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## The Pinehurst of 1925

(By "CHICK" EVANS)

**M**Y little trip to Pinehurst was a glancing one, so transitory that it seemed a moving picture, or a delightful dream. It is as if I went to bed tired and exhausted on a certain night, and awoke the next morning in Chicago, rested and refreshed, ready for the business harness, and enjoying the full consciousness of a beautiful dream. I once heard a president of a Theosophical Society say that if one should chance to recall in the morning a bit of last night's dream it should be written down and then in time a true and noteworthy story might "come through." Following that advice I am trying to remember a swift and dream-like vacation that in the process of writing is becoming something in the nature of a distinct photograph of courses, pine woods, cottages and hotels of beautiful Pinehurst.

The Pinehurst of 1925 differs from that of 1911—only in the improvement and general finish of everything. The friendly atmosphere is there, intensified by the years, and over all the spirit of golf presides.

All the way to Pinehurst I was wondering if I would recognize the country around it. I had no difficulty for memory had grooved deep lines. There was Aberdeen, for instance. It had been a typical, shabby little junction where the spur of the railway appeared to run off into a lumber camp. There is where one still waits for a through train, but Aberdeen itself has grown up with a Main street, comfortable cottages, and its group of natives at the station.

I stopped at the Carolina for there is where I stayed so many years ago. The winding streets of Pinehurst were just as of old, a labyrinthine puzzle for the stranger.

The first thing I did was to take the bus to the country club. Years ago there was no bus, just a short and charming walk past the deer park, where I always stopped to watch the pretty creatures, on to the golf course. But golfers rarely walk except on a golf course, and nowa-days the Pinehurst players always take the waiting bus. This is not only a restful thing to do, but it gives them an opportunity to converse with Happy, a local character who is a part of the Pinehurst atmosphere. Just before the course is reached a worn hillside comes to view—a miniature golf course, covered with negro caddies

who spend the intervals between their labors trying out their own skill at the game. They, too, are an interesting part of the local color in which Pinehurst abounds.

Only five minutes from the hotel, and we find ourselves at a large clubhouse beside which are parked many automobiles, much resembling some great Country Club near a large city. On this same spot in 1911 there was only a tiny locker room. Glancing around outside the clubhouse doorway a vast expanse of golf holes stretches out before you. There seems to be a multitude of them, in fact, I do not believe that I have ever seen so many from one viewpoint before. You discover there is just an interesting question of choice before you. You are to select which one of the four courses you care to play upon, and the ability to make such a choice seems the height of luxury somehow. Having chosen wisely, I hope, there is no delay in getting off. The architect has seen to that. I found tees, fairways, bunkers and greens in perfectly wonderful shape. In fact, I want to make a very special mention of the fairways. In 1911 I recall how "spotty" they were, and now they are an unbroken expanse of lovely grass. I never had one bad lie in the fairway the whole time I was at Pinehurst on this visit. Northern courses can learn much from Pinehurst on greenskeeping. I only wish that many of them could get the fifteen or twenty yards in front of each hole as fair to a falling ball as Pinehurst offers.

The refinements of the course were most noticeable. Bunkers were all trimmed and raked, fairway lines well defined. No sloppy grass or weeds anywhere.

The Number 2 is one of the finest in the country. Since 1911 it has not changed so much as one might expect, although the new holes add immensely to it. I missed the railroad track on the second hole, for there it was that I once found an unplayable lie and reached the green for a three. The new third and fourth are splendid. The former beautifully demonstrates the fact that traps can be built successfully near a sand green.

Although golf makes resorts, I have really seen very little of them, but there is something peaceful and calming about the playing of golf far away from the large cities. It is the

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