

## MRS. FLORA JANE MCKENZIE

### Interesting Facts Concerning One of Best Known Characters of Vicinity

Of Good Old Scotch Descent and  
Thrifty American Heart She is  
Distinctly Typical



AMONG the most interesting characters of the vicinity is Mrs. Flora Jane McKenzie; of good old Scotch descent, with thrifty American heart. Mrs. McKenzie was born in Moore County, North Carolina in 1849. In her girlhood days, unlike most girls, Mrs. McKenzie worked out of doors, at manual labor. Though as high, or higher spirited than many, she could only put herself into the plough, or corn knife. From her early girlhood she carried the

those years. The next year, 1866, she was married, and on Dec. 16th the happy young couple moved to their present home, about two and one-half miles north of Pinehurst, where they have lived and prospered since. The large and characteristic home was erected in 1818. While it shows its age in places, it is still as serviceable as the day it was built. The large fire-places are most characteristic of the generous hospitable personalities who built them. As was then the custom, the kitchen was built separate from the main house, the log cabin, which now stands on the Pinehurst Village Green. Another larger building was erected in its place, to serve the same purpose as the old log kitchen.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this plantation is the old water mill, originally built about one hundred and thirty years ago and is still at its tireless work. The mill was rebuilt in 1872 by James Ray, but the high water carried it about one hundred feet down stream in the spring of 1874. Again it was rebuilt and stands as serviceable as ever, as all who may care to visit may see:

THE MILLER'S WIFE

asked why she did it, she replied that it was merely to "hear the wheels pound over the rocks." It is somewhat of a miracle that she lived to tell it, as one may readily believe if they inspect the hill.

Mr. and Mrs. McKenzie raised a family of ten children. While Mr. McKenzie was working in the fields it was the lot of Mrs. McKenzie to spin and weave all cloth for her husband's clothing, her children's and her own. Besides this the general housework had to be done. Perhaps some of our modern mothers would like to exchange their burdens with her and perhaps not. Both wool and cotton was carded, spun and woven, and made into clothes; cotton for summer and wool for winter. Mrs. McKenzie raised cotton, corn, wheat, rye, oats and potatoes; also sheep, goats, horses, mules, chickens and turkeys. The only amusement afforded these people were their quiltings. Early in the morning the girls would gather from the surrounding plantations and quilt, while the boys came to roll logs. A certain definite amount of work had to be accomplished by night in order to clear the way for the dance. "Candy

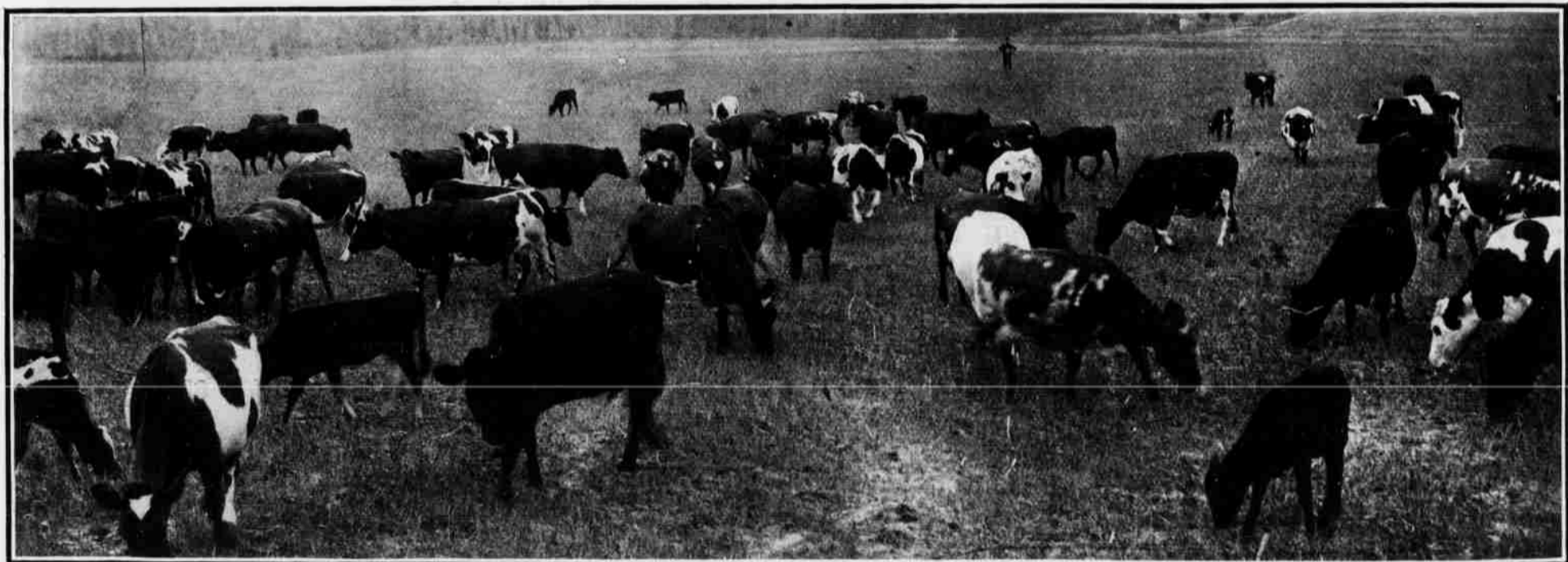
## PINEHURST'S MODERN DAIRY

Pen Picture of the Most Complete Plant  
of its Kind in the World

Modern in Equipment and Perfect in  
Every Detail it is a Model for  
the Entire Southland



"COME, let's visit the Dairy" said my friend as we sat on the veranda of The Carolina, the vista road stretching away and beckoning. So we set forth in the balmy air and bright sunshine — down the roadside, through the grove and along the road which skirts the emerald field of young rye—the group of dark red buildings on the distant knoll, in pleasing contrast with the grey green pines which back-ground them. And a de-



part of a regular farm hand. Going to school from the time she was five, for three or four months in the year, gave her the common knowledge of spelling, arithmetic, history, geography and english, these being the only branches taught; but when the war broke out in 1861 her school was abandoned. While her brothers were away during the war from '62 to '65, she was left to run the plantation alone, being at that time only twelve years old. Possessing two mules she let her hired darkey girl work one, while she ploughed and worked the land with the other. All caring for the cattle and poultry, planting and harvesting the crops, and looking after her own food, was left to this courageous young girl. Her part for her country was as well deserving of praise as that of the brothers on the fighting lines.

Spurred by the thoughts of a lover away at war, she was undaunted and came out victorious in 1865, when her brothers and her lover returned home safely. We are pleased to think that those who fought most bravely and with least fear, were many times those who passed unscathed through the horrors of

"Or from the bridge I lean't to hear,  
The Mill dam rushing down with noise,  
And see the minnows everywhere  
In chrysal eddies glance and poise—  
I loved the brimming wave that swam,  
Thro' quiet meadows round the mill,  
The sleepy pool above the dam,  
The pool beneath it ever still,  
The meal-sacks on the whitened floor,  
The dark round of the dripping wheel  
The very air about the door  
Made misty with the floating meal.

—Tennyson "The Miller's Wife"

Mrs. McKenzie still runs the mill herself; lifting the water gates with the ease of a girl or throwing the large measures of corn into the bin with the strength of one much younger. Souvenir sacks of the pure white corn meal, ground by Mrs. McKenzie, may be purchased at the Arts and Crafts.

An illustration of the true, live spirit of Mrs. Kenzie is brought to our attention by the knowledge that while still a little girl, before she moved from her birthplace, she drove a pair of frisky mules to mill, and as she came down the steep hill, too steep to ride down carefully at a walk, she would run the mules over the large loose stones at a speed which might belong to our motor courses. When

boilings" and "Corn Shuckings" completed the list of pastimes.

Mrs. McKenzie was as good a shot as the men. One day while her husband had gone up to hunt, she saw two deer come out of the timber to the pond. Calling her dog she started after them. The deer turned and would have been killed by Mrs. McKenzie, but her husband's dogs returned at this time and killed them, so when he returned with a deer on his back she took him down to the one she had captured. She could bring down a wild turkey, too. All game was very plentiful; turkeys, deer, otters, rabbits, coons and opossums. These people raised their own meat, consisting of "razor back hogs," sheep, cattle and goats, as well as fowls. Their own fields gave them their wheat for flour, corn for meal and flax and cotton for clothing. Matches were so expensive that few could afford them, so fire was kindled from cotton and steel, and flint and a little powder.

The sublimity of solitude was certainly enjoyed by these people, their nearest neighbors being three miles away and

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lightful walk it is because there is interest at the destination!

Naturally the first thing we wanted to see was the cows, so down between the open stalls in the big, clean, airy and sunny building we were led, the soft-eyed occupants gazing out at us, comfortably indifferent to our attention; apparently accustomed to admiration. "There's a beauty," I exclaimed, and the manager looked pleased that I should have discovered her without his pointing out the "Belle of the Dairy;" a perfect dear, milk white and satiny, the only color being pale brown markings about the head. The manager then told us that she was a full blooded Ayrshire. Near the "Belle" was another Ayrshire, very handsome, with stronger markings of brown; this one imported from Scotland. A little farther on we found a row of stalls filled with lovely black and white Holsteins, which is the second favorite with the Dairy manager.

We were then taken to the Dairy proper, three hundred feet from the Dairy barn; glass partitioned, concrete floored, immaculately kept, connected

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