

THE PILOT

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THE SURPRISE OF KNOLLWOOD.

Toward the close of October, last year, John Bloxham bought the first building location in the Knollwood Heights development. Thoughtful men wondered if John had moved wisely. Then others slowly followed, and many opinions were expressed by many men of judgment, some one way, some another as to the logic of his purchase. This week, less than a year since the first transaction was closed, the sites that have been bought in that one section on the hill above Pine Needles Inn, totals above a hundred. As this is written the figure is 102, and it is easily possible that the figure may increase before this article reaches the press. But the total is a matter of no great consequence, for the mere fact that a hundred have been disposed of is sufficient. It is a much greater number than anyone would have said was possible a year ago.

Several things have combined to bring about this phenomenal movement in Knollwood building locations. The Knollwood corporation is a group of able men, thoroughly familiar with the resources of this country, and they had the courage to prepare their land not for sale, but for use, and the first buyers saw when they set foot on that ground that it was as suitable for home-making as the Knollwood folks advised. Then the directors of the corporation put into the hands of Talbot Johnson the authority to handle the property as his skilled judgment dictated, and that was a tremendous influence in building this budding community. Mr. Johnson could see the future, and he planned for the future. He inaugurated a campaign of information, simply calling to the attention of the people the opportunity that presented itself in the Knollwood Heights field. He resorted to none of the spectacular tactics sometimes adopted by people who have things to sell, and forced nothing on a prospective customer. He exhibited his goods, and that seems to have been enough. Some of the most experienced business men and financiers in America have been interested sufficiently in the prospect at Knollwood to secure locations there. And the big thing that stimulated this large total of sales within the year is that which such men saw there, an amazing opportunity for a home site in one of the most delightful spots in the country, with all that is added through the development of Pinehurst, Southern Pines, Mid-Pines, and their equipment for providing a playground and vacation center for a large number of excellent people.

Knollwood, like the rest of the Sandhills, is a neighborhood of the most unpretentious people in the world, yet people who come mighty close to classifying as the salt of the earth. Good, kindly, cordial, intelligent people, enjoying the rural life that surrounds the neighborhood, and the modern factors that care for human wants. Talbot Johnson sold these more than a hundred building sites on Knollwood Heights because he had something really worth the money to offer the people he approached. And that he will sell more of them goes without saying. The Knollwood Heights of today speaks for itself. It needs very little of the introduction and information that the prospective Knollwood Heights of a year ago required. The second stage of the development has reached an advanced position. Folks are building houses there now, and a type of houses that is prophetic. Each builder figures on a structure that will harmonize with others of his neighborhood, and beneath all the sentiment is that mass incentive of making Knollwood Heights a place that any man or woman may feel a

pride in calling home. Neighbors vie with each other in a friendly rivalry in planning for the best possible results, not to outshine each other, but to contribute to the best possible features to the immediate surroundings. Knollwood aspires to grow up into a model community, and is succeeding in admirable style. No false notes are attempted, for the fundamental principle is understood and appreciated by everybody—to make the most pleasant place in this world wherein to live.

Knollwood Heights has put its feet on solid foundation, and with its aims well understood by those who enjoy ownership there, and by those who are considering joining the community, it is now a matter of providing locations for those who are certain to want to join the colony this winter. It is apparent that the present division will soon be sold out. More lots have been disposed of than are left in this first plan of lots, and they will begin to melt away rapidly as the winter folks gather. Knollwood Heights is pretty nearly taken. And because it was worth while.

A RUN FOR HIS MONEY.

When the County Commissioners concluded to issue short term notes for a brief period to put the bridges of the county in passable shape until more time could be given to a study of the county financial problems and to hear from the people meanwhile they did a wise job. It is to be said for the Commissioners that they have discreetly handled county affairs all through their term of office as business men like McLaughlin, McDonald and Shaw would be expected to do, for they are all men of affairs in the county, and that they make no hasty decision proves their caliber. Then the county is a corporate business of the whole people, and it is their responsibility to say what shall be done and their right to have a chance to register their opinion.

With the temporary provision, which we must not forget is to be a draft against the taxes not yet in hand but to be collected, temporary provisions can be made to get across the streams. But before a final and definite program is adopted it is evident that the county is to be heard from, and from all the corners. Much has been said about the burden of taxes in the upper townships, and less about the burden in the lower townships. Now it is wise to remember that the lower townships pay the bulk of the taxes, and they pay because they have created in these lower townships the bulk of the taxable property of the county. The men who have created values in the lower townships have created it by the investment of their own money, and they are going forward putting more of it freely into the community. It is a county affair that these men are given a run for their money. Always it is to be remembered that killing the goose that lays the golden egg is a fatal scheme for the owner of the goose as well as for the goose. The folks of the upper townships are to be thought of when taxes are talked of, but just as positively the people of the lower townships are to be considered, and possibly they are to be considered with even graver seriousness than any one else, for if they are loaded with a burden they do not care to carry the whole prosperity of Moore County goes into the dump. Our big-gest industry in Moore County is the winter visitor and resident, and he must not be overlooked at a juncture like this.

AN INTERESTING COUNTY SEAT.

The casual visitor to Carthage, the county seat of Moore County, can find there much to please and interest him. The Fates that had to do with the location of the seat of justice for the county were kind in the selection of that magnificent backbone of the hill country on which the State highway traverses the village, for that lofty uplift of ground gives a wide view of the surrounding country for miles in either direction, and the natural panorama is one of the most satisfying to the eye that can be found in Middle North Carolina. The hand of man has created the village in keeping with the location, for the main street places the buildings on the margin of the sum-

mit of the slope from either side of the road, and the homes are thus given a striking position from one end of the long summit to the other. Home-like houses have been built in roomy spaces, and with well-kept lawns and abundance of flowers and appropriate plants and shrubbery the landscape effect of Carthage is pleasing to the eye. The travelers passing through on the State highway find no more creditable village streets on their journey from the sea to the mountains. The old homes, the church yards, the ancient burial places, the rather friendly attitude of the old Tyson & Jones factory, giving just enough of the material aspect of the placid surroundings, and the creditable court house amid the business establishments, affords Carthage a consistent basis to lay claim to such a county seat village as can hold its head in the sky along with the other attractive villages in the south end of the county where the winter resorts are. Carthage is a county seat that the county may show with modest pride to all the visitors and strangers.

Of course there are places in the county seat village where a little furnishing up might be done, but that will be done as the civic pride continues to take interest in the little detail, and it is to be said to the credit of the Carthage women that they have brought a big change over their town since Moore County began to announce its charms to folks of other sections. Carthage has wide-awake women who have been largely instrumental in making the village the pleasant place that it is, and they are going to go further and make it still more of a feature in that general purpose of establishing Moore County as a most delightful place in which to live.

WE'RE GETTING ON GEORGIA'S NERVES.

Calling upon Georgia to awake from her lethargy, the Savannah, (Ga.) News speaks right out in church and says it is tired of hearing of North Carolina's health, wealth and prosperity. We quote:

North Carolina claims a per capita wealth increase between 1912 and 1922, one decade of 238 per cent, against a national increase of 61 per cent. Maybe you are tired of hearing about North Carolina. Well, the way to stop hearing about North Carolina is to help give Georgia such a big jump in every way, that everybody will talk about Georgia. And of course it can be done. There is nothing in North Carolina, fundamentally, that Georgia has not, and there is much in Georgia that North Carolina has not. There is just one big difference. North Carolina has capitalized its resources, taken advantage of its opportunities, realized its fundamental assets, while Georgia has not. Maybe that is not a palatable fact, but it is a fact nevertheless.

Do you know what are the greatest assets a country can have? That is, in addition to the ones bestowed by Nature. They are simply good educational facilities for its children, good methods and means of communication, and good health. That does seem very simple, doesn't it? But there is not one of them that does not get tangled up in politics. Even health matters in Georgia have suffered from that blight. Even school matters have done so. And as for roads!

In North Carolina these three fundamentals were recognized long ago, and while nobody will say politics did not touch them in that state, they were at least treated more as economic factors there than in Georgia. North Carolina claims to rank third in the payment of federal taxes, exceeded only by New York and Pennsylvania. Of course, you may say that North Carolina makes so many cigarettes that it has to pay a lot of taxes. True, there is always a reason why a state stands out in some particular. But North Carolina passed Georgia in value of agricultural products a long time ago. And it has a better road system. And it has paid more attention to the health of its people. And it started sooner than Georgia to have a real primary educational system.

The Morning News is just about as tired as any private citizen in Georgia of hearing so much about North Carolina. But that state has almost a habit of making itself talked about. Nothing would please The Morning News more than to hear Georgia talked about in North Carolina in the same tone of voice and for the same reasons North Carolina is talked about in Georgia.

And that can happen. It all depends on Georgians.

GRAINS OF SAND

Dr. George G. Herr, prominent Southern Pines dentist, says he never felt so down in the mouth as when his arrival in Southern Pines last week was postponed near Norlina. Which is saying quite a bit, for Dr. Herr has felt down in a good many mouths. The truth is, he met with an automobile accident, "not his fault," he says, and was forced to abandon his car and catch rides the rest of the way. The car was rather badly damaged but will be O. K. again in a few days. You can't keep a good LaSalle down, he says.

There is a rather serious conflict of beauty and safety on a number of street corners in Southern Pines and Pinehurst. The question is, whether to trim the artistic shrubbery so that drivers may see traffic approaching from side streets, or retain the beauty and sacrifice the safety. It's a moot question.

Always on the alert for the unusual, for after all the unusual is what news is, our tireless reporter concocted a brilliant scheme to photograph some local gentleman who looked like Al Smith and another who looked like Herb Hoover to present to his public as Moore County's prototypes of the rival candidates. But lo, he soon found himself in hot water. Everyone he accused of looking like either candidate arose in his wrath and but for our sleuth's fleetness of foot, would have wreaked dire vengeance upon him. Nor can we say we blame them. Beauty is not running this year.

Ralph Page is no baseball fan. It was right in the most exciting part of one of the world's series' games, with Babe Ruth coming up to bat, that Ralph approached us and said, "Well, how about a coco-cola?"

The latest fad among Sandhills schoolchildren seems to be roller-skating behind a bicycle. One cyclist will tow half a dozen of the perambulating youngsters up and down the street and our only hope is that no one is trying to sleep in the vicinity.

We hate to keep mentioning John Bloxham in this column, but he's bought an electric orange squeezer and that just has to be reported.

This scribe recently inquired of friends how to get a telephone in-

stalled in Southern Pines.

"Put in an order and wait a couple of weeks and then put the order in again," they said.

We put in an order, and found the telephone installed in our home the next day. Guess there's something in the reports that Brother Leavitt is improving the system.

Jack Johnson arrived in the Sandhills with his zoo the other day. Every fall Jack comes down in a car with four or five horses, two or three dogs and anywhere from one to ten cats. He's one of the Ringling Brothers in embryo.

Lots of subscribers are sending in their two dollars, which is why we are all puffed up and presenting ourselves to you this week in six columns instead of five. The more subscribers and readers and advertisers and boosters, the bigger and better we're going to get. All we want to do is give you the newspaper you deserve. Send in your two-spot and watch us grow.

Harry Goldsmith is an honest farmer, living about two miles east of Southern Pines on the Fort Bragg road. He sells the best strawberries that can be made along in the spring, runs with the hunt club, makes good butter, and associates with upright people. But he is leery of snakes because they steal his eggs. Now while we are told that the serpent is more subtle than any other beast of the field Harry knows that some snakes are fooled at times. He killed a big snake across the other side of James' creek which he had suspected of having stolen eggs, for it was puffed up in two places and showed the eggs. But when he cut the critter open it contained two big white pebbles. And if you will believe it or not dragging those two pebbles around with it had made a callous place on that snake's belly as big as a dog's tongue.

Bill McNeill, of Lakeview, says all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. Bill sells American Mills pipe, and since the floods the demand for pipe is good. Bill says that you never need fear damage by water if you give the water plenty of room to get away. It is water that is dammed back that makes the trouble. So he advises

buying lots of his pipe and laying it wherever water is likely to want to run, and then you will be safe. This ought to go through the advertising department, but Bill is so reliable in his utterances usually that as a matter of protection to the community it is printed free of charge for the public welfare.

Nello Teers made such a good job on the new Midland road that folks in this section say they will try to get him back again if Frank Page will let us build another road somewhere in the Sandhills.

Pod Hahnsinger was up from Que-whiffle the first of the week and he says tobacco is picking up in price and cotton has advanced a couple of cents, and what bothers him is that he doesn't know whether it is Coolidge prosperity at last having its influence, or Smith prosperity getting ready to work, and if it is Smith prosperity and he votes for Al and then finds out it was Coolidge prosperity he will be ding-swazzled if he knows what he will do. So he will be safe and vote for Dan McLaughlin.

Pad Kelly, who usually raises more grapes than he knows what to do with, reports his crop as being totally dry. There is not one and a half per cent kick in the whole vineyard, if anybody wanted to get a kick out of his grapes.

"The cotton crop in this section this year is decidedly disappointing," said Walter Graham, of the Vass Cotton Mills. "Up to the first of September everything looked encouraging, but in the middle of the month came that big storm, and it beat down the bolls, and destroyed the top crop which was shaping, and now the prospect is for not more than a sixty-per cent yield. Much of the lint that is coming in is mixed with low grade staple, and it does not gin out as well as would be desired. Some of the farmers have fairly good crops, but the majority will be in luck if they can get half a bale to the acre where a year ago, or in normal times, they expect nearly a bale, and land that does less than a bale normally will be even lower in its production this season."

The gin at the cotton mill is taking care of the local cotton as it does every year, and the prices are not so bad as was suspected a while ago, but Mr. Graham figures that the total amount of money paid for home-grown cotton this year will not be up to that of recent years.

A Fable

ONCE upon a time there was a fellow who lived in a room that was too small for him to take his morning exercises in. He couldn't stretch up, nor sideways. Without his exercises he couldn't accomplish the things in the world he wanted to.

One day he became angry at the little room and he reached up both his arms and he pushed right through the ceiling, and he reached out sideways and pushed through the walls, and when he had done this he walked out into the world feeling like a conqueror.

And thenceforth he began to accomplish the things he wanted to.

For some time *The Pilot* has been promising to enlarge that it might better serve the community. We felt cramped. We didn't have room to do the things we wanted to do. And the other day we became angry.

And we pushed up the ceiling and we pushed out the walls, and here we are, bigger than ever before, six-columns wide instead of five, more room for news, more room for advertising, more space in which to tell the world what a wonderful part of the country we are living in here among the Sandhills.

TODAY we are Bigger than ever. We have breathing space.

And now that we have attained our growth we can devote our energies to becoming Better than ever.

A newspaper is an important part of any community. It reflects the business and social life. It is the mirror in which we see ourselves, the window through which others see us. A good newspaper is, therefore, an asset.

The Pilot aims to be an asset. It bespeaks your cooperation. It invites your constructive criticism, your suggestions for its greater service. Our banner on the front page reads: A Newspaper Devoted to the Upbuilding of the Sandhill Territory of North Carolina.

Let us build together.