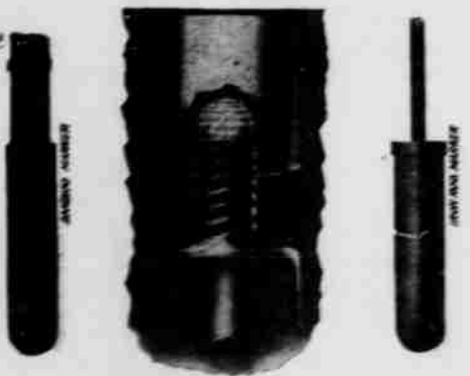


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**THE PINEHURST  
OUTLOOK**

Published Every Saturday Morning, During  
the Season, November—May, at

**Pinehurst, North Carolina**

Conducted by **Ralph W. Page**

**EDWIN A. DENEBAK, BUSINESS MANAGER**  
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Saturday, April 1, 1926

**Religious Services**

At the Pinehurst Chapel:

Holy Communion ..... 9.30 A. M.  
Children's Services ..... 10.00 A. M.  
Morning Service and Sermon 11.00 A. M.  
Night Service at the Com-  
munity House at ..... 8.00 P. M.

**ROMAN CATHOLIC**

Early Mass ..... 6.15 A. M.  
Second Mass (when visiting  
Priest is in Pinehurst) ... 8.00 A. M.

**Mails**

Arrive 8.00 A. M.	Leaves 7.00 A. M.
8.30 A. M.	8.30 A. M.
7.00 P. M.	6.00 P. M.
8.30 P. M.	8.00 P. M.

**Trains**

<b>NORTH</b>	<b>SOUTH</b>
Leave 9.40 A. M.	Leave 7.10 A. M.
9.00 P. M.	7.35 P. M.
<b>FROM NORTH</b>	<b>FROM SOUTH</b>
Due 8.05 A. M.	Due 10.30 A. M.
8.30 P. M.	9.45 P. M.

**The Rediscovery of the South**

After the curtain went down upon the  
sombre battlefields of the Civil War, and  
the last scenes of an old civilization, the  
commercial world forgot the South, and  
the adventurous youth of the Republic  
turned their eager steps westward. A  
tradition and a problem remained, and  
a country largely unknown to the world.  
And the youngest man amongst us can  
remember it still as an unknown country.  
Of course I do not mean unknown to the  
planter and the veteran that lived there.  
But nevertheless unknown to capital and  
enterprise, emigration and promise. The  
great forests and mountains, the broad  
rivers shining in the sun, the playgrounds  
in the Western Carolinas within ten years  
were as wild and mythical as they were  
left by Daniel Boone or Andrew Johnson.  
The fast trains on the Seaboard careened  
from Raleigh to Columbia as if they  
were spanning an hiatus, and a kingdom  
left undisputed to the cotton planter, his  
tenants and his mules.

A wise man, the cotton planter—there  
are none better. And a good man his  
tenant. And sturdy his mules, and peace-  
ful the evenings over the snowy fields.

Lead love him, I am not deerying the  
sturdy and farscattered householders of  
one of the great kingdoms of the earth.  
The marvel is that they have so long been  
left in undisputed ownership.

For it was only yesterday that the rest  
of the world awoke to find that the South  
was a great and splendid undiscovered  
country. That between Richmond and  
Savannah, Wilmington and Nashville lay  
a territory more fertile than all the wind  
swept prairies, milder in climate than  
Spain, boasting forest and river and ore  
and land hardly scratched by plow or  
drill, hospitable, kindly, expansive and  
rich—the greatest unconquered territory  
in the Northern Hemisphere.

These are not generalities or unguarded  
statements. Take this neighborhood as  
an example. When I was younger than  
I now am I went personally to a great  
engineer, one time head of the United  
States Geological Survey, and himself not  
least but honored of all the great fortune  
builders of this country—men that har-  
vested the forests and the mountains of  
iron, the deserts and the great rivers of  
the country to their own use. And he  
said deliberately that such opportunity  
had passed, excepting only one. That  
there still remained great unappropriated  
expanses of agricultural land in the  
South. Land by all odds the best in  
America—in the most ideal and livable  
section, having the best season, the best  
climate, the most water, the finest living  
conditions—the heart of America.

I then fared to the Department of  
Agriculture. Not only was I told the  
same thing, but to my astonishment was  
admonished not to pay more than \$20 an  
acre for land. Because it was not good?  
Not a bit of it. Because there was so  
much of it. People swarmed into the  
deserts of Arizona and Colorado and  
bought land from \$100 to \$500 an acre,  
with the hope of being able to buy water  
to put on it. And under the same sun,  
a thousand miles nearer home, in the  
shade of the pines and magnolias, watered  
by innumerable rivers, and luxuriant in  
landscape, equitable in climate, to be had  
for the asking, lay the fairest part of  
an inheritance.

This particular dominion here was liter-  
ally discovered about twenty years ago.  
And it was not until five years ago that  
men from New York and New Hampshire  
became aware of the fact that there is  
not a better place to live to be found  
under the flag. For your purposes it is  
untouched. For every mile of plowed  
land or pink blossoming orchards or  
crowded golf links to be found there are  
twenty miles of woodland, potential  
estates and vineyards, ignorant of their  
destiny or their value. And, also igno-  
rant of them, rugged men still cling to  
the rocky sides of snow swept hills in  
the White Mountains, or struggle into  
artificial and alien countries seeking a  
myth.

Within ten years the great plains on  
the Seaboard, the land of the sky, the  
luxuriant delta, the pine laden Sandhills  
and the dynamos of the Great Southern  
rivers have all been found again. Found,  
described, marvelled at. But not yet  
appropriated. For there will be built  
the great communities, the industry, the  
civilization of the next era in American  
History.



"Glad to see you—  
I've a place in my  
squad for you."

**YOU ARE  
WELCOME  
AT THE  
TRAPS**

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good fellowship wait-  
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