

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, MARCH 4, 1297

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.60

PINE NEEDLES IS PROGRESSING

Fine Roads, Charming Picture
and Busy Workers Now
the Feature

By BION H. BUTLER.

I spent Monday rambling somewhat over the new project at Knollwood where a bunch of men are starting the foundation work for the new Pine Needles Inn on what is one of the most marvelous sites for the purpose that could be found in all the world. The roads are now completed so that it is possible to drive on a solid, broad boulevard around the property, and to see the whole layout from the Niagara and Southern Pines hills to the valleys and the intervening region. The main road can be entered from its junction at Judge Way's house, or from the other junction near the foot of the hill at the McDeed's creek crossing, and the smooth spin over the hill top and into the valleys is one of the interesting short drives in this section.

Men and teams are pushing forward on the hotel construction. The site overlooks a dream of scenic charm. The hotel, when up to its higher stories will give one of the most magnificent panoramas in the South. Here again comes into prominence that dominating factor of the Sandhills, the pine tree, and it is doubtful if more pines can be caught by the eye any place else in the State than will be in range from the higher levels of the Pine Needles Inn.

Around the hotel will be the drives, and they are to be many, and the golf courses, which will fascinate the players, and probably help to make players of many who do not play now, for the men who have had to do with planning and building the new course, from Leonard Tufts and Donald Ross, down along the whole line, including engineers, contractors, and everybody, have done a complete job. Possibly the Creator might have made a better location for just such a project as this but the probability is that if He could He didn't. Hills, valleys, pine trees, proper climate, convenience to every modern facility for comforts among excellent people, and handy to everywhere.

Starting out from the hotel No. 1 fairway leads down along an interesting slope into the lowlands of the stream. No. 2 comes back up a neighboring slope to a point not far from the hotel. It is an interesting, but not strenuous drive. Swinging around the tennis courts No. 3 drops deeper into the valley, and after crossing the broad Central drive, prepares for the troublesome little No. 4, which is besieged by some difficulties, and will be talked about before it is as old as the hills above it. No. 5 skirts the edge of a pond, and is no mean proposition, and 6 and 7 offer some debate to the player who is looking for a reasonably stiff game. No. 8 is a long swing, with plainer sailing, and 9 ends near the hotel, where the player who wants a short run can check out. No. 10 starts off close by the Inn and follows around through a rather intricate field until the final hole is reached, again near the Inn, and all the way around from No. 1 to the nineteenth hole the course is a succession of alluring out-door pictures, that make the journey worth while, even though the walker carry no club and play no game.

Then to make this proposition far more attractive is the plan by which building sites have been located all over the property, flanking the golf and cross connecting drives. These courses and the many main roads locations are placed to make of them highly desirable home-sites, and there again the engineers have done a good job, for almost any minor prophet can risk his reputation on saying that before even the oldest of us are as old as Methuselah many fine homes will be established on the hills that arise throughout the Pine Needles golf area and about the Inn. One reason for the great confidence I have in the future of the Pine

When Mary Lindsey

By MISS CONNIE CURRIE

Arose From The Grave

Properly speaking the story of Mary Lindsey does not belong among the "Little stories about the natives," for Mary Lindsey was a native of Scotland rather than this country, but her story is a story that for generations has made the eyes of the Sandhill children fairly "pop" with amazement for 'tis a story that has all the charm of the supernatural, yet 'tis told for the solemn truth and so often have we heard it that we have come to feel that the story belongs to us.

Old people will tell you that some 120 or 125 years ago there came to this section of the country a Presbyterian minister that is known to this day as the "Rev. Lindsey." The "Rev. Lindsey" was from Scotland (tradition says near Glasgow) and was the son of Mary Lindsey and he owes his fame, not so much to his preaching as to the fact that he was born after his mother had been buried and had arisen from the grave.

The Rev. Lindsey is said to have preached at most of the churches through this section at that time. He is believed to have preached at the old Bethesda church of near Aberdeen and is known to have preached at the old Mt. Carmel or McNeill's church, two miles from the present town of Norman, in the year of 1813. He is also known to have christened the baby, Flora McInnis, of Mount Carmel church, on January 23, 1813. He is said to have been buried at the old Stewardsville graveyard near Laurinburg. He seems not to have had a regular charge but rather was a travelling evangelist and went all over the Sandhill section, and the

story the old people of today tell, is the story they heard their parents and grand parents tell, who in their turn had heard it from the Rev. Lindsey himself. The story is as follows:

One day Mary Lindsey, who till that time had been a strong, healthy woman became desperately ill and despite all the family and neighbors could do she "passed away." Sorrowing neighbors gathered in and after the usual length of time, they "laid her away to await the great day."

The funeral was held late in the afternoon and by the time the family had travelled the half mile that they lived from the graveyard and had "done up" the night work, 'twas "gettin' on" towards bed time. The night was cold and the father and children were sitting around the fire "thinking of going to bed" when suddenly the little dog, that was lying by the fire, pricked up his ears, listened a second or so and then rushed to the door with a joyous bark. The father, too, had heard a sound—the sound of a familiar walk and as some one stepped up on the porch he turned to the children with a dazed look on his face and said:

"If Mary were alive, I'd say that was Mary," and a voice from the porch answered "It is Mary, get up and let me in. I'm cold."

Like one in a dream the husband opened the door and in stepped the wife he had buried that afternoon.

"Why Mary," he gasped in terror, "we thought you were dead and we buried you."

"Yes, I know," answered Mary wearily. "Some one else thought I was dead, too, and dug me up to get my ring, but when they started to cut my finger off to get my ring it woke me up and when I spoke to them they ran and left me there in the coffin all alone. 'Twas cold there so I got up and came home." And she hovered over the fire trying to warm her chilled body.

Once again the neighbors gathered in and the story was told over and over. Many speculations were made as to who it was that had tried to rob the grave but no effort was ever made to find out. Mary always thanked them for digging her up, but she never forgave them for running and leaving her when she spoke. She could never understand why if they were not afraid to dig her up, they should have been frightened when she said "Whew, that hurts."

After a while the strangeness of the experience wore off and Mary Lindsey regained her health and settled down to live her life as she had before. A year or more later a baby boy was born to her who afterwards became a Presbyterian minister and when a young man he came to the Sandhills of North Carolina to live, preach and die.

As to whether this story is true or not, I don't know. 'Tis just one of the old stories that is told by the natives, but scattered all over the Sandhills are old Scotch people that tell the story and if you begin to question the veracity of it they look at you in amazement. Indeed they seem to see no reason why any one should doubt it.

"MAMMY'S LIL' WILD ROSE" POSTPONED UNTIL MARCH 11.

On account of the unfavorable weather conditions, the play given under the auspices of the Epworth League of The Vass Methodist church, will be given Friday night, March 11, instead of Friday night, March 4.

The characters in this play consist of local talent of proven ability.

Toy Train Run By Wireless

A wireless-controlled toy train has been perfected by an English inventor. At a recent demonstration he operated two engines with cars with power supplied by a transmitter in the other end of the room. By switching on the transmitter he was able to start the trains in the same direction, stop them within six inches, and then make them back up.

Needles development is that it is planned as a whole. It is a bit of thorough harmony, from the location to the final drive way, and from the hotel to the last home that will be built on the property. It has been designed with one aim in view, and which has been to make each separate feature correlate with every other, and no haphazard experiments are undertaken, and nothing left to be adjusted later to fit what has gone ahead. The general scheme is a finished one at the start, and everything that is done is done with the single purpose of creating what from the beginning is a perfectly outlined design for recreation and home-basis, and with the utmost of agreeable life in the operation. Nothing is left to chance in the future. Everything as far as can be foreseen is provided for. A trip to Pine Needles is worth taking, and will be day by day far into the future.

Distribution of Loblolly and Short Leaf Pine Seedlings.

As secretary of the Moore County Board of Conservation and Development I have received information that there are available from the State Forest Nursery several thousand seedlings of loblolly pine and short leaf pine for distribution to farmers. These trees will be distributed by the department at a very nominal cost of \$3 per thousand. They can be obtained upon application to J. S. Holmes, State Forester, Division of Forestry, Raleigh, N. C., and instructions for planting will also be furnished at the same time.

These seedlings are furnished by the State for the reforestation of idle lands. An investment in a crop of pine trees for lumber with the present price presents a very attractive appearance and pays good return on the original investment. This is particularly true where lands are lying idle and where none considers the probable increase in prices for lumber there is every reason to expect that such an investment will pay better than any crop for which the land could be used, and certainly is more sure to make a return on the investment.

The State Department recommends loblolly particularly as the best tree for commercial planting in the central and northern parts of this county.

Hogs owned by 206 farmers this past year paid \$2.05 for each bushel of corn fed, report 17 farm agents of State College.

Two cars of hogs, containing 118 animals were sold in Richmond last week by four farmers of Chowan county. The hogs sold for 12 2-3 and 13 cents per pound.

The American Entertainers.

A highly diversified musical and entertainment program rendered with genuine artistry will be an outstanding feature of the local Lyceum course when the American Entertainers come to Pinehurst on Thursday evening, March 10, 8:15.

This popular company is composed of two young ladies well-known in the Lyceum field.

Corine Jessop is a mezzo-soprano, pianist and reader of ability and has won hundreds of admirers in her many Lyceum appearances.

Much of her material is original and is presented with an inimitable sense of "showmanship."

Luella Feiertag has a really notable dramatic coloratura soprano voice. Her singing is delightful to audiences everywhere, not only for the poise and power of her interpretations, but for the sweet, true quality of the tone.

Vocal solos and duets, readings, musical monologs, all go to make up an unusually charming program.

Robeson county broke the record recently when 327 farmers sold 17,476 pounds of poultry for \$3,769.89 at Lumberton when the poultry car came to town.

A top-dressing of 100 pounds of nitrate of soda or 75 pounds per acre of sulphate of ammonia will make the small grain grow better this spring.

A group of farmers in Beaufort county sold 2,000 bushels of surplus corn through their county agent.

Seed for planting 95 acres of pasture have been ordered by County Agent C. A. Rose of Bertie county.

Vass and Community

March 2nd finds us snowed in with two feet of snow and no prospect of a let up. This means water in the wells and, we hope, a good crop year. Surely Mother Earth will get a drink this time sufficient to quench her thirst.

R. P. Beasley, of Apex, is spending a few days in town, attending to business affairs.

Mrs. Bob Stewart, of near Johnsonville, spent a part of last week with her aunt, Mrs. Ibbie McNeill.

Mrs. Atwell Newell, of Louisburg, is a guest in the home of her cousin, G. H. Simpson.

Mrs. D. A. Smith returned last week from Manteo, where she had been for sometime. Mr. Smith, Misses Agnes Smith and Vivian Matthews and Robert Leslie met Mrs. Smith in Raleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Griffin arrived from Andrews, S. C., the first of the week to spend some time with Mrs. G. W. Griffin.

Mission Study Postponed.

The meetings for the purpose of Mission study which were to have been held in the Vass Methodist church on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings of this week have been postponed. They will be held next week, instead, and supper will be served at 6:30 on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Edwards went to Raleigh Monday.

Miss Mag Marks spent last week-end at her home near Sanford.

Mrs. J. J. Parker, J. B. Parker, Clayton Evans and John Gaddy visited in Rockingham Monday.

Miss Louise Black, of the high school faculty, spent last week-end at her home in Fayetteville.

In the parlance of the days when automobiles were a novelty, "Look out, girls! Ben Wood is sporting a new sport model car."

J. H. and J. E. Thomas, of Raleigh, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thomas. Hampton and Elvey, as the people of Vass know them, are two of our boys who are making good in the business world. In Tuesday's News and Observer we read that J. E. Thomas was elected president of the American Business club of Raleigh at the regular weekly luncheon in the Yarrowborough hotel on Monday of this week. He is connected with the Raleigh branch of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Will McNeill and Miss Ada McNeill, of Cameron, were among the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Cameron.

Miss Jessie Brooks, of the New Hope school, Wilson, visited her mother, Mrs. George Brooks, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. Joe Thomas had as her supper guest on Friday evening her brother, Frank Smith, of Raleigh.

Mrs. Beall and small sons, of Chattanooga, Tenn., arrived Tuesday to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Lancaster, of Hotel Vass.

Mrs. George F. Moore and little daughters, Muriel and Georgia, of Wilson's Mills, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Creech.

A. M. Cameron and T. K. Gunter went to Raleigh one day last week to see the legislature in action.

Mrs. Lizzie Thompson, of near Cameron, is visiting relatives in town.

Mrs. Bertie Matthews and son, Franklin, and Mrs. George Brooks went to Cameron Sunday to see Mrs. Irvin, who was quite ill.

We wish to call your attention to the sample dewberry crate which J. M. Tyson has on display in the Vass Mercantile Dry Goods store. It is time to think about crates, for dewberry season is just around the corner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Atkinson and son, Tommy, of Southern Pines; E. B. Keith, of Pinehurst; Joseph Hunt Patterson, of Manley and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Keith and children, of Vass, visited their parents and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Keith, of Cameron route one, Sunday afternoon.

G. W. Griffin and Frank Northcott,

(Please turn to page 8)