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Is a Paper Devoted to the Upbuilding of the Sandhill Territory of North Carolina

Address all communications to
THE PILOT PRINTING COMPANY, VASS, N. C.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1924

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SPENCE WELCOMES LAWYERSTO MOORE

Tells Them Pinehurst is the
Center of Opportunity and
Progress

U. L. Spence, of Carthage, in the address of welcome extended the lawyers at their meeting in Pinehurst last week, said:

"Pinehurst has awaited your reluctant feet these few years; discouraged, but always confident and hopeful, we knew you would sometime come, for all the other conventions have been here, not once but twice and more. Your distinguished committee repeatedly coyed with us in but faint encouragement, but we were yet constant as an ardent lover with our invitations and now, full of joy of seeing you here, we bid you beseeching welcome of all things to a meeting we trust will be alike delightful to every one of you.

"Judging from observation, as well as a cursory investigation, the chief function of a speaker in my role tonight is, after extending a welcome to the meeting body, to boast of the wonderful advantages and fame of the place that happens to be honored with the assemblage. By this rule, it would be an easy task to a more gifted speaker, even without imagination, to enchant you with a plain statement of facts about Pinehurst and Moore county.

A careful investigation of history convinces me that the spot we now occupy existed as a place long before Columbus discovered America.

"Nestled among the beautiful hills and in plain view from the magnificent hotel in which we are assembled is the ancient city, famous to history and art, now the capitol of Moore county, of Carthage; less than an hour's ride to the West we find the city of Troy, known to the world before Columbus was born, by Homer's song. An even shorter journey into the neighboring county of Montgomery brings us to the heathen city of Pekin, and eight miles beyond Mount Gilead gets into the historic landscape. And hard by lies Aberdeen, of dear old doughty Scotland; and among the hills of a deep clear watered stream, along a wooded way as fascinating as the 'road to Mandalay' Samarcand asserts itself as once the oldest town in Asia.

"But whether or not this is an accurate statement of local history, it is a fact that all these places, for the most part, take origin during the early beginning of American history and these names to a significant degree indicate the ambitious and intelligent character of the early settlers here.

"Until a short time ago, as we reckon time, this particular sandhill section of the state was regarded as one of the least attractive in North Carolina and it has frequently been referred to as poor and barren. This section seems to have been so regarded notoriously as early as the Revolutionary period. Irving in his history of George Washington records the fact that when Baron DeKalb had been sent from the North to join General Caswell at Camden to assist in repelling the invasion of Lord Cornwallis from Charleston, his troops halted at Buffalo ford on Deep River, now in Moore county, for the reason, as described by the historian, that 'a wide and sterile region lay between him and them, difficult to be traversed, unless magazines were established in advance, or he were supplied with provisions to take with him. Thus circumstanced, he wrote to Congress and the State Legislature, representing his situation and entreating relief.' He contemplated deviating his course to the right, seeking what was described as the 'fertile counties of Mecklenburg and Rowan' when General Gates arrived and to the 'great astonishment of the baron' directed the army to move at once along the direct road to Camden. The writer records that 'the route proved all that had been represented. It led through

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Let's Spend a Few Moments Thinking of Mother

Mother works too hard. Why? Because her work is a labor of love and she'll pour out her strength, with her love, just as long as her will can deliver her tired body. Wouldn't it be fine if devotion such as this, the very finest in the world, could be rewarded, here and now, with some of the modern, labor-saving devices that some mothers are already enjoying?

Maybe we do love mother as much as we say we do—but when we allow her to toil, day after day, her hands work-hardened, her once youthful form growing stooped, her beauty of face giving way to lines of care—well—

Actions do speak louder than words, and our neglect may speak so loudly as to drown out, utterly, all our protestations of love.

Wouldn't it be fine if that splendid spirit that makes us glad to observe Mothers' Day would just lead us to give her the modern equipment that would lighten her load and restore her health and youth?

Maybe the mother in your home is working too hard. If you are inspired, do something for her.

TOBACCO FARMERS VOTE THIS WEEK

Co-ops of the Carolinas Pleased
With Returns on Final
Statements

Ballots mailed to 95,000 members of the Tobacco Growers Co-operative Association in 130 counties of North Carolina, South Carolina and Virginia will be counted in scores of court-houses throughout the tobacco area this Saturday, May 10. The associated tobacco growers on that day will name the men who choose their directors for the third season of co-operative marketing, and the chairmen of the county associations of tobacco growers will certify the names of the electoral delegates to the Raleigh headquarters of the marketing association when they complete the count of ballots next Saturday afternoon.

More than 343,000,000 pounds of tobacco have been received by the marketing association during the first two years of operation and the large majority of this weed has been sold at prices which association officials declare are far higher than would have been possible without the farmers' own organization for orderly selling.

Final statements recently received by thousands of associated farmers in South Carolina and border counties of North Carolina show that the association received \$66.93 for its best wrappers; \$59.16 for its best leaf; \$60.27 on its high grade cutters and \$18.00 to \$19.00 per hundred for its best priming and lugs delivered from the South Carolina belt in 1922. According to the association's final statements received by more than 10,000 farmers of the South Carolina belt, the selling price for this tobacco has averaged higher than the valuation placed upon it by the bankers who made loans for payments to the co-operative growers on their first year's deliveries. Members from



HON. U. L. SPENCE,

of Carthage, one of the foremost attorneys of the state, who welcomed the State Bar Association to Pinehurst.

STRONG GROUP BUYS D. H. MCNEILL LANDS

A significant transaction about closed up as The Pilot is printed conveys the D. H. McNeill lands near Vass to a group of strong financial men, Alex Grossett and George T. Dunlap, the well known book publishers; O. H. Stutts and J. R. McQueen. Their plans are not fully matured, but enough is known to be able to say that the land will not be allowed to lie idle, as the intention is to undertake a scheme of development that will make that section of this community take on an active life. Neither will the property be held for price advancement. Putting it into action is the basis of the plan, which will be forthcoming before very long.

South Carolina are very generally pleased with the result of their first year's marketing as received by them in checks from headquarters and tabulated on the final statements which

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WITH RAILROADS AND RATE MAKERS

A Day with the Ogres Who Con-
stantly Conspire to Separate
us from Our Money

Bion H. Butler

In case any body missed me last Wednesday I hasten to say that I had gone to Raleigh that day with W. H. McNeill and C. M. Reeves to appear before the Corporation Commission and the freight agents of the railroads operating in North Carolina to put up a plea regarding some freight rates. The hour appointed was 10:00 o'clock, which you may think is early for McNeill and me, but we were there long enough in advance to walk around the building a little and look out of the windows and remark about the big town and the difficulty of getting up street there without having somebody bump you out into the front yards.

The commission lined us up in front of half a dozen railroad men, and they seemed to be a right well posted lot of men at that, and I didn't see anything about them while we stayed there that indicated that they would eat little boys like us. The commission appeared to be a right friendly group of people, also, not only toward the railroad men but to us as well. When we came to put up our little song of sorrow we found that the commission was familiar with every thing we had to say, and possibly knew it better than we did, and the railroad men did not get excited over any new thing we offered, and presently we were all inching up around the table in front of the three members of the commission, with Mr. Wamble, the clerk, untangling some little differences, and I've seen more fuss over at the Kiwanis club when John Bloxham wanted Henry Page to sing, for instance, or when Ashley

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VASS-LAKEVIEW SCHOOL CLOSES

Big Crowds Attend—Twenty
Graduates Receive Diplomas
—Medals Awarded

The Vass-Lakeview high school commencement opened Friday evening, at which time Miss Bernice Shields presented her piano and vocal pupils in a recital. A great crowd assembled at the warehouse, and for once in the history of the town, there was room for all who came, that is standing room. The seats were filled long before time for the program to begin. The large stage had been attractively decorated for the occasion with pine, cedar and flowers. The program consisted of piano solos and duets, vocal selections by classes, a quartet, duet and musical recitation. Each youthful performer did well. The piano solo, "Dream Castles," by Eloise Brooks, the vocal duet, "Oh, No, John," by Loula Eastwood and Guy Simpson, "Hard Times in Boy-Land," by Russell Thompson, A. G. Edwards and Tom Brewer, and the musical reading, "Picking Daisy Petals," by Willie Pearl Alexander were especially good.

More seats were provided on Saturday, but that night they were filled and still the people came, anxious to see the little tots of the primary grades in their cantata, "The Brownie Band." It would be difficult to arrange a program more pleasing than the one of Saturday night. The brownies furnished much amusement; the little flower girls, the Gipsy band of little men and women bedecked in many colors, the dazzling butterflies, gracefully flitting here and there, the little girl lost in the woods, the fairy princess and the fairy queen, beautifully adorned, Billy Big-Eye and Tommy Long-Wing, two owls, the small boys, the dainty little Wee Wees, the tiniest girls of all, dressed in pretty pink paper dresses, all of these in a bower of trees and flowers made a most beautiful picture, and the audience was delighted with the stage setting and the splendid acting. The baby of the school, little Coker Blue, was a most adorable brownie and won the hearts of everyone as he went here and there among the larger children, peeping inquisitively up into their faces. Altogether, it was a splendid program.

Sunday morning at the Methodist church, the baccalaureate sermon was preached by the Rev. E. McWhorter. The scripture lesson was read by Arthur Thompson, class president, after which the senior class rendered a beautiful anthem. Professor Matthews then introduced the speaker, who preached a powerful and inspiring sermon.

On Monday evening, the grammar grades gave their program, the first number being "Chicky, My Crainy Crow," which brought forth much laughter. Next was the "Witches Drill," and then the operetta, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Elizabeth Simpson took the part of the Princess Snow White, and a beautiful princess she was. Rachel Beasley played the part of Queen remarkably well, and Ruby Pulliam, the handsome prince, sang and spoke with such sweetness and distinctness that she received much praise. The tiny woodland girls in white, and the forest children in their crepe dresses of many colors were graceful and beautiful, and will long be remembered by those who saw them and heard them sing. Carl, the huntsman, and the dwarfs showed that they had received careful training. Last on the program was the valedictory, by Alma McInnis, a bright child who knows her part and does it well.

Tuesday night, a record crowd was present for the graduating exercises of the class of twenty young men and women, the largest class that has ever gone out from the Vass-Lakeview high school. It is a class of which the community is justly proud, and one that is destined to mean much to the

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