

THE PILOT

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WRONG TIME TO SWAP HORSES.

Next Tuesday the County, State and Nation hold an election to choose the men who will have the management of the governments for the ensuing period of years, and it is important that some deliberation and judgment be brought to the careful selection of the proper men. National affairs have been discussed at length, and it is more to the consideration of local matters that **The Pilot** would suggest the attention of the people. For after all our local government is about the biggest thing the citizen comes in contact with. In our County the taxpayers contribute a large sum of money to provide for the public needs, and that money is best laid out with the most satisfactory return when it is handled by men of ability and experience. Moore County is expanding, and each year sees the need of more ability and care in County work. This particular period is emphasized by the intelligent direction of the work that will restore the roads to the condition they had reached before the storm destroyed so many bridges. The general County matters are steadily affording bigger problems to require the business management of capable men.

This suggests that the Board of County Commissioners, on whose shoulders practically the big end of the burden falls, should be the best men obtainable, for the whole matter is a business operation, requiring business training and executive skill. The present Board of Commissioners has put the County on the most substantial and business footing it has ever known. Recent legislation has given them a power never before had by the County officials, but even in addition to keeping up with the law the present Board has been progressive in many ways on its own initiative. Of the present board D. A. McLaughlin and M. C. McDonald are up for re-election. Mr. Shaw is succeeded on the ticket by E. C. Matheson, who has had former experience and who was also for years the register of deeds of the County, and is broadly familiar with County affairs. It is good policy to elect this Board, for it is capable, experienced and composed of men known to be of the highest integrity. This is no time to swap horses while we are in the middle of the stream. The men who have proven their skill in handling the job are more likely to carry it along wisely than new men who are entirely unfamiliar with it, and who would spend in learning the job time that is needed on the constructive work of the County.

Charlie McDonald, candidate for Sheriff, is a man who has had much experience in County constructive work. As the manager of the road department, he has had a hand in much of the substantial road construction of the County and he knows the County from one border to the other, in every township, and he is recognized as a man of ability and of the high standard in every way that should recommend him to the people of the County as a man fit for the big job of chief officer of the County's law enforcement. He has had long contact with the people of the whole County; his executive training commenced when an officer in the army during the war with Germany, and he has been an executive almost from his boyhood. Always his handling of men and affairs has been entirely satisfactory. That is the type of man to stick to.

U. L. Spence, who is a candidate for the Legislature, is an attorney who ranks among the representative legal practitioners of the State. He has had experience in the legislature, he is at the present time attorney for the County, he is thoroughly

familiar with County affairs, and he is a man of broad information and understanding, as his rank and station definitely indicate. He has been in close contact with the business of the County and of the people of the County for years.

And even in going far enough to include the Congressional district it is hard to imagine any gain that would come from substituting a new man for W. C. Hammer, now representing the district, as he has for several years. Mr. Hammer is thoroughly acquainted with the ways of Congress. He is lined up pretty well with those things that interest this section of the State in National affairs, and he is recognized in Washington as a man of weight.

Judge George H. Humber was a unanimous selection for the first presiding officer of the County Recorder's Court three years ago. He was chosen not for political reasons but for his fitness for the work, and he has proven fair and capable and merits re-election. The same arguments apply to M. G. Boyett, candidate for re-election as Prosecuting Attorney of the County.

W. J. Harrington, through four years' experience as Register of Deeds, has become a valuable County asset. He should be permitted to carry on.

This is not a good time to swap horses.

CARING FOR LOCAL HISTORY.

The community of which the Horseshoe in the Moore County bends of Deep River is just now a conspicuous center owes to the women of the Daughters of the Revolution a great gratitude for uncovering next week for public information some of that history of the Revolutionary War which the Deep River valley contributed as its share to the creation of the republic and a devotion to one of the most wide-reaching causes humanity has known. The Deep River region was the beginning, and practically the ending of that uprising which gave freedom to mankind, and the women are bringing to us of the Deep River valley a knowledge of what the early inhabitants there did to accomplish the drift of this nation to a broader plane of human rights.

Every one of these women has inherited the claim to a share in the overthrow of monarchy and its attendant privileges as against the just consideration of the great mass of the people, and as their right in the claim that their forbears established they lead in holding for present and future generations a record of the events that accomplished this purpose.

The marker to be provided at the House in the Horseshoe, the scene of one of the bitterest, although as compared with others not a very big event in point of numbers, of the contests in the Revolution, is only one of a number of material records the women are placing. Already in the Horseshoe neighborhood is the one monument that Gen. Julian S. Carr has placed there to further mark the grave of Benjamin Williams, prominent in many things that had to do with the beginning of North Carolina, and now at the house where Benjamin Williams lived for years the Daughters of the Revolution will place another marker to commemorate another event taking place on the same ground.

An event of this sort deserves the encouragement of the whole people of this section, for it establishes the facts of history in permanent form that those who follow may know what part the Deep River neighborhood of Moore County has taken in nation building and in Nation development. Good roads lead now to the House in the Horseshoe and it is a delightful drive to that point from any place in these autumn days.

IT WON'T BE LONG NOW.

As old Doctor Hoople said when he snipped off the puppy's tail, it won't be long now.

On Tuesday the nation selects its general manager for the four years beginning March 4th next. It has been a stirring campaign. The registration is the greatest in the country's history. Issues have seldom in the past aroused the electorate with such unanimity as this year, and "there is much to be said on both sides." Much has been. If the voter has not now made up his mind, it is

not because of any lack of presentation on the part of party managers or press.

It is customary at this time to urge upon the people their duty to vote. This year we do not one seems vitally, many readily, feel this to be necessary. Every- interested. The vote will break all records, many claiming it will reach as high as 40,000,000. This figure would top the total Presidential vote in 1924, when Mr. Coolidge defeated Mr. Davis, by nearly 11,000,000, and yet it is not an improbable figure, the total registration reaching 43,000,000, in round numbers. In North Carolina the approximately correct registration exceeds the 1924 vote by 217,313, the figures showing no less than 700,000 on the 1928 polling lists.

Nationally, **The Pilot** has endeavored to maintain an attitude of independence throughout the campaign. It has presented the issues only through the medium of its correspondents. Its clientele seems fairly evenly divided as between Mr. Smith and Mr. Hoover, and having no ax to grind, we have taken no position. We feel that either candidate will well serve the nation, that prosperity is before us without regard to the result of the ballot, that paramount questions of the day will find their proper solutions in the due course of events.

A week from now it will all be over, and the march of progress will go on. Vote, and you've done your duty.

DON'T QUARREL OVER POLITICS.

One of the worst features about the recurring political campaigns is that folks frequently permit the discussions to take on a personal flavor and engender unfriendly relations. To quarrel more or less is natural to all living creatures, but we do so much of it on other grounds that it is hardly worth while to cultivate politics to the quarreling point. If you stop to think a minute most people are pretty good sort of neighbors, and if others happen to have an opinion different from your own don't think that makes such people any the less desirable as friends and neighbors, or maybe none the less wise in their views. Not many men or women are absolutely and always correct in their way of thinking, and if some one happens to favor a candidate other than yours don't get on his neck and try the old rough-arm method of converting him. Give him the right to think as he likes and to vote as he likes, and remember that he is a pretty decent kind of a chap and that you are to be neighbors for many years after the present campaign ends and that it is a great waste of community assets if you lose the companionship and friendship and esteem of a neighbor.

You never have to call a man a fool to get him to see the light of truth, and if he does not see it when you present it to him it may be that he has a clearer light on truth than you are trying to hammer into him. The real wisdom and profit in a political campaign is in any other search for the best in life is to seek more for truth than to try to crowd it onto unbelievers, for some times the unbelievers can give us more that is sound and wise and of general good than what we are offering. At any rate it never hurts to be tolerant with those who have different opinions, for none of us have a monopoly of political wisdom any more than we have of any other sort. And it is better to live in genial harmony and friendship with our neighbors even if we know them to be steeped in the sin of political heresy than to quarrel with them over their shortcomings. Remember the other fellow is right just about as often as we are, and give him credit for as much honesty and sincerity as you claim for yourself. Don't quarrel over differences in opinion, nor hurt your neighbor's feelings, nor set him down for a fool, for he may not really be the fool in the case.

A LETTER FROM ABROAD.

This is No. 3 in a series of interesting letters received by relatives of Felix Leslie Johnson, Aberdeen boy traveling in the Far East.

D'Artagan, Aden to Colombo. August 23rd, 1928.

The Red Sea was the hottest place that I have ever seen. No wonder Moses got across it as quickly as possible, and hid himself to the Northward. He showed excellent judgment.

Every one on board just lay around on deck sweltering while we were passing through.

Finally we eased out through the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, and at seven in the morning anchored off Djibouti, the French foothold in Somaliland. We were to be there only four hours, but of course, I went ashore. A hot, dusty, dry place, perched on the edge of the desert. Golly, how I pity any one who has to stay there all the time. When we landed the thermometer was 115 degrees in the shade, which is about the record for me. We walked about the place, declined the invitation of sundry black beauties to dance for us "sans" clothes, and returned to the ship. Of course, the place was filled with interesting types—the finest looking black men that I have ever seen—tall, slim and straight as a ramrod. Baby camels I had never seen before. No dogs at all but thousands upon thousands of beggars. Their presence would never be tolerated in British Colonies, but the French are notoriously slack about such things.

At eleven we were under way, starting up northward for Aden in Arabia, which we reached at ten o'clock at night. Again I went ashore, this time with Abdullah Ben Ibrahim, the prime minister of Tahore, who is returning to his country after four months in England. He is supposed to be Malay, but looks about three-fourths Chinese, and one-fourth Phillipino to me. Anyway, he took me ashore, went up to see the famous Mermaids which are really a species of Dugong or Sea-Cow. Then a drive around the city, and finally back aboard. The most interesting thing to me was a trip to the huge concrete tanks built by the Romans over two thousand years ago to hold rain water, and still in use. A caravan was coming in as we drove down the hill. Thousands of camels it seemed, and all drawing great two-wheeled cars. My visit to Aden only cost me ten francs, as Abdullah insisted on putting on the party. He has asked me to visit him at Tahore, which I may be able to do some time within the next two years, as it is only 14 miles from Singapore.

We passed the Island of Locotra, a British possession in the Indian Ocean. The next sight of land will be Ceylon, which we reach next Tuesday morning. I should like several days there to really see Colombo for I have heard that it is one of the most interesting ports in the world. However, we only have ten hours so I shall have to do the best I can with that.

Life on board, while quiet, is most amusing. Such varied types of passengers are almost unbelievable. Yesterday most of them were sea sick, so I had the "salle a manger" to myself, but today they are all beginning to come to life again. The tall and stately Russian has proved to be really a Norwegian, whose husband was a Russian. Stranded in Shanghai, she became a dressmaker, and is now returning from a purchasing trip to Paris. The young English doctor has fallen violently in love with her—his first affair I imagine. She is very kind to him, leads him around by the nose, as it were, but I think will hurt him not at all, as she is a remarkably fine character. She was shot through the body by the Bolsheviks at Sepastopol, the bullet killing her babe, which she held in her arms.

Much, much love to all you dear folks. This is a big fling I am having this time, but afterwards I think that I shall rest content in America.

GRAINS OF SAND

Struthers Burt informs us that it is going to be a Smith landslide, and we guess it must be so, for he says he got his information at Democratic National headquarters in New York.

Of course the real problem of the day is what everyone is going to talk about after next Tuesday.

We have acquired a new title. We are "Chief of the Fire Department, Vass, N. C." As far as a pretty complete search of the town on our part has revealed, Vass has no fire department, but the good postmistress has apparently decided we should be Chief. She has started sending us his mail. Can it be she wants us to start a department? We haven't played with fire engines in many a long day, but at 12 it was our aim and ambition in life to be a fireman. Who ever dreamed we would eventually become Chief?

That Pinehurst-Southern Pines double road is a beauty but we worry a little about it every time we pilot our trusty fliv over its newly acquired surface. Everyone seems to be driving in one track. We would suggest signs along the route reading: "Do Not Drive in One Track. Avoid Making a Rut."

There has been one very satisfactory condition about this year's election. There has been a marked scarcity of punk poetry. Due, no doubt, to the fact that it is almost impossible to properly rhyme "Hoover" and "Smith." Cheer up—

Next Tuesday it'll all be over, They'll cast their votes for Herbert Hoover;

Unleth, perchance, they vote like thith, "For U. Eth. Prethident, Alfred Thmith."

According to a new Industrial Directory of North Carolina, just published for the first time, the ten leading industries of the State in order of value of products, as shown by the 1927 census of manufactures were: Textiles, and their products, tobacco products, furniture, lumber (including planing mills), fertilizer, flour and meal, cottonseed oil, cake and meal; railway car construction and repair, leather (tanned and cured), and printing and publishing.

Because John Wilcox is a good citizen **The Pilot** suggests that the crowds that go next week to the dedication of the Horseshoe monument throw as little waste and plunder as possible on his lawn. Put the junk in the car and dump it off the bridge.

"Cigarette Smoking Shows Big Increase World Over in Year," says newspaper headline.

More business for North Carolina.

Farmers on the lands along the streams that were flooded by the high water during the big flood have lost seriously. The water in many places was several feet deep, and the crops were submerged for many days. The result was such soaking of the corn and other plants that the product was entirely spoiled, and some of the farms will have no corn nor hay, many have damaged cotton, and much tobacco was so badly harmed as to materially affect the prospects of the owners. On some farms the winter is a cheerless one. Luckily the low grounds of the county are in the mi-

nority, and many farmers who have low ground farms have also some high ground, and are not wholly damaged. But some have lost practically the entire crop.

October goes out with little destructive frosts in the Sandhills. One or two slight falls of temperature have killed the leaves in the lower valleys, but in most places vegetation is still safe. The trees are green through most of the forests, and the farmers have had plenty of time to get their harvesting finished. The worst difficulty was met in the rains that took time that should have been devoted to getting in the barns the hay and corn that were ready and the cotton that was white. Flowers are still blooming in the gardens in abundance. The rainfall for the year, in spite of the big rains in September, is only slightly above the normal amount. But the ground is better saturated with water this fall than at any time for several years.

It remains to be seen next week whether Thanksgiving is to be a popular date on the calendar this month.

The persistent call for fresh eggs and the small responses leads Bunker Jones to remark that the hens are paying too much attention to politics and not enough to business.

The fellow that gets the most mail at the local postoffices these days seems to be a chap named "Box Holder," and he appears to be carrying on a tremendous business the way people write to him.

OIL ENOUGH IN WORLD TO LAST 3000 YEARS.

There is enough gasoline in the world to last at least 3,000 years, said Dr. Gustave Egloff, a Chicago scientist, recently.

Dr. Egloff stated that there are today 1,100,000,000 acres of possible oil lands in the United States alone. The potential oil areas in other parts of the world are sufficient to produce over 100,000,000,000 barrels of crude oil.

The "cracking" process, which is being used to produce more than 5,000,000 gallons of gasoline yearly from petroleum oils, could be used on present by-products and oil shales, as well, to increase the amount of gasoline production when necessary.

Another encouraging sign is the determined effort being made by the industry to conserve oil resources and curb over-production. Co-operation among producers will assure us a supply that will meet adequately the demand at a stable price.

Those who criticize use of our natural resources on the ground that they will be quickly exhausted, have no support in the scientific facts.

TRANSATLANTIC TELEPHONE SERVICE GREATLY EXTENDED

With the recent extension of trans-Atlantic telephone service to all of Belgium, the total interconnected telephones is over 26 million. This is more than 82 per cent of all the instruments in the world.

The modern American, who can talk to a friend or business associate in London, Brussels or elsewhere in Europe at a reasonable cost, is witnessing one of the newest miracles of progress.

Make Your Money Work for You----

The reason some people seem so prosperous under all conditions is often because they have money at work for them. They have saved a reasonable portion of their earnings and placed it in the bank on interest. They are then assured of a certain definite income every year.

You have to work for your money. Then make your money work for you. Two dollars per week placed in a savings account every year for ten years will amount with interest to over \$1,300.00. Can you not save two dollars per week?

We pay 4 per cent interest and compound the interest quarterly. We would be pleased to have you open an account with us.

THE BANK OF VASS
VASS, N. C.