

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

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**SANDHILL BOOK
BY CLYDE DAVIS**Collection of His Writings Makes
An Interesting
Volume

One of the latest attractive books that has lately come into the Sandhills is "A Kansan at Large," containing writings of the late Clyde Davis, and published under the supervision of Bernice Carter Davis. Clyde Davis was too well known among the Sandhill people to need an introduction or have anything said about his ability as a story teller or his literary merits, as he was rated as a genius in that type of work, which was proven by an election to the editorial staff of the World's Work. Fate only gave him eleven months with that publication when his life was snuffed out by pneumonia and the promising future that his friends hoped for him was brought to an abrupt end.

Clyde Davis came into the Sandhills about eleven years ago, a recent graduate of Harvard University. He with a class mate had been traveling thru remote country sections of the South with moving pictures, giving lectures with educational films. Roger Derby happened to be present at one of his demonstrations and was so impressed with his methods, he figured Davis was the man to fill the place of secretary of the Sandhill Board of Trade, which was then shaping into an organization. Clyde Davis did good work there. Later he became associated with the Moore County News, and in his wanderings over the county, he came to know the people, and as getting acquainted with Clyde Davis wasn't much of an effort, his friends pretty near numbered the entire population of the county. So it is with considerable interest Moore county receives the book of Davis's, as it holds much of local associations and bits here and there which are strictly Moore county it has an appeal for the people.

The book begins with an autobiography, "A Kansan at Large," followed by some of the classics translated in twentieth century style. Then come a number of Tarheel lyrics and prose with every event a local one, and the characters our friends and acquaintances. Several patriotic numbers, some college verses, essays and a miscellaneous dozen complete the volume. The work is a collection that appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, the Atlanta Constitution, the Kansas City Star, Hotchkiss Record, Harvard Alumnae Bulletin, Progressive Farmer, Charlotte Observer, Sandhill Citizen, Moore County News and other publications, and which now are offered in available form.

Davis in a sketch of his own history says, "In retrospect, my life looks just like Job's, only it seems to have struck me other end first. Job prospered, but was later beset and upset by troubles. Up to the day I graduated from Harvard, the devil tried to thwart me at every turn and succeeded in making me something of a cynic; but since leaving college, life has been a thrilling and hilarious progression and I have become such an optimist that I frequently have to sit up nights to smile." He was born on a Kansas farm a few years prior to the disaster that leveled the farmer of that state and left the Davis family struggling in the battle of existence. They had lost their home through foreclosure of a mortgage and moved into a two-room house with a shed-kitchen. From there Clyde Davis finally landed in Harvard after many adverse circumstances and severe jolts with fortune of which he tells in his story of those lean years.

From the Tarheel lyrics in an allusion to the Sandhills he says:

'Taint 'way up North
Where winters friz;
'Taint 'way down South
Where summers sizz.
'Taint 'way out West
Like Oregon;
'Taint inland 'way
To, and gone!
But just right here
Where 'to't to be,

And here I'll bloom
Perennially.

An ode was written to the first Sandhill Fair the last verse ending up with

Dinner with the red bugs,
Preacher asks the blessin',
Open up the jamalade,
Kindly pass the dressin'
Guess we'd best be startin' home,
Rather far to go.
Woodrow ain't no Cadillac,
Guess we've seen the show.
Good! We've took a ribbon
Glad that we was there—
Nothing in a city
Like a Sandhill Fair.

These and a number like them writing in his entertaining manner with a general collection make up a mighty readable book.

It will be on sale at Hayes book store in Southern Pines.

FALL POLO TOURNAMENT

Opens Monday, December 1st, and continues through the 10th. Seven teams are entered and the best Fall Tournament in the history of Pinehurst Polo is assured. Full details early next week.

RUOHS PYRON, Secretary.

**TYSON & JONES BUY
JENNINGS MOTOR CO.**

A deal was closed in Carthage, Monday, which broadens the concern of Tyson and Jones. In addition to branching out in automobile work they have taken over the Jennings Motor Company, and will represent the Ford company in the Carthage territory. As H. A. Page, Jr., who is one of the leading factors in the Tyson and Jones company is already a big factor in the Ford business in this section the Tyson and Jones company with Mr. Page will about control Ford business in a big area of Central North Carolina. The combination at Carthage will strengthen both the Ford business there and the Tyson and Jones factory, as each can work to the benefit of the other and out of the union it is expected a much broader influence in industry in Carthage will follow.

**SEABOARD MAKES
BETTER SCHEDULES**

Six Trains Daily Each Way Stop
in County This
Winter

In the fall John T. West said one day that the Seaboard was arranging winter passenger schedule better than ever. The new arrangements have gone into effect and six passenger trains a day each way are available at Southern Pines. This does not include the Florida trains soon to go on, which will not stop in the county. The Seaboard is giving service to this section. Every twenty-four hours not less than thirty-two regular trains pass through Vass. This does not include extras and the second or more sections that run with regular trains. At Southern Pines this week a railroad man made the statement that the Seaboard is moving more trains now than any other single track road in the United States. Traffic so far this fall is decidedly above that of a year ago for the same time, and all signs point to a still further increase.

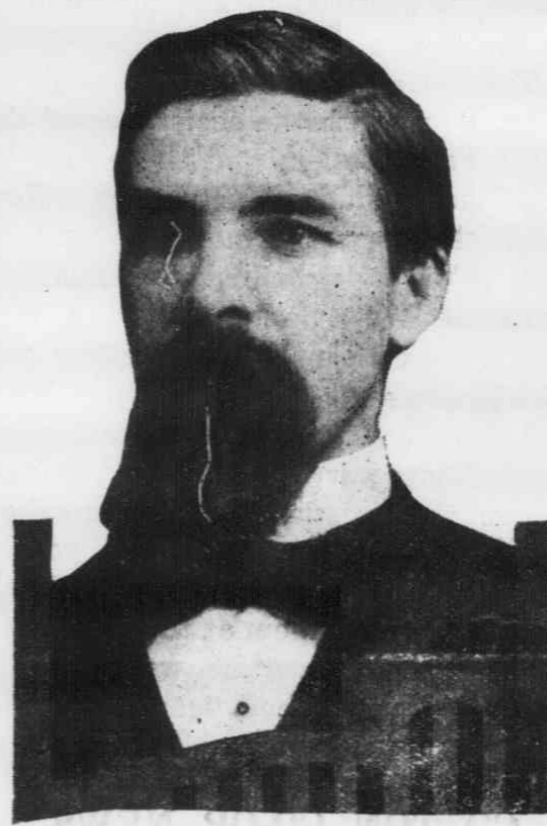
The new schedule recently put on gives through cars to all of the bigger cities of the East. A traveler may come to Southern Pines in the same car that brings him out of Boston, Montreal, Ottawa, Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and can make his return journey to those cities without changing his car. This winter the traffic of the Sandhills as well as that of Florida and the Southwest, by way of the Seaboard, will be the most wide reaching ever known. One reason for the expanding service, is that the Seaboard is getting the business which is natural. For the Seaboard is not only the shortest line between the northern points and Florida but it has a good road, good equipment and a lot of good railroad men in its employ.

**CAMERON CREATES
KELLY MEMORIAL**

Successful Educator Remembered
by the People in Which
He Worked

Editor of The Pilot:

The Womens Club of Cameron, has established a John E. Kelly Memorial Library in the new Cameron Graded School. The purpose of this library is two-fold. First, it is to be a memorial to the life and ideals of Moore County's greatest educator; and second, to help provide books for the pupils of the school. A specially designed book-plate has been made by one of John E. Kelly's pupils, Mrs. Loula McIver Muse. These plates will be mailed to friends and admirers of



PROF. JOHN E. KELLY,
Who was founder of the Union
Home School

Prof. Kelly extending to them the privilege of presenting to the library a volume, or volumes, bearing the giver's name.

John E. Kelly, of Union Home School, did more in an educational way for Moore county than any other man in his day, before his day and since his day. Born and reared on a farm, he was familiar with the young men of the county, in whom he saw sterling qualities and the make-up that makes the true man. It was the ambition of his youth to establish a school in the county, away from the temptations of towns and cities, where young men bred on the farms and plantations, could be educated, and receive the moral training so essential to men who may become promoters and rulers in county, state and nation.

After graduating at Davidson College, he established a military school for young men at Union Church in Moore county, the church of his fathers and the church he loved. This school soon became co-educational. At this school, young men and women, boys and girls, were given an opportunity for an education, and the flocked to the standard of Union Home School. He instilled into their minds the qualities that made for true worth and nobility of character, to be men and women worth while, to do things, to become famous in the honorable profession that would bring name and fame, to be courteous, above all else to be Christian men and women. His lectures to them were an inspiration. He was a wise and good disciplinarian, and he turned out the finest set of men and women Moore county ever afforded. Moore county is proud of them today.

Those he prepared for college, and they were many, have gone out into the world as teachers, preachers, doctors, journalists, business men, farmers, honorable and successful in whatever calling they chose. Some among those he prepared for college are: the late lamented Charles D. McIver, J. Alton McIver, Rev. Massilon McIver, Kenneth and Findlayton McIver, Prof. B. C. McIver, Rev. M. D. McNeill, Rev. D. N. McLaughlin, the late Rev. M. McG. Shields, Rev. Jesse Rowan, Rev. M. J. McLean, D. F. St. Clair, Dr. John McLean, Dr. Gilbert McLeod, Dr. W. A. Monroe, and many others. Mr. E. J. Ward, a

wealthy pharmacist of Ellsville, Miss. a student at Union Home School said in a letter to a friend: "I learned more about character building while a student under Prof. John E. Kelly than all the rest of my life put together." Prof. Kelly was a literary man, and he impressed upon his students the importance of good literature. He taught them to love the classics and the poets.

Among the young girls who attended Union Home, are, Mrs. Lizzie Arnold Bruton, Mrs. Maggie Arnold Gilmore, Mrs. Alice Thaggard McNeill, Mrs. Julia Thaggard Bryant, the Misses St. Clair, Mrs. Janie B. Fagan, Miss Mary Johnson, Mrs. Jennie McNeill Blue, Mrs. Maggie McIver Harrell, Mrs. Eugenia McIver Hunter, and many others.

What Charles B. Aycock was to North Carolina, John E. Kelly was to Moore County; and he gave his life for the young men and women of his time. —W. X.

OUR PASTOR

In a little church in the valley,
Beneath a stately oak;
There labors an able pastor,
A friend of the country folk.

He cares not to feed on royal crumbs,
Nor worship those of high estate;
To the poor and sinful he gladly comes
Their souls to elevate.

For over a decade he has guided
Those followers of the one divine;
Encouragement, council, and grace
Ever giving;
His life like a star doth shine.

Our babes to God he dedicates,
Our youthful souls he trains for God
Dear vows of man and wife he seals;
And gently leads us under death's
rod.

When we are gathered as in a cloud,
Up to that home above;
May his shining crown illumine the
way
Into his presence where all is love.

Precious pastor of Cypress church,
Who shares each woe and weal
Of every mortal whom he knows,
Blest kindred, Rev. M. D. McNeill.
—Mrs. J. L. JOHNSON.

Only twenty-seven days till Christmas. Better do your shopping now.

**DID ROBERT PAGE
ROB JAMES TUFTS?**

Question Discussed at Kiwanis
Dinner Without
Answer

Leonard Tufts was the autobiographer at the Kiwanis dinner at Aberdeen, Wednesday, and he aroused considerable speculation when he told that soon after his father had bought 5,000 acres of Sandhill land at a dollar an acre an old settler said Bob Page had cheated Mr. Tufts, for that land was never worth over 80 cent an acre. Page and Tufts did not venture an opinion as to whether the price was fair or not, but the audience laughed at the suggestion.

In his biographical talk Mr. Tufts said that he was born at Medford, Mass., and incidentally that although a church was next door to him when he was born there 54 years ago, and another on the other side, and the house in which he was born ultimately became a church, his chief claim to acquaintance when he was in Rome or some other foreign country was that the folks in those far-away lands located him by their recollection of Medford rum, an article that Mr. Tufts informed the Kiwanians in the good old days saturated the Medford air with its penetrating odor just as tobacco smells to heaven these days at Durham and Winston-Salem.

At the age of about eight years the young man engaged himself to a young woman, and for the next score of years she was engaging and disengaging until one day the prevailing engagement resulted in matrimony, and he thinks getting that engagement made permanent was the best job he ever accomplished. No protests were heard from the audience on this score.

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**SANDHILL WOMAN
WRITES OF KOREA**

Miss Flora McQueen, Missionary,
Tells of the Far
East

The following interesting letter was written by Miss Flora McQueen, missionary to Korea, to Miss Vera Cameron, and read by her at the last meeting of the Young Ladies' Auxiliary of Cameron Presbyterian church:

Kwangju, Chosen, Asia,
October 4, 1924

Dear Friends:—When one is on the other side of the world from the good old U. S. A., one's mind and heart often turns to the friends "back home," and as there are many people in Cameron to whom I should like to write personal letters, except for the lack of time, I am taking this way to get a message to all.

I left North Carolina on the night of August the 6th, and never did my native state seem so dear. Between Dunn and Washington I had the Psalmist's experience of "washing my couch with my tears," but after the first wave of home sickness had passed I began to enjoy my trip. We had a day in Washington and one in Chicago, a day much enjoyed with Kate McPherson Ferguson, and her delightful family.

Our next stop was at Banff in Alberta, Canada, a beautiful place, and from there we took an auto trip to Lake Louise, a marvelously beautiful trip combining lake and mountain scenery. Banff is twenty-four hours from Vancouver, and it was fire to hear some one asking for "Miss McQueen," when we got off the train at the latter place.

Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds, for thirty-two years missionaries to Korea, took charge of us, bag and baggage all the way which made it awfully nice for us.

We sailed from Vancouver on the "Empress of Canada." A beautiful boat, and the largest afloat on the Pacific, I believe, but even at that it is small compared to the big Atlantic liners. Until the last few years not many people have traveled to the East except missionaries and immigrants, so there was no special need for large boats—I guess. Personally, I don't see why any one would come to the Orient except on the "King's Business," as it seems to me nothing could be more dreadful than to be in business among such uncongenial surroundings. However, "they say" more business people are coming every year. We had our first introduction to Oriental life when we docked at Yokohama for a day and took a ride around the city. It is a heap of pitiful ruins, and no permanent buildings will be allowed for three years. Japan has had one "shock" after another all summer, so I was rather glad to get "off of her," as it gave me the uncertain feeling of being blown up any minute as long as I tarried on Japan soil.

At Kobe we had a "meet" with the custom officers, but they were very kind to us, and didn't seem suspicious of anything in my baggage except an innocent pincushion. I fancy they thought I was smuggling dark things into their country, from the way they punched and poked it. They didn't cut it open, however. We spent the night in Kobe and after supper went shopping. Fascinating little shops! They don't have department stores; one shop carries silks, another ginghams, another umbrellas, and so on. It would take a long time to shop if one wanted a variety of things. The rest of our trip was a day's journey through Japan, a night crossing the straits, and another day's journey through Korea. My traveling companions, Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Bernhardt, from Concord, left me about three hours before I reached Kwangju, and I was the only "foreigner" in a car full of Koreans and Japanese. They certainly looked me over carefully. Once the conductor stopped and bent over the arm of my

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