

WOMEN DO MUCH FOR HIGHLANDS

The Highlands Improvement Society Sponsors Many Things Benefiting the Town and Vivinity.

The following sketch of the Highlands Improvement Society was very kindly prepared for the Highlands edition of The Press by Mrs. J. Jay Smith, who was a charter member of the society, and who is now its president.

(By Mary Chapin Smith)

Dr. Emma L. Bilstein founded the Highlands Improvement Society in 1905, and was the first president. The principal object has always been to preserve the natural beauties of the region and the rural aspect of the place; but we have also been interested in a variety of things which affected the welfare of the village.

In 1909 we bought Satulah Summit. Miss Marguerite A. Ravenel was president at this time. Mrs. Charles Albert Hill, of Charleston, S. C., and Washington, D. C., who was afterward president for some years, was the leader in this movement. Satulah is a dearly beloved mountain and everybody contributed. At a meeting on September first, the subscription list was started with over \$250.00. By October sixth the entire purchase price, \$500.00, was subscribed. Soon after we built the stone shelter house on Satulah, and we have ever since taken care of the Summit.

For many years we did a great deal of important work in opening and clearing trails to places otherwise inaccessible, and putting up signs. Miss Albertina Staub and the late Mrs. Luther Rice did wonders in this work. Lately property has changed hands to such an extent that we have not done much in that line. A few years ago the Forestry Department determined to reopen the old Kelsey Trail to Whiteside Mountain. We gave \$100.00 toward that, and have done some work on it and on the mountain since then. We helped years ago on the road up to the top of Satulah and on the road to Sunset Rocks, now called Ravenel.

We bought the town clock for over \$400.00. Mrs. Florence C. Perry, an Englishwoman long resident in Highlands, was the leader in this activity. She wrote a most brilliant little play which was given to raise money for this purpose. It was full of very delightful wit and local coloring.

We have sometimes used our influence with our senators and representatives at Raleigh or at Washington to forward the cause of Conservation, to protect the National Parks, or in regard to the passage of desirable laws. The attempt of the State of Idaho to loot the beautiful Bechler Meadows in the Yellowstone National Park for the benefit of the sugar-beet growers is a case. Senator Overman and Representative Weaver were very responsive and in favor of protecting all national reservations.

We have planted trees and looked after trees and attended to anything under the heavens that it seemed best we should meddle with; always meeting with great courtesy and kindly co-operation from the Town Board.

At present we wish to erect a me-

ATLANTA MEN BUILD GOLF LINKS

Scott Hudson Directs Construction of Fine Links and Club House—Allan Marvels at Beauty.

(By Glenn Allan)

Highlands, N. C., June 23.—Great mountains slumber here, gaunt piles of rock caressed by sleepy clouds, and from their sides has been carved one of the most glorious golf courses in all America.

Atlanta men have hewn this course and, when the seeding is done, Atlanta men and their families will enjoy its friendly fairways and its gorgeous club house.

"Summer golf in autumn weather" seems to be the slogan of the Highlands Country Club, for this altitude of 4,000 feet is a touch of brown October ale in a world of too much pink lemonade. The days are clear and crisp and the noontime sun is no more than a gentle warmth. The nights are made for log fires, for tall tales and for tight parceling in thick blankets.

Wild ravings over newborn courses are more or less expected from a golf writer, but this observer has never in a honeycombed career seen a layout with more natural beauty nor one with greater possibilities from a playing point of view.

Donald Ross designed the course and the touch of the master architect is heavily about the beautiful greens and the artful traps. Scott Hudson is building the course and even overshadowing the handiwork of Ross in the skillful art of this fairy godfather of the Athletic Club.

The impossible has been done up here. Mountains have been leveled and their proud peaks used to build up valleys. Trees have been felled which flourished in maturity when Ponce de Leon sought his fountain of youth. Roads have been cut where moccasined Cherokees stalked slumbering deer. And far above the same blue sky smiles down on brilliant laurel, on rhododendron and tiny, bright-faced daisies which might have decked the wampum bands of dusky princess-

handful of members, and this handful is building a monument for themselves and for their city. Money is being spent in quantities to startle the people of these mountains and results are being obtained in quantities to startle anyone with previous experience in building golf courses.

The course is a full 18-hole layout measuring 6,300 yards and with par of 70. It is a hard, hard 70, and the course record is likely to stand well above this figure for some years to come.

There are no baby holes. Ross and Mr. Hudson have whipped the mountains into submission and used the natural hazards to a degree unbelievable.

"This will be," Ross said, "the most picturesque course in America."

"And," said Mr. Hudson, "it will be one of the hardest."

In spite of being built in the heart of the highest range east of the Rockies, the Highlands course will be comparatively level. The entire round has only a single climb, and that is a 3 per cent grade compared to No. 15 at East Lake or the 14th at Druid Hills.

Mr. Hudson has finally invented a mountain upon which the golfer may always play downhill and eventually wind up where he started.

Fairways are comfortably wide and slope only reasonably. The greens are nicely blanketed and surrounded with grass traps. And wherever one looks is a hole ending in a brilliant clump of laurel with the faintly disapproving mountains far above.

The club house is a marvel. Every stick of its timber was cut on the place and every inch of the chestnut bark which will cover its frame was

memorial to S. T. Kelsey, Sr., the founder of the town. It is to be a drinking fountain on a tiny triangle of a park near the old Kelsey place, as that form of a memorial is what will best please the family. We have between one and two hundred dollars towards it and must raise much more. The work has been halted on account of changes in the street and for other reasons, but we hope soon to go on with it.

We are very proud of the Kelsey twins, "Bop and Harry." Dr. Harry Kelsey of Baltimore, is one of the finest dentists in the United States. He and "Bop" are both Highlands boys. "Bop" or Harlan P. Kelsey is a member of the Park Commission (we have much to thank him for if we ever get the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, or when we get it), for a time he was president of the Appalachian Club, and also president of the Nurserymen's Association. We have talked with them about this memorial to their father, and Harlan, who is a landscape architect among other things, is going to plan the planting of the little park when we get ready to put up the drinking fountain.

gathered on the place. Enormous fireplaces front the living rooms and upstairs are 42 delightful bed rooms, each with its private bath. And it is noted here that no club house in the South has half that many rooms.

The stone for the fireplaces came from the three mountains which are part of the 450-acre estate, and the paneling for the rooms came from the sunny slopes. And if there is a more delightful place to sleep than a spruce-paneled room with oak floors, that place must be Valhalla.

The club house is on a knoll, and below the knoll lies the site of the 10-acre club lake. Carleton Smith is training 100,000 trout which, when they learn their tricks, will be released in the lake. Bryan Grant insists on a bathing beach, which will front the club, and, except for a beautiful water carry on the finishing hole, the property around will be available for building purposes.

Since P. Bysshe Shelley died of complications there has been no one to write of the beauties of Western North Carolina. The imperturbable mountains go serenely on and wear as boutonnières the beautiful homes which adorn Satulah Mountains and other reaches near Highlands.

And this club, a scant six hours from Atlanta over splendid roads, will bring to worried sportsmen the answer to the problem of what to do with the family while the summer golf is going on.

One's impressions of the place are, of course, tintured by one's company and the friendly crusaders who marched up the mountainside last week for a look at the club in the making were as thoroughly delightful as one could hope to be cast away with on a desert island. And the island could not be too desert.

First of all was Marse Scott and Mrs. Hudson, with Marse Scott testing the legs of the male members and Mrs. Hudson consoling the weary wanderers on their return. After following Mr. Hudson all day the only conclusion left is that the Athletic Club's president is a centipede.

Carleton Smith was there with Mrs. Smith and with his young daughter, just promoted to the honor of a separate entry on the hotel register. And Dr. Mike Hoke and Mrs. Mike Hoke and their daughters. Mrs. Hoke is, Mr. Hudson says, the only woman able to walk him off a ledge.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Brown were there, with Bill asking about the fishing and Mrs. Brown quite

wide azaleas. Bob Crenshaw thought it was beautiful and Mrs. Bob picked out the mountain upon which the Crenshaw mansion would stretch its wings. Henry Porter capitulated when the sunset was pointed out from the Wishing Rock, and Mrs. Charlie Shepherd went no further than to ask if a truck could negotiate the climb with her children's effects. Bryan Grant inspected the site of the tennis courts and left with a chuckle.

They all fell in love with Highlands, as everyone falls in love with Highlands. The days are beautiful and the nights sublime. The mountain scenery is an old story to many Southerners, but is a story which never grows old, even to the Saxons, who live beyond "the notch" of Horseshoe Cove.

This Highlands Club will solve the problem of many Georgians. The club house is commodious enough to care for 150 members, and around the course are cottage sites with a beautiful view of the course and the mountains and the many lakes.

As for the course, Mr. Hudson said he built it with the idea that if ever Bob Jones wanted to find something to stop his fancy shooting, he could come up and have a try at the par of 70. And for the sports writers and other mediocre players, he has arranged a sensible set of shorter tees.

If I die I hope I may be translated in to a tree—preferably a son of the chestnut tree which guards the fourth green at Highlands—and there may I sit in my own shade and watch the slightly weary and slightly wor-

ried business men of Atlanta come up the mountain and breathe one lungful of this glorious air. That

would be enough happiness for a departed shade. —Hearst's Sunday American.



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