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**OUR NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR!**

Butler Writes Interestingly of Southern Pines, Past and Present



THERE'S a good deal in good neighbors, and Pinehurst is fortunate in the association of Pinebluff, Lakeview, Carthage, Aberdeen, West End, and last but by no means least, nearby Southern Pines. In many respects Pinehurst and Southern Pines are complimentary of each other, lying as they do almost touching elbows, and united by a bond of common interest and steadily growing social and commercial ties. The principal difference is that Pinehurst is congregational in its government and tone, while Southern Pines is governed by the sessions. Southern Pines has more of a commercial side. Being a summer town as well as a winter town it is equipped with numerous stores and smaller business institutions. Being a winter town and having grown up with the object of affording a safe harbor for people from the North who are running away from the extreme of winter, it is a pleasant, modern, clean and homey place. It is exactly such a neighbor as Pinehurst is glad to have just over the hill, and Pinehurst is one of the first places the Southern Pines folks bring their visitors out to see. One of the first good roads in the Sandhills put Pinehurst and Southern Pines within fifteen minutes of each other not many years ago, and that good road is the genesis of the good roads system of this part of the State, a system which includes two or three thousand miles by this time, and is still growing.

About thirty years ago Captain A. M. Clark wrote to me from Southern Pines to come over from Knoxville, Tennessee, and plant some peaches in North Carolina Sandhills, and I wrote to him a few rude words about North Carolina sand that would seem now a bad guess. At the time I rated them as sarcastic or humorous, I forget now which. But let that pass. There were a lot of us in the prophet business along about that time, and with the exception of John T. Patrick, we would be rated, I presume, as minor prophets in the light of actual development. May be we would hardly make that average. To put it plain so you can understand it, we were as prophets, strictly bushleaguers. John T. Patrick started Southern Pines and it was another case of Cyrus Field and his Atlantic cable. I would say a word about Patrick and the immense benefit his work has conferred on people if I had the command of words and expression, but for man whose alma mater was a lumber camp in the Pennsylvania woods the job is too big. But I can take off my hat to John T. Patrick every time I think of it and I can stand on the hill above the town and look down and contemplate the happiness this persistent old bull dog has conferred on thousands and on the thousands who are to enjoy the benefits of the town that is yet to arise on

the foundations Patrick laid. However, this is not a eulogy over the memory of the father of Southern Pines, for that task is a long distance off yet. Patrick started the town and he stayed with it many years and set it on the highway to permanent existence. Then some other folks came along and put a shoulder to the wheel. The number was large, and they were energetic. There were Asaph M. Clarke, Dr. W. P. Sweet, Pierre Stebbins, Junge and Beck, a pair of hustlers who worked together; Charley Grout, a gum shoe worker who stayed on the job, but overlooked no bets; Patch, Hayes, a fellow who made a creditable fight for health and progress; and a lot of them. Charley St. John put a lot of hustle into Southern Pines at the Piney Woods Inn. Rest his ashes, he was a worker. His Piney Woods Inn, which burned one sunny morning as he was getting in shape for a season's task, was in its day a missionary for the Sandhills. When the Piney Woods Inn burned Southern Pines had just about emerged from the woods and that fire looked like a strangle hold of adversity. From the abdication until the restoration of the real line of hotel kings was a season of gloom. Then came the accession of a new line of hotel artists, and the clouds rolled back. John Boyd took up the work of Warwick, the man behind the throne. Dr. Mudgett, Wiley, Powell and some of the younger 42-centimeter howitzers put before John Boyd the notion that a hotel on the hill east of the town would be a four time winner, and Boyd was a big man. This bunch made Highland Pines Inn, which put new life into Southern Pines, and moved into an entirely new class of activity and growth.

If Southern Pines is the Rosetta stone that recounts the unflagging energy and enthusiasm of Patrick the Highland Pines ridge is a similar permanent page recounting the vision and creative faith of John Boyd. The Highland Pines Inn was over successful from the day it opened, and last summer added a lot of new rooms. Pottle and Son, also from Pinehurst, came over to Southern Pines, and put up a hotel of the same first water grade, and that pegged Southern Pines out on Popularity Lane a little farther and a little firmer. Other hotels in Southern Pines make visitors pleased with the Sunshine Country, so that take it all around, the hotel organization is a strong one which appeals to anybody who ever reaches town. In its hotels and smaller institutions for caring for winter visitors, Southern Pines has reached a state that is practically ideal, and which has established the town as a thoroughly satisfactory point at which to put in a winter. The schedule fits all pockets, and the best part of it is that the working drawing of that section designed for fat pocket books, tallies out when the accommodations given are compared with the price paid. Southern Pines can deliver the goods to all comers no matter what is demanded.

One day a few years ago the Country Club arrived. For a few months if you