

Southern Pines
Welcomes
The New Season
To The Sandhills

THE PILOT

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SPECIAL ISSUE

Southern Pines, N. C.

November 1949

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From 1883 to 1949; Southern Pines Grows Fast To Become Today's Unique Resort

Hotels, Guest Houses, Motor Courts Extend Hospitality - Southern Style

Traditions Built Up Over Many Years

Sandhills hotels formerly all closed in the summertime, in keeping with the character of Southern Pines and Pinehurst as winter resorts.

Now some of them stay open all summer long. These are in Southern Pines, which is becoming more and more of a year-round town, a place of homes where winter visitors still come and go but where many families have their permanent lares and penates and travelers drop in in July as well as in January.

There are still, however, a number which are exclusively "winter resort," with all the service and luxury that implies.

The entire group of hotels offers accommodations to practically everyone, with a wide range of atmospheres, services and prices. They include several which are world-famed, with a prized heritage of hospitality dating from the early days of the century.

Among Southern Pines resort hotels, the Highland Pines Inn, built in 1912, is the largest, though the others are also quite capacious and all serve hospitably as headquarters for numerous conventions throughout the fall, winter and spring.

At the Highland Pines Inn, owned and managed by partners Charles L. Stitzer and Walter Lee Nicholson (the latter a new partner this year) the "hunting crowd" finds a congenial headquarters, as young Proprietor Stitzer is definitely one of them and horsemen have a way of attracting others. Nicholson, a gold-minded hotel man, has some special events up his sleeve for the coming winter. Interlarded with all of these will no doubt be many of the other events, social and cultural, for which the Inn has become well known and in which the townsfolk join in hearty appreciation with the guests. Art exhibits, dramatic presentations, buffet suppers and bridge parties keep things lively at this beautiful hotel throughout the season.

Ralph Seabury is at the desk again this year, with Mrs. Seabury keeping house, and Mrs. Emma Collins in charge of the dining room. The Seaburys have a gift shop, the Wellsweep, at Oakland, Maine, in the summer.

The Hollywood, which is managed by John and George Pottle, is two blocks from the heart of town, yet it is a quiet and homelike place which annually attracts large numbers of guests from the north, many of them coming for their 25th or 30th winter. The present building is only slightly younger than the Highland Pines Inn, as it was completed and opened for its first season in 1913. However, its builder and owner, grandfather of the "Pottle boys" of today, had been in the hotel business here and Pinehurst for several years before that. The Pottles are now year-round residents and are considering keeping their hotel open all year instead of from October to May, as they have many requests to do so.

Hugh Galbraith and Miss Dorothy McNichol are back at the Hollywood desk this year, with Miss Margaret Toth as hostess in the dining room and Miss Lena Lancaster as housekeeper. In the kitchen Henry Sutton, who has served as assistant chef for some 30 years, is head chef this year.

The Mid Pines club, a golfer's paradise, is located a mile or two outside of town, in beautiful Knollwood. It was built in the 20s as a "rich man's club," answering every need for luxury and service of a group of fastidious northerners. It was later purchased by John Sprunt Hill, of Durham, and other stockholders, and six years ago placed under the efficient management of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Cosgrove. With their golfing daughters, Louise, Ann and Jean, the Cosgroves have made of the Mid Pines a charming, informal, hospitable center of sports and social life, attracting golf parties large and small as well as conventions for

which everything must be "just right."

The Cosgroves are being assisted by a star-studded staff, which includes three women's state golf champions and one of the best known pros in the country. The champs are Ruth Woodward Massachusetts; Pat O'Sullivan Connecticut, and Mae Murray Vermont; the pro, Johnny Bulla who soon after coming to the Mic Pines this year won second money in the North and South.

Another local hotel of long tradition, which has gone on a year-round schedule just this year, is The Southland, owned and managed by Mrs. Bernice Harrington, who has been on the job since 1926. The Southland, Hotel, with its wide veranda and gracious shaded garden—newly cleared out and beautified this year—offers a haven for the whole winter to visitors from the north and is also becoming more and more popular as a vacation hotel for golfers, family parties and honeymooners.

The Southland has undergone extensive renovations this year, and a marquee at the entrance gives it quite an air, besides identifying it easily among other downtown buildings.

Mrs. Sarah McCrea, of Bethlehem, N. H., has been housekeeper at the Southland for 20 years.

FIRST MAYOR



SQUIRE C. W. SHAW

Mrs. Eloise Stephens, of Raleigh, assists Mrs. Harrington in the capacity of secretary.

During the year the Southland, with its excellent cuisine is the setting for many local social events. Many of the teen-age and "college set" dances are held there.

Constant renovation, with additions from time to time, have kept these hotels modern and up-to-date, with antiquity only in their histories and traditions of service.

The town has only one hotel which might be called strictly of today—The Belvedere, a commercial hotel of brick construction which can hold its own with any of its type in many a larger place. It is the only one in the Sandhills, one of the few in the state which can offer air-conditioned rooms to

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Since the town board took its oath of office in May it has undergone one or two changes. Two members have resigned; one new one has been added. The majority, however, remains as shown above: from left, Howard Burns, city clerk and treasurer; Mayor C. N. Page; L. V. O'Callaghan; C. C. Kennedy (resigned); C. S. Patch, Jr.; E. C. Stevens; John S. Ruggles (resigned, succeeded by Walter E. Blue). Lloyd Clark was appointed this week to succeed Mr. Kennedy. (Photo by Humphrey)

A DEDICATION

"Piles of sand, with a few tracks for streets and if you walked along them you had to shoo cows and pigs out of your way."

That's the way the oldest Old-timers used to describe Southern Pines, way back when. The next Old-timers, ten years or so later, tell of the business center on Pennsylvania Avenue and the homes along Bennett Street; they tell of meat coming in by schooner wagon and of the trolley that ran between Southern Pines and Pinehurst . . . and they add: "What a pity that it was ever given up!"

Be that as it may, Southern Pines and Pinehurst are a good many jumps ahead of those old cow-and-pig-and-trolley days, and riding from one to the other in a two-door job, along the pinetree-bordered double road will get by with most people today. They are very pleased with this section, just like it is.

But then there are the Young-timers, the forward-looking young men and women of the town who have, as is only right that they should, visions of a future that is brighter than the brightness of today. In their hands lies this future and already it is evident that they are going to meet it with good sense and ability.

In a special sense this Resort Issue of The Pilot is their paper. For in its pages, that tell of the things of the past and those of the present, is inherent the promise of the future. And they are the future.

The Pilot dedicates this issue to the young people of the Sandhills and, especially, of Southern Pines. To the Young-timers!

A POSTSCRIPT

And, having done that, we think of the Old-timers, the ones who have gone on and the ones who are still here. They are the past and in a very special sense, also, they are with us today. For it was their dreams that made this place possible, it was their work and courage and good sense that made it come true. The Pilot is going to choose three of them today, three to represent all the rest, and add another dedication: To Bion Butler, Frank Buchan, and Claude Hayes.

How Patrick Built A Town In The Sandhills And Others Made It A Good Place To Live

Elsewhere in these pages, it is told how pinetrees were turned into dollars in the Sandhills and dollars into resorts. In Southern Pines, a sandbank was turned into a town, attracting in the process a concourse of folks from all parts of the country, who turned themselves into Tar Heels without more ado. Several of them became nationally famous while they were doing it.

The Founding Father of Southern Pines was a Tar Heel already and was from Wadesboro. His name was John T. Patrick, and he is spoken of as Industrial Agent for the Seaboard Airline. He bought 570 acres of land at \$2.50 an acre and declared it a town. That was in 1883.

But a town that had streets laid out and named, and lots staked out, still needed something. People perhaps? John T.

Patrick got aboard a Seaboard train and went up north to look for people for his town. And just to make sure he got them, he took along a minstrel show and he advertised his lots by swapping a lot for an ad in the northern papers.

'Ware Bull!

The result of all this activity was the incorporation of Southern Pines. It became a town four years later, in 1887. That is, it acquired a mayor and board of commissioners then, and was duly and legally incorporated, but the stock ran wild in the center of the new metropolis so that you fell over a sleeping hog when you went for your mail in the evening, and were liable any time to be chased up street by an angry bull if you had the wrong color shirt on. The streets were deep with dust in the summer and lit-

tle more than tracks, and some people might have been found to dispute the fact that Southern Pines really was a town, mayor or no mayor, incorporated or not incorporated.

But only a few would have been so carping. Most of them knew right well that they lived in a town, and a fine town, to boot. There was a post office, there was a church, where all denominations worshipped by turns, a community idea that has a good deal to be said for it, there was one drug store and, very soon, two. There were homes and shops and the hotels went up over night like mushrooms. And if some of them burned up very fast, too, that was nobody's fault, but the heart pine they were made of and lack of water.

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Streamlined Modern Community Keeps Old-Time Flavor, Year-Round Charm

A Town of Homes, Schools, Churches

If you're looking for the usual history-encrusted Southern town, replete with Civil War memories, grey moss, lavender and old lace, you won't find it in Southern Pines—though you'll find all the hospitality and friendly ways which grow naturally in Dixie.

You'll find also a modern year-round community with resort features which lift it from the usual—golf courses second to none, a vigorous riding and hunting life, tennis and other sports, along with smart modern shops, excellent schools both public and private, six churches, two theatres, two modern hospitals close by, services of all sorts to satisfy those who are used to the best.

Southern Pines is making her own history as she goes along, and it is like no other except, of course, for the kinship it bears to its sister resort, Pinehurst, just six miles down the road. But even these heavenly twins have their differences.

Founded In 1880's

Though history in the surrounding reaches of Moore county dates back far before the Revolution, to the days of doughty Scottish pioneers (most of whom fought for the King when the Revolution came along), the story of the town itself goes back only to the early 1880's.

Its site was apparently discovered simultaneously by some New Englanders in search of warmth and health, and by an astute promoter who saw in their liking for the area a rich vein of ore, to be profitably worked. The difference between this and numerous similar promotional projects going on within the state at the same time was that here, the real stuff was offered; those who answered the call found just what the ads said—fine climate practically all year round, a healthful dryness of atmosphere attributable to the sandy soil (which keeps the temperature in winter constantly slightly above that of surrounding areas) and plenty of opportunity for new business, good living and excellent sport.

Scotsmen Came Too

As things started perking along

in Southern Pines, Scotsmen living in the country round about caught the enthusiasm and came flocking, so that the development of the community resulted from the intermingling of Yankee and Scottish enterprise.

They turned out to be congenial in many ways, and the blend was a sturdy one, partaking little if at all of the slow and easy ways traditional to the south. These were go-getters, and without delay they built them a town, all marked out in tidy lots in a pattern still used, right in the heart of the blackjack wilderness.

John T. Patrick, the chief promoter, laid out the lots each with its central square, designed to be used as playgrounds for children away from the streets and the dangers of horse-drawn traffic. These squares have not been developed according to plan. Probably the children preferred to be where they could see what was going on. And a lot did go on, as new people came, businesses got started, a sporting life began, golf courses were built, winter hunting was developed, organizations were formed (the Village Improvement society was one of the early ones), trees and gardens were planted, schools and churches were built and over the years Southern Pines became an unusual, beautiful and thriving town.

A Town of Homes

It has had its ups and downs, as must any town devoted as much as this one to resort life and "winter people" (just ask the down-easters about the "summer people"—it's the same thing, in reverse!) but its main reliance has been placed on homes and home-keeping families. They're the backbone of the nation and Southern Pines, too, has found them a sturdy prop.

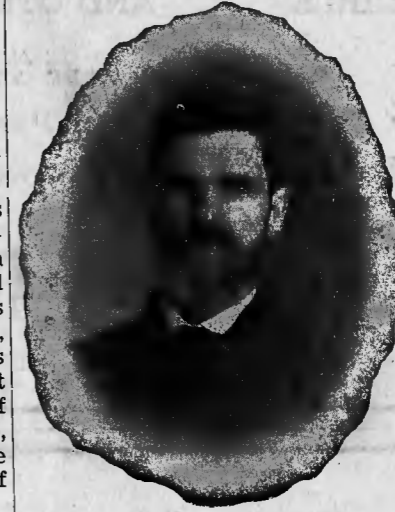
For this is today truly a town of homes. Many families live here all year round, while others go away in the summer. They welcome the winter guests, the sporting gentry, the travelers along US Highway 1 who stop by for a night, or a week or two, en route to Florida and back. They're used to cars with out-of-state licenses and to accents speaking of Maine, Boston and Ohio. They're used to adapting the town's economy to a fluid population—yet more and more, they are growing accustomed to seeing these visitors settle down becoming neighbors and good ones too, because they've picked the place they liked best of all for home.

All this makes for a cosmopolitan life which lifts Southern Pines to the unusual among villages—for "village" the town still calls itself, and many of its pleasant village ways remain.

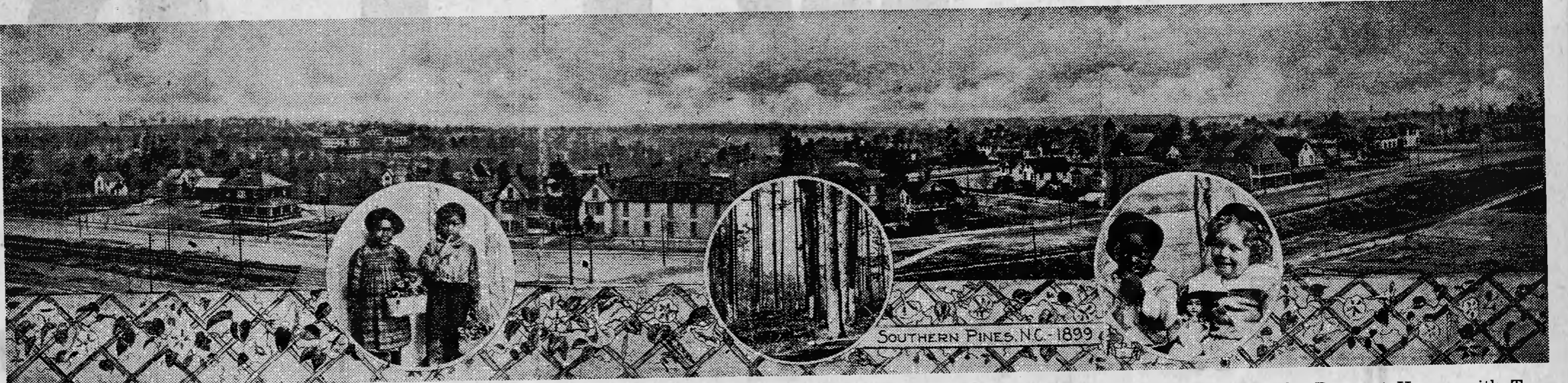
Yet the quaint, quiet village of old, shown in pictures made near the turn of the century and still dear to the memories of old-timers, has changed as the years have brought progress—progress worked for as diligently by its citizens as the early settlers worked to build a town in the wilderness. From the start this has been a civic-minded citizenry, joining

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FOUNDING FATHER



JOHN T. PATRICK



The Panoramic study of old Southern Pines shows the section along West Broad Street from a little south of New York Avenue to New Hampshire Avenue. Several people have taken a hand at identifying the buildings and we report their findings: At the left, the second house is the Claude Hayes house, the big house on the corner belonged to the Groves then; (it is now the VFW hall), up on the hill behind it stands the long white Piney Woods Inn, which later burned down. Next is the double-porched Southern Pines Hotel, also the victim of fire, but not until it had reached a ripe old age.

A dim shade, over the top of the pinetrunks insert, is the Prospect House, with Tara Nook to its right; the Central Hotel adjoins. Then, on Pennsylvania Avenue, the Hamlin house stands on the left corner, and the Ruggles store across the street in the center of the block. The Congregational church, which must have been brand new, towers in the rear. The Stringer Building, Patch's Store and the Municipal Building continue up Broad Street, with the Ozone Hotel, very white, ending the procession.

(Picture courtesy Mrs. John Adams of Pinebluff)