

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

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SUGDEN INSISTS ON LOCAL POWER

More to Constabulary Propaganda Than Appears On The Surface

To the Editor of The Pilot:

Now that Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Butler, Mr. McLeod and other advocates of State Police have been heard from, perhaps you will permit another word from the opposition.

At the beginning, let me make my own position clear by saying that I am heartily in favor of policing our State Highways. I argue merely that this policing business should be done by local or County authorities and not by State Police under orders from some appointed official in Raleigh.

Mr. Butler's editorial rhapsody on the beauties of the Pennsylvania Police as speed cops and competitors of the cut flower industry does not impress me. It isn't all quite as simple as Mr. Butler thinks. Let him visit Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. He will find these states once had constabulary, but disbanded their forces, because in each instance they became hopelessly involved in politics.

To Mr. Arthur Page, who offered some criticisms of my position, I still insist that police power is local. If the Governor of North Carolina occasionally calls out militia he does so precisely because local police power has broken down. The security and sovereignty of the State being for a time threatened, military power supersedes police power until the danger to the State (real or imaginary) has passed and the civil authorities are again in control. A policeman and a soldier do not look alike to me merely because they appear to be doing the same thing, for I feel I have at least theoretically, some control over the policeman but none whatever over the soldier. One is civil and the other is military, and they derive their authority from different sources. I agree with Mr. Page that constabulary and militia are both liable to misuse. But it is so much easier to misuse the constabulary!

Mr. Page knows, as well as anyone, that the highly centralized police systems on the continent of Europe are entirely different from English police methods, from which our own descend. He knows, further, that the creation of the Texas Rangers years ago to meet a temporary and essentially military frontier condition not present in older and better organized communities, does not in any way argue against the general proposition that the extension of police power is unAmerican and undesirable. These Texas Rangers, in January of last year, were, as a matter of fact, declared unconstitutional by the 57th District Court of Texas, on the ground that, under the terms of the State Constitution, law enforcement devolved exclusively on local authorities. The Court issued an injunction against the Rangers and pending an appeal (the outcome of which I am not aware) the entire force ceased to function.

The power to police is power to oppress. It should be carefully controlled and jealously safeguarded, especially with a realization that such power becomes increasingly dangerous when concentrated in the hands of some high official who nine times out of ten will serve the interests that control his appointment.

The constabulary question, therefore, is not merely a matter of highway patrol. It has a wider, social aspect, with which I am primarily concerned. To those who, in a moment of perplexity over our highway problems, are being stampeded into accepting a constabulary, my position will seem trivial and obstructive. But I take occasion again to warn my friends that there is more to this constabulary propaganda than appears on the surface and that they would do well to examine all police proposals carefully, especially with regard to

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Little Stories About The Natives

By MISS CONNIE CURRIE

The First Lot Surveyed In Vass

The country is full of old stories, and old names often bring to the memory of old people stories of things that happened long ago.

On old gentleman, after reading The Pilot sometime ago, laughed and told the story of the surveying of the first lot that was ever surveyed in what is probably now the town of Vass.

In times past a college graduate in the country school was an unheard of thing and often a bright young fellow in need of money would "stand the county examination" and if perchance he were lucky enough to get a "first grade" certificate he would then be eligible to teach all the young ideas of the community to shoot for the princely sum of \$25.00 per month. Indeed a first grade gave him a standing in the community second only to the preacher and he was almost considered a descendant of Solomon, so far as wisdom was concerned.

Such a fellow was young Currie who in the year of '78 was hired to teach the old "Water Branch" school—which was located some few miles from what is now Vass.

The school rocked along, both teacher and pupils learned a lot, in fact one young fellow, whom for convenience we will call Dugald, studied so hard that his parents began to fear for his brain for it chanced that young Dugald only wanted to study arithmetic, a weighty subject, you'll admit, and his parents at least fearing the boy would have "mathematical indigestion," as it were, came to the teacher begging him to "put" the boy at something else. The teacher was "put" to it himself—there didn't seem to be anything else the boy wanted to be "put" at. He didn't like readin', and he didn't like writing and as for grammar, well, he considered grammar a perfectly useless thing and the teacher couldn't blame him much for he'd seen more useful things than grammar himself. Besides, there were some things the teacher couldn't teach.

At last young Currie had a brilliant thought. Some time before he had run across a book on surveying and had been studying it at night himself and he "figgered" that as the school was to last only a month longer that he might stretch his knowledge of surveying over a month's time and teach

a month's worth of surveying without getting into an embarrassing fix. So he proposed to the boy that he take a month's course in surveying. Dugald eagerly assented.

'Twas on Friday afternoon and Dugald hurried home to tell the family any everybody was happy.

That night young Currie had a caller.

"Oh, Mr. Currie," said Dugald's father, "I didn't know you were a surveyor. I was mighty glad to hear it. Mr. Byrd has been wantin' to buy a piece of land from me for quite a spell, but we can't get anybody to survey it for us. Byrd has just been down at my house and we thought we'd come by here in the morning and get you to run it off for us, if you will. Dugald tells me you are going to teach him surveying."

Then everybody was happy but the teacher. He had proposed to teach surveying and now he couldn't confess to this committeeman that he knew no more about surveying than a goose knows about Darwinism.

"Why, Mr. Mac," he stammered, "I'd be glad to survey that land for you," then he had a bright thought, "but I left my instruments at home," he added, delighted that so plausible an excuse offered itself.

"Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Mac, "McKeithan used to survey some, though he's gettin' so old now he can't see. I come by there and he said we could have his instruments. We'll be by here bright and early in the morning," and he left the teacher too stunned for words.

Young Currie's prayers were rather mixed that night. He wasn't sure whether he'd rather have a cyclone or a spell of sickness, anything to prevent that surveying excursion would have been permissible, but no such luck. By day break next morning, Mr. Mac and Mr. Byrd rattled up in an old buggy with the surveying instruments in a sack and young Currie for the want of something better to do got in and rattled off with them. Several times on the way there he was on the point of confessing his limited knowledge of some subjects but each time the words stuck in his throat.

'Tis about as easy for a Scotchman

to confess anything as it for water to run uphill, and after a bit he found himself on the spot with the compass in his hand.

"Lordy," he thought, "how does a body set this thing up," but he remembered the pictures in the book and after a while he got the thing together and began to sight with it and look wise.

"Now, Mr. Currie," said Mr. McLaughlin, "we'll let this stump be the first corner."

"All right sir," was the answer—he did know how to drive a stob and so the first corner was stobbed.

"Now do you see that green saplin over there?"

"Yessir."

"Well I want to go about 140 yards towards that."

They sighted with the compass and they measured with the chains.

"N. E. 70" said Mr. Byrd peering over his shoulders.

"Yessir, N. E. 70" repeated Mr. Currie, becoming wiser every second.

"All right, sir, come along," the compass was moved and a new stob driven. "Now do you see that green pine over there?"

"Yessir."

"Well, we'll go so many yards towards that."

"Yessir."

And on they went. Young Currie agreeing to every suggestion that was made as peeping and peering over his shoulders the old gentlemen surveyed the land they'd been waiting months to get a surveyor to run off for them. By the time they got back to the first stob, young Currie was elated. He knew how much land was wanted and he had already decided that that was the amount in this plot.

"Well," he said as he packed up the instruments, "I can't tell you just how much it is 'till I figger it out. It's not exactly square you know, but I'll take it home and 'figger' it out for you and let you have it later."

"That's all right, Mr. Currie," said both gentlemen, for now everybody was happy.

Thus was surveyed what was probably the first lot in Vass. Oh, no, no one knew it was to be Vass then, that was in '78, you know.

FORMER MOORE CO. GIRL PASSES AWAY

Miss Elizabeth McNeill, Formerly Of Cameron Community Dies In Alabama

A feeling of deep and sincere sorrow prevailed in the entire city Monday afternoon when it was learned that Miss Elizabeth Jean McNeill had passed away at the Lakeview hospital. Becoming ill a week before, an operation was performed as a last effort to relieve her trouble, but all that loving physicians, family and friends could do was of not avail, and with a gentle smile she fell asleep.

Beautiful and impressive funeral services conducted by Revs. Carson, Cochran and Ellis, were held at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McNeill on Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock. The rooms were filled with beautiful offerings, mute testimonials of the love and esteem in which she was held.

It seems fitting that something more than passing appreciation should be given this beautiful life.

Miss McNeill was born in Moore county, North Carolina, but moved with her family to this section in early childhood. It was here that she was reared! here she spent the greater part of her young life, and here she sleeps in Gods Acre.

She received her education at the State College for Women at Tallahassee, Fla. Her life was a shining example of the fundamentals which are necessary for the making of true young womanhood. In early youth she became a member of the Presbyterian church and has served it faithfully and efficiently in almost every capacity.

Endowed with a noble lineage, directly descending from the Campbell clan of Old Scotland, did she faithfully carry on. Her happy spirit, her cheerful outlook upon life; her pure and refined Christian character; her interest in life, and all that it meant, always made for her true friends in every walk of life. Faithfully, did she work in the Bank of Florida. She knew every one of its friends by name—and many shall say her works do follow after her. The cheery smile, the thought for others, her life was a life of service. As a daughter and sister, she was devoted. The memory of her life in that home will always be a precious one to those left in their great sorrow.

Life is not measured by its short space of years, and it is cheering to know that though the loved one is cut off in the prime of youth the race is not lost—it is only a little sooner won. This beautiful flower is not crushed and its fragrance lost, but it has been just a little earlier transplanted to the Heavenly Garden, where its beauty and perfection will ever increase—in the Land where the roses never fade.—The Florida News.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE TO BE HELD AT BONLEE SEPT 17

On Friday, September 17, Miss Biby, of the Baptist Sunday School Board will conduct a conference at Bonlee for Intermediate Sunday School workers of the Sandy Creek and surrounding associations. All workers are urged to be present and be ready to ask any questions about intermediate work that you feel like asking. The conference will be informal and plenty of time will be given to general discussion. The people of Bonlee will have dinner at the church for all.

B. S. BEACH,
Bonlee, N. C.

Farmers conducting swine feeding demonstrations in Chowan County recently sold 266 hogs for a little over \$6,000. All the hogs killed hard and these men will not worry about the price of cotton this fall.

The State Beekeepers' Association meets in Greensboro September 8 and 9 to discuss late methods of handling bees and honey.

BUILDING STONE IS PROMISING

Colin Spencer Finds Some More Fine Varieties in the County

The fine display of building stone in the new filling station of the Standard Oil company at Carthage has excited much favorable commendation and Colin Spencer is encouraged in the belief that it will lead to the use of much more Moore county stone in building through the county and possibly over the state. Mr. Spencer is recently home from a trip to Baltimore and Washington, and as he drove there in his car he paid much attention to building in all the towns he passed through. Much of the new work is of stone, like the stone found in this county, and builders every place are greatly inclined toward stone as building material.

The stone in the Standard filling station at Carthage is a handsome volcanic breccia, a type of rock that is not very common, and it has made a fine effect. Recently Mr. Spencer found still another variety of the same material, and he has been showing it to folks who have been in Carthage. He is trying to get these two types of stone better acquainted over the country, for they are novelties in many respects, and adapted for the finest kind of out door work. He has some inquiries for material of this sort for some new buildings, one or two prospects being of preten-

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Kiwanis Receives Reports of Committees

The weekly luncheon of the Kiwanis Club was consumed at Jack's Grill on Wednesday. There were no vacant chairs around the board, in fact it became necessary to provide an extra table for late arrivals, Messrs. Hayes and Shields Cameron being the members thus penalized.

Committees appointed at previous meeting reported. Findings of the road committee are related in another column.

The group selected to investigate methods of law enforcement had not completed their work, but promised a full report for the next meeting. Meanwhile, they want it to be known that they are not interested in the persecution of any individuals who are endeavoring to properly enforce law. Rather, they would appreciate assistance from officials in their efforts to see that affairs of State are conducted according to statute.

The speaker was Murdock Johnson, recently rescued from South Carolina. In a very happy manner, he gave something of the beauties and advantages found in his native state. Very strenuous in his resentment of the charge that South Carolina was ever last in anything, and stated that she did not require the sympathy often offered her. Nevertheless, he was glad to migrate to Tarhelia. Mr. Johnson was "the life of the party" and, in shouting the praises of South Carolina before a crowd of Sandhill boosters, exhibited a brand of courage entitling him to full membership in all the booster movements likely to be started in these parts, for by the time he becomes acclimated and sees what we have to boost there will be no way of estimating his worth.

WILL REBUILD TWO-WAY ROAD

Jackson's Force Moved to Manly To Begin Work At Once

At the meeting of the highway commission at Carthage Monday, a big delegation of members of the Kiwanis club were present to appeal to the board for a rebuilding of the road between Pinehurst and Southern Pines. Bob Page spoke to the board in convincing style, showing the great need of rebuilding the road, which carries the most traffic of any similar road in this section, and on which much of the business of the two resort towns depends. He showed that the entertainment of winter visitors is the biggest industry of the county, and that to really interest the winter guests a passable road is a necessity. Talbot Johnson, Edwin McKeithan and others added to what Mr. Page said, and the case was so clearly presented that the board met the appeal by the announcement that work would be started over there in the next few days, the first move being to fix the old road between the two villages so the traffic between the towns would not be held up while the double road is under construction, and in a few days rebuilding the double road will be under way.

As it is not possible to do more than a certain amount of work this fall and winter without interrupting travel a road will be built with as little in-

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