

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

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## OVER 700 ATTEND BETHESDA REUNION

Visited There From Everywhere Within Radius Fifty Miles—Other Aberdeen News

The old time service held in old Bethesda church last Sunday brought together from not only this county, but from other adjoining counties and in several instances from South Carolina.

The services were made to conform to old time manners and customs as much as possible. A part of the gallery was set aside for the colored people just as of old, and the organ was entirely dispensed with. The preacher of the day, the Rev. A. R. Shaw of Charlotte, who hails from Bethesda, modeled his sermon very much after the sermons of the older days. He chose for his text Genesis 42:36, emphasizing the concluding words of the text "all these things are against me" and from this he deduced a fundamental Presbyterian doctrine on the theme "Providence." He stated in opening his sermon that he made no apology for preaching a doctrinal sermon, for doctrine came first, then Christian duty. He proceeded with an orderly analysis of his theme, dividing this Providence of God into two departments—Preservation and Government,—as it affects humanity. Applying his text he said that the workings of Providence sometimes seemed strange and unfathomable to men and that it inevitably caused men to murmur. He answered Jacob's lamentation in his text with the New Testament passages "All things work together for good." His sermon was exceedingly interesting and instructive, not only to the old folks, but to the young as well. The morning service concluded, the congregation adjourned to the grove where the ladies of the congregation had provided food and drink for all present.

At 2 o'clock services again were held, during which Holy Communion was distributed. Rev. A. R. Shaw again delighted his hearers with an address.

A collection was taken up at the morning services, the proceeds of which are to be used toward maintaining the old church property and preserving it for the future generations. It is realized that it is a cradle spot of this entire section. All its history and tradition go back to this spot for a source. A goodly sum was realized and the work of renovating will commence at once.

It was also decided to make these reunions an annual event. The pastor's request for all those to stand up who had been members of Bethesda forty years or more showed that generation to be well on the sunset slope of life—even those were the young men in those days being counted among the old men of the community today. The event should be annually observed for each reunion may be someone's last.

Mr. N. A. McKeithan, of Carthage, who perhaps is more conversant with the history and traditions of Bethesda church and the earlier days of this community, is now compiling an historical sketch from such records as he can obtain, interlining it with fairly well authenticated traditions that have come to him. No real effort seems to have been made along this line ere this to preserve this history. This sketch will be published in installments from time to time in The Pilot.

It seems that the feeling among the negro boys against the colored boy who handles the mails, and who was cut, by one of them several weeks ago doesn't subside. The boy's name is Good John and he hails from South Carolina. He seems to be a hard working, industrious boy who minds his own business and that seems to be about the only objection that the rest of the boys have against him.

Last Sunday afternoon and evening some of the gang that congregates around the station and the watchman's shanty got a hold of some liquor, and it was not long until they were again bothering this boy while he was at his work. A part of his duties are to load and unload the mails. Had it not been for the prompt interference of the local officers and J. H. King, the Seaboard's agent, another cutting scrape would have resulted. The gang was broken up and the ring leaders locked up. Occurrences like this are made possible only by allowing negroes to congregate on the station premises. Southern Pines had similar experiences until it broke up this station loafing. At one time Aberdeen succeeded pretty well in keeping order around the depot. Lately, though, loafing has increased so during the day that just recently a strange colored man getting off the morning train inquired if the colored people were having a holiday.

Labor is scarce and wages are high enough to encourage any man to work, and those that won't work under pres-

ent conditions should be picked up under the Vagrancy Act. This loafing is not only displeasing and objectionable to us now, but it will terminate in future police court and criminal court cases. Let our officers nip this in the bud and they will save us this future expense and do much toward creating a better impression of Aberdeen on the casual passer through. If this loafing had been broken up immediately after the cutting scrape of a few weeks ago we doubt very much if we would have had a repetition of the affair Sunday night. Uncle Sam will no doubt attend to the negro who assaulted the mail boy; let the Aberdeen officers now do their part.

Last week the Young Women's Bible Class of the Baptist church held its monthly meeting with Mrs. P. N. Vandergriff, 10 members were present. Mrs. J. R. Page was guest of honor and after the regular business was over she told the class of the needy conditions in the county, and the class, in addition to various other activities, decided to help a young girl by helping pay her expenses at Sanatorium. A delightful social hour followed.

Rumor has it that B. B. Saunders and Dr. A. H. McLeod have concluded a big real estate deal with J. S. Maulsbey, in which he transfers to them a big part of his holdings at Montrose. The purchase consists of his big store building there, his new residence, 140 acres of land and a half dozen or so tenant houses. The new owners have not as yet divulged whether or not they have any immediate plans of development in mind.

Ruben Wilson, a son of Curtis Wilson, of Ashley Heights, was brought into Aberdeen Saturday for medical attention, having been assaulted and cut by a negro with whom he was at work. The negro made his get-away has not been apprehended so far. Mr. Wilson's injuries fortunately are not serious.

A count of the automobiles made at Bethesda reunion showed 190 cars parked on the church grounds. It is estimated that 700 people were there throughout the day.

C. B. Porter and family are spending the summer in the state of Vermont.

The school commissioners recently concluded the purchase of the J. J. Heckert property on Popular street now occupied by Fred Weaver. The price paid was \$3,500. There is considerable discussion over this in the school district and perhaps some severe criticism. However, out of the numerous sites offered the school committee this one proved to be the best from the standpoint of location, size and other requirements. The commissioners intend erecting a \$10,000 teacherage on this site. The house on the premises will be moved back for servant's quarters. The lot is a very deep one, being 290 feet deep, and this will afford plenty of space for a tennis court, etc., to furnish outdoor recreation for the teachers housed there. The commissioners bought this property only after due comparison with other properties offered, and while it may not appear to be as cheap as other properties submitted, we believe that the commissioners' action will be deemed wise in the future.

The Auto Oasis Filling station is having a number of attractive outdoor signs painted. All of them are desert scenes depicting cases somewhere nearby. We imagine the feeling is about the same when you run out of gas on a country road 'steven miles from anywhere as it is midway between these oases in the desert.

Among the visitors here for Bethesda reunion (Continued on page two)

## SANDHILL FOLKS VISIT S. C. COTTON GROWERS

Cokers at Hartsville Have 4,000 Acres in Cotton—Use Barrel Spray Method to Keep Down Weevil

Albert Blue, Henry Blue, and J. J. Heckert, of Aberdeen, made an excursion into the South Carolina cotton country for the purpose of seeing to what extent the cotton growers in that state have overcome the onslaught of the boll weevil pest. They took with them Dr. Leiby, the State's Entomologist, who is stationed here. They made the journey going by way of Rockingham and report what cotton they saw between Rockingham and Hartsville in rather poor shape. Investigation showed that the planters over this territory were more or less lukefarm or careless in using the boll weevil sprays and insecticides.

They didn't see any real cotton until they got to Hartsville. Here the Coker Brothers, who are the heart and soul of Hartsville, as well as of the surrounding country, have four thousand acres of cotton now growing. They have not reduced their acreage, but are paying strict attention to the government's and state's recommendations for combating the boll weevil. They use the barrel spray method and

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## J. McN. JOHNSON WRITES IMPRESSIONS OF WEST

Makes Special Note of Physical Appearance of the People—Visits Washington

Dear Home Folks:—

I promised Mr. Editor to give you a series of letters recording my impressions gained on this journey across the American continent, "But how the subject thence may gang, Let time and chance determine; Perhaps it may turn out a sang, Perhaps turn out a sermon."

Hon. William A. Guthrie of happy memory, in his little book on "McDuffie's Theory of the Variation of the Magnetic Needle," humorously tells a story of Old Duncan McPherson, a school-master near Fayetteville, in the olden time. Two boys, brothers, were pupils of this Old Pedagogue, namely Dave and Bill McDuffie, the future great mathematician, D. G. McDuffie, and the no less eminent physician Dr. W. C. McDuffie. The old tutor used to say of these two boys: "Dave can never tell all he knows, but Bill can tell all he knows, and a damn sight more than he knows."

In some respects, I am like both of these boys: If you place me in a chair, or on my feet, and order me to tell all I know on a given subject, I would come to grief before I was half delivered of my burden; but if you "set me down, with pen in hand," and give me time to take notes, and arrange my thoughts in order, I can tell all I know, and then some!

When I was a yearling boy going to school to Dr. H. B. Shields, (he was not a doctor then—and while I am on this parenthesis, I will mention the fact that the Dr. now looks to be younger than I am, but he isn't), I was assigned a speech, delivered in Congress by one of the old fathers about the time the line of change was crawling towards the Great Schism that tore our country asunder, and plunged us into fratricidal war. I think the speech was Clay's or Webster's, I do not know which. Its theme was fulsome praise for each of the contending sections, hoping thereby to pour oil on the troubled waters; after very high praise to the manufacturing North, and no less praise for the gallant and high-minded planters of the South; it turned to the West. Dr. Shields would, with great patience, show me how to turn my face towards the sunset, extend both arms forward into a horizontal position, hands open and palms downward, and grandly apostrophise: "What is the West, with its waving expanses of verdant corn; with its beautiful Ohio and its majestic Missouri!"

We are to remember that when that speech was delivered in Congress the West meant the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri. The present great states of Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska and Minnesota were practically incognito; but even at that, it would be difficult today to compress a better description of the present West in so few words.

I am inclined to believe Mr. Editor only had in his mind the Far West, for it was California and the other Pacific Slope States he persisted in mentioning, but it would be impossible for me to write intelligently of California, Oregon and Washington unless I had first laid my foundation on the earlier part of my journey.

I would be like the negro soldier who refused to join the aviators for the reason that if the engine should stop, and the white man should say: "Negro, you get out of here and crank! What I gwine to stan' on?" So I must have something to "stan" on, or anything I wrote of the Pacific Slope would fall flat.

It so happens, however, that I have very little to "stan" on east of the Mississippi River, for I went to sleep at Youngstown, O., and did not wake until we were entering the city of Chicago, where we spent a delightful day with friends, and went to sleep again when we were leaving Chicago, and when I awoke again we had crossed the Mississippi River, and were in the north-east corner of Missouri. But I must spend this letter on what we saw east of the State of Missouri, for this is merely an introduction, and I began in earnest to take notes from that point on.

We left home on train No. 2 on the night of the 14th of June, and arrived in Washington the next morning at 8:45, and as our train for Chicago was not to leave until 11:05, our friend, Robert Frouts took us in his automobile, and carried us all over Washington; but that is no part of my story.

We left the National Capitol on the Baltimore and Ohio, and held close to the bank of the Potomac River. The first point of note was Harper's Ferry made famous by John Brown's puerile attempt to take into his own hands the job of freeing the Virginia negro slaves. The site of John Brown's Fort is marked by a marble monument near the railway station.

The course of the railway still followed the bank of the Potomac through the mountainous regions of Virginia, and to Cumberland, Md., then after climbing over the comb of the mountain the railway followed as closely the head branches of the small rivers that join at Pittsburgh to form the Ohio.

At the station of Pittsburgh I sent out a "Night Letter" wire for home. The porter soon returned with the information that the operator said he could not find such a place as Aberdeen in North Carolina. I was reduced to humiliating device of explaining that it was near Pinehurst. Then it went. But I had to pay \$1.27 for the reason that "Rates of night letters did not apply!"—whatever that means. I felt like telling her that Aberdeen, N. C. was smaller than Pittsburgh, but it was also much cleaner.

I have some very valued friends in Pittsburgh, and I hope they will not see this; but I can't help saying Pittsburgh as I saw it from the train, is the nastiest, dirtiest, stinkiest, cess-pool of filth that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder that the whole population do not die of a complication of colera, plague, scurvy and black-death! As our train left the city, we saw one house on fire. I could not help wondering if that fire had not fallen from heaven, as on the city of the plain ye olden tyme. Certainly, it is only for the "Fifty Righteous" that Pittsburgh's slums have been spared so long.

They tell us that the Peacock is the proudest bird in the world as long as his eyes rest upon his own gaudy plumage, but if he can be once tricked into looking at his own black and ugly feet he slips away in shame, and hides himself. I wonder if those great preachers who broadcast glad tidings every week by radio, ever look at Pittsburgh's own feet!

Youngstown, Ohio was the last I remembered, so the great grain states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois are but just mentioned.

Our friends in Chicago gave us a delightful day, and carried us about 15 miles up the west shores of Lake Michigan, and over many points of interest.

I made special note of the physical appearance of the people, and was interested to see how many tall men meet. They are not only tall, they are of iron frame. The arms and legs of the men are the very picture of strength and muscular activity. What a difference in a hundred Chicagoans taken at random, and a like number chosen in the same way from Savannah! Doubtless, the reason for this is the food they eat. The westerners have better meat, better bread and better water, and it is bound to tell in results.

The big feet of the Chicago women have been a stock joke for many years, but there is no foundation to the joke—not even a broad-footed foundation. Their feet in proportion to their power of body, are no larger than the feet of their Georgia Sisters, and their arms! Their muscular strength is wonderful. You will note I have referred only to their arms: Beyond I have no knowledge, and no business to inquire—so I just thank the fashion makers that dresses are not so long as they used to be—and let it go at that. I always try to be delicately correct.

Next week we will take up the great grain sections of Missouri and Kansas in some detail.

(Signed) J. McN. JOHNSON.  
Coronada, California, June 1st, 1923.

## EARLY SANDHILL WATERMELONS

First Melons Grown on Farm of U. T. Hight, of Hoffman, N. C.—Makes Darkies Smile

Sandhill watermelons beat the Georgia watermelons to local markets this year. At least we have not seen any Georgia watermelons in evidence yet. Last Tuesday afternoon we noticed a stir and a smile on the faces of Aberdeen darkies as they were swarming to a truck parked on Sycamore street like bees. Investigating we found the truck loaded with watermelons. Further inquiry developed that these melons were grown right here—to be exact just outside of Hoffman. Mr. U. T. Hight who grew them tells us that he has a big acreage in melons this year planted so that they will ripen successively all along through the season. He sold his load by the pound—3 1-2 cents per.

Our information is that Georgia melons are just beginning to move to the Northern markets. If Hight has demonstrated that we can successfully tie Georgia with them, we may look for the watermelon industry to grow in the Sandhills. Early watermelons always bring big prices on the Northern markets.

## MRS. HARRINGTON ATTENDS REUNION

Mr. Smith to Give Lawn Party; All the Community, Old and Young are Invited

Through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. M. McL. McKeithan and Mr. L. B. McKeithan, the correspondent was given the opportunity of attending the reunion on Sunday, July 1st at Old Bethesda church. It will take a more able, a more eloquent pen than mine to do justice to this grand and glorious reunion. There are the correspondents from Aberdeen, Addor, Carthage and Jackson Springs. The dear old church with its galleries were packed and just as many out of doors. The usual place in the gallery was left for the colored people of which there were a goodly number. I will mention here that I always thought that Bethesda church had the greater number of colored members than any other of our Presbyterian churches in this section of country.

At the beginning of the services the Invocation was made by the Rev. Mr. Gibson of Pine Bluff. Rev. Mr. Gaston, pastor of Aberdeen Presbyterian church, made the address of welcome, that made everybody happy. The sermons were preached by Doctor A. R. Shaw, of Charlotte, once a member at Bethesda, and who went out from that church as a preacher and teacher of the gospel of Christ. Dr. Shaw took his text from the 42nd chapter of Genesis, latter part of the chapter. He based his discourse on God's Providence and the remark made by good old father Jacob, "All these things are against me." He spoke of the changes that had taken place within the past forty years of the deep waters of application and the fiery trials through which many had passed and that perhaps they would fain cry out like Jacob, that "All these things are against me," that Jacob was not there that day to defend himself, but if he were he would undoubtedly say that was the most foolish remark he had ever made.

Invocation worked all things together for our good, and God's glory. That He, who determines alike the fall of a sparrow and the fate of a kingdom, so over-rides the tide of human fortunes that whatever befalls us, joy or sorrow, the believer will say "It is the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth good."

"I wish you'd heard the singing. It had the old time ring," led by Mr. Scott Poole of Raeford. No accompaniment with piano or organ. Those musical instruments were given a back seat that day; they were not needed, and not missed. The old hymns were sang to the old tunes in the Presbyterian Psalmist. I wish you could have seen the long and heavily laden dinner table set in the grove! I wish you could have partaken of its substantial and delicacies. Surely the mantle of those old time hospitable people who once lived in that community must have fallen upon the people of Aberdeen and Bethesda congregation.

In the afternoon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. Dr. Shaw took for his subject "Substitutes," and gave a wonderfully intelligent and satisfactory explanation of the fall of mankind, of the sorrow, sin and suffering accruing from the fall of Christ as the substitute between man and God. If man had not been united to God he could not have been a partaker of that immortal life we will receive through the Saviour who loved us, and suffered, and died that we might have eternal life.

Yes, I missed the faces and voices I once knew and loved. But rejoiced to see some few remaining of the olden days. Among whom Margaret Ray, widow of Daniel McNeill, Fanny Owen, widow of John Blue, Kate Shaw, widow of Frank Buchan, Lily Currie, widow of N. A. Blue, and many others of later days, whom I had not seen for years.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories thrilled."

There will be a lawn party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Smith on route 2, Saturday night the 7th—first Saturday in July. All the community, old and young, invited. Cake cream, lemonade and smokes will be served. Mr. Smith comes from Winston, has been living in this community for the past three years. He purchased a part of the Jack McNeill estate, where he has built an attractive home. Mr. Smith says he has always been accustomed to having lawn parties where there would be from four to five hundred people, and he wants to see what success he'll have at one in this section.

Mr. and Mrs. Perrine Bilyeu and children, of Pinehurst, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Ray, of Sanford, were guests Sunday of Mrs. D. S. Ray and family.

Mrs. Jewell Hemphill, Misses Nannie and Margaret Gilchrist, Thurla

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