

**THE PILOT**  
STACY BREWER, Owner

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**MRS. KEATING,  
THE PIONEER**

The Pilot has been watching with some curiosity to see Mrs. Keating come into the field at Knollwood, for she is one of the first in the Sandhills to recognize a live proposition, and if there is anything under the sun that seems thoroughly awake at the present minute it is the neighborhood of the Pine Needles Inn. It is impossible to separate Knollwood and the Pine Needles, so Mrs. Keating in making her first venture in the neighborhood includes both of them, and her plans are to put her house on a Pine Needles lot, and join it to two Knollwood Heights lots, for they are separated by an imaginary line only as laid down by the surveyor. She wipes out that line and makes another one to bring her lots more to her notion on the vast park that the fairways of the golf course provide, and at one stroke she includes the two properties.

Mrs. Keating is a woman of resources, and she is now planning to interest some of her friends and have them join in the movement she has begun, of making a community of homes there on the border line, and she crosses the border line because it is there that the attractions seem to her to be the greatest. The hotel and golf course are immediately at hand, the Midland road, the state highway is a stone throw distant, the Inn is 400 feet from her house site, neighbors will be there as soon as houses can be built, and those things that exalt and satisfy human life will be on all sides.

It was a fortunate move when Knollwood was able to present to Mrs. Keating an opportunity that she regarded as sufficiently attractive to interest her, for her judgment is rated in this section as clear and discriminating when it comes to village land values. She has not made any mistakes yet in her selections. But one of the reasons is because a thing of this sort merely wants some one to start the fire. Weymouth where she was a pioneer has become established. So has Mid-Pines and so will Knollwood. It is the movement of home makers to the vicinity that gives the start, and then the rest works itself.

Mrs. Keating has fired the woods over at Knollwood, and she will be followed by others in quick succession.

**THE OPENING OF  
PINE NEEDLES**

(Bion H. Butler.)

Possibly I may be over optimistic, for optimism is a highly favored attitude with me. But when it was announced last week that the Pine Needles Inn would be duly open for business on Saturday, January 28, it seemed to me that a new day had arrived in the Sandhills. I would like to saturate the minds of the people of this section with the full significance of this movement if I could. Here is a big investment in a new proposition, a million dollars or more will go into this thing by the time it is rightly under way, and I can see nothing else than that within another year or so, and I hope it may be that in the year 1928, enlargement of the Inn may be commenced. It cannot stop where it is, for the minute the excellence of this new hotel is known to the people who want a winter play ground this high character institution is certain to have its capacity promptly crowded.

It is not hard to foretell the future if you know the signs. When Pinehurst took the bold

step of building the Carolina, on a day when this section was practically unknown, the job that faced the builders was a bold one. But the situation is entirely different now. The Pine Needles Inn arises in a section known as widely as the track of the sun around the globe. Pinehurst and Southern Pines have made the North Carolina Sandhills familiar to every town or city that has enough people that one or two of them can come South in the winter or that gets a daily paper with the sports printed in the regular department. Pine Needles comes at a moment when the folks know all about Pinehurst, and when they are ready to join the crowd and increase the winter business of this neighborhood.

Pine Needles comes along on the name and reputation of the Sandhills, which is now a good endorsement of anything that has to do with a winter outing. That is why Pine Needles could not fail if it tried. But back of all the rest is the ownership of Pinehurst, which corporation built the Inn, and which corporation is giving of its skill and experience in carrying on there. Back of all of it is the interests that are building Knollwood, that are standing by Southern Pines, and that are standing by Pinehurst. Back of all is the whole united interest of the whole Sandhill community, for we all advance or stand still or go back together. Pine Needles is no more isolated than any other member of this Sandhills group is. One of the best evidences of the truth of this claim is that new road that Frank Page is to start to build in the spring, when his engineers will stake out a grade 60 feet wide, not because the folks want a road that wide, for they had not suggested such a thing, but because the highway engineers said that such a road must be considered right at the start, and provided for rather than to have to rebuild in a few years to rectify a mistake that would be certain if a narrower grade should be made now. Frank Page does not guess. His engineers take the figures and the figures tell that traffic calls for ample room on the Midland road. And that traffic is largely the traffic of which Pine Needles is to have its share, a share that is daily increasing in all the community.

What the Carolina meant to Pinehurst, what the Highland Pines meant to Southern Pines, is what the Pine Needles mean to the intervening country, and the three points together will amplify this meaning, and their joint influence will be manifest in triple force. The Carolina began its work when conditions were much less able to start things whizzing, and the same is true of the Highland Pines. But now that we are rattling along in the high gear, and gasoline is better, and the open road is plain sailing, the Pine Needles cuts into the procession, and we all feel the stimulus. Knollwood Heights will be a community surrounding the Inn. The rest of Knollwood Village will be what Weymouth Heights has become around the Highland Pines and what Pinehurst has become around the Carolina. The Midland road will be an avenue lined with homes, and more than I can predict will be fulfilled, for my imagination does not see the future sufficiently to tell those things that have not yet been invented. Those who recall the days eight years ago when Mr. Page was selling Knollwood tracts for 100 an acre knew I was crazy because I predicted the day not far ahead when land would be worth more than that, and development would far out-reach anything we could conceive. But think now how pitifully far any of my predictions fell behind the realities. I had seen developments move in other places, and could not help but have a confidence that the remarkable advantages here would be followed by the use of them before much longer. Frank Buchan and I were laughed at when we announced from time to time the sale of another bit of the Page land. But if any

comments are made today I suspect we are pointed out as no more batty than the folks who knew it couldn't be done.

To me the Pine Needles is the biggest thing that ever happened in this part of North Carolina, for it is setting the torch to a big gun at a time when big guns are loaded with T. N. T. instead of with black powder. When the Carolina was opened it was a big event then. But it had no force behind it such as is behind any event of today. The Carolina had to open the road all the way. The Pine Needles is built on one of the best railroads in America. It is in a few hundred feet of two State highways. It is five hours from New York by flying machine. The Carolina was about two days travel by rail, and a life time by wagon road. People of wealth and culture have their homes on all sides of the Pine Needles. Mighty few people of weight lived near enough to the Carolina in its infancy to finance a crap game or to run a spelling match. The Carolina got ready for a growing trade. The Pine Needles gets ready for a trade that has outgrown the Carolina. Conditions are reversed.

I am ready to concede anything concerning the success of the Pine Needles, of the community about it, of the whole community that includes the entire Sandhills, and I am a prophet of full confidence in what is ahead in all directions. For the thing is as plain as the side of a mountain. All the forces that have brought us so far are still as active as ever, while all the new forces are added to the army. When Mr. Tufts built the Carolina no one in the neighborhood was turning away thou-

sands of applicants for rooms in the season, which could go to his house, as is the case now. No eight golf courses and innumerable sports were here to attract visitors, and no armies of visitors to tell of Pinehurst. Papers now print daily hundreds of columns about Pinehurst. Then they printed nothing. The work is done when Pine Needles arises. It simply joints the crowd to serve, and the crowd of those who want service will be here. Pine Needles is a great acquisition, and January 28 is a great day.

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**ARCHIE R. BLUE  
PASSES IN DEATH.**

(Continued from page One.)

Nothing could more fittingly bespeak the love and esteem in which Archie Blue was held, than the large number of old schoolmates, friends and loved ones, who were present at his graveside; and the blanket of beautiful flowers which covered his grave.

Mr. Blue is survived by his mother, Mrs. Sarah McLean Blue, three brothers, Donald J., Thaddeus L., and John Martin Blue, and five sisters, Mrs. D. A. Blue, Mrs. W. M. McLeod, Mrs. John W. Blue, Miss Margaret Blue, of Eureka community, and Mrs. Dalton McInnis, of West End.

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