

EARLY DAYS IN THE SANDHILLS.

(Continued from page 1)

Norfolk, Va.; there was no direct rail line to Richmond and the North, so the occasional Sandhiller visiting Baltimore, or New York went by rail to Norfolk and took the Old Dominion boat line for Baltimore, or the Clyde line for New York. A journey that now consumes about seven hours, was then practically half a week in the making. In addition to these trains there was maintained what was called a Work train; an engine carrying open flat cars for the loading of lumber, attached to which was about three "shanty cars" for the use of the crew. It came out from Raleigh each Monday morning headed for the Sandhill lumber country. It stopped at the various lumber landings along the main line and loaded one, two or a dozen cars of lumber as the case might be, then moved on to another and another, doing the same thing all week. This train carried a crew of about forty workmen and did nothing but load lumber, carry it to the sidings, get more empty cars and repeat over and over the operation. If you will inspect the lettering on the side of a modern flat, or open car you will see that the capacity is marked at about 80,000 pounds, no open car of that period had a carrying capacity greater than 24,000 pounds, and most of them only 20,000; 5,000 feet of green lumber made a car load.

The Seaboard with its winter schedule of more than forty trains a day, each one of the forty making at least three trains of the 1880 period, has kept pace with the development of the country through which it runs. Reversing the picture, the country in the period from 1880 to 1890 supported two, or rather one and a half trains a day, while in 1927 its share of passengers and freight for more than forty every 24 hours. Even for those of us who have seen all the changes that have taken place in this nearly half century, find it takes some effort to bring to mind our conditions as they then existed. There is not enough of the original pine forest left to give even the faintest idea of what its unbroken mile upon mile looked like, there was very little undergrowth; in many places none only the tall slim pines with the carpet of wire grass. The manufacturing methods were crude, and because of this, as well as the demands of the market, the waste was fearful. It was not unusual to see a tree twenty inches in diameter, thirty or forty feet long rolled up on the saw carriage, four lines run through it and the square 12x12 timber the only product of that log, the remainder, equalling two or three hundred feet board measure, in slab went upon the fire, constantly burning to consume the waste. There was not a finishing mill in the whole territory, therefore no demand for the outside boards, free from knots and suitable for mill work of all kind, and today the most valuable part of the log for flooring, ceiling, frames and interior finish of all kinds. I find myself wondering what we are wasting in this day possibly in the same degree, for lack of facilities for conserving, or a market that demands it in the immediate present. We seem short in those qualities that are on the lookout for the next generation. We are not good conservators of the bounty given us by nature. If in those days we had thought to have planted one tree for every hundredth one we destroyed, how different the country would have been today, not alone to the eye, but financially as well. As long, however, as the pine tree was the chief asset of the section, attention was fixed upon that, and any other, and all other of its natural advantages were overlooked; or if seen by some one, courage to exploit was lacking. Men knew they could make a living out of its turpentine and timber, and some even had visions of wealth from this source, why think of anything else that might be here?

Along about 1885 there came into the section a man with a vision and practically everybody thought, and many said he was crazy. He began to talk about a resort, and the bringing of people from the North to spend their winters; who, with the then transportation facilities, was coming from anywhere to spend a winter in a barren waste? No one ever had a harder time in getting an idea over than did John T. Patrick. The people of the section would not listen to

him, the railroad people turned him down. He lived by day, and slept by night with his idea and finally selected the top of the ridge where Southern Pines now is, particularly that part of the town now west of Broad Street, and began the laying out of streets, and blocks and town lots. He doted on the climate, the Ozone of the pines, the dryness of the atmosphere, the absence of tubercular diseases among the natives and every other claim we make today for the healthfulness of the locality. He toured the North, once with a negro minstrel troupe as an attraction, in his efforts to interest people of that section in his venture. He built a few cheap houses, and induced some of his local acquaintances to build a small hotel to take care of the occasional person who came to investigate all the claims he was making. At last a few adventurous spirits came, some on account of their health, some to investigate the wonderful stories he had broadcast. Strange as it seemed to some of us here, they caught his enthusiasm, at least in degree and began to stick, some having enough to exist without work, others finding something to do; among the very first were some who had previously been in the lumber business in some form, these went to helping the balance of us destroy the forest; among the newcomers of this class was the father of the Messrs. Grover, now residents of Southern Pines, as well as the father of Dolph Ruggles, long time the town's postmaster, the Tarbells and others. The most northerly house now standing on West Broad Street in the town, as you go out toward Pinehurst by the double road, was among the first of the houses built, this by a Mr. Armington, who was soon in the lumber business, and whose wife taught the first school in the village. The first residence built was the house now occupied by Mr. Patch and about the same time that owned by Mr. R. S. Marks. There was a saw mill located on the branch just below where Claude Hayes' house now stands, owned and operated by Bland, the owner of the first house built in the village, and Mr. John Buchan, father of Carl. In a little while, just the year I have forgotten, but about 1885 or 1886, came Dr. Swett, built his home, now the town building, and began to put out magnolia and other evergreen trees. At first the momentum was not great, things went slowly and some of the first to come became discouraged, but others took their places, more came than went away. The Messrs. St. John about this time built the Piney Woods Inn over on the hill beyond the branch and winter guests began to arrive. They didn't have a thing to do after they came but sit out in the sunshine and walk through the sand; the so-called roads did not permit of investigation out of walking distance, still they came. The town at this stage of its development was a health resort, and most of those coming were "one lungers."

Among the present citizens are a few of the pioneers; Mr. Grout, Mr. Junge are among this number, though I do not recall just the year of their arrival. In the late eighties Mr. Boyd, the grandfather of James and Jackson, came and purchased the Duncan Shaw lands, now Weymouth Heights, and beyond the valley toward Fort Bragg. There is a tradition that his investment came by reason of the protest of his daughter, the late Mrs. Dull, over the spoiling of the pine forest by the boxing of the trees for turpentine, and finding there was no other way by which it could be stopped, bought it at what was then the enormous price of \$30 an acre.

Before Mr. Patrick had built a house in what is now Southern Pines, there came to the section Dr. Saddle-son, from some place in New York state, in what he considered the last stages of consumption, as a sort of last resort, and found a home with the widow Jane Blue, who lived about two miles east of Manley; much to the surprise of his family and I imagine himself, he began to gain strength after a few months. Soon after the "first settlers" came into Southern Pines he moved there and after a little while began the practice of his profession and opened the first drug store. He lived and practiced there for a number of years and died only a short while ago in the city of Charlotte. There is no doubt but that the arrest of his disease spread abroad, had much to do with the bringing of many others af-

flicted as was he. During the nineties the fate of the town hung in the balance, in the end health winning against disease. This policy, or the adoption of it, marks the upward trend, and settled once for all the destiny of the town; henceforth it was to become the winter playground of those seeking the mildness of its climate, and the out door life made possible by it. Investments began in winter homes, and hotels, the building of the golf course, largely the work of Dr. Swett.

Among these early comers was Captain A. M. Clark, large of frame, jovial of disposition, rabid of politics of the Pennsylvania Republican variety, and, was an outstanding booster. He let all the world that he could reach know of the virtues of the section. He started a newspaper, the first in the section, to help spread its fame abroad, this was the great grand-daddy of The Sandhill Citizen. In spite of his ardent Republicanism, he and Esquire Washington Shaw, rabid Democrat, ex-Confederate soldier, became great cronies and through their friendship for one another did much to remove section-prejudices still extant. Captain Clark must also have been the cause of the coming to the section of his brother-in-law, Bion Butler, and had he done no other than this he made a major contribution to the development of the Sandhill section. Bion has advertised us by the use of his fertile and wise pen, more widely and wisely than has been done by every other organized effort. He, because of his great modesty will be the only man in the section to question this statement.

A. E. Allen, a successful poultryman of Cary, in Wake County, raised 1,186 broilers to the age of five weeks with the loss of only 14 chicks.

Tom Tarheel says he looks on his cows, chickens, and hogs as a market for his extra grain and feedstuffs. In this way, he sells the material at a good profit.

Nearly all the foods needed for a well selected diet may be produced on the home farm.

W. D. Graham and E. A. Stevens now take their place along with B. F. Shelton, R. W. Scott, R. L. Shuford and G. W. Lathan as the leading farmers of North Carolina.

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One ton of ground limestone used each four years has greatly increased the yield of cotton on the average Cecil clay soils of Piedmont North Carolina.

Fifty dollars in prizes will go to the best three hog callers at the State Farmers' Convention this year. The convention dates are July 26, 27 and 28.

Tom Tarheel says he didn't mind paying for that box at the supper

last week when he found the girls were going to send a delegate to the club short course.

Sixty Alamance farmers came to see the wonderful results with lime as a soil fertility builder on the farm of P. H. Stevens near Liberty.



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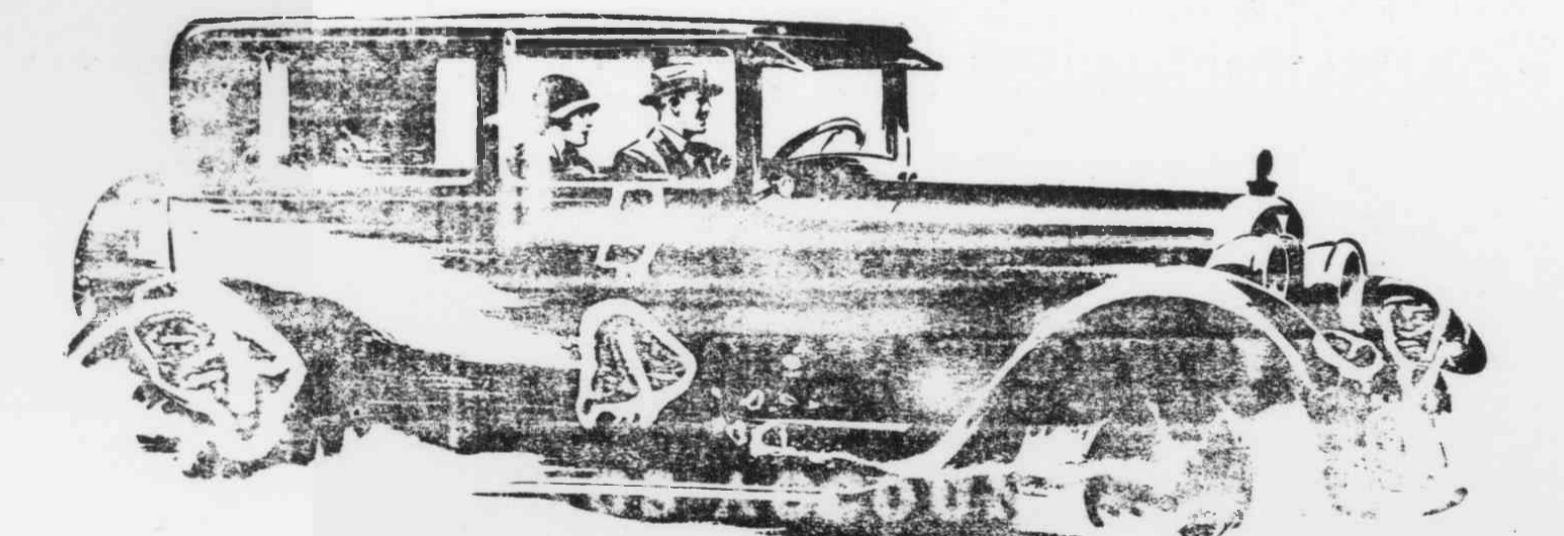
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PINEHURST GARAGE

PINEHURST, N. C.

Friday, Mrs. L was in Mrs. F Sanford. U. L. business Mrs. F her home ter spent mother, Dr. a children, ton McE Mr. at Pittsboro Mrs. I Frances in Sanford Mrs. S Monday. Miss J some tin to Carth Mrs. J in town. Mr. at Monday Charlie is spend his father Mr. an spending tains. The Society of Monday David ically ill dicitis, is Mrs. C Miss M her work Mrs. J the Junior Methodist ning, Ju Mrs. U. Spence on Charli two read cation a a poem. of the Mrs. F. Frye, M. Mary S piano by Mrs. J Ways an ed very Womanl Unfortun er last cert by being a who we in their Mrs. J Va., Miss hostess, Rowland of the S After licious the host Mr. a coe, spe Miss I beth Ci with her Miss spent th nie and Neill Aberdee Last Beasley bridge id son and who we Minneap school Tennessee Washing Wilson, of Nor bridge, score pter Me Gray, a guests. Misses and Mi Walter Nair S Muse, a ous sal Miss to the Tuesday Basketed pla ness of ceived er, Mrs. was set Barrett After Club st was An Miss B esting r story v Wilber