

**DAYS OF THE PAST  
IN THE SANDHILLS**

(Continued from page one)

1909 that the measure was finally enacted, after which, of course, community fences were removed.

Then followed a movement on the part of the state Department of Agriculture to eradicate the cattle ticks. They elicited the assistance of the United States Department, and after much argument pro and con, (largely "con") Moore County cattle were quarantined and none could be shipped out until inspected and declared free from ticks. This had the desired effect, and in due time these "pesky little varmints" moved on to more fertile fields and ceased to be a serious menace to Moore County cattle, so the embargo was raised.

Meanwhile Dr. Stiles, of Wilmington, N. C., who had made an exhaustive study of the hookworm and its ravages on the genus homo, published the results of his research, and funds were made available by the Rockefeller Foundation to finance a war of extermination against this human parasite. At first the movement was ridiculed but gradually the importance of the subject was borne in upon the minds of people, and they finally submitted willingly to the treatment then applied. On one occasion a physician came to a certain school in a nearby village and his examination disclosed the fact that 43 out of 44 pupils (and the teacher) were infested with hookworm.

It took a couple of years to do the work, but at the end of that time science had triumphed and Mr. Hookworm was gone from these parts forever.

Probably the most important, certainly the most apparent step in the march of progress has been the construction of good roads followed by the use of automobiles, trucks and buses.

For several years I lived in Lakeview and in the early days used to drive to Southern Pines and Carthage in a Tyson & Jones buggy. The horse went step by step through sand fetlock deep, and it was not an uncommon occurrence to find a tree, which, having lived its allotted time, had gone back to mingle its dust with mother earth and was lying squarely in the path of progress. If small, we drove over it, if too large, we went around it, and there it lay until disintegrated by the elements and insects, or consumed by forest fires which burned over nearly all the wild land in the county every year. If such a tree proved too large to drive over, and obstacles intervened to prevent going around it, there was but one of two alternatives to choose, either cut it up and remove it from the road or turn back and let somebody else do it. Needless to say, I never started on any important drive without an ax or a saw somewhere in the buggy.

There was no adequate system or organization for constructing and maintaining roads and no money available had there been one, so as traffic increased these sand trails went rapidly from bad to worse and from worse to worst until the situation became well-nigh hopeless.

Social economists say that when the necessity for a public improvement becomes positively imperative a way is always found to supply the need, and, sure enough, this intolerable lack of serviceable highways was the darkness that preceded the dawn, for just in the nick of time necessity, that indefatigable mother of invention, led to the discovery and utilization of a material which had lain close at hand unnoticed for eons ever since the waters of the Atlantic retreated and surrendered this section for the ultimate use of mankind as a place for industry and recreation. As the ocean receded a combination of clay and sand, now known as sand-clay, ideally mixed by the waves, was left behind in pockets peculiarly well situated for the use of man.

It is said that along about the year 1900, prior to the passage of North Carolina's prohibitory law and long before the 18th amendment had become an adornment of the Constitution of the United States, a certain station agent at a junction point not a thousand miles from Southern Pines where three railways, meet, finding great difficulty moving from one train to another the great truckloads of "still waters" coming in on the trunk line and consigned to points on the short roads running out, had some clay hauled in and spread about the depot in the hope that when packed it would provide a surface that would afford suitable traction for the wheels

of his trucks and thus relieve the physical and mental strain resulting from the frequent stalling of these vehicles when their wheels sank deep in the dry powery sand.

At first the experiment looked like a dismal failure, for the first time it rained the mixture became a vicious and viscous mud that stuck to the feet and made a mess of things generally. But gradually it began to pack and as it got harder and harder a smooth solid surface appeared and the trucks were rolled about with comparative ease.

"Great oaks from little acorns grow  
Great aches from little toe-corns grow"

And this was the humble beginning of the use of sand-clay as road material.

Then came Mr. James W. Tufts, founder and then owner of Pinehurst. His interest was immediately arrested by the smooth hard surface around the depot and upon his return to the "Model Village" he promptly instituted search for similar soil, straightway found it and promptly caused the streets on his property to be surfaced with it to the great satisfaction and deep appreciation of all who had occasion to use them.

A few years later Mr. M. N. Sugg, who at that time conducted a livery stable in Southern Pines, and a man in Aberdeen (I think it was Mr. Heckart) started a movement to top-soil the road between those two places with sand-clay. By popular subscription money was raised to pay for this and though the top-soil was applied only to a depth of two or three inches when packed, and the surface consequently broke through in a short time, it lasted long enough to demonstrate the value of sand-clay roads, and proved to be seed in fertile ground, and from this seed sprang the Moore County good roads tree, which threw out branches in all directions, and thrived and grew like the green bay tree of biblical fame.

In 1907 Mr. Leonard Tufts who was then the owner of Pinehurst, promoted an improved road from that place to Southern Pines by agreeing to build and top-soil what is now known as "the old road" as far as Wicker's ford, and by heading with a substantial donation a subscription list to be circulated in Southern Pines to defray the cost of the intervening stretch.

At that time I was in business in Southern Pines and was chosen a committee with Mr. J. N. Powell to oversee the work. It has been said this road was built by popular subscription, but I doubt if a more unpopular subscription was ever made to anything. However, with the assistance of a very generous second contribution from the late Mr. James Boyd, the original owner of Weymouth Heights, and by dint of much argument and cajolery, the road was completed. One day during its construction, Dr. Ferguson, the mayor of Southern Pines, and the writer met by appointment Mr. Tufts and Mr. G. B. McMillan, who had just purchased a home in Pinehurst, on the hill where the road to the Highland Pines Inn branches off, to discuss the best route for our proposed road over the hill. During the talk, Mr. McMillan, who by the way, came from Detroit the home of the "Flivver," said "You know, you folks should be careful not to get your curves too sharp, because we're going to have automobiles on this road some day." At that Mr. Tufts nudged me and whispered candidly, "Huh, I guess it'll be after you and I are dead." This was in 1907, mind you, and there was not an auto in the county, and it didn't look as though there ever would be.

But the appreciation of and desire for good roads was becoming evident on all sides, and in all parts of the state, and soon crystallized into an insistent demand, but Moore County was the pioneer, famous for her good roads and leader in the movement. Pandora was out of the box, and her influence extended further and further until it resulted in action by the legislature establishing a road commission with millions to spend, under the supervision of Mr. Frank Page, himself a native and resident of Moore County, whose achievements have brought him and the state fame throughout this and other countries.

In 1904, the year I came to dip my heels in the tar of the Sandhill section and become a loving adopted son of the Old North State, there were not over 25 houses east of the railroad track in what are now the incorporated limits of Southern Pines.

The sand hill opposite the depot extended almost to the main track,

and for some years freight cars were continually lined up on a siding there to be loaded with sand to be hauled away for construction purposes. There were no stores east of the railroad. The village boasted but four brick buildings. There was no golf course, no movie theatre, and precious little in the way of entertainment; but I could go on almost indefinitely about the changes that have occurred within my memory; the improvement in train service, the growth of banks, the installation of water works and sewer system, the improvement in electric power distribution, new schools, new court house, and so on ad libitum. But I have already reached a point where I feel like apologizing as did an old lady who wrote at the end of a lengthy epistle; "Please excuse my longevity."

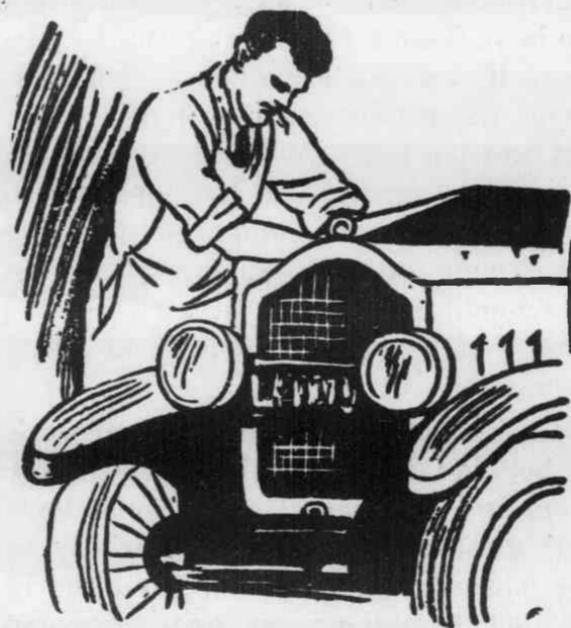
Compared with that of some places in Florida, our progress has been slow, and some there are who think we should have gone more rapidly, so it is well occasionally to look back and take stock of things. To me such a review of the Sandhills is gratifying and inspiring. We are growing and progressing steadily, substantially and rapidly, and with the finest climate in the world, perfect drainage, fine clear water in abundance, interesting rolling topography dotted with long leaf pines breathing health and vigor, and over all God's golden sunshine, the Sandhill section of North Carolina reaches out with open arms and cordial welcome to rich and poor, strong and weak, great and small to make a

Home in the Sandhill section  
Where the sun shines bright and fair,  
Where the peach grows sweet and luscious

And magnolias scent the air,  
Where the night is soft and balmy  
And soot and fresh the morn,  
Where the fields are white with cotton  
Or green with waving corn.

**GOLF TOURNAMENT  
AT SOUTHERN PINES**

On November 16 and 17 the North and South Carolina open golf tournament will be played on the grounds of the Country club at Southern Pines. It is expected that at least two hundred or more players will be present from both states. The hotels are offering special rates to visitors for the occasion, and the grounds have been put in excellent condition for the two-day affair. With the expanded facilities at the country club Southern Pines is favored by many more golf players, and when the new course of 18 holes is completed the two full courses then will rank well with any thing in the South. Few points now offer broader chance for golf than at Southern Pines, but the



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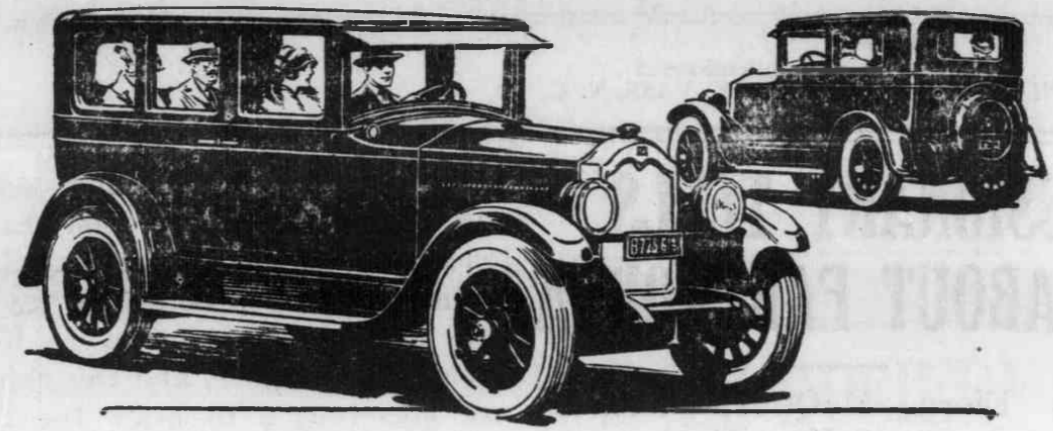
Let us inspect it. We'll tell you what is necessary before we start repairing.

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VASS, N. C.

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VASS, N. C.

**LAKE**

Mr. and Mrs. relatives in Green Mr. Jack Barber the week-end with T. Poole.

Mr. and Mrs. children, Colon and Nora Burch, spent Florence, S. C.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Gardner, Gardner, motored Sunday evening Grace Gardner college.

Mrs. Brawley visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mr. and Mrs. spent Sunday he

Mr. J. B. East Saturday.

Last Saturday and old met at the purpose of community club." Mr. J. R. M. M. Dwight v. Gardner secret Littlefield treat to meet once a many problems After much dis was turned into many games were ent contests were licious refreshment Miss Littlefield, and Mrs. N. L.

Mrs. Wm. R. Minnie Oldham in Southern Pines

Mrs. Stella C. Johnnie of Rock the home of M. Smith.

Quite a number this place after was given at auditorium Friday a great success.

Mrs. L. D. Per sister here, returned Florence, S. C.,

Miss Lou R. visiting Mr. and

Mr. and Mrs. ley, and daughter day evening in

Mr. C. W. Sp. Wednesday in

**CAR  
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