

Southern Pines
Welcomes
The New Season
To The Sandhills

THE PILOT

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SPECIAL ISSUE

Southern Pines, N. C.

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Hunting and Golf Are Supreme In Sandhills, Ideal for Sports During Winter

Lake Is Lure For Unwary



PINE NEEDLES—The famous 11th-hole water hazard. This lovely little lake was improved for swimming when the Army Air Force Training Command occupied the Pine Needles hotel during the war.

That's Mrs. Grinnell who's just put her ball right where she wanted it. Waiting their turn, Russ Birch, Mrs. Birch, Roy Grinnell. (Photo by Humphrey)

Seven Famed Courses Within Six Miles Offer Golf-Minded Variety of Pleasure

Four Courses At Southern Pines Noted For Beauty

For almost half a century the name Sandhills has been synonymous with golf. At the two Sandhills resorts of Southern Pines and Pinehurst, seven golf courses lie within a radius of six miles, which is true nowhere else in the country. These courses are all world-famed for their excellence and beauty, and for the challenge they offer which the most seasoned golfers find stimulating and delightful.

All the courses were laid out over a period of years by Donald J. Ross, who came to Pinehurst in 1901 at the instance of James W. Tufts to take over the golfing end of his budding resort. At the time of Ross' death April 26, 1948, he had for many years been preeminent as a golf course architect, recognized as the best.

He built during the course of his career more than 60 courses, including some of the finest in the country—and the foremost of his achievements are those right here in the Sandhills.

These also have the advantage of age, a blessing to a well-kept course as it is to wine. The finest of care has been lavished on these courses since their inception, and improvements have been wrought each year. Now they are at such a peak of perfection it is difficult to see how they can be further improved.

Donald Ross, who remained to make his home at Pinehurst, and the Sandhills emphasis on the sport through many successful years exercised great influence on the game in this country. Golf was played here in the days when it was an unknown quantity to the

Tops In Enjoyment At Southern Pines Country Club



A threesome starts off at the first tee, for a happy afternoon. In the background, the Country club's putting green is doing good business, too. (Photo by Humphrey)

Grains of Nostalgia

The Pilot takes great pride in seeing the name of Nelson Hyde again in these columns. The present Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin was publisher and editor of the Pilot for more than 12 years of a fine newspaper career. We'd hoped for a new grain but even an old sermon of Nelson's is to be treasured. We welcome this Washington Pilot back to the bridge, and if we knew how to pipe him over the side we'd blow a fanfare.

By Nelson Hyde

Washington—The Pilot, each week, runs a column headed "Grains of Sand."

Plagiarism, I call it. I was a newspaperman myself once. I used to write for The Pilot. I used to write a column called "Grains of Sand."

That's life, I guess. No royalties or anything. Just a request from the editor to do a column for this Resort Number.

I think I'll call it "Grains of Nostalgia." With so much going on in Washington that this correspondent has to write about these days, he is going to be like the tired clergyman and use one of his old sermons. This appeared after his first winter in the Sandhills—in 28.

The Amo of a Winter Guest

I like Southern Pines. I like her ways.

I like the friendliness of her greeting.

Her hospitality, warm, soft, permanent as the sands about her. Her people are real people.

There is no sham in them.

They are not the aristocracy of wealth, nor the Babbitts of Gopher Prairie.

They are the happy medium—America at her best.

I like her freedom. Dress as you like, do as you please, go where you will. Nobody cares.

Your peculiarities are not faults but characteristics. You are not an oddity but a personality.

All men are free and equal.

There is no nervous strain. No worry about what the other fel-

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Dubs, Champs Alike Practice Up At Parhaven To Enjoy Golf Courses More

Parhaven, Leo Walper's golf range on Midland road, has proven to be a popular spot for the golfers from hereabouts and far-off places as well. One of the most attractive golf ranges in the country, Parhaven can boast of being the only one to have real greens the year around and greens at varying distances for targets in the field, instead of the usual yardage markers.

After many years in the golf range business in Washington, D. C., Mr. Walper put his knowledge of what the golfers want into this range, which offers conditions nearly like those of the golf course but more suitable for practice and for beginners who need to learn the game without having to keep up the golf course pace. Among the advantages of practicing and learning golf at Par-

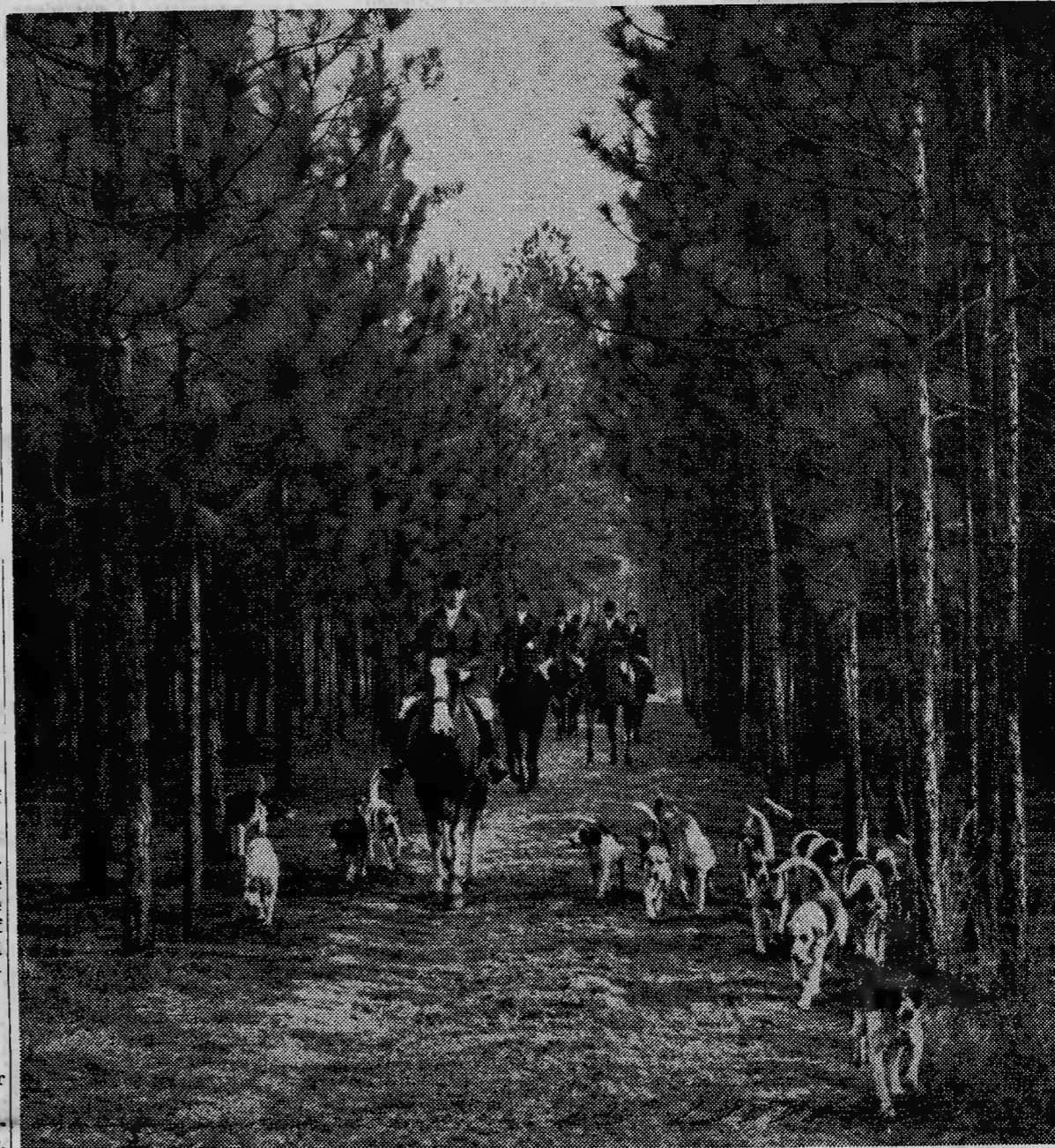
haven are that no caddy is needed, balls and clubs are all provided, and you can get off by yourself in a quiet corner if you wish, or if assistance is needed, expert advice and instructions are available.

For working folk and golf enthusiasts the range is well lighted at night until 11 p. m. In crisp weather, the clubhouse always has a cheery log fire to warm you and all are welcome to enjoy the comforts in a cordial leisurely atmosphere. Occasionally the antique reed organ in the clubhouse comes to life under the hands of some guest and gives accompaniment to friendly singing of hymns and barbershop melodies.

The Walpers, having gotten some of our sand in their shoes after many visits here while Leo

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"With His Horse And His Hounds In The Morning"



THE MOORE COUNTY HOUNDS on their way through the pinewoods to draw the first covert. With them is W. Ozelle Moss, master and huntsman, with Mrs. Moss, first whip, and members of the field. Thanksgiving Day is the day of the opening meet. (Photo by Humphrey)

Moore County Pack Seldom Misses a Day's Sport

THE HOUNDS

W. Ozelle Moss, MFH, of Mile-Away Farm, has announced that Thanksgiving Day, November 24th, is the date set for the opening meet of the Moore County Hounds.

Thanksgiving Day always has been the opening day since, way back before the start of World War I, Mrs. John Y. Boyd, the mother of James and Jackson, joint masters of the pack for so many years, used to have the big gathering and luncheon for the whole countryside at Weymouth before the run.

The hounds were a scratch lot then. James Boyd had picked them up here and there from neighboring farmers: some of the better ones were from the old Charlie Williams pack and some were bought from that good fox-hunter, Mally Kelley, out back of Lakeview. Louisa Boyd helped her brother with the hounds and he got anyone else he could find who could ride to come along. Quite often Ewen Cameron and Merritt Sugg rode with them. They fox-hunted occasionally, when they almost always lost half the pack, but the regular hunt was a fast and furious little drag in and around the home farm or out over the Bicn Butler place and the Goldsmith land.

War Stopped Hunting

Then the war came along and stopped hunting here as in most places. But the minute James Boyd got back from it and settled here, this time with his wife to help, he started looking for hounds again.

His brother Jackson joined him soon after. They again picked up some American hounds and then decided to cross them with English blood to improve their drive and stamina. But, in view of the fact that this sandy soil makes bad scenting conditions frequent, instead of taking an English foxhound as a cross, they selected a harrier strain. For these hounds, smaller, lighter, and more agile than the big English foxhounds, also have better noses as they hunt here, an animal with a far lighter scent than a red fox. And they were to hunt grey fox, also a light-scented quarry.

The strain selected was from the pack of Eugene Reynal in Millbrook, N. Y., a famous pack

GOOD HUNTING!

A touch of frost in the air, the early morning sun striking through the needles of the long-leaf pines and turning the scrub-oak thickets to bronze.

The sound of a hound's voice down in the swamp. "Hark to him!" the huntsman cries. "Hark, hark!"

Deep in the swamp, hounds are flying to the cry, the bushes crackle under their weight, there's the sound of a splash as one faces the cold swift stream. The cry grows louder, fades, pauses. Breathless silence holds the woods.

Then on the far hillside it comes: one note. Then a burst of music. And up on the hill-top the whip's high cry: "Gone, gone, gone away!"

It's a hunting morning in the Sandhills.

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THE COUNTRY

The Moore County Hounds rate as one of the few packs in the country which hunt all winter long. Some of the Virginia packs make this claim but must always qualify it by the admission of a great many days missed because of bad weather. But weather has caused hardly a single day's postponement, during the many years that the local hunt has functioned, and there have been frequent seasons when not a day was missed.

In that respect, again, the Sandhills' climate and terrain is responsible for a perfect setting for this sport, as it is for the other great local sport of golf. But, with hunting, it plays if anything a more important part. For the sand-clay soil is so absorbent of water, and affords such fine going for horses that mud and slippery jumping is practically non-existent. Rain simply firms up the sand and makes the take-offs easier.

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Top Show Horses Of Nation Winter In Sandhills

Local Shows, Weekly Gymkhanas Offer Full Show Programs

by E. O. Hippius

The Sandhills went hog wild on horse shows last year, there is no doubt about it. It was great fun, but at the end people began to see horses jumping over the bedposts in their dreams.

Also, the folks that had to do the riding, and even more those who had to do the planning and the ring-building and the fence-putting-up were worn to a frazzle. A good satisfying frazzle, but still . . . !

Of course, the one-day race meet held on the Stoneybrook Stable track did much to rehabilitate everybody. Here there was just one thing that counted. You didn't have to peer at pasterns and hocks and wonder whether that one with a good jumping bump was going to win out over that other one with the nice long shoulder, and you didn't have to do mental arithmetic counting ticks versus refusals . . . all you had to do was see which one got past the finish post first. In other words, granted one horse can run faster than another, all you had to do was see which one.

So the races brought relaxation to the crowd, and the people who had worked desperately to get the track ready, heaved sighs of relief and called it a day. And a good day it was.

This Year's Plans

Plans for the coming winter and spring are still in their infancy. That is to say, they are still in that lovely dreamy state when anything might happen and when everything, from gymkhanas to horse shows to races, is being considered. But, the point made last year that you could have too much even of such a good thing as this, is being kept in mind. The point, it is felt, is to be sure the product is tops and go in for quality instead of so much quantity. . . now, a little quantity. . . that's another thing.

The show stables are now beginning to roll in, and with good records to their credit. Interesting thing about it is that, at the end of last year's Sandhills season, the show-birds separated, each going in a different direction. In that way, Sandhills equine glory spread itself high, wide, and handsome. The Kennedy stable went to New England, the Mosses toured the Virginia shows, the Tates scaled the mountain peaks around Asheville and Roaring Gap, while the Cardy horses were knocking them down and out that is, of course, the other entries all over Canada. There were more Moore County horses and people doing the same thing in upper New York state, where the Winkelmans' Renown, with and without capitals, was

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Doorway of Welcome To Golfers



Entrance to the Mid Pines club, only local hotel which has its own golf course. Golfing parties come here in fall, spring and winter from all over the United States. (Photo by Humphrey)