

NOTICE OF SALE OF LAND

By order of the Board of Commissioners of the Town of Vass and by virtue of authority conferred by the Laws of North Carolina, the following described real estate will be offered for sale to satisfy the unpaid taxes due the Town of Vass for the year 1951. Time of sale: 12:00 noon, Monday, September 8, 1952. Place of Sale: Front of Town Clerk's Office, McKeithan Building.

A. R. LAUBSCHER, Tax Collector.

TOWN OF VASS

(White)

Briggs, W. M., 1 lot Phillips	6.27
Bullock, Mrs. O. M., 20 A. Vass	6.00
Burns, Mrs. Ruth McN., 10 A. Raeford road	24.03
Caddell, E. Hoyt, 10 Lots Vass	4.15
Causey, Felton, 2 Lots, No. 10-11, Vass	34.41
Chappell, J. P. & M. M. Est., House and Lands on Ext. Alma St.	35.05
Ferguson, Christine A., House and Lot Ext. Alma St.	3.82
Ferguson, Earl, Lands Ext. Alma St.	28.20
Frye, L. B., 2 Lots Rollermill	6.40
Frye, Lewis, House and Land	31.66
Hardy, Oscar, 1 Lot Vass	14.66
Keith, N. V., 1 Lot Hy. No. 1, 4 Lots Sunrise Hts., 3 Lots Washington Hts.	54.41
Kimball, James and Margaret, House and Lands	7.19
Lambert, W. B., 1 A. Tyson Land	19.31
Lassiter, Harold, 1 Lot Vass	10.35
McMillan, J. M., 1 Lot Vass-Lobelia Rd.	9.02
McNair, T. L., House and Lands on Vass-Carthage Rd.	49.14
Phillips, E. H., House and Lands and 3 Lots Vass, Nos. 17, 18, 19	36.30
Rosser, T. E., House and Lands	35.70
Smith, T. L., House and Lands	47.51
Stuart, Dan P., House and Lands and 3 Lots Hy. No. 1	84.68

(Colored)

Barrett, Mary, 2 Lots Nos. 45, 46, Washington Hts.	1.49
Charles, Leola, 15 Lots Goldston	10.86
Drayton, John, 3 Lots Washington Hts., Nos. 36-39	1.85
Elliott, Jannie, House and Lands Union Rd.	20.96
Harrington, Hattie, 1 Lot No. 10 Washington Hts.	1.21
Johnson, Anna, 2.32 A. South St.	4.89
McAllister, Est. David, House and Lands, Vass-Lobelia Rd.	10.67
McCrimmon, Est., W. D., 9 A. Vass-Union Rd.	5.16
McKeithan, Hurlay, 3.25 A. Vass	24.95
McKeithan, Sam, 2.4 A. Alexander Ld.	14.72
McLeod, Est., Edith, 2 Lots, Nos. 19, 20, Washington Hts.	5.16
McLeod, Raymond, 3 A. Goldston Ld.	4.37
Pratt, Martin, 1 1/2 A. Cameron Ld.	7.41
Sellers, Alfred, 1.4 A. Union Rd.	21.10
Sellers, Walter C., 6 A. Vass and 1 Lot Goldston	16.19
Sellers, Willie Clyde, 2 A. Vass and 4 Lots Goldston	12.60
White, Est., Walter, 3-4 A. Tyson Land and 9 Lots, Nos. 70, 71, 80, 81, 86, 90, Washington Hts.	11.41

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The George Shearwoods Have Many Interesting Experiences On Their Travels Through Africa

Baboon Sits On Automobile Hood And Peers At Them

George and Jessica Shearwood of the Shearwood Travel Service at Pinehurst are on an extended trip to Africa. Seven weeks ago The Pilot published a letter from Mr. Shearwood, telling of their flight, and the account ended with their arrival in Johannesburg in the middle of the night, after covering something over 10,000 miles at around 300 miles an hour. Nothing further was heard from the couple until this week, when an interesting article arrived, which will be presented to Pilot readers in installments.

AFRICA CALLING

By GEORGE SHEARWOOD

This dispatch has been very considerably delayed due to circumstances over which unfortunately, we had no control whatsoever. We were so busy interviewing rhinos, giraffes, gardens, people and one thing and another in South Africa that we literally had no time to write and decided to take a day or two out at the half way point and do our duty by the Sandhills.

So—we arrived on the equator in Central Africa and what did I do but go down with pneumonia. This resulted in three weeks in hospitals, the mulling up of our plans and our inability to do our duty. However, we are now convalescing and hope to be in form for the opening of the season in Pinehurst.

After our pleasantly bibulous trip by Pan-American Airways from New York to Johannesburg, we sorted ourselves out in that city. Johannesburg, nearly 6,000 feet above sea level, is Africa's biggest city after Cairo. It has something over a million people, at least half of them native Africans, and can only be described as a miniature Manhattan, complete with Harlem. We were very comfortable in the Carlton hotel, with the aid of electric heaters in our room to combat the night cold, it being winter in South Africa. The days were bright and clear and ordinary wool or tweed clothing was comfortable enough, but it was on the raw side at nights.

About the only excursions we made at Johannesburg were one to Pretoria, the administrative capital of South Africa, and to a Sunday morning exhibition of native dances at one of the bigger gold mines. This lasted several hours and comprised dances by many tribes. It was fascinating to watch, mainly because the show was not put on for the spectators but for the amusement of the natives themselves. This meant it had that extra little "oomph" about it that makes such things more interesting to watch. About 12 or 14 different tribal dances were given and some were fantastic shows. It all ended with a very elaborate presentation by one tribe. The dancers did a war dance to music provided by a large kind of marimba band made up of authentic native instruments and musicians, who, between dances, entertained with their own version of "I Want To Be Happy" with a rhythm nothing on Broadway could equal.

We tried every means of orthodox transportation in South Africa. From Johannesburg we went by the ordinary night train to Kimberley and spent the day there examining the famous diamond mines, both gem and industrial stones. We saw quite a lot of diamonds as they were recovered from the water through which the crushed quartz finally went. We saw one day's sorted collection, worth, as I recall, something like \$100,000, but nobody was hospitable enough to ask our wife if she'd like to take her pick. (Note: She would have liked!)

We traveled from Kimberley to Capetown by the "Blue Train," an all-first-class, all air-conditioned luxury train which in everything but speed equals any train anywhere. South African trains run on a narrow gauge but the coaches are standard width. This means that high speeds would probably throw the train off the tracks and therefore 50 miles an hour seems to be the limit.

The through journey from Johannesburg to Capetown is roughly 1,000 miles and the Blue Train takes 26 hours to do it. Beside the fact of the gauge there is the abrupt descent from the high veldt, the tableland anywhere from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level down to the sea at Capetown, a tortuous wriggling through mountain passes and some majestic scenery.

Capetown is the legislative capital of the Union of South Africa, and parliament was still in session there when we arrived. Parliament was about 400 yards away

from the Mount Nelson, our hotel on the lower slopes of Table Mountain, and the day after we arrived was the day upon which the natives staged the beginning of their resistance to the government's "apartheid" or segregation law. So far as we were concerned absolutely no disturbance marked this resistance. It is continuing, but in a very orderly manner.

Capetown is the oldest settlement in southern Africa and the discovery of the spot dates from around 1498. In a general way the European settlement in the Cape area dates from the early 1600's, about the same time it does in the United States. The Cape Colony is an extremely picturesque and exceedingly fertile land. Its vineyards and orchards and in particular its flowers make it a garden wonder spot. Cape wines and brandies are very good, the wines fully equalling the very best of California's products. As practically all Scotch whiskey now seems to land in America, we found it in scant supply, and readily took to the good and much cheaper Cape brandies. We were in Capetown in mid-winter, of course, but even so, though the nights were cold, most of the days were pleasant enough. We made the "must" trip for every visitor, the spectacular Cape Point marine drive of 100 miles, the culminating point of which is the Cape of Good Hope, where the South Atlantic and the Indian oceans meet. While at the Cape we got tangled up with some baboons. One came and sat on the hood of our car and peered through the windshield at us, and then proceeded to do a circus act by jumping from our car to another parked a few yards away.

We went by auto from Capetown to Oudshoorn, some 300 miles through the "Garden Route"

of Cape Colony, in order that our wife might see ostrich farming. Oudshoorn is the center of a big ostrich raising area, and we spent a morning learning all about the family life of these odd birds, and ate ostrich egg omelet for lunch. Then over the magnificent Montagu Pass, built by Italian prisoners of war, back to the coast again for the night.

Next we traveled by one of the luxury sightseeing busses which maintain regular schedules over the more scenic roads of the Union, and those roads are plenty. This brought us to Port Elizabeth, the fourth largest city in South Africa and the place where General Motors, Ford, etc., assemble cars for sale. Due to the unfavorable rate of exchange and the fact that South Africa is in the sterling monetary area, there isn't much doing nowadays in American cars sales there, for the government has clamped down on imports from the dollar areas to try to protect its economy.

From Port Elizabeth we flew about 400 miles by South African Airways plane to Durban, the "Atlantic City" of South Africa, and found ourselves in the height of the Durban "season" with race meetings and all kind of social whirls. Durban, being on the coast and some 1,400 miles northeast of the Cape, was much balmer as to atmosphere. One day we went out to the Valley of a Thousand Hills, on the edge of Zululand and played round with some Zulus in their kraal. These were living in the age-old way of the tribe and so were much more picturesque than most of the native peoples of the country. One thing I noticed particularly after an absence of 13 years from South Africa is that detribalization has been very rapid. Going fast is the old tribal life and custom and

dress — or undress, if you like. Nowadays the natives are flocking to the cities and are wearing European clothes—of sorts. For the most part it seems that patches are preferred. In fact, even if an African happens to possess a brand-new pair of pants or a coat, he is likely to immediately get some patches of any old kind of contrasting material stitched on here, there and everywhere.

The next stage of our African safari took us by car into Zululand, a craggy country of mighty vistas and then brought us to the Hluhluwe (pronounced Slew-slew) Game Reserve, one of the big areas where the animals of the country are protected by law from the slaughtering which in years gone by threatened to decimate Africa's greatest attraction, its wild animals.

Hluhluwe is a new reserve and has been set aside particularly to preserve the almost extinct white rhino. We got to the camp in the afternoon, had tea and our dinner from provisions we brought with us and prepared by native "boys" at the camp. Incidentally, any African servant is a "boy" even if, as many are, he happens to be a grandfather. Next morning we arose about 5 a. m., an entirely new and hitherto unknown hour in the life experience of our wife, who, however, made it with such remarkable celerity that we promised to see about securing a medal for valor to mark the occasion.

As soon as it was light enough to see anything we set out, with a native game guide in our car, to look for rhino, and we got them—and how! We found four white rhino, each weighing two to two and a half tons, peacefully grazing on a big grassy patch or ground devoid of trees. We left our car and walked a hundred yards until we were within about

20 yards of the beasts. This was really quite dramatic, not to say slightly hair-raising when the brutes saw us and started to hop, skip and jump about.

Rhinos have very poor sight but a strong sense of smell. Maybe we smelled like eggs and bacon or nice fresh ham to them, but they all seemed agitated and started making passes at us while we aimed our camera at them. Our wife wondered where she should run to if the prehistoric-looking monsters really decided to charge.

A rhino can easily make 25 miles an hour and has been clocked at 35 miles an hour in full charge for a short distance. We had been assured that white rhinos were really very placid animals and so stood our ground and presently the quartet toddled off about a hundred yards and went on with their breakfast. We walked back to our car and went back to camp to our own very well-earned breakfast.

During our stay at Hluhluwe we saw some black rhino, fellows one doesn't get out of the car and play with as they are notoriously mean and dangerous. We learned that when the Hluhluwe area was set aside the few remaining white rhinos were lured into the reserve with a trail of molasses!

By the way, the white rhino isn't white and the black rhino isn't black. They are both a kind of dirty grey, any variation in shade being caused by the color of the particular kind of muck the rhino in question has happened to pick to wallow in. The two species differ very little, though the white rhino is somewhat larger and his tusks are a little heavier, and he has a square jaw. The chief difference seems to be in temper.

In Hluhluwe we also saw some large herds of buffalo, many wart hog, zebra, nyala, impala, and various other types of antelope and the rather silly looking wildebeeste. The latter is better known to cross-word puzzle addicts as the GNU—G as in Jerusalem, N as in pneumonia, and E as in e-nuch!

(Continued next week.)

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