

The Pinehurst Outlook

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TUNING UP THE PINE BARRENS

Story of Pinehurst, the Community, is Graphically Told

Barton W. Currie Writes of Agricultural Transformation of the Sandhill Desert



LAST spring I toured by motor something less than a thousand miles roundabouts the Village seeking information concerning the modern agricultural Community of which Pinehurst is the center—and North, South, East and West we sped over good roads with golden sunshine and purple shadow flitting away on either side. Again and again we paused at the many Oases which now beautify what was once the Sandhill Desert. Here and there we chatted with the oldest residents at cross-roads stores, lurching in the cool shadows of the pines. A note book I filled with information for this, our Annual Spring Number, and other issues of THE OUTLOOK. ¶ Pleasant memory is the recollection—experience the result. ¶ Early in November, however, Mr. Barton W. Currie of *The Country Gentleman*, followed in our footsteps. Much the same territory he covered, and the result was a recent story, "Tuning Up the Pine Barrens—Pioneering De Luxe and Otherwise in the Sandhill State." ¶ As an authority on matters agricultural, we are complimenting not alone Mr. Currie and *The Country Gentleman*, but Pinehurst, the Community, as well, by reprinting the story as the leader in this special issue. ¶ Most of all we appreciate what others say about us. ¶ It is gratifying to note that in a few short years Agricultural Pinehurst has won national attention—and we might add fame.

MR. CURRIE'S STORY

It is a fine sign of the times when the sons of our hopelessly rich go in for homespun farming, when they tackle the game on other than a picture basis. ¶ Ever since and probably before the days of the Cæsars we have had with us our villa farmers—the young, the middle-aged and the elderly rich—who have farmed by proxy and have wrapped their seeds in gold foil before they have stuck them into the ground to bear fruit. They choose first a villa site, commanding a large view, buy up as much of the view as they care to own, and then say to their slaves or serfs or yeomen or hired hands

or whatever, "Hustle out there and farm that view—I'll pay the bills."

This is being done all round us today by Broadway, Michigan avenue and Beacon street farmers, and the influence upon the general run of farmer folk is demoralizing rather than beneficial. The uneconomic and crazy methods of agriculture involved provoke more ridicule than admiration. And for this very reason the young men who have gone down into the Sandhill belt of North Carolina, to till the turpented and cut-over lands that had long been regarded as a no-account patch-plaster to hold the world together, deserve serious consideration and should be watched closely.

tively no picture trimmings or vine-and-fig-tree adjuncts of the sort that Southern California and Florida advertise, nor is there anything esthetic in the process of tuning up these pine barrens. These gilt-edged young farmers must even bear in mind that ultimate success depends upon the size of their dung piles. Could anything be more unpoetic?

SANDBAGGING NATURE AND ROBBING HER

Ten years ago you could have bought these North Carolina sandhills and plateaus and even some of the creek bottoms for fifty cents an acre. That was after the turpentine had been extracted from the pine and the best of the timber



THE PUMPELLY MANSION, THE DAIRY BARN AND PART OF JERSEY HERD

¶ They are practically all college men who have gone in there to farm—graduates of Yale and Harvard for the most part, and scions of prosperous and socially prominent Northern families. They have taken up about the rawest kind of land in the universe, facing the problem of introducing fertility where no fertility was before. ¶ The scenic lures consist of second-growth blackjack and scrub pine, with occasional patches of palmetto undergrowth. But it is a bully section to toil and sweat in; the climatic advantages are supreme. There are posi-

had been cut off. It was razed as most of our forests have been razed by our "keen" businessmen who believe that when Nature has anything worth removing the simplest and surest method is to sandbag the old lady and take it away from her, putting it up to some future generation to apply first aid and get her on her feet again. ¶ That was how things stood after the turpentine boom and the timber demolition, and so far as the denizens of the region were concerned it did not seem worth while to apply smelling

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P. W. WHITTEMORE IS FIRST

Seventy-five is Best of 250 in Annual Spring Golf Tournament

Twelve Divisions Qualify on No. 3 Course for Week's Test at Match Play



PARKER W. Whittemore of Brookline headed a field of nearly two hundred and fifty contestants in qualification play under the Pinehurst system in the tenth annual Spring golf tournament. Seventy-five was the score, and it was nine strokes to the good, for the field found the Number 3 course one on which old Colonel Bogey and his youngest, Par, reign supreme. ¶ The card:

OUT—	5	5	4	5	3	3	4	4	5	—38
IN —	5	4	4	5	3	4	6	3	3	—37-75

In second place Irving S. Robeson of Oak Hill, who is swinging back into his usual fast form, recorded eighty-four, a stroke ahead of Arden M. Robbins, the Garden City and Bar Harbor expert. ¶ Ninety-three and a quadruple tie bunched W. M. Weaver of Huntingdon Valley, J. C. Murray of Skokie, G. T. Curtis of Oak Hill and T. B. Boyd of Bellelieve at the limit of admission to the first of twelve sixteens which continue at match play; Boyd winning.

First division scores follow: P. W. Whittemore, Brookline, 38, 37-75; I. S. Robeson, Oak Hill, 41, 43-84; A. M. Robbins, Garden City, 42, 43-85; Robert Hunter, Wee Burn, 40, 46-86; T. K. de Forest, Lakewood, 41, 46-87; J. S. Harding, Oakmont, 45, 42-87; S. D. Wyatt, Fon du Lac, 44, 45-89; R. C. Shannon, II, Oak Hill, 41, 48-89; C. L. Becker, Woodland, 45, 46-91; C. R. McMillan, Essex County, 48, 43-91; E. C. Beall, Uniontown, 44, 47-91; D. T. Leahy, Deal, 44, 47-91; J. W. Souther, Dyker Meadow, 42, 49-91; Guy A. Miller, Detroit, 44, 47-91; W. H. Faust, Buffalo, 46, 46-92; T. B. Boyd, Bellelieve, 43, 50-93.

Mr. Dunlap is Host at Berkshire

Mr. A. N. Dunlap of Pittsburgh entertained at a jolly welsh rarebit party at The Berkshire, his guests including Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Eason, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Emery, Mrs. Karl Robinson, and the Misses Ann Neighbors, Florence Joys, May Brigham and Bernadette Herman, and Messrs. Linden Stuart, A. S. Newcomb and Channing Floyd.