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TIN WHISTLE DINNER

The Annual Banquet, Dropped
During the War, Revived
this Year.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY
Diners Assemble at the Country Club
and Even Defeated Blues
Enjoyed Themselves

The Tin Whistles' annual Banquet, omitted last year on account of the war, was restored to its rightful place and splendor on Wednesday night, at the Country Club. One hundred and twenty were assembled when the introductory refrain inquir-

ing why we should worry since everybody is present, smote the air. There is no doubt about it, some of the Tin Whistles can sing just about as well as they play golf.

President Donald Parson presided, of course, and Dr. Cheatham officiated as toastmaster. The principal speeches were made by Professor D. W. Daniel of Clemson College, whose theme was The Measure of a Man; Chancellor T. B. McCormick of the University of Pittsburgh, who spoke on golf in general and golf at Pinehurst in particular; Leonard Tufts, on the early history of the Club, and Edgar A. Guest, who was prevailed upon to read one or two of his poems and who produced two brand new ones, written for the occasion and printed in extenso below.

EDGAR GUEST TO THE TIN WHISTLES

If you're a Tin Whistle, old pal, and I reckon you are,
Your character, day in and day out, must be rated at par.
Your game may be bad, but your word must be good,
You must take a defeat when its right that you should.
You may come home a failure and no one will care,
May start with high hopes and come down in despair,
But you must return at the end of the day
The man that you were when you started to play.
If you're a Tin Whistle, the love of the game,
Must mean more to you than the prize you may claim.
You must choose with a smile to go down to defeat
Rather than finish the day as a cheat.
It may be that never a medal you'll wear,
Nor claim the game's silver, but no one will care.
You may struggle to win just as hard as you can,
But failing, you still must come in as a man.
If you're a Tin Whistle, your worth isn't told
By the money you own or the station you hold.
You have risen above the base standards of earth
And have come to a higher conception of worth.
You stand an example to eager-eyed youth
Of a life that is lived in the sunlight of truth,
And wherever you play you must hold to the plan
That the Tin Whistle button's the badge of a man.

PINEHURST, BY EDGAR GUEST

There are other spots on this gracious earth, where the sky is just as blue;
There are scenes like these, with the gentle breeze, and the kindly sunshine too.
There are haunts made fine by the stalwart pine, where the charms of a June
are known,
But I've learned today in a curious way why Pinehurst stands alone.
There are gardens fair in the sunny south where the rich magnolias bloom,
There are fairy scenes with their wealth of greens, and the scent of a sweet
perfume.
But more than a sky where the sun shines high, and more than ridge of pine,
Or a sea or a lake, God needs to make an earthly golfers' shrine.
The Lord has lavished his treasures rich all over the orb of earth,
Yet some are base with the commonplace, and some are lost to mirth.
But Pinehurst holds in its friendly folds the lure of an honest grip,
And a manhood fine adds to gifts divine the wealth of its fellowship.
It isn't the pine with its towering fronds upraised to the God on high,
Or the fragrant air that men come to share, and it isn't alone the sky.
It's the handclasp true, that they seek anew, the smile on the cheery lip,
And they come again to be care-free men in a brotherly fellowship.
Here honor counts more than the victory, and a man is more than his gold;
Here love of the game means more than the fame, or the joy that the prize
may hold.
Oh, Pinehurst gleams with the finest dreams, and the best that we mortals
know,
It is rich in the things that a true life brings, God grant you may keep it so.