

# THE PILOT

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## FOR A NEW CRUSADE

Last week Richard Tufts, the retiring president of the Kiwanis Club, adjured the organization to be not weary in well doing, but to remember that its task, which it assumed as its excuse for existence, is to build. Mr. Tufts drew the approbation of his hearers when he said that if we do not have to push very hard on the lines when things are moving freely it is highly essential that we dig in vigorously and successfully when the clouds lower and obstacles arise. He turned his society over to a new crusade and told them to go out and saw wood.

The timeliness of his instruction is emphasized by several things that came to notice last week. The purchase of a majority of the stock of the Archers company by the big and powerful Horton Manufacturing Company of Bristol, Conn., forecasts the expansion of a local industry. What is also significant, perhaps more than the prospective future of the industry, is the plan of introduction of a new game, archery golf. That thing looks so interesting on its face, and so pregnant with possibilities that it is easy to picture archery golf ranges in various sections of the Sandhills, with the Midland road blossoming out as the chief center of a perfectly new sport. One glimpse of the course as now laid out in the vicinity of the factory is certain to awaken an enthusiasm. At any rate there is one of the new things that can enter into the further building that Richard Tufts has advised for his successors in office to undertake.

Another thing that seems to promise an outlook of considerable magnitude is the multiplication of game in the neighborhood of the Sandhills and the vigorous backing the state and community are giving the creation of game preserves. The anticipated increase of wild life in the vast forest of Fort Bragg has begun to show results. Deer are now more plentiful in the county than at any time in the recollection of man, while smaller animals are multiplying and the game birds under the policies pursued by big landowners are coming back. Hunting is evidently to be another line that Kiwanis may build on with confidence of adding to the pleasures of the boundaries in which the Kiwanis Club functions.

Yet still broader in its foundation is the proposition that Frank Buchanan proposed at Raleigh, that of in comprehensive manner undertaking to include all the possibilities that offer to the whole state and to our own community to make our territory as attractive in all its forms as ingenuity can make it in its appeal to enlist others to share in the opportunities here and to find a hand in broadening the benefits that may be realized—to create in our community not only those things we have dreamed of but to further perceive what we may do with our resources and to exceed all our ambitions in our present rate of progress. The Kiwanis job of building is not done. It is not begun. It is not yet sketched on paper or clearly dreamed in our imaginations. The range that we can do is unlimited.

## JEFFERSONIAN DEMOCRACY

Two by two the animals went into the ark, and two by two everything runs in this world—good and bad, up and down, east and west, in and out—always on the one side of the fence with Alexander Hamilton or on the other side with Thomas Jefferson. These days it is stand on your own feet and look to a future where your own effort will have some weight in your

fortunes, or ask the government to have George do it while you hold out your hand and slump down against a post.

Governor Gardner declines to call a special session of the legislature to make a law to compel men who don't want to plant so much cotton not to plant it. He says a farmer has a right to plant what he wants to plant, and that the man who knows too much cotton is being planted can quit planting it. Moreover Max is probably aware that if the planters do not quit planting too much cotton and at too high a cost the selling price of it will, before much longer, stop the excess of planting, and stop it with one of the old dull thuds we once heard about so frequently. If cotton is not a profitable crop every man can decide for himself. Then if he has sense he can stop for himself. But we have grown so accustomed to turning to the State and federal governments for every thing that if we go much further we will hesitate to get sick and die without first calling on Raleigh or Washington for a law to order such a departure.

Many people say cotton is too low. Many people have lessened their cotton acreage. Many others are wondering what to plant if they cut cotton acreage. More food crops is one suggestion. But the big answer is that the whole world is making more of everything than people will buy at high prices. There is the whole rub. The farmer is wise to lessen his cotton acreage and make more home supplies, but North Carolina can not say how much cotton acreage may be raised in India, Australia, Argentina, Japan, China or any place outside of the United States. And if cotton goes too high for foreign buyers through reduced acreage in this country we will probably give away more of our foreign cotton market than we want to. Cotton has become a competitive farm crop instead of a practical monopoly as it was a few years ago and that is another trouble. It is doubtful if high prices are near for farm stuff. The farmer must reverse gear and get lower prices on what he buys and lower taxes and lower expenses. Governor Max sees that too.

## ON PAYING THE FIDDLER

Senator Robinson comes out of Arkansas with a warning to Congress, which is timely, but it remains to be seen whether we have yet arrived at the place where we are to heed what he says. He tells Washington that some care must be used in laying increased taxes, for business is reaching a place where it can not carry the increasing load. He sees that industry cannot continue to give up increasing sums for taxes without reaching the end of its string. But he does not apparently hit the essential point yet, for he fails to advocate any reduction of expenses. Two billion dollars the federal government is said to be falling behind in its revenues, as Secretary Mellon predicted without making any impression on the people or the Congress, and the demands for money from the government continue to pile up. A couple of millions the State appears to be falling behind, but we demand further contributions from the State, and turn to seek where more taxes may be gathered.

A. J. Maxwell, candidate for governor, seems to be the one man in all the political welter who looks in the logical direction. He says to cut down expenses instead of inquiring where else to look for sources of new taxation. He seems to have it in his head that no matter where the taxes appear to come from they must come from the people, and that to shift from one source to another is merely to catch the people in the ultimate, for in spite of the common fallacy that some folks have vast sums of money and others have little, no one has much and nearly all have some, and from all comes any sum that is made up. Last year New York paid in federal taxes \$929,000,000. This year the collections are \$672,000,000, a decline of a quarter of a billion dollars in New York alone. This money is collected chiefly from corporation and industrial income, and the decrease shows that corporations and industry have suffered a loss that they cannot make up. Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio and the other big industrial states make the same showing. Business is

not producing, and the only logical progress is to cut costs of government.

It is just as grave an exhibit of folly for a government to think it can indefinitely go on spending more money than it earns as it is for people to pursue such an impossible course. To borrow does not help, for what is borrowed has to be paid or repudiated, and no government, people or individual ever prospered on repudiations or foreclosure sales. This country from federal government to the humblest citizen has to arrange expenses to fit income or we are damned, and that's all there is to it. We can't live on borrowed money forever, no matter what our sophistries.

## JUST AS GOOD IF NOT BETTER

A philosophically inclined youngster half frowns on the editorial bald head and declares that this flippant age is possibly no better, but certainly no worse than the innumerable ages that have gone by, and that youthful human kind are positively actuated by the same motives now as in our grandfathers' and grandmothers' day, or their grandsires and dams or theirs back to infinitum. And what would you say. This young thing help up some of the grave infractions of social custom and habit that Aunt Tabitha has told of her girlhood days, or the tales that came down from her own uncle Jeshurun, and of the larks he told about as coming from his ancestral authorities. "Sloppy literature," said the young person, "may be plentiful enough, but once in a while in the back attic we still dig up some choice thing like 'Sixteen Buckets of Blood,' which mother insinuates was father's when grandfather still lived in this house, and Aunt Fanny tells us about the thrills of the Fireside Companion and the New York Ledger, and the catalog of infractions of the social law were plenty clear back to the days of Noah and King David, and others who looked on wine, and who forgot at time who was who's wife,

or whose jewels they wore home, and a Scriptural man, pleased with the dancing of a young woman gave her the head of a man who offended her, gave it to her on a platter dripping in its own blood."

And so the advocate rambled on. Possibly the case is fairly stated. Probably we of the older generation were no better than those who are following us. If we were we have done a not very flattering job in rearing the younger ones. But if we go back to the garden of Eden about the first thing we see is Cain killing off all his relatives which means a fourth of all the population on earth. No doubt where the young women are the young men are found, or the young women are found where the young men are, which seems to be an indication of Divine Providence, and that seems to have prevailed in the past as in the present, and the young folks preen and paint their eyes and put the best foot forward, but in Skakespeare's day no heart of man was proof against the sweets of popular approbation.

The young thing continued the argument until a fair case seemed to be presented establishing he presumptive opinion that the colts are not much different from their prototypes of langsyne, and that the world is full of mighty wholesome and upright and lovable and promising young people, who have not gone to the dogs and are not going to, no matter how many of us old fossils of warped geological influences may say so. May be young folks are not much better than in the past, but the evidence seems to show that they are no worse, and probably that great Jehovah who planned this whole big scheme made his plans and working drawings at the start on a scale that covers all eternity, and which indefinitely will produce a creditable output that shall be good and true and fair to behold, and to the end of time a credit to its maker.

Run along children and forget the criticism. Between ourselves it was the same thing the old folks fed out to us youngsters fifty years ago.

# GRAINS OF SAND

Bogue Watson says he knows what makes scarcity of money. Just like it, we back in his prampap's day in South Carolina the year they had so many acorns and Sherman had gone through and stole all the hogs and they didn't have no hogs to eat the acorns, and everybody lost oodles of money havin' no hogs. And it's the same way now. We'd be rich in the Sandhills if we had hogs to eat the crop of acorns that is coverin' the ground black.

In the exuberance of hunting now that the season has opened it is discreet for hunters to bear in mind that certain restrictions as to where they may hunt are to be encountered. Along the Fort Bragg boundary a large patrol force has been established, and hunters crossing the line with gun or dog are likely to have a debate with Uncle Sam. Some arrests have been made of late, with the assurance that more will be if the law

of trespass on the reservation is violated. Game wardens are also impressing on the hunters that a hunting license does not convey the privilege of hunting on any private lands without the definite permission of the landowner, and excuses do not count.

The Seapard, to encourage local travel, has posted a Sunday rate of a cent a mile within the state. The station agents at Southern Pines tell of a colored woman who wanted to go up the line and she laid down the money for the regular price of a ticket. The agent told her that if she wanted to come back he had a reduced rate round trip. But she said she was not coming back. Then he pulled that one-cent rate for Sunday, but she said she did not care for any of those inferior types of tickets, she wanted the good kind, and he could not sell the cent-a-mile transportation. She demanded the best he had, paid her money, stepped aboard the train and went away.

# Book Review

## VIEWES OF MODERN ENGLAND

- The Loving Spirit. By Daphne du Maurier.
  - All Passion Spent. By V. Sackville-West.
  - The Colonel's Daughter. By Richard Aldington.
- Doubleday Doran & Co., Inc., Garden City, L. I., \$2.50, 1931.

Reviewed By Ann Hyde Allen

These books are three of the most talked of modern English novels. They range from the courage and passionate faith in the human spirit of Daphne du Maurier's epic of four generations, through the tranquility civilized passivity of Miss Sackville-West's octogenarian heroine, to Richard Aldington's satirically realistic, nose-thumbing, heart-wringing comment on modern English small town life.

The largest both in size and scope is the first novel of the 25-year old daughter of Gerald du Maurier. It is an intensely stirring and mature evocation of Janet Coombe and the almost fey, wild, and loving spirit which bound her to her son Joseph, and through his son to her great grand-daughter Jennifer. This is a

fully rounded, almost four dimensional work in which the daily life of the Cornish village, the ship building, housekeeping, and childbearing, are balanced by Janet's passionate worship of the sea, by the mystical bond between her and the wild young son whom she forgoes an old and desperate man even before he is born. One Christmas Eve the young matron climbs to the ruin on the cliff behind the village. She is strangely stirred by a dim figure there.

"I have no reckoning in my mind of what is past, nor that which is to be," said she, "but all I know is there's no space of time here, nor in our world, nor any world hereafter. There be no separation for us, no beginning and no end. We're cleft together you and I, like the stars to the sky."

They stood for a minute and gazed at each other, seeing themselves as they never would on earth. She saw a man, tent and worn, with wild unkempt hair and weary eyes; he saw a girl, young and fearless, with the moonlight on her face.

"Good-night, my mother, my beauty, my sweet."

"Good-night, my love, my baby, my son!"

Janet dies as the boat which bears

her name and her likeness as a figurehead, is launched. Her love of the sea is fulfilled through Joseph to whom his ship is more than his own wives and children. And in Jennifer's time, which is to-day, the rotting hull and still its lolliver figurehead are a moulding influence on her life.

Miss duMaurier has achieved a marvelous wrought sense both of the flight and the continuity of time, of the incomprehension—yet indissolubility of the generations.

This same theme, executed in an utterly different tempo, is the motif of "All Passion Spent." Lady Slane withdraws from active participation in life at 88. She ceases the acting which was indispensable in her role of diplomat's wife, necessary even in her relations to her husband and children. After death of her famous husband, to the consternation of her assembled family she quietly states, "I have considered the eyes of the world so long I think it is time I had a little holiday from them. If one is not to please oneself in old age, when is one to please oneself? There is so little time left."

This exquisitely tempered and placid study pierces to the very core of individuality and of existence. It has the power to erase momentary realities from the reader's mind, to unconsciously project him forward into a similar pool of passionless water from which he glimpses in retrospect his own life, its values shifted accordingly. As with Jennifer Coombe and Janet, it is in her great-granddaughter that Lady Slane finds the realization of her girlhood ambitions.

Miss Sackville-West writes with great purity and finesse of a world with which she is thoroughly familiar.

It is a long jump, but a necessary one in order to view English life in the round, from these aristocratic subtleties to the blunt satire of Richard Aldington. It is the same voice which spoke in "Death of a Hero" with perhaps more pity in it, a more fatalistic note.

Georgie Smithers at 26 was still Mother's little errand girl and Father's little bottle washer, a gawky,

badly dressed, healthily uninteresting looking girl with almost no curiosity or knowledge of the workings of the world.

"And where were the young men who should have come a-wooing the Colonel's lovely daughter for she is grown so fair, so fair? Georgie wasn't pretty, Georgie wasn't rich and thousands and thousands of the young men lay dead in rows, or they lived on a couple of hundred a year with no prospects, or they were rich and she never saw them, or they were flabby and wanted to be kept, or they were scattered from Honduras to Hong Kong administering the Greatest-Empire-in-the-World or—"

As it was, in the three manors of Pudthorp, Cleve-on-the-Hill and Maryhampton there were only three even remotely hopeful prospects, the rector who was desperately anxious to remain a widower, Mr. Purfleet, rather flabby, both intellectually and emotionally incomprehensible to Georgie, and Cousin Geoffrey a muddling-through Empire builder home on leave. And Georgie did her best, fumbling though it may have been.

It isn't the Georgies that Mr. Aldington attacks, rather he weeps for them; but the whole social system, the meaningless standards which tyrannize over people's lives, the lord-of-your-land-and-soul bluff of blatant industrialists who are now in possession of many vast and ancient estates, the village cats, the modern jumping jacks, the whole unleased menagerie. It is an English "Main Street" lifted above journalistic reporting to the imaginative realm of great English satire.

It is for the epilogue that "The Colonel's Daughter" is banned from many English book stores. Here the author, lest the significance of his bitterness and condemnation be smoothed over by the narrative, bursts forth with Elizabethan freedom of speech into a heartily damning dialogue. One would hardly recognize the voice of the romantic visionary of "Dream in the Luxembourg!"

For Results Advertise in The Pilot. Rates on application.

# Sandhills Automobile Directory

- ### AGENCIES
- Ford-Lincoln**—  
Carthage Motor Co., Carthage, Sales and Service, W. H. Griffin, Mgr.  
H. A. Page, Jr., South Street, Aberdeen, Sales and Service. Phone 11.
  - Chevrolet**—  
Alfred Chevrolet Co., South Street, Aberdeen, Sales and Service. Phone 59.  
Keith Motor Co., Vass, Highway No. 50, Sales and Service.
  - Dodge**—  
Dodge Service Station, E. A. Bartheau, Prop'r., East Broad Street, Southern Pines, Sales and Service. Phone 5311.
  - Franklin-Chrysler**—  
Haskell Motor Co., Poplar Street, Aberdeen, Sales and Service. Phone 10.
  - Oakland-Pontiac-Studebaker**—  
Martin Motor Co., Sycamore Street, Aberdeen, Sales and Service. Phone 133-J.
  - Packard-Hudson-Essex**—  
Pinehurst Garage Co., Pinehurst, Sales and Service. Phone 4151.
  - Willys-Willys-Knight**—  
Sandhill Motor Sales Co., Aberdeen, Highway No. 50 towards Pinebluff, Henry Ador, Mgr., Sales and Service.

- ### GENERAL REPAIR GARAGES
- Alfred Chevrolet Co., South Street, Aberdeen, Storage, Accessories, Phone 59.
  - Brown & Clark, East Broad Street, Southern Pines, Storage, Accessories, Taxi, Phone 7171.
  - Dodge Service Station, East Broad Street, Southern Pines, Storage, Accessories, Phone 5311.
  - Keith Motor Co., Vass, Highway No. 50, Accessories, Chevrolet Service.
  - Page Motor Co., East Broad Street, Southern Pines, Storage, Accessories, Taxi, Phone 5841.
  - Pinehurst Garage Co., Pinehurst, Storage, Accessories, Auto Livery. Phone 4151.
  - Sandhill Motor Sales Co., Aberdeen, Highway No. 50 towards Pinebluff, Henry Ador, Mgr., Accessories and General Repairs.

- ### AMERICAN SERVICE STATIONS
- Williams Service Station, Southern Pines, Highway No. 50 North, O. E. Williams, Prop'r., Cabins.

- ### ATLANTIC SERVICE STATIONS
- Atlantic Service Station, Midland Road, J. A. Ferguson, Mgr., White Flash Gas, Alighting.

- ### TEXAS SERVICE STATIONS
- Millican's Service Station, South Street, Aberdeen, Hot Lunch, W. R. Millican, Jr., Prop'r.
  - Texas Service Station, Poplar Street, Aberdeen, Highway No. 50. L. E. English, Mgr., Tires.

- ### PURUL SERVICE STATIONS
- Max Filling Station, Aberdeen, Corner South and Sycamore Streets, H. H. Brewer, Prop'r., Tires.

- ### GULF SERVICE STATIONS
- Ashley Heights Service Station, Ashley Heights, Accessories, Dr. J. S. Hooker, Prop'r.
  - Biddle Service Station, Pinehurst, Highway No. 70, L. L. Biddle, II, Prop'r.
  - Bobby Burns Service Station, Aberdeen, Highways No. 50 and 70, C. W. Seymour, Prop'r.
  - A. C. Cox, Lakeview, Highway No. 50, Groceries and Cold Drinks.
  - Mid-South Service Station, Highway No. 50, Southern Pines-Aberdeen, A. D. Jones, Mgr.
  - Page Motor Co., East Broad Street, Southern Pines, Repairs.
  - Pinebluff Service Station, Pinebluff, Highway No. 50, Lamplery & Carpenter, Prop'r's., General Repairs, Accessories.
  - The "Pleasant" Service Station, South Street, Aberdeen, Accessories, C. E. Pleasants, Jr., Owner.
  - South Street Service Station, Aberdeen, Tires and Accessories, C. W. Seymour, Prop'r.

- ### SHELL SERVICE STATIONS
- Sandhill Motor Sales Co., Aberdeen, Highway No. 50 towards Pinebluff, Henry Ador, Mgr., Repairs.
  - Shell Service Station, Pinebluff, Highway No. 50, L. R. Shepard, Prop'r.

- Travelaide Service Station, Highway No. 50, Southern Pines-Aberdeen, W. A. Johnson, Prop'r., Repairs, Cabins.

- ### SINCLAIR SERVICE STATIONS
- Creef's Cafe, Highway No. 50 and 70, Aberdeen, Harry Luria, Prop'r., Toasted Sandwiches.

- Dodge Service Station, East Broad Street, Southern Pines, E. A. Bartheau, Prop'r., Repairs.
- McLennan's Service Station, Highway No. 50, Southern Pines-Aberdeen, Sandwiches, J. W. McLennan, Prop'r.
- A. C. McDonald, Highway No. 50, Southern Pines-Aberdeen, Groceries.

- ### STANDARD SERVICE STATIONS
- Brown & Clark, East Broad Street, Southern Pines, Repairs.
  - T. K. Gunter, Lakeview, Highway No. 50, Groceries, Sandwiches, Hot Dogs and Smokes.
  - Keith Motor Co., Vass, Highway No. 50, W. H. Keith, Prop'r., Repairs.
  - Midland Service Station, Midland Road, J. A. Lawrence, Mgr., Tires Accessories. Phone 3052, Pinehurst.
  - Pinehurst Garage Co., Pinehurst, W. H. Johnson, Mgr., Repairs.
  - Standard Service Station, Aberdeen, Intersection Routes 50 and 70, Geo. A. Hunt, Mgr.
  - Standard Service Station, Highway No. 50, Southern Pines-Aberdeen, W. W. Worrell, Mgr.
  - Standard Service Station, West Broad Street, Southern Pines, Brown & Clark, Operators.