

# The PINEHURST OUTLOOK



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## Pinehurst's Twenty-fifth Anniversary

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It is a little more than a quarter of a century that I have personally known the Sandhills country of North Carolina. In February, 1894, the thermometer in my town in Pennsylvania persistently stayed below zero day and night for a week, and my wife and I, like the famous Chi Chill Blue, the Lapland finker, set out one day to seek some place where we might keep us warm. We hit Southern Pines, and it was not much to boast of. Twenty-six years ago Aberdeen and Southern Pines were beginning to pull away from Manly which had been the metropolis of the turpentine belt, and any one of the three places perhaps might have had 300 people.

But we had left people enough behind and we cared mighty little when we arrived in the promised land whether people were here or not. That year the arbutus blossomed in February, and the peach trees, and I bought eggs for ten cents a dozen, and chickens for about the same price, and I bought them and carried them to the house not so much because we wanted them as because they were so cheap it was sport to pick them up at that price. We fooled around here in the sand barrens for the short time we could be away, and went back to find the water pipes frozen up, a blizzard raging, and the raw mountain spring ahead. But before we went back

to Pennsylvania we bought a farm. I look back at that farm, with its six or eight acres of cleared land, and a little cabin in a boundary of rail fence, and say a blessing on its unpretentious hopefulness, for we have called it a farm ever since for want of any better name for a body of land surrounded by a line running south seven degrees east to a post, etc., and thence to the beginning. We paid two dollars an acre for the blooming thing, and we bought it because we had never seen anything under the sun that was as agreeable to behold as that farm with its magnificent climate, and because like the chickens there was a certain joy in buying things that were so cheap. That farm and that

climate meant coming back frequently, and we kept coming until we came and stayed. After we bought our farm, and got on the regular visiting list of the Sandhills, action commenced over in a new spot that was called Pinehurst. Now Pinehurst is to me one of the most interesting creations on earth, because like any honest thing it has landed about as far from where it started as a boy or a pup. James Tufts was a philanthropist who discovered the North Carolina Sand country and was impressed by it, and he undertook to locate on a big tract of cheap land he bought from the Pages a community in which people in uncertain health might

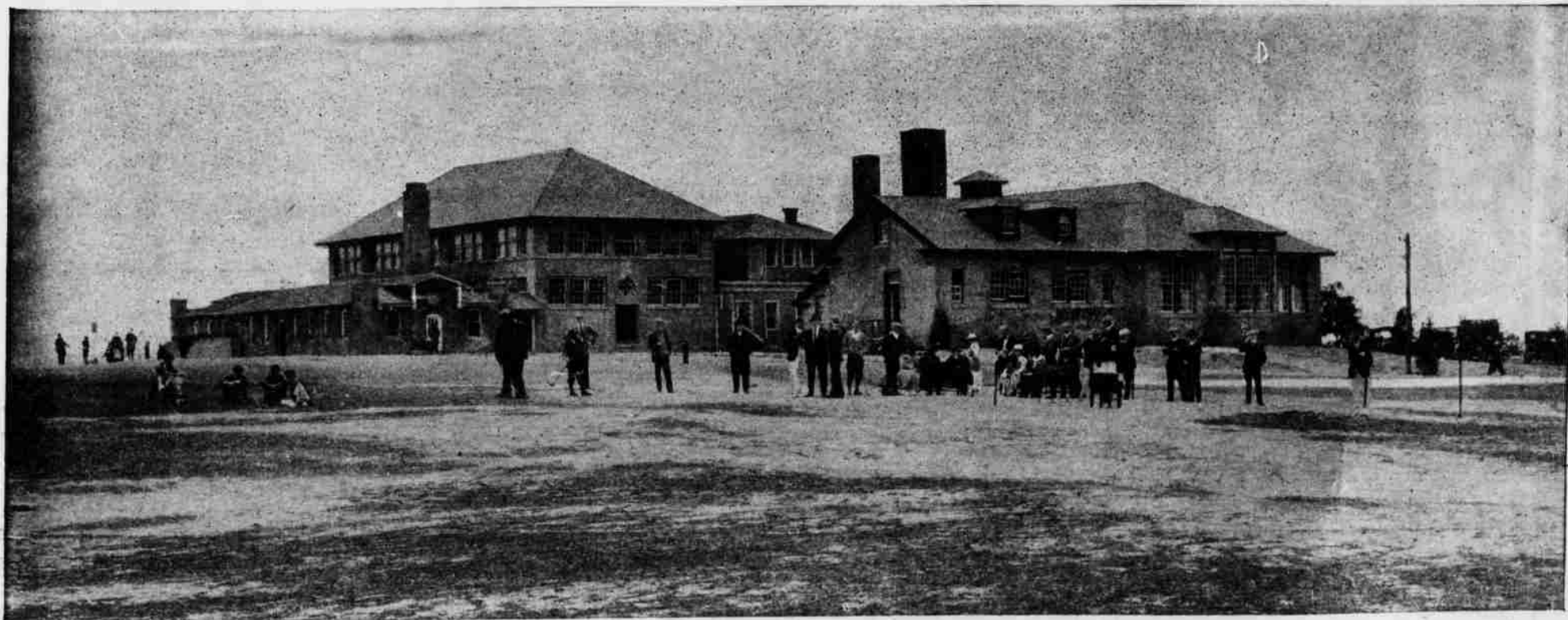
get to the land in a mild climate where they could live out of doors and thrive and maybe get well. Or at least if they could not get well perhaps they could live a happier and more hopeful life while they lived. This scheme of Mr. Tufts came to nothing, for eminent physicians in Boston advised against gathering a community of invalids, and Mr. Tufts abandoned it. Then came the plan of a community of winter homes and Pinehurst accepted that idea and has followed it along to the present time. The dominant idea has never been overlooked, but in arriving at the present prospect it has seen the side lines amended many a time.

James Tufts died, and he was succeeded by Leonard Tufts, his son. What the younger man has done would surprise the father as much as it probably has surprised the son on those days when he sits down to take a retrospective view of Pinehurst. Well, Pinehurst was presented to the people of the North as a Winter possibility in the Sandhills, not too far from New York and Boston, with good hotels, hunting, climate, always that feature of climate and the people found out the place and began to come this way. And because those of us who came found more than we had looked for many have stayed.

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Pinehurst's First Club House—1895



Pinehurst Country Club