

THE PINEHURST  
OUTLOOK

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Conducted by **Ralph W. Page**

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**Our Ambition**

When a captain of industry or of a  
cat-boat slams the door in the doctor's  
nose or reefs his sails in a snug harbor  
and with a laughing heart takes to the  
headwaters of Drowning Creek with a bag  
of sticks or a Remington rifle, and to his  
astonishment finds he has gotten away  
with a silver cup or a deer's skin, it is  
our delight to record the event and the  
manner of its doing for his satisfaction  
and for the edification and entertainment  
of those that also ran, or that only stand  
and wait. In other words, we are a cur-  
rent history of all that takes place in  
this, our diverting community. And for  
this service we recommend ourselves (a  
habit acquired from greater journals  
than ours).

Now, this we shall do for you—record  
your joyful coming and your sad depart-  
ture; give you a program of tournaments  
and games, a guide to the forest and a  
hint of the pastimes of the initiated;  
keep you posted on the progress of the  
championship and of the sport that is  
toward. We will lead you to the fountain  
of youth, of which you will not drink, and  
point the way to the singerfest and the  
vaudeville, which you will find crowded.  
Even the philosopher and the Nature  
Faker will find opportunities revealed.  
And then we will consider our pleasures  
only begun.

For what would you say of a man, or  
even of a sheet of paper, that lived in  
the very golden dawn and renaissance of  
the most completely fascinating and  
dynamic community in the world—or one  
of them—whose neighbors were builders,  
and seers, and artists and every conceiv-  
able kind of adventurer and dreamer and  
fighter, who saw only the pavilion on the  
links or the flag pole on his own common?  
Or who being both deaf and blind, ob-  
served only the name and the form of  
men coming and going, in a place where  
all men come—soldiers and merchants  
and statesmen and great philosophers?  
Why, you would say of him, as of us, that  
he had no more soul than a potato bug.

We have come to regard Pinehurst  
itself as an ever expanding picture—a

great work of art, a background for men;  
and even so only a small part of a living  
community, of which our greatest ambi-  
tion is to become a factor, and in which  
we believe a great philosopher would find  
all the interests of life. Come, let us  
introduce you roughly. Almost within  
sight of the outlook upon the Carolina  
lives a man whose intrigues and battles  
have been the screaming delight of the  
metropolitan press, and whose mind con-  
tains more of the facts and recollections  
of the modern business warfare fought  
along the Great Lakes and the iron ranges  
and in the dens of bank presidents and  
the arena of the exchange, than you can  
find in the whole of the State of Texas.  
Still he is but an amateur in this com-  
munity, and rightly conpictures that in  
the building of a real country he can well  
take the lead of J. W. Butler.

A playwright or a novelist would be

native Scotchman holding the floor. The  
vox populi at random at the last meeting  
we observed to include a graduate of  
Oxford and Princeton, the champion of  
beauty and a bitter enemy of progress;  
an Asiatic traveler as familiar with  
the path of Sven Hedin and the  
Cossack post as I am with the road to  
Aberdeen; a cotton planter from Cuba  
and Mexico, whose experience in govern-  
ment good and bad, and of people and  
events is wider than yours or mine; a  
Divine, distinguished in Brooklyn before  
I was born; a robber baron from the  
street, in favor of practical matters; a  
German scientist, master of peaches;  
planters of the black hat and string tie,  
stronger to serve than ever their fathers  
were to fight. And in conference with  
these you will be more than apt to see  
leaders of the Nation, men whose opinion  
on finance or potatoes or high schools or



TWO VIEWS OF A WINTER HOME

drunk with delight to attend the war  
counsels of the Sandhills. My friend, if  
you are ever invited, as you will be if  
you care to participate in the real action  
of this community, go. You will find  
why we are willing to sit in this obscure  
corner of the earth and recount the rise  
of so small a people. Marco Polo never  
gazed upon so strange a company. No  
more independent and vigorous an assem-  
bly, strong to make their own country  
after any image they believe best, has  
met in this State since the Mechenburg  
Declaration.

The roll call will reveal a New  
England humorist in the chair, organizer  
of the game; a Kansas farmer and  
a Kansas poet taking the minutes of the  
meeting; a Virginia gentleman from  
Southern Pines holding the purse, and a

singing would be welcomed anywhere.

If Addison could fill an immortal book  
with his friends and views of Sir Roger,  
may we not spend our leisure in recount-  
ing the rebuilding of an old Scotch settle-  
ment, in this vital chapter of a new  
American life, where a community is  
hewed out on new lines, and farmer and  
merchant and engineer and courtier and  
connoisseur join hands with the architect  
and the artist, the golf player and the  
hunter; and when for once a Winter  
resort with pleasant permanent homes  
and a haven of sport and recreation, and  
the myriad participants therein, are one  
in freeman fellowship with the life of the  
surrounding drama?

Let us say plainly that our idea is to  
chronicle the doings and life of Pinehurst

(Concluded on page twelve)



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