

More About Moore County

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in the turpentine and lumber business. He was long the mogul of his community. Mr. Graham also started out as a lumber man, operating a saw mill in Mississippi four years. The mill works up about 200 bales of cotton a month.

Vass was once noted for its paper, Stacy Brewer's Pilot. It was a marvel for a village, taking the award at the State press association meeting as the best looking weekly in the State. The Pilot is now published at Southern Pines by Mr. Hyde, a north-erner who is continuing the Pilot as a model weekly. But Vass was not to be without a paper after all those years in which the Pilot flourished. H. Clifton Blue, a mere boy, started the Captain a little less than two years ago. It was about as big as a Sunday school leaflet. Last year it was enlarged. Now, now, I have just pulled a copy from its wrapper to find that it has been consolidated with the Sandhill Citizen, long published at Southern Pines and since the removal of the Pilot to that town owned by George R. Ross and edited by Dr. C. L. Newman of Raleigh as a farm weekly. Under the consolidation the Citizen-Captain will be published at Vass and will contain a farm department edited by Dr. Newman. Mr. Ross has a half-interest in the publication. Clifton Blue is to be congratulated upon his achievement and Vass upon having a youth of so much initiative and vim.

Mr. H. A. Borst is mayor and S. A. L. agent. He has been mayor for three years. Formerly he was at Cameron.

Here are two Beasleys—Mr. W., druggist, a grandson of my old friend of Lumberton days, H. T. Beasley, long-time tobacco man. Mr. Beasley is an Hon. man. He was reared at Apex. Mr. R. P. Beasley, a kinsman of M. M., is a general merchant. Mr. A. W. McNeill is now owner of a grocery and hardware business.

Mr. Ben H. Wood is Vass's insurance man and town clerk. He was reared in Catawba county, but got him a fine Moore county girl—Miss Ariel Shaw.

John McCrumen is principal of Vass's fine school, but lives on the old McCrummen homestead over in the West End section. He is a graduate of Davidson, B. S., 1923; has taught at Seven Springs, Star, the Sandhill Farm-Life School, and for seven years at Vass, where he is principal. He has a brother at Aberdeen in the drug business. F. M. Dwight, a South Carolinian by birth, is both nurseryman and hotel man. For ten years he was a teacher.

Briefly let me say that these Cameron and Vass folk whom I have named are fine people whom it is a pleasure to know.

Lake View—One passing Lake View on the train or on the highway would not realize that there is one of the prettiest villages in the State over beyond the lake. It was a discovery to me. The village is most appropriately named.

On the highway, A. C. Cox, who came down from Randolph when a boy, has a filling station. It will interest all the friends of Rev. A. R. McQueen, Dunn's cherished Presbyterian pastor, to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Cox were the first couple Doctor McQueen married. The bride was Miss Olive Blue. This is an old Blue settlement, Duncan Blue having settled there in 1758, according to Bion Butler's "Old Bethesda." J. O. and D. C. Blue are among the descendants living there now.

John R. McQueen and Bion Butler

Up on the hill overlooking the Lake toward the east, resides Mr. Gibbon of whom I wrote last issue and John R. McQueen, for we are in the section of the nativity of the McQueen brothers and sisters, brood of a Presbyterian minister and his wife. And if there are two finer men in North Carolina than Rev. Dr. A. R. McQueen and his brother, John R. McQueen, I should be glad to know them. I knew John R. earlier than I did the Dunn preacher. Mr. McQueen and Bion Butler were suffering hard luck on a big scale in Chatham at the same time I was undergoing the same kind on a small scale. I went over to the Coal Glen mine when the bodies of scores of dead men were being brought out. Mr. Butler's own son, Howard, superintendent of the mine, was dragged out and laid aside as dead. Some one threw water in his face and he recovered.

That calamitous happening and other minor accidents bankrupt the company of which Mr. McQueen was president, but no man, I believe, has ever dared to speak a word of reproach against either Mr. McQueen or the Butlers. Bion Butler incidentally paid the highest of tributes to Mr. McQueen when I was at his Sandhill home three weeks ago. I cannot recall the exact words of the tribute, but think of the finest thing you could say of a man and you will not better it. I do recall that Mr. Butler said he esteems no man so much as he does Mr. McQueen, and they were associated for years.

John R. McQueen is not idle. He is general su-

pervisor of the H. E. Page, Jr., automobile business, visiting weekly the several plants in the various towns in which the Page Company does business. I found him in the Page office at Aberdeen. Asked as to the status of the coal mine property, he said it is still in the hands of ex-Senator Dial of South Carolina as representative of the bondholders, of whom I believe Senator Dial is one of the larger himself. He said that certain interests were still figuring upon taking the mine over, but have been waiting for better times. He had been working upon the matter that very day, perhaps the moment I entered the office.

Mr. Butler told you in his article in the May 15 issue of The Voice about his Sandhill home. It really is a sandhill home. One must be on the alert to find the little track that leads from a county road two miles east of Southern Pines to the Butler abode two hundred yards distant. Trees and shrubbery so surround the big house and it is so overgrown with ivy that one is almost upon it before he knows whether he has struck the right road or not. He thinks he lives in a real Eden, but if so I was reared in one—upon a sandhill more isolated, if more easily discovered, than Mr. Butler's. It was six miles from Clinton and a thousand yards from the public road, now the Clinton-White Lake highway, but then a mere buggy-wide trail through the sand. I am wondering whether in Mr. Butler's Eden he is visited by the summer yellow flies whose bites hurt like bee stings, or by the sand gnat swarms; also whether the horse-guards come to bore their holes in the sand of the lawn and to pick the horseflies from the horses and mules—though in Mr. Butler's case it would have to be from an automobile, I believe. These pests and seed ticks and red bugs used to mar our Sampson county Eden—perhaps the Moore county sandhills are two dry and too scantily grassed to breed all those pests.

Anyway, Mr. Butler's old age is being spent in an isolation that is rather attractive, I presume, to a man who has been so active during the past three-score years. He is not worrying over either the past or the future, he told me.

Butler's "Old Bethesda"

I hadn't read his "Old Bethesda" when I was at his home nor was it mentioned, though only a few days before I had got my first glimpse of a copy at the home of Charles Ross, who remarked that Mr. Butler had covered the whole country, if not the whole world and all time, in the volume. I had no idea at the time how nearly Judge Ross's words described the volume. I was presented a copy, in Mr. Butler's name, by Talbot Johnson and have since absorbed it, and doubt if Mr. Ross (or is it to be Judge Ross?) had exaggerated the description of the treatise. It is surprising what a philosophical mind full of information can make of any subject. Mr. Butler has exalted the Scotch and Presbyterianism. But the book's philosophy and the associations developed can scarcely be gainsaid. It is doubtless true that all the roads leading out from Fayetteville did not pass old Bethesda and that the "Yadkin Road" did not lead directly to Philadelphia, also to Kentucky and Tennessee and to all other quarters of America, but marvelously well has the author related the happenings in Asia Minor (Galatia) and Europe since Caesar's time and during the settlement of much of the area of the United States to Old Bethesda, an old Presbyterian church located first near Mt. Helicon and later near Aberdeen, in whose churchyard lies the bodies of not only a host of pioneer Scotchmen but also of America's ambassador to Great Britain—Walter Page, through whom he has related all the events of the World war to Old Bethesda. Nevertheless, it is an "exciting book," as Burt Struthers has pronounced it, and a wonderful weaving together of facts, fiction, and philosophy into a story that is as a whole a marvel of truth. I had before deemed Mr. Butler as more the Sandhills prophet than a master of Christian philosophy.

Moore county is unique because of its Pinehurst and Southern Pines, its Patrick and Tufts, its Pages, Blues, and Pettys, but also because of its Butler. Butler alone would make the county unique—he is the only one cast from the mold and the mold is broken and the copy lost. Yet in 1924 when I saw and heard the younger Count Tolstoi, who unlike his father, had had poverty thrust upon him by revolution rather than embracing it voluntarily as had the Great Count, philosopher and novelist, Bion Butler, at that time could have very well doubled for the Russian exile in a movie picture.

Southern Pines and Pinehurst

As said last week, to mention those towns is to say all that is to be said of them. Their fame is gone out through all the earth. I shall not even attempt to add to it. Besides, Mr. Butler in his article in the former issue of The Voice gave the general setting and glory of all the Sandhills developments. However, in a few figures I will give what few have con-

ceived. I asked President VonCanon of the Pinehurst Bank at what sum he would estimate the out-of-State investments in the Pinehurst and Southern Pines resorts. He supposed it to be six or seven millions, including a million in the golf links, without which, he added, the other investments would be practically profitless.

The Pinehurst Bank

I do not even stop at Pinehurst but at West End, another most attractive and prosperous village, I find both the president and the cashier of the Pinehurst Bank living. Mr. F. W. VonCanon, the president, and Mr. R. U. Richardson, cashier, presented the following facts about the bank which has superseded the Page Trust Company as Moore's financial stronghold. The old capital is \$50,000, the surplus amounts to \$51,000, and recent sales of preferred stock under NRA arrangements, but not to any governmental agency, amounts to \$66,000, thus giving it a working capital of \$167,000. It has established branches at Aberdeen and Carthage. At the latter place Mr. Kennedy is cashier. Notes lost on initials and names of assistants.

Two Marvelous Achievements at West End

The Pinehurst Furniture Company has achieved a success since its organization in 1928 which I believe is unparalleled in North Carolina by any kind of concern. The factory is owned and operated almost wholly by Mr. J. B. VonCanon and sons and sons-in-law. The original capital was \$15,000. The business started in 1928, just a year or two before the depression got in full sweep. Yet I was authoritatively informed by Mr. J. B. VonCanon that the present plant represents an investment of about \$75,000, that not a dollar is owed, and that money is in the bank to pay for an addition now in course of erection, which when equipped will practically double the capacity. Beat that, depression or no depression, if you can.

The principal manufacture thus far has been poster beds. One little patented quirk is probably responsible for the unusual success of this furniture plant during a period when many strongly capitalized plants were practically idle. The innovation is an electric light with adjustable shade in the head-rail of the bed. The push of a button will turn on the light and the adjustment of the metal shade will give it any strength desired. Simple, but it has sold the beds, and the big profit is another example of the part patents play in the economic scheme of things as pointed out by Mr. Walter Williamson, Carthage's merchant genius, who says that patents play a more important part in raising the price of American goods and in creating monopolies than does the tariff.

West End Affords Another Wonder

A hundred-twenty-five-acre apple orchard in eastern North Carolina or central, if you prefer—it is in the sand—is an enterprise worthy the attention of every reader of The State's Voice. Such an orchard is part of the holdings of the Pinehurst Orchard Company, near West End. Of the 125 acres, about 100 are in bearing. The company has about 250 acres in peaches, but all of us know the fame of the Sandhills peach. But such a flourishing area in apples, producing ten thousands bushels of marketable Delicious, red and yellow, Winesaps, old and Stamen, and other prime varieties, is another matter.

Mr. Donaldson, a native of Mechenburg and a graduate of the horticultural department of State College, is in charge of the orchard and is operating it in the most scientific way. Great spraying machines were busy the day I looked upon it and a bunch of hands were gathering up every fallen fruit-let lest a worm might escape and do ravage next year.

Of course, an apple orchard does not render immediate profits. An investment in such a business is more of a long-term affair. A hail storm destroyed the crop two years ago. Ten thousand bushels were marketed last year, but like many other plants the vitality of the trees was affected last fall by the drought and the crop this year is not quite as large as that of last year.

But, in the long run, that apple orchard should prove a profitable investment. Every bushel of apples can be sold within a reasonable area. The healthy condition of the trees indicates a long life for them. The ordinary farmer does not spray the few trees he has, and probably ruins them by close cultivation of other crops in the orchard, as was the case in the fine young orchard my father had when I was a boy. The trees prospered for several years, but the too little regard for their roots and the lack of sufficient fertilizer caused the ultimate death of the trees. There was no scale then to kill them, and old trees were still vigorous in an old orchard. It is evident that eastern and central North Carolina

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