## e Pineburst Outlook

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## THE YANKEE IN DIXIE.

Some Facts About the Sunny Southern Home of Thousands of New England People.

## A TRULY MODEL TOWN.

BY WILL J. IRVIN.

There's a cosy Yankee village In the heart of Dixle fair, That a bold New England pilgrim Pioneer has builded there.

And that village is Pinehurst, North Carolina. To the thousands who have "wintered" there during the past five years, this garden spot of the sunny South needs no introduction nor word of praise. For all of these with but few and rare exceptions, it is the Mecca to which they journey every winter, almost as faithfully as does the Moslem to the shrine of his prophet, The American of today, probably conforming to some indefinite law of evolution, grows more and more like- in some respects-his early Aryan ancestors, and inclines, if not toward a nomadic, at least toward a somewhat migratory life. Few if any of those whose means admit of change are satisfied to pass year after year, season after season, in the same climate and environment. Many seek the beaches and the mountains in the summer season; but still more are to be found, particularly in New England and the Middle States, who are either unwilling or unable to endure the rigors and discomforts of a northern winter and who, to escape them, migrate to the milder and softer climates of the southern states. It was to meet the demands and satisfy the requirements of this class of resorters that Pinehurst was established. How well it does so is best demonstrated by its success.

Conceived and projected at the very start on a truly gigantic scale, its leap into popularity and prominence as a winter mense improvements and additions to what had been done before.\* This was all in keeping with the liberal and progressive policy of the owner and promoter of the resort, Mr. James W. Tufts, of Boston, Mass., who, individually and alone-relying exclusively on his own resources and sustained by his absolute faith in and knowledge of the unequalled natural and climatic advantages of the location-conceived, planned and built this beautiful village, literally transforming a desert † into a paradise. All who have seen Pinehurst will concur in the statement that it is a veritable"Garden of

the Gods." similar kind that the writer has ever seen which can fairly compare with it is Golden Gate Park, in San Francisco, California.

Yes, Pinehurst is beautiful; but it does not owe its success to its beauty, except incidentally. That beauty, the lavish expenditure of money in originally projecting it, the gigantic and magnificent scale on which everything was done at its inception, all might have brought a temporary success; but its firmly enduring success, its phenomenally increasing popularity, its steadily augmented clientele of regular and permanent patrons would not, could not obtain without its exceptional and practically perfect climatic advantages. Situated on the crest of the sand-belt of central North Carolina, one hundred and forty miles

The only work of man of mometer does not generally indicate summer temperature; but the air is always energizing, invigorating, and at a temperature that makes out-of-door life inviting, tempting, enjoyable. It is to these exceptionally superior climatic advantages that Pinehurst owes principally the permanency of its success; for without these the Herculean work of its projector might have failed of enduring success.

Yet, Pinehurst does not by any means depend on climatic superiority alone for its attractiveness; nothing that modern enterprise, courage and means can do has been left undone to make it in every respect a complete and ideal winter resort for cultured and refined people of moderate means as well as for those to whom the question of expense is a secondary one. Apropos of this subject, Mr. Frank D. Hatfield, one of America's best known

of its founder in providing the place with what is probably as well equipped and ably managed a caravansary as there is at any summer or winter resort in the world.

"Pinehurst has one hotel superior to anything of its class in America, two other hotels fully up to the standard of any resort inns in the country, besides first class boarding houses, and fifty finely constructed and well furnished cottages which are for rent at varying prices proportioned to their size, etc.,

"Besides the hotels, halls, etc., it has a club house, school house, casino, deer park, 18 hole golf course, cold storage warehouse, steam laundry, nursery, electric street car system, and an immense tract adjacent to the town under high cultivation, which supplies to the villagers all farm products of the very best quality, at reasonable prices. Thus it will be seen this is that 'model community' which comes nearest to the Utopia of those dreamers and poets who have imagined and sung of an ideal earthly paradise since our first parents were turned out of the original 'garden spot' and Edens became obsolete.

"The travel cure has scored another success, where drugs have failed, and I am once more warranted in commending my invalid readers to try it, and in specially urging this time, upon the myriad victims of grip, to try a trip to the famous sand-belt of central North Carolina, in the highest and dryest part of which, among the fragrant long-leaf pines of this favored region, is situated lovely Pinehurst-a veritable shrine of health, where nature has provided all her own infallible panaceas for the healing of the nations." Consumptives are rigidly excluded, and Pinehurst is the only resort in the South that offers its patrons absolute immunity from this disease.

Such is Pinehurst, the perennially beautiful, the perennially attractive, the perennially progressive. Those who have passed previous seasons here, as well as those who come for the first time, may all be assured that no effort will be spared to make the coming season even more enjoyable than those that have Particular attention will be passed. given this season to amusements and sports and all who desire and enjoy entertainment and diversion will find ample opportunity for indulging their tastes.

The addition of an entirly new nine hole course to the golf links, making twenty-seven holes in all, will doubtless be appreciated by the numerous devotees ot that sport who have played on the Pinehurst links and who will all agree with Mr. Harry Vardon, the famous golf expert, who expressed the opinion that they were the finest in the South.

\*Pinehurst patrons of former seasons will find many items of interest in the articles on other pages headed "The New Golf Links" and "A Busy Summer".

† This section, the sand-belt of North Carolina, was for years called "The Sahara of the Old North State" and regarded as worthless, except for its timber.



from the coast and between six and seven "globe trotters" writing for the Troy, hundred feet above the sea level, protect- (N. Y.) Record, says: "Pinehurst is a resort was instantaneous. A flattering ed for miles in every direction by im- beautifully laid out and built up village, success at its inception, each succeeding mense forests of the ozone-exhaling long patterned after the best New England season eclipsed its predecessor and each leaf pine, the air is necessarily pure, dry type of small town, with model stores, a succeeding intervening summer saw im- and health giving, free from all malarial fine village hall, and all the usual accesgerms as well as from the severity and rawness born of the dampness and humidity which always prevails in sections adjacent to large bodies of water or to low and swampy land. The climate is remarkably equable and more nearly stationary than that of any other section; in the winter season, as a general rule, the weather is almost uniformly perfect. For instance, the local weather report for the 128 days ending April 19, of this year showed 12 days of cloud and storm and 116 days of sunshine. Equatorial conditions, of course, do not prevail; the weather in not enervating; the ther-

sories of an up-to-date Massachusetts hamlet, with the added attractions of of numerous small, and three large first class hotels. Of these latter, the Carolina is, I am bound to say, a revelation, even to me, veteran traveler as I am, of luxurious appointments and general elegance. This vast and magnificent structure is larger and grander than our own famous hostelry, the Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point; and when I have said that, I certainly could give Trojans no better idea of the superlative status of Pinehurst in the matter of its hotels, nor of the almost ineredible audacity and the public spiri-