

**EARLY DAYS IN THE SANDHILLS**

(Continued from page 1)

operators made anything out of it, and this was true in spite of the fact that manufacturing costs were also low. The standard wage for laborers, log cutters, teamsters, mill hands, was 60 cents a day plus a weekly ration of four pounds of Western side meat, a peck of corn meal and a quart of molasses, while skilled men, sawyers, mechanics, etc., received an average wage of \$2 to \$2.50. Each mill had its commissary to furnish its own employees with the necessities of life. With the passing of the turpentine industry, Manley became to wane, stores went out of business and its population began to move away. There was not



**THE CAROLINA HOTEL**  
Where James Tufts "Stuck a Stick in the Ground."

a bank in the county in 1890, all the banking business was done through Raleigh or Fayetteville banks; currency to meet monthly pay rolls was brought from the Raleigh banks. The negro population outnumbered the whites two to one. There was no produce raised, and each incoming train brought car loads of hay and corn from the West to feed the thousands of mules of the lumbermen. With the accumulation of the laps of the trees in the woods came the forest fires, burning each spring over wide areas of cut over lands, utterly destroying the young timber that had been left and leaving in its wake a barren waste; miles upon miles of land all vegetation destroyed, with thousands of dead tree trunks weeping over the destruction all about. A more desolate scene cannot be imagined. Men began to talk of the future. Of what possible use was such a country. The general thought was that, with the passing of the timber, the whole section would be deserted by man. There was just one ray of hope, and this came from the increasing number of people who came to the section in search of climate and restoration to health. Southern Pines kept gaining, slowly it is true, but gaining. The problem was, what are these people going to find to do. The public mind was speculative. No one supposed for an instant that there were any agricultural possibilities for a section of sand hills and burned over forests.

Another man, out of the section, had a dream, and Mr. Lindley, nurseryman from Greensboro, bought some land between Southern Pines and the present location of Pinehurst, the tract now known as Midland farms, on the double road, and planted out some two or three hundred acres in peach trees; the soil and climate seemed to suit them, and they came in due course into bearing; one crop was marketed to the satisfaction of the owner, and then the trees were attacked with San Jose scale. No one knew the remedy, the Government researchers had not been made at that time and, in a little while there was a wilderness of dead peach trees and, because of inability to control disease, this orchard was abandoned and the whole scheme written down as a failure. The sole reminder of this venture now is the rows of pear trees along the road, these were planted at the time of the peach trees as a sort of artistic border to the orchard.

About this time, 1894 or 95 there walked into our office at Aberdeen one morning a gentleman from Boston with a letter of introduction from a Mr. Bruner, of the North Carolina Agricultural Department, Mr. James W. Tufts. He asked a great many questions, some of which could not be answered, and then unfolded to us his dream, and it seemed this dream had been with him for some time, and this was not his first attempt to interpret it. He was first of all a business man who had been successful, and had reached the time of life when he wanted to serve his fellow man. He talked of purchasing large tracts of the cut over lands

for the purpose of establishing a winter resort in this, the northern belt of the South, easy of access for people from the East, so that their winters might be spent away from the rigors of New England climate. In his mind at that time it was to be largely a cottage resort, supplemented with small hotels for those who did not care to keep house.

The one thing that office had was cut over lands. The horses were hitched to the buggy and the tour of inspection began. He was even in that early period of the Sandhills fighting clear of real estate dealers, making it perfectly clear that he was going to deal first hand or not at all. We toured the section west of Aberdeen, driving over log roads, through the woods, over the very tract now Pinehurst, Incorporated. Almost exactly where the Carolina hotel now

guests and distinguished men were brought to Pinehurst as lecturers. In this connection, one of the most



**LEONARD TUFTS.**  
The Head of Pinehurst and Its Various Enterprises.

amusing and entertaining performances was pulled off, that ever took place anywhere. One afternoon, I had just come home from the adjournment of Congress, I had a phone call from Mr. Tufts, asking me if I would not on that night come to Pinehurst and introduce to the audience Senator Ben Tillman of South Carolina, who was going to lecture. Of all the people in the United States at that time there was possibly not another with whom the people of the North so violently disagreed as "Pitchfork" Ben. Of course I agreed, and reached the Carolina and the Senator's room, where I found him donning his evening clothes for the performance, I asked which of his lectures, (he had several) he was going to deliver. He began to discuss the matter with me, as to the advisability of this or another, and mentioned of course his famous one on Reconstruction in South Carolina. I had never up to that time heard the lecture but had heard enough about it to know pretty clearly the line of discussion, so in a spirit of fun I advised him by all means to deliver that one, telling him that his Yankee audience needed above all things to know the truth of that dark period in Southern history. He was not averse and very readily agreed to do so. The hall was packed to capacity. At this date, I remember only two people in that audience, Mr. Leonard Tufts and Mr. John W. Graham, of Aberdeen.

I presented the Senator as a distinguished son of South Carolina, and a distinguished member of the United States Senate, rugged, honest, with an unusual capacity for telling the truth on all occasions, the bearer of a message that would not only entertain them, but probably change the opinions of some of them. What others of that audience may have felt I cannot of course tell. I never heard a more graphic story, more picturesquely told in all my life. I never have seen an audience more completely under the sway of a speaker. During his recital of the details of the wrestling of the government of South Carolina from the hands of the negroes, and he spared no detail, making it perfectly clear that he was not defending the action as being legal but a necessity for the preservation of a civilization. He told how the negro was forcibly deprived of the franchise. Then pausing he dramatically asked: "What would you have done under like circumstances?" and there was a perfect storm of approval from that New England audience. At another place, and as I recall, just at the close of his speech, he paid the finest tribute to Abraham Lincoln that I have ever heard fall from mortal lips, when again of course he caught his audience in wild approval. The whole scene was tense, dramatic, and while I had, more for the fun of the thing made the suggestion as to his subject to Senator Tillman, I have felt through all the years that, by so doing, I had made a real contribution to a better understanding between a limited number of people of the two sections. After this diversion, among the serious problems to the ownership and management was provision for the guests other than to amuse or entertain them. They must be fed. No serious attempt at agriculture had been made, and the general opinion being that it was impossible. However, the men who succeeded are

the men who undertake the impossible. Of course a great many things could be brought from elsewhere and kept in cold storage, but a dairy herd seemed a necessity, as it was, and to do this successfully feed must be grown. Experimentation began, and to the surprise of every body feed crops were successfully grown. at what cost in the beginning only Mr. Tufts can tell, but they grew and the herd was established, and in the years the problem was solved. Pinehurst as a resort and its value in the development of a section cannot be minimized, for it is the outstanding thing in the section, but the contribution made by this organization in demonstrating the agricultural possibilities of the section and the development that has grown out of it, has been by far the larger contribution of the two.

Large undertakings must be organized. The selection of the right man for the particular job is the key to success; in this respect Mr. Tufts has displayed genius. In the development of Pinehurst outside the hotels, Mr. John McQueen became his right hand, his industry, his hard "horse sense" translated into prac-



**JOHN R. McQUEEN,**  
Leonard Tufts' "Right Hand."

tical ideas, did many things that had not before been done in the Sandhills. He it was I imagine who found Gordon Cameron and Isham Sledge and Harrison Stutt, while Mr. Leonard Tufts must have discovered Pete Pender, who has become the Pinehurst builder.



**HARRISON STUTTS,**  
Manager of the Pinehurst Warehouses, the Biggest Thing of Its Kind Between Richmond and Atlanta, and Distributors of the American Soda Fountains.

Another significant discovery was made at Pinehurst that was the beginning of a development along another line that rapidly attracted the attention of the whole State to Moore county. For many years, many of us had been here teaming over the sand trails carrying half a load and with endless annoyance without any of us having discovered that, at practically every hill top nature had mixed the sand and clay in exactly the right proportions for the building of roads. The first sand-clay roads were built at Pinehurst, and Mr. Tufts was the pioneer in the construction of these roads leading away from the town, and of course back to it. He built first, with such local aid as he could secure, the road from Pinehurst to Asheboro. This was the beginning of Route No. 70 of the present highway system. Soon these roads were being built all over Moore county and we waked up to find that we had attained fame on account of our good roads. No county in the State had more advocates of a State road system, and many of its citizens made large contribution in the formation of the public sentiment in favor of roads, and with modesty we

may add has contributed its share of men in the building of the network of highways that has these recent years brought us to the attention of the whole country. It all started in the Sandhills, and at Pinehurst.



**JAMES McN. JOHNSON,**  
First Druggist at Aberdeen.

With most of the timber cut, the mill and turpentine business that had for two decades given employment to capital and labor gone, either something must be developed or the territory depopulated. The Pinehurst agricultural experiments encouraged some to begin the growing of general crops of cotton, corn, etc. But the then population were not farmers. In the mean time the Agricultural Department at Washington because of the devastation wrought by the San Jose scale had put their experts to work that a remedy might be found and as these experiments progressed the minds of some reverted to the Lindley experiment at the Midland farms in the cultivation of Peach trees. The remedy was found by which the scale could be controlled and a few adventurous spirits began to put out peach trees. That they would grow in this soil and produce a very high quality of fruit had already been demonstrated. Among those making the venture possibly the boldest and most confident was Mr. Henry Clark who had come to the section in the early eighties representing a Boston Naval Stores firm, had bought rosin and spirits of turpentine as long as the industry lasted, was perfectly familiar with all the conditions that existed in the section, had planted a small orchard near Aberdeen in which he had proven every phase of the culture, except the control of the scale. He organized a company and planted two hundred acres of peaches just across the western Moore county line in Montgomery county, selecting this locality because it was in the sand belt, had the proper elevation and other natural advantages as he then understood them. His faith demonstrated by so large a venture encouraged others to plant small orchards. The results were all they had hoped, even more. The trees grew to perfection, the government formula controlled the scale; the devastation wrought by this disease in other peach belts of the South had left a scarcity of the luscious fruit on the



**BION H. BUTLER,**  
Who Mr. Page says 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."

market so that, the first crops from orchards commanded prices that meant a large profit on the investment made, with the result that everybody began to figure out how

(Please turn to page 3)