

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

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VA. WAREHOUSEMEN REACHED BY LAW

Convicted and Fined Under Recent Virginia Marketing Statute Co-op Deliveries Increase

Convictions were secured against six auction warehousemen of South Boston last Monday and fines were imposed in every case for violation of the recent statute in Virginia, which requires that all tobacco sold on the open floor, as well as in the co-operative warehouses, shall be sold in the true name of the owner and makes it a misdemeanor for anyone conducting a warehouse to fail to tag such tobacco with the name of the owner and the number of pounds sold.

One of the convictions obtained this week at South Boston was for refusal of the auction warehousemen to permit representatives of the co-operative association to inspect the tickets on the tobacco in his warehouse. It is expected that prosecutions will be instituted at other points immediately, and in view of last Monday's decisions it is believed that auction warehousemen in Virginia will comply more strictly with the recent law. All of the warehousemen of South Boston who were convicted and fined last Monday under the Virginia statute, have appealed to the circuit court of Halifax County.

L. G. Patterson, warehousemen, of Smithfield, N. C., also felt the weight of the new law this week when adjudged in contempt of court by Judge Thomas S. Calvert, of Wake county Superior Court, at Raleigh, for aiding A. L. Faulkner to sell tobacco in violation of a court order. Faulkner, who was a member of the association, had already been attached for contempt and fined \$50 by Judge Frank A. Daniels of the Superior court.

Deliveries of the organized farmers to the Tobacco Growers Co-operative Association have now passed the 53,000,000 mark, according to reports from the leaf department of the association received this week at Raleigh headquarters. In spite of the lateness of the Old Belt crop, tobacco farmers have delivered more than six and a half million pounds within less than ten days of operation by the co-operative warehouses. The association has made a striking gain in the South Carolina Belt, where it has received thirty-two and a half million pounds to date, as compared to slightly more than twenty million pounds for the entire season of 1922. Eastern Carolina growers are increasing their deliveries to the association and will bring half again as much tobacco as last year, if the present rate of deliveries to association houses continues. S. D. FRISSELL.

SANDHILL FAIR NOTES

Next week is the big week.

Take the children to the Sandhill Fair on Tuesday. They will have a great time with the Kite man, the merry-go-round and the ferris wheel.

The pageant, "The Spirit of the Sandhills" will take place on Friday at 1:30 p. m. We are glad to state positively that this is by far the best pageant we have ever had.

Friday is Governor's day. Colonel Donald Walter Cameron, chief of the Clan Cameron of Scotland and our own Governor Morrison will be present and will speak at 1:00 p. m. Every Sandhiller should show their appreciation of this honor by being there. We can assure you that you will hear something that will repay you.

The Scotch Highland Dancers from Flora McDonald College, eight in number, have a special number in the pageant on Friday.

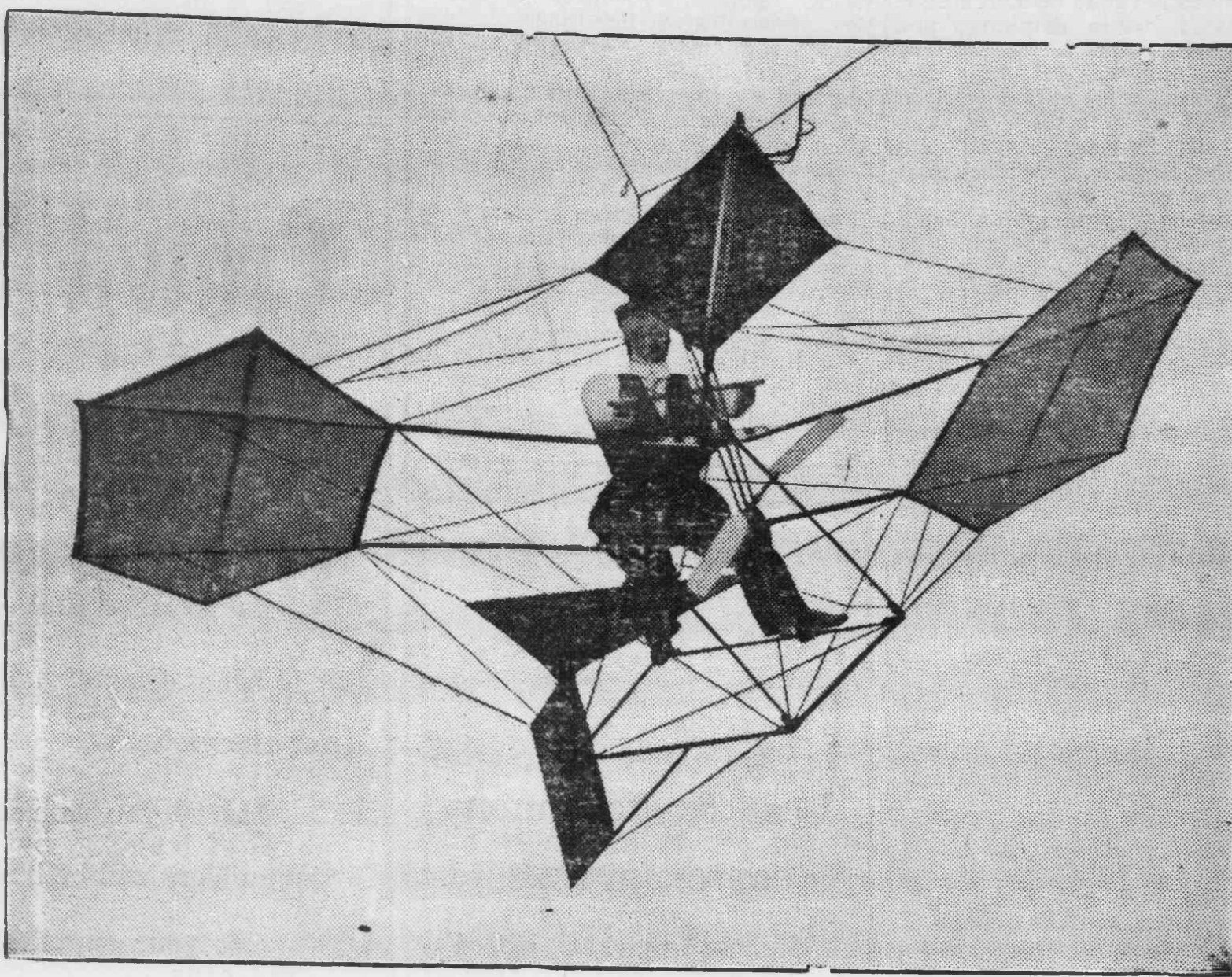
Don't forget that the races on Tuesday, the auto-polo starts on Tuesday and the great kite flying contest takes place on Tuesday.

Aberdeen and Laurinburg meet for their annual football game on Wednesday. Laurinburg thinks they will win this year. Who knows?

Tickets are on sale for the Harvest Musical Festival at C. L. Hayes', So. Pines, Fox Drug Store, Aberdeen, Chas. Cole Co., Carthage and Pinehurst Drug Store.

Unless other arrangements are made, the annual baby show will be held in the box section of the grandstand, Wednesday, October 31st, at 11 a. m. The date is certain but the place may be changed, in which case notices will be posted on the grounds.

A full program is assured for Tuesday Night, the only night show on the Fair Grounds during the week. Besides an elaborate fireworks program there will be an auto-polo game which is one of the most spectacular night scenes ever staged, and the comedy acrobatic act and a concert by Victor's band.



SAMUEL F. PERKINS' MAN-CARRYING AEROPLANE WAR-KITES ADVERTISING CONGOLEUM RUGS S. F. Perkins, in his man-carrying Kite which he will fly at the Sandhill Fair, together with many others every day

JOHNSON'S LETTER NO. 14

We were sailing up the Columbia River, the Oregon of Song. Before we reached the mouth of the Willamette (the accent is strong on the "lam") we passed by a large island some 15 miles long and from one to three miles wide, and all along the shores of this island were numerous fishermen in small boats with nets and snares, and they appeared to be wonderfully busy. The old doctor told me they were fishing for sturgeon, and he said this is the best grounds for sturgeon fishing on the Pacific coast.

Nature changes slowly. In Lewis & Clark's Journal of their expedition in 1804 to 1806 they tell of passing this same island, and even then there were numerous Indians fishing for sturgeon in the same manner with nets and snares.

Those of my readers who are acquainted with Lewis and Clark's expedition will recall that the states of Oregon and Washington form a part of the Louisiana Purchase, and those two states was the property of the United States of America for 50 years before we acquired California, which was ceded to us by Mexico by the Treaty of Guadalupe. It was President Thomas Jefferson that sent out this expedition headed by Captain Meriwether Lewis, the President's private secretary, and Captain Clark of the United States Army.

I must pause here long enough to say that I hope every boy in Moore county has or will read this Lewis and Clark expedition. It is in three volumes, and very readable to all boys with healthy minds. I have these great books, and I will lend them to any boy in Moore county, one volume at a time, just to do a favor to those boys, soon to be the men of our county, and I have a jealous desire that many of these boys shall imbibe a love for reading healthy books; but I am digressing.

The Willamette River pours into the Columbia on the south side about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Columbia, and twelve miles up the Willamette is the city of Portland, Oregon, a city of more than two hundred thousand population. In Lewis & Clark's Journal, it is told in a most interesting way of the high class Indians who occupied the shores of the Willamette River, but the name of the river is there given by the ancient Indian name of Multnomah.

The county still bears that name.

Did you ever hear how the city of Portland got its name? Well, here it is: In the year 1846 two gentlemen from the East, one from the city of Boston, Mass., and the other from Portland Maine, went to the west coast, and purchased a mile square of land on the Willamette River, for which they paid \$5000.00 worth of buffalo hides. They were both civil engineers, and they determined to lay out a town on this square mile of land. What was to be the new town's name? Each wanted to name it for his own native city, and they could not agree, but Americans are the truest sportsmen in the world, and these sportsmen said, "We will flip a coin." The coin was flipped, and the Maine man won, so the new town was named "Portland."

I think I must have been partial to Portland before I saw it for I felt like I knew the country from reading Lewis' and Clark's expedition. Any way when we had spent three or four days at and around Portland I told my good wife that if I were a young man I thought I would go to Oregon and try to grow up with the country.

The Columbia River is the dividing line between the states of Oregon and Washington, and at the mouth of the Willamette River, the Columbia is from four to six miles wide, so most of our investigations were on the Oregon side. The country around Portland is the richest land on the American Continent, and the vast forests of enormous timber trees are just a description. The fruits are simply beyond belief! The cherries grow as large as the boll of our cotton plant, but the seeds are no larger than those of our ordinary cherries, while the flavor is simply delightful.

One day we were riding in the country some twenty miles from Portland. We passed an old man by the road who had a table loaded down with baskets of these cherries, offering them for sale. He had several varieties, but the largest was a great black cherry, which he sold at 15c a bag full. He said the name of this cherry was the "Black Republican." I handed him 15 cents and told him I would take a bag of the "Black Republican." He started to hand them to me, then hesitated a little as if something ought to be explained, then he said with childish simplicity: "But I am a Democrat."

(I wondered now if the immaculate Noore Munety Cows could be induced to print this? Or does it savour too

much of politics? He that hath ears to hear let him hear.)

We, with a couple from Pennsylvania—newly-weds—but the bride was approaching the "sere and yellow leaf," too an auto trip up the south banks of the Columbia River on the great Columbia highway to see the Cascade Falls. That was the most wonderful sight of our whole trip, with the possible exception of Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies. The Cascade range of mountains approaches the Columbia River so closely the great highway at places had to be cut into the edge of the mountains to keep it out of the river.

The melting snow on the mountains causes the Great Falls, some ten or a dozen of them that are over five hundred feet at a single leap, and one, the Multnomah Falls, is over eight hundred feet. At the point where the volume of water takes its plunge it is a large stream, bigger than Little River, but the distance is so great it is lashed into mist before it reaches the foot of the precipice, then it gathers again, and goes tumbling down to the river below, the clearest, coldest water you ever saw.

This was a great day with us, indeed, it was one of our very best, but for one small circumstance. But what a little gnat will render the sweetest drink unpalatable! What a little morsel of a tea leaf floating on the surface of the most delicious tea will take off the edge of your appetite for "The cup that cheers but not inebriates" when your aesthetic taste balks at a small trifle, the whole appetite is bunted and rendered callous.

On this Columbian Drive Mrs. Johnson was again troubled with her earache, and when we reached our father's destination at Horse-tail Falls, and we were about to return she asked "the bride" to exchange sides of the car with her, and explained that she wished to shield her aching ear from the windy side, but "the bride" said, "I prefer to keep my own seat." Our chauffeur, who was a blue-grass Kentuckian, looked daggers at "the bride," but she she appeared serenely unconscious of having done a mean and selfish act. On the return trip as often as we would stop to see some point of interest, the chauffeur would button-hole me, and lead me aside out of hearing, and fall to cussing the "bride" with real blue-grass Kentucky cussing. Ordinarily, gross profanity is disgusting to me, but I will have to admit that I felt something of pure joy at this man's cussing.

That reminds me. Once when my son, Leslie, was about 5 years old, I had some very choice pullets that I had recently bought at a fancy price. One morning just at breakfast time I heard a chicken squall in the pig-pen. I ran as fast as I could, and was just in time to see one of my fine pullets torn to death by the voracious pig. I jumped into the pig-pen and snatched the chicken from the pig, but too late to save its life. I was so furious I said all sorts of bad words. I was immediately called to breakfast, and went in fuming and altogether frustrated. I sat down at the table and turned my plate over, when my wife said: "Aren't you going to ask the Blessing?" I said: "No, I have just been cussing the pig, and am in no plight for grace." Then little Leslie spoke up: "The pig needed cussing."

Now, that I have had my fling apologizing for occasional profanity, I must try to redeem myself by a little preaching: I stood on the platform of the railroad and saw two heavy trains standing on the siding side by side. These

LOCAL RAILROAD DOES THRIVING BUSINESS

A. & R. Compelled to Run Extras to Handle Volume of Freight—Best Local Barometer of Business

The Aberdeen and Rockfish railroad which operates between Fayetteville and Aberdeen, and the traffic of which consists principally of freight originating along its 45 miles of line and all freight going to destination along it is compelled to run extras daily in order to handle the in and out freight over it. The freight leaving here consists principally of cotton and tobacco, and the freight arriving is as varied as are the needs of the community.

Because of the fact that this is a short line serving a particular community it can safely be said that it is the best barometer to gauge our own prosperity by, for it hauls away a good part of our agricultural products, which in return give us buying power.

THE SANDHILLS SCORED THURSDAY

Special Delegation Marched Through State Fair Grounds Attracting General Attention

The Sandhill Special Excursion to the State Fair last Thursday, which we briefly mentioned in our last issue proved a big hit. The Special left Aberdeen, stopping for a short time at Southern Pines where it was decorated with banners and pine branches. From there no stop was made this side of the Fair Grounds except at Sanford for orders. On arriving at the fair grounds a line of march was formed and the procession proceeded to the gates of the fair ground. There a salute of eleven guns greeted it and the Fort Bragg military band met the marchers. The band led the way and the procession followed through every avenue of the ground. All the buildings quickly emptied and the marchers went through a continuous line of people thronging both sides of the Midway and the side avenues. As quickly as the band would cease to play the Sandhill crowd would start the Sandhill song.

Banners were carried proclaiming the Sandhills and our own Sandhill Fair, and each marcher wore a red ribbon designating him a Sandhill booster. The band led the crowd to the military camp where it was disbanded. Over two hundred marchers were in line and although each continued to wear his booster ribbon throughout the day, the crowd was so thick that it was rarely ever the Sandhill people met up in bunches throughout the day. The coming of our people en masse was easily the next outstanding feature of the day to the big foot ball game, if not on par with it.

ALUMINUM SALE

The Vass Mercantile Co., is advertising an aluminum sale for Tuesday, November 6th. This is a special sale and one that has been put on in several towns in the county and has proved a success not only to the merchant but to the purchasers of this kind of ware. Remember the date and avail yourselves of this opportunity of getting bargains.

trains had about ten cars attached, and one of the engines was puffing, fuming and making the very ground tremble. It was manufacturing its own power from coal, getting ready to climb the mountain. The other train was as quiet as a big rock. Not a sound issued from it. The two trains started on their mountain climb about the same time. The coal burner went off with a deafening noise, and filled the heavens with black smoke. The quiet train, when the word was given, went "Click" and moved off up the mountain as easily as rolling a baby carriage on a cement pavement. Now what was the difference?

One train had to manufacture its own power, and like a man who attempts to go through this world without divine assistance wasted the greater part of his power in the effort. The other train was entirely controlled and received its power from an electric current away up on top of a mountain. He that hath ears to hear let him hear!

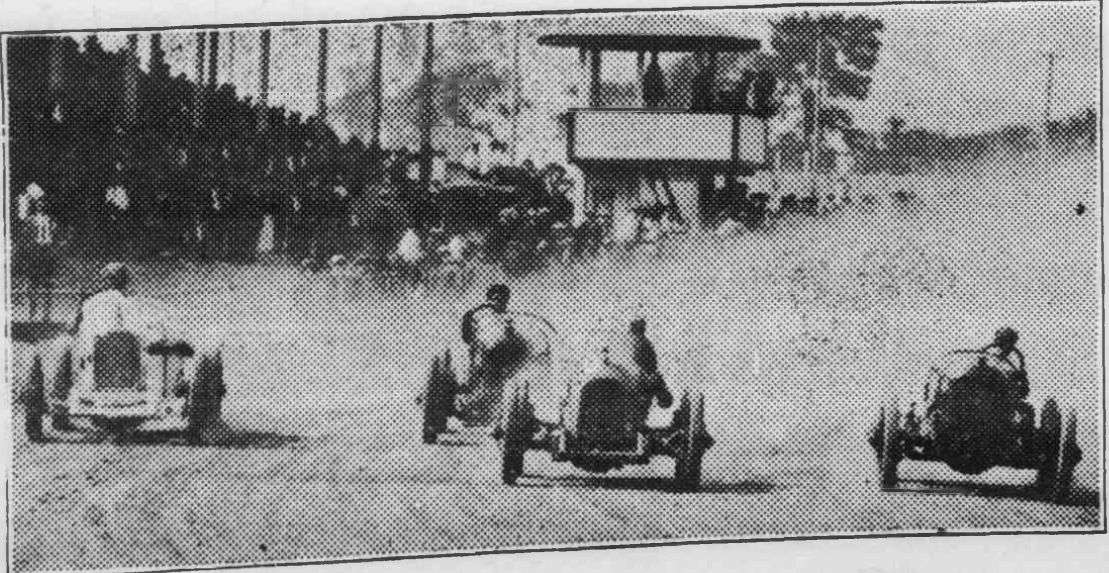
I am willing to leave Portland without again referring to William Cullen Bryant's concrete eulogues:

"The Vasty Wild, where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound, Save the dashing of its own waves."

But all this is now changed to a pandemonium of sound from axe and hammer, and the chu-chu train.

My next will have something to say of Seattle and Lake Washington. J. McN. JOHNSON.

Mr. O. D. Wallace and Miss Agnes Bartlette, of Carthage, were married Tuesday at the Presbyterian Manse in Carthage. Rev. Clark officiating.



Showing Sig. Haugdahl winning the New England Sweepstakes with his undefeated dirt track racing car, from Fred Horey form-Fiat No. 6, the undefeated of the world and holder of seven world's records, dirt track champion of the world and the Premier Special, runner-up to the Don and from Ray Claypool, pilot of the P remier Special, runner-up to the Dominion Championships. All these noted drivers will appear in the Automobile Races at the Sandhill Fair.