

# THE HIGHLAND FLING

## The Milkmaids Minuet. The Procession of the Villages Led by the Plum Island Brigade

### A Big Day in Pinehurst Devoted to Neighborhood Exhibits, Games, Races, Exchange and Edification



THREE hundred and twenty automobiles parked all over the landscape. Thirty-five hundred people packed up and down the broad highway and roosting not only in but all over the new club house—on roof and porch and chimney cap, beholding a spectacle. Old friend of Pinehurst, you guess it must be the day of the finals in the North and South, or an exhibition by Harry Vardon, in Midwinter, to summon this array. You guess wrong.

It is the 8th of October, the gala day in the Village. And the putting greens make a wonderful outdoor pavilion. The youth and beauty of the strain of Argyle and Macdonald are doing the Highland fling. There is no Delsarte or New Movement or Uplift or Benefit about this. They just naturally rolled up from the Flora Macdonald College to join the rest of the whole community in a frolic, and danced because they couldn't keep still. And small wonder, for with them came a string quartette and an artist who understood the popular use of the pianoforte.

We kept the golf links open this year, and by this time many of the old masters of the game were on hand—but few played golf this day. For no sooner had the kilts swung out of line than there was heard the rolling of the martial drum and into line, a squad of United States regulars lo!—in full regimentals, fours left front wheel into the enclosure and manoeuvre for the benefit of the delighted populace. It is the Sandhill boys, trained at Plum

Island this Summer, a vital joyful sturdy contribution to the demand for universal service.



PLUM ISLAND BOYS LEAD THE SANDHILL PARADE

#### THE MILKMAIDS' MINUET

And they are no sooner dismissed to man the military booth than a dozen maidens from the ancient hamlet of Carthage quaintly garbed as milkmaids of the poets fancy sail in to do a country dance, and make a day of memories.

This is the time of all times to see the Sandhills—what genial old fellows there are back on the Lumbee and the Little Rivers—what a myriad of bright beau-

tiful children—and what is made and done and thought as the seasons pass from Cameron to Samarcand. Here they pass in review. Clear the way. The Roberdell Band is playing Dixie, and coming around the bend. And first of all we see two stalwart marshalls, the men on horseback, leaders of thought and action, and of the procession. Leonard Tufts, who gives Pinehurst, the new club house, the stable and a welcome to all, and Roger Derby, the blunt organizer of men, who willed the day. Behind the band the Plum Island boys and the boy scouts from Southern Pines escort old glory, followed by the veterans of the Wilderness and the minnie ball. Here is the brand new fire engine with Greasy Bill at the wheel, red as paint, and dangerous looking; here is a blue creation filled with the darlings of the Farm Life School followed by the

fair for lack of a single word to indicate a neighborhood all round clearing house. There wasn't an imported show, or article or idea or sound or sight to be found.

The babies were parked in the old school house and given rewards for silence and health in a Better Baby Show; every fellow brought his corn and tobacco, his cotton and potatoes, his ox and his ass and all the pride of the old plantation. The ladies brought their handiwork and the products of their kitchens and the entire second story of the Club House was a revelation. The schools all showed what they were doing—the Board of Trade came to its show-down before the people, and in concrete exhibit produced the evidence of better roads, better agriculture, better babies, better education, better houses, better landscapes, germinating ideas and more fun than ever was seen in the old North State since Sherman's last bumper hopped over the Cape Fear.

A study of the exhibits would be worthy of serious attention. There were endless examples of basket work and embroidery that were absolutely extraordinary, and capable of being made the basis of an industry. The booth devoted to canned goods put up in the vicinity by girls would have been a credit to a special display by any house in the world. The variety was amazing. The agricultural contributions were as astonishing as they always are at fairs. Apparently nature provides in every community a monstrosity of apples as big as watermelons and story book corn and mammoth potatoes for the edification of fair goers.

#### ADVENTURES OF LOCKE MCVARR

Nor was human interest lacking. The local bard, possibly a descendant of William the Harper, walks musing amid the throng, and finds him a theme enacted under his eyes, which he blithely sings in a merry ballad thusly:

Ho, Young Locke McVarr is come in from the West,

Cigar at an angle, and stripes on his vest. And, being a fireman, an agile young man,

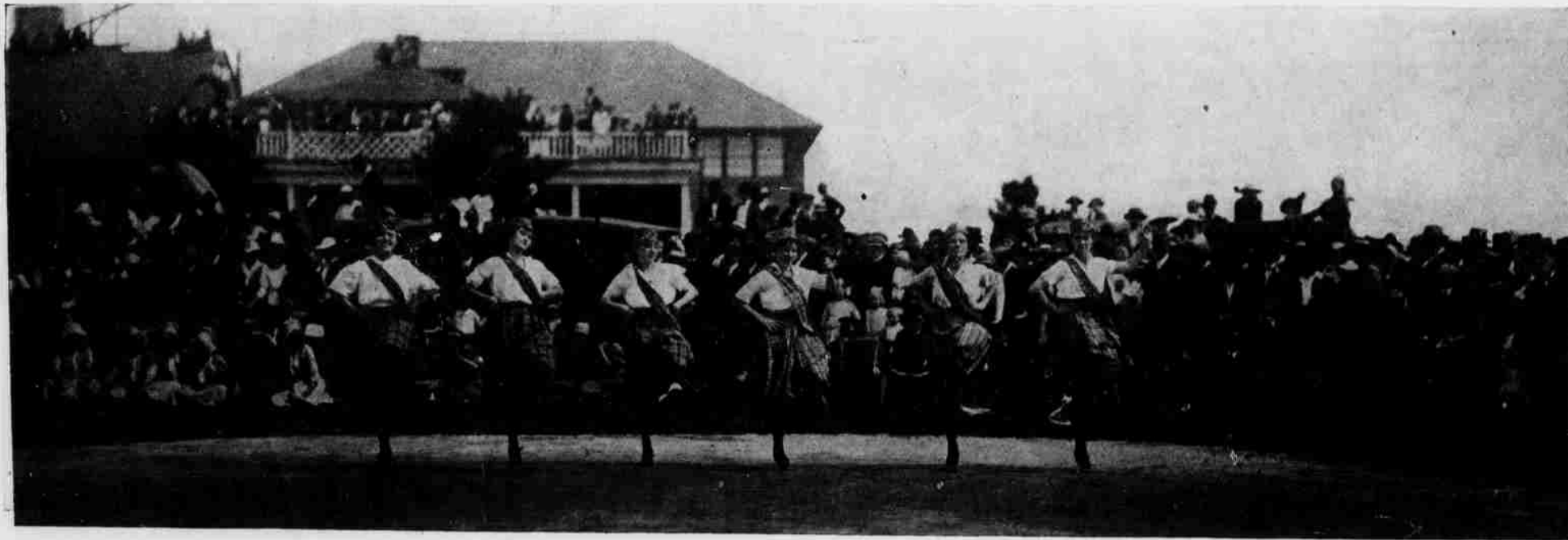
When the firemen contested, young Locke also ran.

So quick was his step and so long was his jump

Canning Club girls, all in white and ready for business; here come the towns, holly and pine and water, cottage and canoe, automobile and pony cart, each after its own fancy. It is free for all, this procession of the neighborhood, and the champion bull follows the Packard limousine, and the goat cart the tartan array of the Highland lassies.

#### A COMMUNITY SHOW-DOWN

I suppose it will have to be called a



THE HIGHLAND FLING. THE ORIGINAL FLORA MACDONALD SEXTETTE AT THE SANDHILL FAIR