. W. Ormsbee, C. H. Lay, F. C. Abbe, J. M. Robinson, H. R. Mackenzie, M. D. Fink, Dr. Carlos MacDonald, J. H. McLeod, W. L. Hurd, W. S. Van Clief, C. Z. Eddy, H. H. Rackham, R. C. Blancke, J. R. Bowker, J. R. Towle, J. T. Newton, C. C. Moore, M. B. Johnson, T. L. Redfield and E. E. White in Class B. ¶ And round the "nineteenth hole," Saturday evening, many a mind wandered back over the years which have flown, recalling those who will never again answer roll call.

I have gathered together for this issue three stories concerning the Club's early history from THE OUTLOOK files for 1904. ¶ Memory is apt to be a bit capricious so I make but brief comment. ¶ Certain it is, however, that no "boycott" was imposed in securing these stories; the first "tournament" regarded more as a novelty or "frolic"—if you can tell me

organization, appears on Page 2 in the issue of Saturday, January 30th, 1904:

Wow—wow—wow! Yes we are—
Ken-yon golfers—Rah—rah—rah!

He's the real thing; well I guess!
Was his tourney a success?

Ask the players; ask the boyes;
Listen to our cheerful noi-es!

Wow—wow—wow! Yes we are—
Ken-yon golfers—Rah—rah—rah!

The merry war cry and the score tell the whole story of F. W. Kenyon's invitation eighteen-hole handicap, played Wednesday (January 27). Any attempt to enlarge upon it would be futile. For further particulars—"ASK THE MAN!" ¶ There were prizes for the best net and best gross scores, as follows:

J. A. Baker	90	10—80
M. C. Parshall	92	12—80
L. L. Kellogg, Jr.	85	0—85
J. H. Hentz, Jr.	103	18—85

(Concluded on page eight)

MERCY ME; WHAT A CROWD

First Annual Hunt Ball Easily Most Unique Affair of Many Seasons

"And Everybody Lingered!" For the
Kill and Everybody
Anticipates"



SURELY no affair of many seasons has been more enjoyable than Monday evening's Hunt Ball at The Carolina—but say—those 1920 "suffragette" riding costumes are surely

up to the minute! ¶ And there was also about everything else that you associate with equitation and the chase, all the way from make-believe make-ups which reminded one of a green club waiter, to the immaculate pink coat of the real hunter; panamas and derbies, puttees and boots, spurs and whips, gloves and gauntlets; young and old—all on merry-making bent.

M. F. H. Twitty in pink sash and horn, old Nat with leash and whip, Riding Master Smith in white breeches and patent leathers, "civilians" in sombre evening dress, ladies in exquisite dancing frocks, and last but by no means least, the fox hound pack itself, robbed of all its dignity by strange surroundings, and clever reynard, shrewd, crafty, alert, observant. ¶ Yes, stranger, it sure was some party—ask Mrs. Grundy!

Hunting concert at eight, grand march at nine-thirty, dancing until twelve, refreshments at all hours, hunt breakfast on Tuesday; hurry, jam, jostle; laughter, music, voices; color, life, motion; until the last toast to 1916 and the second annual! ¶ Decorations, yes; fir trees, varicolored lights, and red bunting—and—mercy me, what a crowd; just as many as could conveniently bump into each other on the floor and be good natured about it! ¶ "Everybody happy?"—ask the dancers!

To Mrs. Carl H. Hanna, Mrs. Daisy Porter, Mrs. B. S. Boyce and Miss Blanche Farrington we are indebted for the suggestion, ably assisted by the Misses E. Marie Sinclair and Muriel Tannehill, and Messrs. T. B. Boyd and P. S. MacLaughlin. ¶ And there were patronesses, of course, including: Mrs. W. K. Porter, Mrs. John Smithers, Mrs. Charles Smithers, Mrs. Tyler Redfield, Mrs. Leonard Tufts, Mrs. I. S. Robeson,

(Concluded on page three)