

Southern Pines
 Welcomes
 The New Season
 To The Sandhills

THE PILOT

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SPECIAL ISSUE

November 1949

Southern Pines, N. C.

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Over Blazing Fall Colors Or Springtime's Shining Dogwood, the Green Pines Tower

Southern Pines' Beautiful Homes In Gardened Settings Line the Avenues, or Are Glimpsed Down Winding Roads

"Springtime Village" Seen On Garden Tour

The grounds of eight of Southern Pines' beautiful homes were opened to the public last April 5 and 6, as part of this community's first participation in the annual statewide Garden tour.

With a new Garden club in operation here, the tour had interested local sponsorship, and the response of the public in general was seen when some 150 visitors came enthusiastically to view the local gardens.

The tour was timed for the period when the dogwood and azalea, both of which are seen at their most beautiful here in the Sandhills, were at the height of their bloom, and the whole town, in fact, was one great garden.

The fact that only eight homes opened their garden gates at this time was not occasioned by a lack of more than that number. "We have plenty to save for other tours," said Mrs. Ernest L. Ives, chairman. "We can have tour after tour and show visitors something different every year. They'll find nowhere else a town so lovely in spring as this one."

"Springtime Village" And truly Southern Pines can be known as the "springtime village." The "season" to which its existence is due, and on which, in the main, it depends, is called the "winter season" but extends from October to May, with March and April as the most exciting months.

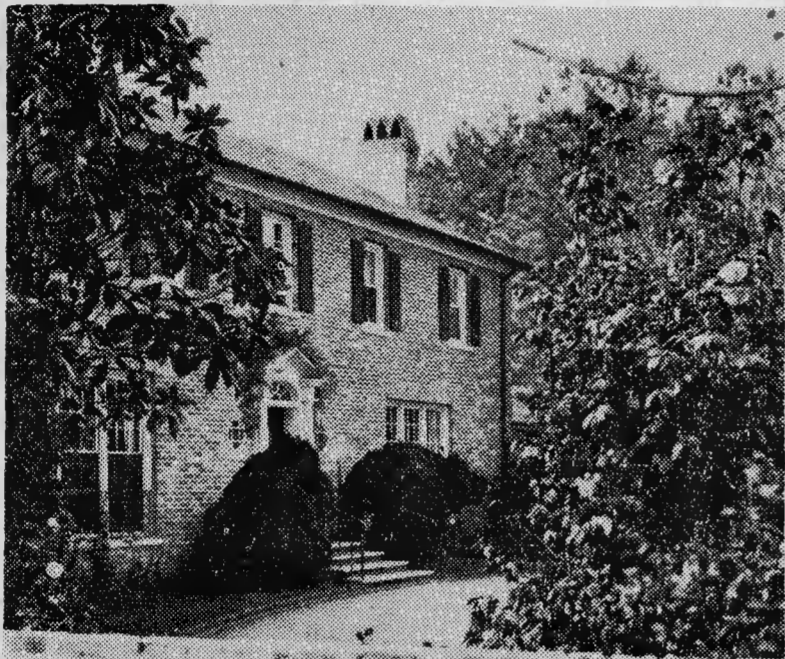
In these months the Sandhills resorts are crowded with guests; hotels are filled, and many of the reservations have been made months in advance; horse shows, gymkhanas, golf events follow each other in swift succession; fashion shows, parties and balls add sparkle and grace.

And above all—nature does her most intoxicating best by these gardened villages.

Route of Tour The April Garden tour started at the Shaw House, the quaint 100-year-old cottage so charmingly restored by the Moore County Historical association, operated as a tea room from Thanksgiving to April. The route was arranged to carry guests along some of the loveliest roads and prettiest drives of the section, giving them glimpses of many beautiful estates and woodlands drifted with dogwood.

Seen on the tour were the gardens of the Kenneth Trousdale home; "Loblolly," home of the Harry M. Vales and occupied

Over The Garden Wall



Home of the W. D. Campbells on Connecticut Avenue extension, where a miracle of planting has been done in a few short years. (Photo by Hemmer)

by their daughter, Mrs. Ray McMullen, and her husband; the D. W. Winkelman home on beautiful Massachusetts avenue; past the elementary school, itself one of the most beautiful buildings in town, whose landscaping is a project of the Southern Pines Garden club; the W. D. Campbell home, where a miracle of planting has been wrought in one or two short years; Weymouth, the James Boyd home, set deep in the woods; Seven Stars, home of Mrs. Audrey K. Kennedy; the W. C. Fownes place in Knollwood, the Bilyeu Farm, an authentic old farmhouse graciously remodeled.

Among other beautiful homes here are "Pickridge," handsome home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Collins; Foxhollow Farm, the former Hugh Sicard place, bought by the young Harry M. Vales; Whitehall, home of the David Drexels; the H. H. Beckwith place on Crest road, whose magnificent gardens are opened each year for a day, to benefit the Moore County hospital; the lovely rambling home of Mrs. Katharine M. McColl, a gardening en-

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Writer Almet Jenks Writes Of Writers With A Question

Reading with joy Almet Jenks' pungent words on the Writers' Colony, with a question mark after it, we realize that at least the Pilot is following in a well-worn path. We also "prodded," and found, as our illustrious predecessor did, that it worked.

Almet Jenks is one of the crew who responded so gallantly with the good piece printed below. Incidentally, he carefully left himself out of the list of Pilot columnists who were prodded into writing for Nelson Hyde. We welcome back to these columns this short story writer, (Sat-EvePost and others) and former whip to the Moore County Hounds. We don't know which title he'd prefer to have come first. . . remembering how hard he and Fireman used to gallop, perhaps neither occupation would class as a "diversion."

WRITERS' COLONY?

By Almet Jenks

One of the elder salesmen of Brooks Brothers (of Brooklyn, too, perhaps—which is graven on my heart also), noting the address "Southern Pines," used invariably to ask "And how is Jim Byrd? And how is Struthers Burt?" which reminds us that our town was once known as—still is, no doubt—a Writers' Colony.

This was some years after the bloom time, console Pompey, when, as in an earlier era, the carpet-baggers from the North, this time from Boston, exclusively, and with matched luggage, invested the Southland and set up a transitory dominion over peach and pine.

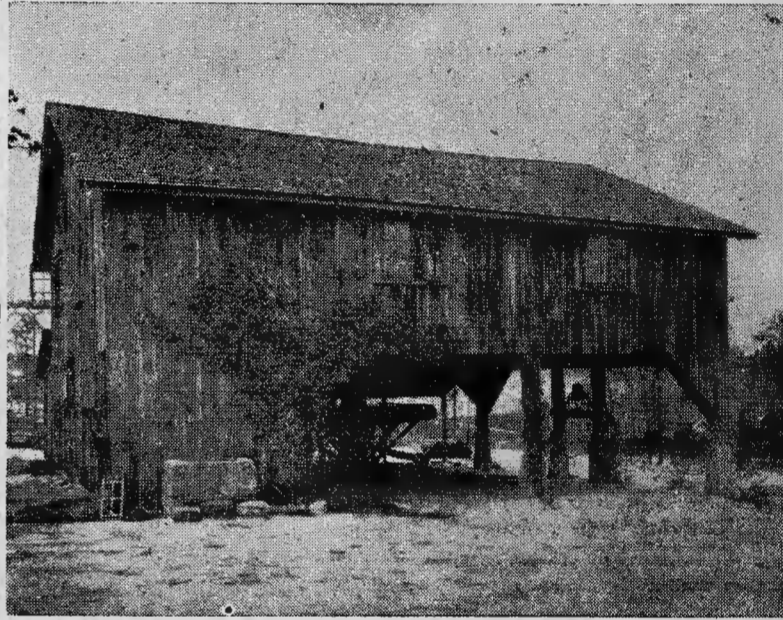
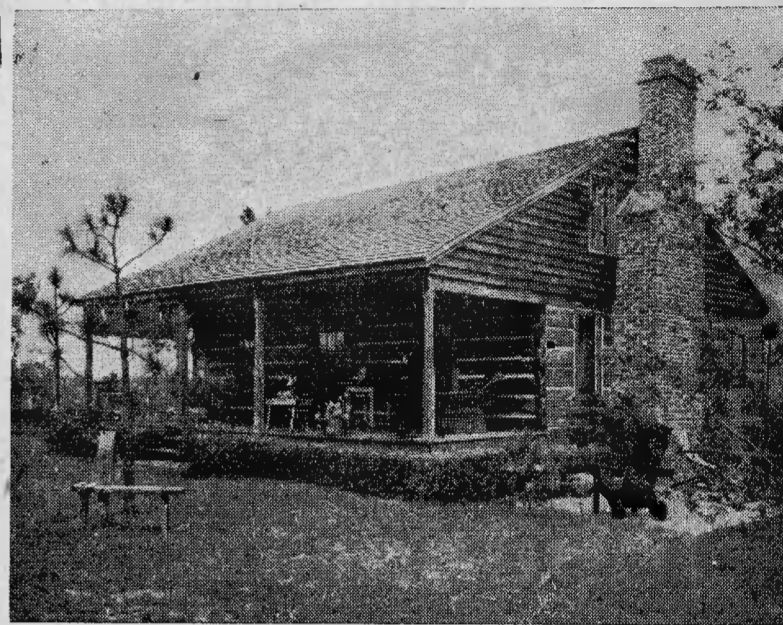
It was then that Nelson Hyde, a well-known editor and promoter of the period—and of his own periodical—opened his pages—without remuneration, be it said, in order, of course, to preserve their amateur standing as Columnists—to the writers then in residence, thus affording local and articulate proof of the fact that the Colony did exist and could, when prodded, function. All who were invited, even the most modest, contributed; and some who weren't asked, did so anyway. Who but ourselves, who have good reason to, remembers Pepsy, an anonymous and acrid female commentator of the day? Someone—Nelson again, perhaps—carried the thing further, and a series of Readings from One's Own Works to rather small audiences took place (for the benefit of the Library, as we recall, and for no other good)—a fate, when we look back on it, worse than television.

Well, it was a good writers' Colony—for they were good writers, all: James Boyd, Struthers Burt, Katharine Burt, Walter Gilkyson, Bernice Kenyon, Harriet Ogden, V. C., Ralph Page, Maud Parker, Donald Parson (though of the Pinehurst contingency, as dear Mrs. Malaprop might have put it), Ruth Sanborn, to name a few (Hugh Kahler and the Ripleys had left then, and Wallace and Tish Irwin were yet to come).

But was it a colony good for all writers? It did seem, sometimes, that there were so many pleasant things to do that the sharpening of pencils could be put off. . . just for awhile. Hounds went out too often—and too early, for Jackson Boyd, if no greater huntsman than his brother, was an earlier riser, being, so it was muttered, a victim of insomnia—and there were the wild azaleas in the Holly Wood, and holly (if the nature lovers had missed it), and there was dogwood time; and the fairways of the many links (where they could be seen from improved roads) were too green, and the corn, too, was green, though, we swear, aged in the woods (sic) for at least three months, and—and—

Well, as we've said, it was—and is, we feel sure—a colony for good writers of strong purpose and a single heart. But, for the rest. . . well, you see the trouble and energetic personality, and it is—there are so many diversions!

Paint Hill Farm: Carolina Homestead



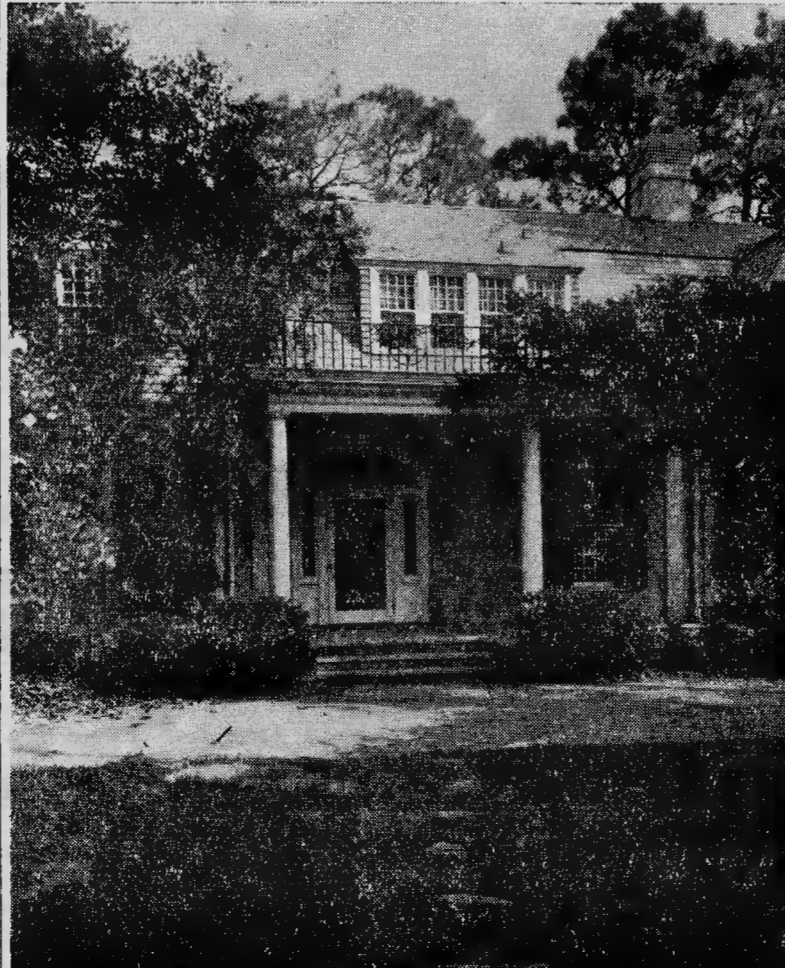
The cabin of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Ives on Paint Hill Farm, and the cotton gin nearby, were brought from their original location in the western part of the county. (Photo by Humphrey)

Reflections In The Water



The lodge and lake of Foxhollow Farm, home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Vale, Jr. (Photo by Hemmer)

Hibernia Stands Amid Towering Pines



Struthers and Katharine Burt, writers and lovers of beauty, with the help of Architect A. B. Yeomans, turned the old Cedar Pines Villa into Hibernia, peaceful and lovely. (Photo by Humphrey)

Set Deep In The Weymouth Woods



Forest lovers built Weymouth, the James Boyd home, where indoors and outdoors blend almost imperceptibly. (Photo by Hemmer)

Wellsweep At Bilyeu Farm



Bilyeu Farm, owned by the Lewis C. Meyers, is an old farm homestead which has been remodeled to a gracious rambling country home. Among beautiful sights there are the entrance avenue lined with ancient trees, and the old wellsweep shown above. (Photo by Hemmer)

Are They Birdies Or Eagles? Bird Golfers Will Tell You

Do you know 25 birds, "by snap-shot sight?" If you do, you are eligible for the game "Bird Golf."

This was the favorite sport of one of the most interesting people to live in the Sandhills, Dr. John Warren Achorn.

Dr. Achorn came to live in Pinebluff, "way back when," retiring to that peaceful and lovely spot from the busy life of a practicing Boston physician. But he was a man of strong enthusiasms rest. . . well, you see the trouble and energetic personality, and it wasn't long before he found him-

self deeply involved in a study, or pastime, or sport. . . he called it by all those names. . . which absorbed both time and energy and furnished him and many others the deepest satisfaction.

Dr. Achorn had always been much interested in birds. He knew all the common birds by sight and most of the uncommon ones, and he knew their songs, too. When he came to the Sandhills, he found that this section was the home of many birds all year round, and that many others stopped here to rest for a bit on their migrations north and south. He discovered that this was a wonderful place to study birds.

To do something himself was never enough for the Doctor: he had to get everybody else to do it along with him. So, in this matter of birds, it wasn't long before he had organized a Bird Club in Pinebluff. And he invented a game which he called "Bird Golf."

Those were the days when golf reigned supreme hereabouts. You couldn't cross a man's lawn without being hit by a practice mashie shot, and the favorite after dinner sport was putting contests on the drawing-room carpet. Where now at least a few people discuss last night's bridge hands, or the way so-and-so came a cropper over the last fence of the run, then such idle chatter was unknown: if you didn't talk golf you'd better not talk at all. So when Dr. Achorn came to think up his game, of hunting birds in teams, it was only natural that he should call it "Bird Golf." Especially as it really was a little like golf. That is, there were set stretches of country, like holes, only you looked for birds instead of the ball.

Here is the way Dr. Achorn described it in the book "Winter Birds in the Sandhills":

"When sets, (or teams) are made up of a scout (who knows 75 birds) and two players (who know 50 birds each) and a game is started with half a dozen sets in the field, there is something doing in the way of excitement (Continued on page 8)