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of the Sandhill Territory of North Carolina

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Sandhills Have "It," Says Struthers Burt in Scoring Fake Advertising

Have Told Less Lies About Themselves Than Any Place in United States

FEW 'GOOSE-KILLERS' HERE

BY STRUTHERS BURT
(Reprinted from The Pinehurst Outlook, by permission).

To attempt to describe the place in which you live, provided you have chosen this place of your own free will, presents an immediate danger. It is obvious that you like this place or you wouldn't have chosen it, but it is equally obvious that if you too publicly state your liking, without due reservations and restraints, you are likely to become a "booster," both in fact and in manner. And of all the curses which afflicted Job, and of all the dangers to which a community can be subjected, a "booster," in my humble opinion, is the worst and the most dangerous.

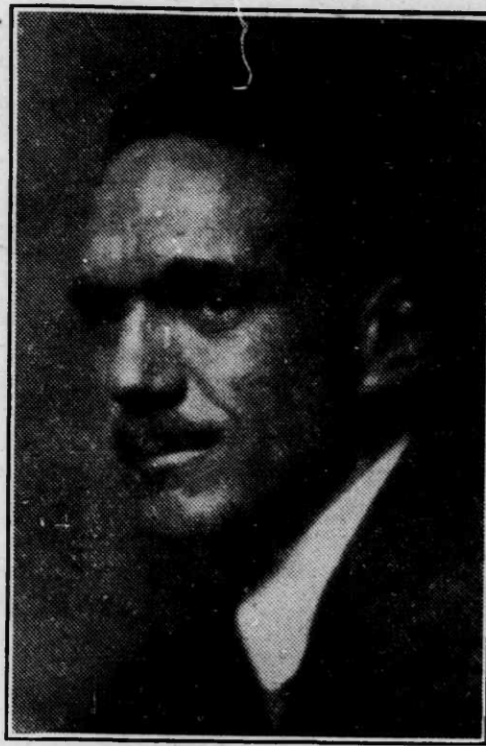
"Boost, don't knock," is the silliest and most stultifying slogan ever invented. Thank goodness that during the past five years it has become less and less popular in the more civilized portions of the United States, and bids fair before long to be entirely discredited. Particularly within the past two years have we seen where this slogan leads; it has led to panic, unemployment, stock depression and the ruin of community after community, indeed, in some instances, to the ruin almost of entire states.

Now, this has nothing to do with a clear-eyed optimism or with being a really constructive member of your town or countryside. The constructive man knows that only through intelligent criticism is any sort of worthwhile growth possible; he knows that only by constantly checking up on himself, and everyone and everything else, can he possibly retain his perspective. If you think you're perfect there isn't much hope for you. It's a safe bet that those who imagine that they are chosen by God, are just the ones who aren't. To take a simple example, the outcome of which we see all around us, the parent who subscribes to the boosters' doctrine in bringing up his children, usually finds himself with a little brood of drunkards or gunmen on his hands, depending upon to which class of society he belongs. Unadulterated and indiscriminate praise is as harmful to the morale as constant thoughtless and nagging criticism. Any fool can tell the difference between criticism that arises from an earnest desire to better things and criticism that arises from acid stomach.

Don't Kill the Goose
It has been my lot to live, for the most part, not only in the United States but in Europe, in exceptionally beautiful countries and, therefore, countries sought out by the tourist and the lover of beauty, and I have been a good deal depressed by the truth of the statement that each man kills the thing he loves and the tragic fact that no sooner does a man come into possession of that valuable animal, the Golden Goose, but he proceeds to wring its neck. Indeed, there are moments when any man concerned, even ever so little with conservation and civic improvement, must feel that the one important cry is, "Don't, oh don't kill the goose who lays the golden eggs! Just from the most obvious business standpoint, you won't get half as many golden eggs if you do."

Clearly, and quite naturally, there are in every community numerous excellent citizens who, because of their professions, find it difficult to accept this point of view. It is all very well for the man who has no real estate to sell to talk loftily about selling real estate in the proper sized parcels, with the proper restrictions, to the proper people; it is all very well for the rich man, who wouldn't run a gas station anyhow, to bemoan the hideousness of most gas stations run by men who barely make a living at best (although the great gas companies make a living). Theodore Roosevelt said the last word on this subject when he said that in this world, as now constituted, every man's

Noted Authors Here



JAMES BOYD

The peace and quiet of Southern Pines, its opportunities for rest, recreation and reaction from the confining work of writing, and its accessibility to the publishing houses of New York and Philadelphia have lured numerous authors to the Sandhills village, resulting in a literary colony of considerable magnitude.

Among the famous writers of books and magazine articles residing in the village are James Boyd, author of "Drums," "Marching On," and "Long Hunt;" Struthers Burt, author of many works of fiction as well as poetry and essays; Katharine Newlin Burt, equally prominent in the world of letters; Dr. Ernest M. Poate, master of detective stories and other fiction; Maude Parker Child and Almet Jenks, regular contributors to the pages of the Saturday Evening Post; Walter Gilkyson, novelist, and his wife, Bernice Kenyon, a poet of note and a former member of the editorial staff of Scribner's Magazine. Hugh Kahler, whose frequent magazine stories make his name well known to all, is a large landowner on the outskirts of town and spends occasional periods here, as does Donald Herring, another prominent writer.

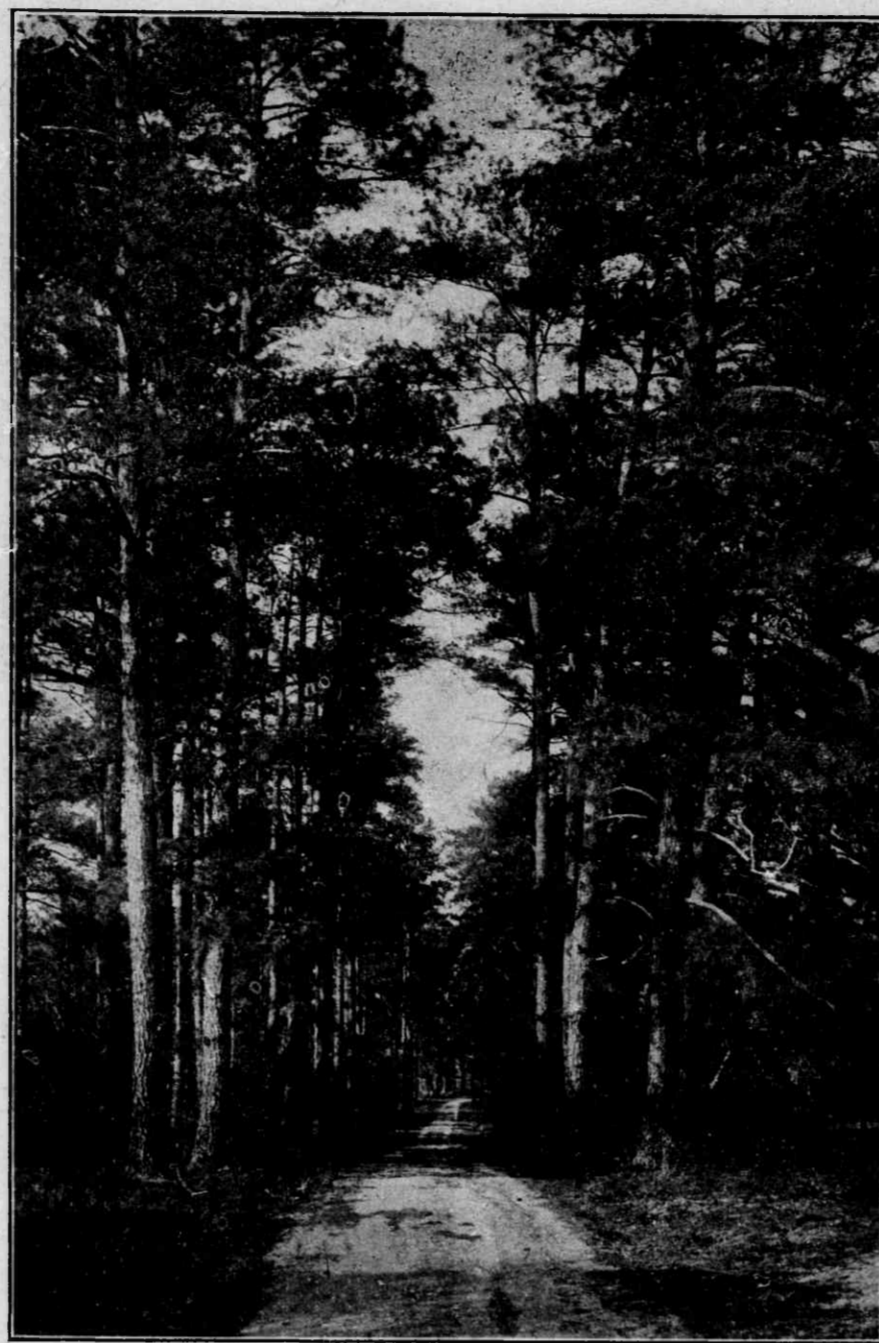
Most of these authors have permanent winter homes in Southern Pines, and their number is growing each year. Almet Jenks is among the new recruits, having just completed a handsome residence on Youngs Road.

primary job was to make an honest living for himself and his family. Of course it is. There is no argument about it. Fortunately, however, there is such a thing as short-sighted business and far-sighted business; as being penny wise and pound foolish; as abusing your community under the mistaken idea that you are benefiting yourself, or using your community so that eventually you will have a solid place in it. And as a general rule if you can explain to a man that twenty dollars, in a lump sum on Tuesday, is better than ten dollars in fifty cent pieces scattered through the week, he will agree with you. Furthermore, the two methods of business do not mix, and it is upon the preponderance of one or the other that the future of a community depends. If the goose-killers get control, pretty soon there aren't any more golden eggs, just dimes and quarters.

One of the things I particularly like about the Sandhills is that there are so few goose-killers. In fact, I hardly know any. As far as I can make out, from one end of the Sandhills to the other, there is a general sentiment, steadily increasing, that slow and solid growth is better than forced growth, that one good citizen is better than two bad ones, and that one good check is worth more than half a dozen returned from the bank. All these ideas, strange as they may seem, have been, for the past twenty years, original and hostile ones in the United States, and the man who uttered them has been looked at askance by the rest of his community.

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The Southern Pines



Few Stores Left in Southern Pines of Those Advertised in "Free Press" of Nov. 23, 1900

Patch and Hayes Still Doing Business, but Time and Progress Have Made Many Changes Since Days of Editor Oslin's Little Newspaper

As we look over a yellowed copy of the "Free Press" of Southern Pines for November 23rd, 1900 we wonder what editor, scribe or correspondent will be able to compare this issue of The Pilot with the one for November 23rd, 1900.

Size 15x11 inches, four columns wide, eight pages, with plenty of "boiler plate" filler, this number 3, of Volume 3 of Editor Oslin's child nevertheless carried news and advertising interesting even now.

C. T. Patch had a half-page, noting among other things "Lewis wear-resister shoes," the advance agents of prosperity. The shoes are gone but Patch and prosperity are still with us. So is C. L. Hayes with his News Depot, as are D. P. Kelly, C. B. Grout and W. F. Junge, though they are not now individually interested in Fish and Oysters, Feed, or Real Estate.

Dolph Ruggles now buys groceries instead of selling them. The Geyer's no longer run a bank, ('tis now the town jail), nor does John Powell sell furniture, while Frank Harrington now has the Southern Pines Hotel, once Giles' Huffines, once a dry goods store, is gone, stock and store; as Ordway's, though Fred Ordway comes down from his northern home once in a while to see the new Southern Pines. The S. S. Thomas Hardware Store advertises wood heaters of all sizes where now the Highland Hardware House sells the latest in oil

burners. Gone are the Johnson Pharmacy, then in the present Maze building; the Peoples Cash Grocery of Winestine's, and Sadelson's Pharmacy, then in the building now the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Bennett street. Alpha Lodge, I. O. O. F. advertised a meeting every Tuesday night. The signers, L. S. Johnson, Noble Grand, and A. M. Clark, Secretary have passed away, as have Edwin Gladmon, C. C. and W. D. Bruhn, Keeper of Records of Lodge 109, Knights of Pythias.

As for news, Editor Oslin notes that the Board of Commissioners met on November 22 with Mayor Gladmon in the chair, Commissioners H. L. Thurston, E. D. Oslin and R. E. Geyer present; Dr. Louis F. Hugh of the New York Polyclinic Hospital arrived Tuesday and will be resident physician at Piney Woods Inn; the depot is still receiving improvements, a carload of granite screenings scattered over the entire front ground and the painters have also been at work painting the inside of the building; Dr. and Mrs. B. Von Herff are again guests of the Piney Woods Inn; B. W. Leavitt, H. S. Gray and J. W. Jones formed a musical trio for the guests of the Southern Pines Hotel; I. H. Hall is with us again (so he is this year), an "old fashioned spelling bee" is to be held in Kings Daughter's Hall, as also an election for officers of the Village Improvement Society.

Chamber of Commerce Important Cog in Wheel of Civic Progress

No city of any size seems to be able to get along without a Chamber of Commerce, and Southern Pines is no exception to the rule. The difference, however, between the Southern Pines Chamber of Commerce and most such organizations is this: the S. P. C. of C. is not the aggressive, booming, go-get-'em type. It operates conservatively along the lines of a better Southern Pines rather than a bigger Southern Pines.

Its principal claim to fame is in daily evidence to the residents and visitors to the city. Southern Pines is noted for its planting, its parkways and shrubbery, its well kept lawns and attractive landscaping. These are features on which the Chamber of Commerce has concentrated its greatest effort. If for no other reason it has warranted its existence on the results of this program

alone. But it has other claims to fame. It is constantly on the watch for ways to improve not only the looks of the town, but the comfort and happiness of citizen and visitor. It acts as a check on ill-advised development, on extravagance and waste; a year or so ago it saved the citizens thousands of dollars in telephone rates, through a successful fight against increased, seemingly unjustified rates.

The Chamber of Commerce is supported by the membership dues, and most of the business and professional men of the city are members. It is governed by a busy board of directors which meets every other week throughout the year, and usually weekly during the winter season. Dr. L. B. McBrayer is president, Struthers Burt and George C. Moore vice-presidents, Shields Cameron, secretary and treasurer.

Southern Pines---Port of Entry of Charmed Region of Sandhills

City Administrator



MAYOR D. G. STUTZ

Serving his second term, Mayor Dorsey G. Stutz heads the city administration in Southern Pines. The management of the town's affairs are in the hands of a Board of Commissioners, over which the mayor presides. Party politics play no part in the election of mayor and the commissioners, one or more tickets being presented annually without regard to party affiliations. The result is that the voters select their administrators from the standpoint of qualification rather than from political partisanship.

The present Board of Commissioners, reelected last spring comprises Charles S. Patch, E. C. Stevens, A. B. Yeomans, L. V. O'Callaghan and George W. Case. Howard Burns is clerk to the board and jack of all trades in carrying out the mandates of his superiors. He also acts as the town's publicity man, seeing that the news of Southern Pines is properly broadcast to the world.

The town maintains an administration building on East Broad street, in which Mr. Burns has his office. The Library is located in the same building. Visitors to Southern Pines are invited to make use of this office when in quest of information, with suggestions for civic improvements or for the registry of complaints.

Sportsmen Coming For Shooting Season Here

Mossgiel Club, Among Others, Expects Many Parties Seeking Birds

The opening of the hunting season brings the announcement of the expected arrival of a number of visitors from the North for the shooting that promises on the various game reservations of private game associations or big estates here. On the Mossgiel Club territory much attention has been paid to the care of wild life, with the result that birds are in good numbers and deer are multiplying freely. Turkeys are in evidence here and there.

The new club house makes the third commodious building on the grounds. Many improvements have been added for the comfort and interest of the visitors, and the woods at this time show one of the most interesting conditions that this section is familiar with. The Mossgiel lands are heavily timbered, yet open enough to permit satisfactory hunting. The grain and other crops planted throughout the hundreds of acres of forest land have afforded much feed for the wild life, which permits them to come unto the winter in good shape.

The creation of private estates and the care of game creatures with due regard for their feeding and multiplication is making such change in the supply that hunting is attracting more folks, with the probable outcome of putting much more land under the protection of game laws and practices in the future.

Ranks High in Homes, in Churches, in Schools, in Parks, in Shops

AND PASTIMES FOR ALL

Southern Pines---The port of entry to the charmed region of the North Carolina Sandhill country. Latitude at the government bench mark at the Seaboard station, 35 degrees, 10 minutes, 29 seconds; longitude, 79 degrees, 23 minutes, 26 seconds; altitude, 512.4 feet. Approached by the main line of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, one of the best services in the country, and by three state and national highways, coming in three different directions from the North, and from the West and South offering equally good service. Airport at Knollwood and at Pinehurst. Easy of access from any place in any way, and when you are here you are not concerned about means of egress, for you don't want to go away until you have to.

Southern Pines is the municipal center of the Sandhills, the political and business unit of a considerable area of the central part of North Carolina. In several ways it has established itself as a community heart, particularly in its prominence as a trading base and the seat of amusements and the refinements of life.

With the rapid growth of population folks from all direction turn toward Southern Pines as the place where their wants can be satisfied, and as the tastes of a large share of the people who live or visit in Southern Pines are on a high plane the merchandising conditions of the place satisfy the wants of a much broader and more particular patronage than is the case in other towns of similar size. So buyers who are looking for superior quality in goods tend this way, as they do when in search of the better things at the theatre, at the sports and athletic fields and the various features that are provided in the towns for the entertainment and pleasure of the people. The schools rank high. The churches are in the hands of men of ability and training. It is doubtful if another town in North Carolina equal in size, spends as much money for the parking of its lawns and streets and walks, or for new paint, or for technically trained men at its water works or for its other public utilities, or in building and maintaining homes of such character, or in the expansion of its town development.

A Sport for All

Millionaires and men of modest means alike find in Southern Pines the things that meet their requirements. Men of culture find associates of their kind. Business men from all over the country foregather here, and if the occasion requires they can transact business with each other, or through direct telegraph and telephone communication with all parts of the world. Southern Pines is not yet out of the woods. Here is a town of some three thousand people which has within its municipal limits a pine forest that is yet untouched by the axe, big pines that were here when the first settler came and are here yet. Homes are building among these trees, but the trees remain. Younger forests are growing up in other sections of the town where the original growth has been removed by the lumberman in days gone by. Southern Pines will always be in the woods, for the trees grow faster than they are removed.

Weymouth Ridge is the height of land in the Southern Pines section. The summit is about a hundred feet above the business heart of the town, and from the ridge the water drains into three separate streams, two of them reaching the Atlantic by different routes. There is a succession of striking homes, the creation of the past eight or ten years, the fore-shadow of the next eight or ten, and the field for the man who wants to read the future. Fort Bragg out over the ridge bears testimony that when the United States wanted the best lo-

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