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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, JULY 13, 1923

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.50

MR. JOHNSON CONTINUES ON HIS WESTERN TOUR

Work and Fish in Kansas on the Sabbath—Fine Scenery and Farms—Fish Story

My lady went into ecstasies of delight at the Virginia and the Pennsylvania mountains, but subsided into nonchalance and ennui when passing through the rich plains and level lands of the Mississippi and Missouri Valley, hardly showing any interest in the great herds of fat cattle. Then when she saw the mountains of Colorado, she was excited beyond expression. I, being something of a philosopher, accounted for this mountain mania by the fact that she was born and reared on Hickory mountain in Chatham county.

On the 17th of June I arose and donned my clothes, early, and went into the observation car just after we had crossed the Mississippi river. We were at Fort Madison, Iowa, which by the way, is the only town of any consequence we see in Iowa, for we only travel 18 miles in Iowa when we enter Missouri.

Fort Madison is quite a large town, on the west bank of the Mississippi river, and was of course, named for President James Madison. The state of Iowa was a part of the Louisiana purchase ceded by France to the United States in 1803. They tell us that when Napoleon took up the pen to sign the treaty of sale, he said: "I am about to do something that will enable the New American Republic to whip England off the Ocean."

Passing into the State of Missouri, the first point I have any note of is Wyaconda: the fine farming and fine pastures of cattle attracted my attention. One field was dotted with Jerseys, the next with Aberdeen Angus; the next with Red Devon, or Holstein, or Guernseys—but never a mixture. The prettiest herd I saw was Ayshire, but I saw only one herd of this splendid brand.

The cows grow so high that they are suggestive of "Bulls of Bashan" or of Babylonian Sculpture. Of course, it is the feed that makes these cattle so far surpass ours in size, and this advantage must continue till some Luther Burbank or other inspired plant genius discovers a grass that will grow on our sandy land.

This is the section of country that produced the great western explorer, John C. Fremont. His bold exploration of the Rocky Mountains brought him into such prominence that he was a candidate for President of the United States on the Free Sailors ticket in 1856. His campaign motto was: "Free Man, Free Land and Fremont." In one of his expeditions he reported having captured a woolly horse, and his political enemies nick-named him "The Woolly Horse." His campaign slogan of "Free Man, Free Land and Fremont," showed him to be anti-slavery. The Democrats that year put forward Buchanan and Breckenridge, and elected their ticket.

Mr. Bion Butler must have been a small boy then, and this writer was four years shy of being born; but I well remember hearing my father sing a snatch of a democratic campaign song that had been composed at the expense of Mr. Fremont. It ran thus: "Throw up your hats for Buck and Breck,

For they have gained the day; The Woolly Horse has gone to grass So the people say."

From this point on we pass thru vast fields of wheat just ripening for the sickle, and corn as far as the eye can see. The precision of the rows and the position of each stalk in the row, shows that it is all done by machinery. But this is Sunday, and we are not yet in Kansas, where they work and fish on the Sabbath Day—so we do not see any farm work going on.

Wheat, corn, white houses and red barns, fat cattle, young mules, farm after farm, the very same. Wheat, corn, white houses and red barns, fat cattle and young mules on and on, till we arrive at the great steel

bridge across the Missouri river, the river that gave its name to the state. The word: "Missouri" is an Indian word, which means "Great Muddy." So I suppose the Missouri river was always muddy as it is today.

Just after crossing the river we arrive at Kansas City, Mo., and Kansas City, Kansas—one town in two states, a city as large as Baltimore, with the largest passenger station west of New York. This city is located at the junction of the Missouri river and the Kansas river.

Our route now hugs the Kansas river for more than a hundred miles; and while the wheat fields and corn fields are just as big, or bigger; and while the houses are just as white and the barns just as red; the cattle just as fat and the mule colts as numerous, the country has suffered from freshets, and many fields of wheat and corn have been drowned, and left only a mass of cracking mud.

And now we begin to see people working on Sunday, plowing, reaping and even hauling and spreading manure. Saw a boy with a rod and reel on the way to the river to fish. I wished I could tell him the story of "Manuel." Did you ever hear of Manuel, the boy that went fishing on Sunday? Of course, you have—but it is well worth telling anyway.

Manuel was the boy who played truant and went fishing on Sunday. As soon as he put his hook into the water, he got a strong bite, and hung his catch. The pull was so strong Manuel was frightened, and he thought to drop his reel, and run for home; but he could not release his hands from the rod, and a deep voice came from the water, saying: "Pull me out Manuel, Pull me out Manuel!" Manuel then knew he had caught the "Old Boy" (this is the name children called the devil by. I suppose it showed more reverence than the awful name "Devil") and Manuel had no chance but to draw the old boy out, when he assumed the shape of a big fish.

The fish then spake in the same deep voice: "Take me home, Manuel, Take me home Manuel!" and Manuel

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THE SANDHILL FAIR FOR 1923

The Great Event—One Week Earlier Than Last Year.

By Chas. W. Picquet
The great event of the year, the Sandhill Fair, takes place Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 30, 31 and November 1st and 2nd, one week earlier than last year and two weeks earlier than previous years.

We believe that the earlier dates will find favor throughout the section and there isn't a shadow of a doubt but that the 1923 fair will eclipse all previous efforts.

A much larger program is being arranged, and the premiums have been increased, in fact, many of them doubled.

The premium list is now on the press but for the convenience of many who have early crops to exhibit a list of the premiums in the agricultural department will be published next week.

New plans for exhibiting agricultural products have been made whereby every commodity will be a show itself.

Corn, potatoes, tobacco, grains and garden truck will have their individual booths which will make them much more interesting to look at and much more educational for those who are really seeking information as to the best seeds to sow and the best way to grow crops.

LAWN PARTY AT LAKEVIEW

Home-made candy and cakes will be sold in the grove at Lakeview next Saturday night for the benefit of the Racket Club. Everybody is invited to attend.

LIVE GENERAL AND LOCAL NEWS FROM ABERDEEN

Safe Crackers—Town Commissioners Have Knotty Problem; Other Interesting News

The busiest place in Aberdeen right now is the Crate and Box Factory. Every effort is being strained to produce every crate possible between now and the end of the peach season. Thirty-five hands are busy in producing everything that goes into a crate out of the sawed log, except the wire and nails. The present schedule of the plant calls for a production of fifteen hundred peach crates and fifteen hundred cantaloupe crates a day. Manager H. W. Doub tells us that the production will reach one hundred thousand peach crates for the year, and a total of twenty-five thousand cantaloupe crates, which he is making and shipping to the cantaloupe growers in other sections on a special contract. From a plant that only worked seasonally, it is rapidly developing into an all-year-round industry, for just as soon as Manager Doub completes his peach and cantaloupe crate orders, he will start in at cutting tobacco sticks and making tobacco hogsheads. He says he is equipped to cut twelve thousand tobacco sticks daily and is limited only in the production of hogsheads by the orders he receives.

The reputation of the factory's crates is now well established, and we are safe in predicting that this plant will assume such proportions as will place it in first line as a Sandhill industry. Manager Doub has plans of further development carefully mapped out and will begin putting these into execution this fall.

The town commissioners have a knotty problem before them. The new school building calls for the installation of a 490 foot sewer line, which of course is figured to the Poplar street sewer main. The residents of Lakeside Heights, which is now rapidly building up, have petitioned the town board to defect this 490 feet of sewer line and run it through the Lakeside streets as a part of a main into which the Lakeside laterals could be run. This 490 feet is included in the contractor's school contract, and it would not cost the town or property owners a cent. However, about 700 additional feet of main will have to be attached to it and run through to connect with the main sewer further on down. The elevations in Lakeside are so varied that the engineering of putting a line through here becomes quite complicated. Tentative surveys are now being made and the town commissioners have expressed themselves ready to proceed with the work and pay one-fourth of the cost if the property owners will consent to carry the other three-fourths. Their proposition is also tentative. No canvass has yet been made of the adjacent property owners to see if they will acquiesce in this proposal. However, Lakeside must have a sewer line, and the town may save itself a greater expense later by assuming a larger proportion of the cost now.

Park place, too, is coming to the point where it will have to have sewer facilities. While it is on the Poplar street sewer line, all of it lies so low that the Poplar street line cannot be utilized. In order to serve all of Park Place Subdivision, a main will have to be laid on Sycamore street and laterals laid on each street to it. The town commissioners have to be impartial, and the demands of Park Place for sewerage are perhaps just as urgent as the claim of Lakeside. Both are entitled to a line and that adds to the worries of the city fathers, who are always expected to do much with nothing.

Members of the K. of P. Lodge had a "sure 'nuff" fish fry at Pinebluff Lake Friday evening. From the way the fish were fried and from the quality of the corn dodgers, it is safe to say that the K. of P. Lodge has in its membership the best skillet chefs in Aberdeen. Macon, Thomas and Hunt-

ley presided at the frying, and Grover Wood made the corn dodgers.

The Gulf Refining Company had its safe cracked and robbed for the second time in a year last Friday night. The safe, a new one, and appearing strong enough to resist the attempts of any man to open it except by explosives, was broken open with a railroad sledge hammer, which the burglars left behind. The Gulf Refining Company's plant is off the beaten path, but it is strange how the burglars could have hit the hard blows necessary to have effect without attracting somebody's attention even a block or two away. The safe door was a complete wreck, the frame having been struck so that it broke and released the levers, a part of it stayed on the hinges, and this was almost bent double. The burglars took the drawers out of the safe and went to the rear of the winery building to examine the contents. No cash was in the safe and they left all the checks there were.

The Cockman blood hounds were brought from Raeford immediately after the discovery of the robbery. They took a trail from the safe to where the burglars had stopped to examine the contents of the drawers. From there they went to Berkley to the front door of a negro house, then around to the back door of the house and into it. A boy who stayed there was arrested under suspicion, and another boy with whom he had spent the night was arrested with him. Both were kept separate and apart from each other and given a thorough grilling. Both told the same story to the minute details and their stories were corroborated by others. They were then discharged and the dogs again put on the trail; however by that time the trail had become cold and dogs soon lost it. Our police department, however, is continuing to work on the case and we may look for another arrest soon.

And while we are building our Teacherage, let us see to it that none of those summer school attendants at the State College who so disgustingly forced their way to the front at the

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VASS' NEW BUILDING AND LOAN SERIES

Association Making Campaign For 3rd Series—225 Shares Subscribed

The Vass Building and Loan Association which is now in its third year has opened its books for a third series of subscriptions. 225 shares have been closed so far, and this will be increased to 250 by Saturday night, when the campaign closes.

Exactly fifty different persons of the Vass community are members of the association. The loans are not limited to Vass, and the farmer may borrow the same as the townsman.

The association has been working very quietly, but already it has been instrumental in advancing the sum of \$8,500 for building purposes in Vass and Lakeview. The community has become convinced that it is a power for good, as well as affording a good investment to those who are interested from that angle. New interest has been awakened and it will progress faster from now on.

The present officers are: D. A. McLaughlin, president; W. B. Graham, vice-president; W. D. Matthews, secretary-treasurer. These with the following comprise the Board of Directors: A. M. Cameron, W. D. Smith, N. M. McKeithan and B. F. Sanford.

STRICKEN WHILE AT WORK

Last Monday while working on the top of the residence of Mr. Simpson, Mr. Geo. B. Laubscher had a partial stroke of paralysis. Dr. Rosser was called and gave immediate attention. Mr. Laubscher was taken to his home and at this writing is getting along nicely.

Swat the fly!

OUR VERY INTERESTING CAMERON LETTER

Correspondent Spends Sunday Afternoon Visiting Childhood Scenes and "Aunties"

Sunday afternoon while sitting under my own vine and walnut tree, looking at everybody and his wife and children and the rest of the world ride by, my kind hearted kinsman, D. J. McNeill, of Union, rode up in his car, remarking that I looked lonesome asked me would I not like to ride up in my old range and see the beautiful woodlands. Of course I gladly accepted. Only two or three families now live in that once populous community. We overtook Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Monroe walking over their neat farm of dewberries, corn, cotton, tobacco, peanuts and watermelons. Asking them to accompany us we went to see "Aunt" Emeline Stone (col.), of Stones Crossing. Poor old auntie! She is partially paralyzed. She was a pretty young woman and now with all her weight of years and illness, is still attractive looking. She seemed glad to see us and wept when I told her my name. She remembered me as a child. From there we went to see "Aunt" Marg Fry (col.) who is said to be over one hundred years old, which is likely to be true. She was married before the Civil War, and has great, great grandchildren. It is said she was born in the year in which Mr. Evander Kelly, deceased, was born, and were he now living he would be one hundred and nine years of age. Aunt Marg lives with her daughter, Amy, who is eighty or perhaps more. One really experienced an eerie sensation in looking at aunt Marg and hearing her talk. When we left, Mr. McNeill gave her some money which pleased her mightily. Mr. and Mrs. Monroe insisted that we go home with them for a Sunday night's supper. We enjoyed a supper of cold vegetables, fried chicken, hot home made sausage, delicious flaky hot biscuit, coffee, cream and cake, iced lemonade, and cold sparkling water from the famous and historical kitchen spring.

Mrs. B. J. Smith and grand-daughter, Miss Sallie Maude Lancaster, after an extended visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McLean, returned last week to their home in Vanceboro. Mrs. Smith and Sallie Maude have made many friends in Cameron who regret their departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McNeill, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Earl Rodwell, of Florida, Ala., who have been honeymooning at Montreat, visited relatives here this week.

Miss Ethel Dalrymple, of Carthage, spent Sunday with Miss Lula McPherson at her home on Turner Height.

Miss Flora McDonald, of Carthage, is spending some time with her aunt, Miss Chrissie McLean whom we regret to report on the sick list.

Misses Vera McLean and Flora McDonald motored to Union Sunday to hear Rev. Benjamin, a returned missionary.

Mrs. Opal Jones, of Siloam, was in town Sunday calling on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Muse, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Betts, of Durham, were guests Sunday of Mrs. Lula Muse.

Miss Sophia McCracken, of Southport, was a recent guest of Misses Annie Laurie and Sadie Phillips. Miss McCracken was a class mate of Miss Laurie Phillips at Peace Institute.

Misses Annie Laurie and Sadie Phillips entertained Monday evening at a masked lawn party in honor of their guest, Miss McCracken who left Tuesday for her home at Southport.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Swett, of Hamlet, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Swett.

Mrs. Mattie Page, of Greenwood, S. C., and daughter, Mrs. Ernest Pleasant and son, Norfleet, Mrs. Ralph Leach and son, Ralph, and daughters, Miss Mary Leach and Mrs. Martin and baby of Aberdeen, were visitors last week at the home of Mrs. D. S. Ray.

Mrs. Sarah Flack, of Wadesboro, is the guest this week of her sister, Mrs.

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