



The Pine Crest Inn

Pinehurst, N. C.

OPEN OCTOBER TO MAY

Special Early Season Rates until January

A home-like, comfortable hotel Modern in every
appointment Excellent cuisine
PRIVATE BATHS STEAM HEAT
SUN PARLORS

DONALD J. ROSS AND W. J. MACNAB, Proprietors

BRIGHT LEAF TOBACCO

Tobacco as a commercial crop in Moore county is a newer crop than peaches, but it has not been exploited so vigorously, nor so widely. Yet it is already a more productive factor in the county's farm income than peaches, or than any other market crop. Moore county's tobacco crop in 1921 was worth about as much as the peach crop of the whole Sandhills belt. Moore county's bright leaf brought a price above the state average. North Carolina received more money for last year's tobacco crop than was realized by the tobacco of any other state, and the average for the crop was high.

TOBACCO AND PEACHES WORK TOGETHER.

Where you find a peach ridge in this section you find a tobacco soil close by. When you buy a tract of peach land you get a bunch of tobacco land with it, just as you get some light meat and some dark meat with the fowl.

The Fine Peach Ridges of Knollwood

Are flanked by Fine Tobacco Lands.

On Edgemore Heights Plant Peaches one side of the Fence

Set Tobacco on the Other Side

Always Two Chances to Win in this Favored Territory.

For details consult P. Frank Buchan, or S. B. Richardson, Southern Pines, A. S. Newcomb, Pinehurst, or Leonard Tufts, Manager of Knollwood, Inc., Pinehurst, North Carolina.

Sizzling Seven Embark for Dixie

By SANDY McNIBLICK

The Sizzling Seven have embarked for the blue-skied Southern fairway which leads through the clime where red suns shimmer down on the cotton, molasses, palmetto and pine belts.

The Sizzling Seven are professionals all—banded together in a novel attack on a novel golf schedule offered this winter in Dixieland.

They are marching on Pinehurst via San Antonio which is something like going from Philadelphia to New York via Chicago but in the pro's case there's a reason.

This Sizzling Seven outfit is seeking its fortune. They are going to Dixie in a body. They are going to stick together, pool expenses and pool their winnings. They plan, you might say, assault and battery on one of the most attractive winter golf schedules ever offered anybody anywhere.

The band was mostly organized by Charlie Hoffner, Falls of Schuylkill open champion, and a member last year of America's ocean-going professional team. He finished in the money in more than one event last year and that's the way with all the others in this roving crew. There's not a "weak sister" in the party.

For instance there's Tommy Kerrigan. Of this promising young home-bred it will be remembered that he had the second highest score in the British open and that is a laurel enough for most anyone.

Paddy Doyle, Deal, and a couple of other Irishmen, Pete and Pat O'Hara, make a wild Shamrock trio. Cyril Walker, Pennsylvania open champion, will also hook up with the delegation, and Johnny Golden, Tuxedo, makes the seventh volunteer for this unique links enterprise.

Never has such tempting bait been held out to the professionals as the purses the Southern courses are holding out in the open events this winter and this is partly responsible for the voyage of the Sizzling Seven.

Old-timers could not believe their eyes when they read of the bulging purses to be placed in the hands of the winner down there. For a score of years \$500 has been considered more than a modest reward. Now the first award is jumping to the \$1000 mark, nay, soaring to \$1500 and more.

At first the pros just blinked. Then began the wild scramble. Everybody who is anybody in professional golfdom, it appears likely, is going to attend the functions.

But the stunt of the Sizzling Seven in pooling its winnings is certainly unique. If Kerrigan wins a slice of the prize money he will whack it up seven ways. If Pete and Pat cop, they split with the rest. And so on. In all it is figured that close to \$20,000 awaits. Everybody knows that one pro hasn't much chance to win in every start. But these

seven players are good enough to finish somewhere there every time and the all-around average promises to be prosperous.

Anyhow the Sizzling Seven are all a-glow at the prospect. The invasion starts at San Antonio, for a swing over what has been called the "southern circuit." At San Antonio they will try to have a finger in that \$4,545 pie which will be cut in twenty-three slices, in the seventy-two hole event which will be played from February 3 to 5.

Then to Shreveport, La., for a one-day whirl at 1,000 bucks. This will be divided several ways so that these seven pros figure to come in on some of it at least. Next to Houston, Tex., for a similar one-day tournament, where the five awards total also \$1000. The finish of this concentrated going in that section will be at New Orleans where the prize money is to be divided ten ways through \$3000. This latter event will be at 72 holes, and into the hat of the leader of the pack will be poured, poetically speaking, 1,000 gold dollars.

All will then pack up the sticks and lie them off to Florida. Here they will have delegates in the various meetings at Deland, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Belleaire, Miami, and the rest of the sun-kist clubs which will entertain thereabouts.

The grand finale comes at Pinehurst which the Sizzling Seven will invade *en masse* to battle for the open championship of the North and South.

So in March, when you see them arrive with the big "S. S." on the bags, you will know what it is all about.

Their main hope is that, by that time, the initials will not have changed to "S. O. S."

"THE WIZARDS OF THE LINKS"

When George and Abe drive from the tee,

With potent power and artistry,
The ball speeds forth a wondrous sight,
Straight down the course in faultless flight;

Like bird a-wing, a thing of grace,
Bound for its appointed place

Then, too, with iron or brassie true,
They reach the distant green in two,
Or dare the traps of guarded green,
With magic shot from mashie keen,
To rest content by friendly flag,
Another hole in par to bag.

And then to watch them sure as fate,
Sink wiley putt, nor hesitate,
No matter what the length, or line,
With mystic might and perfect time.

All, all so far from us, old son,
But cheerio!—Ain't we got fun?

—W. H. Webbing.

TEA AND DANCING

every afternoon at the Country Club from four until six o'clock.