

THE PILOT

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THE NEW CONGRESS CONVENES

The seventy-second Congress of the United States has convened. The chief feature of it, as far as this section is concerned is that our entire delegation is changed since the opening of the Congress preceding. Cameron Morrison succeeds Overman, J. W. Bailey follows Simmons, and Walter Lambeth takes the place of Hammer. North Carolina is not given to swift successions in Congress. Therefore that our entire delegation, as far as Moore county is concerned, is a new one, is out of the ordinary. Actually not many men are living now who voted for congressional representation that did not include one of the three names that have been dropped from the rolls in the past two years.

The new representation gives promise of being a substantial group. Cameron Morrison, the first of the trio to reach Washington, is a man of a great deal of ability, of courage that was meant to make him a warrior, and of plenty of sense. He has a bit of ethyl gas in him, which makes him somewhat quick in action at times, but the prospect is that he is going to be a highly useful member of the national government, for if he may be a little quick on the trigger he is also gifted with a quick eye, and he generally has looked where he is pointing before he shoots. J. W. Bailey is another man of recognized ability and wide acquaintance with state and national affairs, also a little mercurial, but with a right fair balance wheel, not so familiar with administrative government as Morrison, but a student of affairs, and more than the ordinary is expected of him. He will be an outstanding member of the Senate in due season. Walter Lambeth is not so well known as the senators, but he comes with a good name for sound sense, business ability and high integrity, enjoying the confidence of the people in the belief that he will fairly fill the political shoes some time ago worn in Washington by our own R. N. Page. Not many other congressional districts in the United States can show a more promising delegation in the opening Congress.

Fortunately these three men are all business men, and men of means, for in spite of the popular hocuspocus about men of wealth in public affairs, it is that kind of men who should be there. A man who can handle his own business well enough that he is successful in business is more likely to be an able man in public business than one who cannot prosper in his own occupation. This district may safely expect much from Morrison, Bailey and Lambeth.

THE WHY OF LOW TOBACCO

The daily papers tell of an ultimatum by the Kentucky tobacco growers to the warehouse men, with the demand that prices be higher or the warehouses shut their doors. Burley prices have been ranging around an average of four or five cents according to reports. At the same times comes a bulletin from Washington which says the burley supply for 1931 indicates a total of 905,000,000 pounds which is the greatest ever known, and which is accounted for largely by the increased burley acreage planted last spring. The Tennessee and Kentucky fireweed crop is also larger, and against the enlarged crop is a falling export trade, which further exaggerates the situation. No matter what the tobacco farmer in Kentucky may say about prices no protest, no closing of the warehouses and

no other steps that can be taken, will afford relief in the face of a constantly increasing surplus of leaf.

The man who makes the price of tobacco is the man who buys the finished product. He must not only pay for what he takes from the market, but he must take the entire crop so that no surplus piles up or the price is bound to sag, and if sufficient surplus is held over the price will go to nothing, for nobody will keep on paying any price for a thing of which he has a surplus. The Kentucky tobacco farmer has made the price situation impossible, and the only way to improve it is to lessen the crop to fit the ability of the buyers to use the tobacco. The manufacturers are as helpless as the farmers except that the manufacturers can stop buying leaf when they have all they can handle. It is not what is bought and used that kills the market, but what hangs over when all the factories have in their warehouses all they can see any outlet for. They can not put money into stocks that will hang on their hands for years. If they wanted to their creditors would not provide the money for such a dangerous procedure. Very few things are a safe venture on a purchase for a supply far ahead of demand. Rubber in India and Brazil, coffee in Brazil, sugar in Cuba, wheat and cotton in the United States, all show where the country lands that tries to buy a surplus crop and hold it for a rise. The rise never comes, for long before the surplus can be marketed the next crop is along, piles up on top of the surplus that has been stored, and the price goes down into the cellar as is the case with our own venture in wheat and cotton relief. The relief that will come will come from a lessened crop, and the law that will bring that lessened crop is not the law of the statute, but the law of demand as against the supply that is made. The farmer must observe that law for himself, not through any process of legislation and police compulsion. Prices can't be forced up by law because no power has yet been found to compel a man to buy more of anything than he wants, or at a price that is higher than he is willing to pay. He will look somewhere else or go without.

FROM SPORT TO SLAUGHTER HOUSE

Once in a while men who undertake to point out the hunting possibilities of North Carolina refer to the game development of Northern Pennsylvania, especially in that section of which DuBois, a city of about 16,000 people, is a gateway. North of DuBois is the great pine wilderness. Some years ago the game had been practically killed out. Then state laws took the matter in hand, and now deer and smaller game has multiplied under protection until the situation is more that of a state slaughterhouse than of desirable hunting conditions. The Courier, the morning paper printed in DuBois, notes the opening of the hunting season this week. The first day of the hunt thousands of hunters went into the woods, coming in solid train loads from Pittsburgh, from the Philadelphia way, from as far as New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kentucky, Virginia, and everywhere. The highways were crowded with cars like they are on the streets of the big cities, and when the hunters in the evening of the first day began to come out of the woods through DuBois on their way homeward it was said that a stream of deer, averaging three a minute were moving southward through that one gateway alone. It is estimated that a hundred thousand hunters were in the woods the first day, and many cars that came out brought three or four deer each. The total of the kill will probably not be known, and that slaughter is to go on for several days. The bombardment is said to have sounded like a battle, and the paper published the morning after the first day of hunting said that five men had been shot, and that hunters reported falling on the ground as a matter of safety time after time as they heard the rattle of guns becoming too promiscuous.

In the city of Kane, a place of some six or eight thousand people, game came so close in that it could not be shot. Five bears came into the city and because of the danger of shooting at them in the streets they were permitted to go on their way

through the town and escape. Recently a deer ran into DeBois and followed nearly a couple of miles through the main streets of the city, breaking a store window in its endeavor to get out of the crowd that struck terror to it. Hunters up there now are sleeping on the ground, packing the hotels of the towns, buying supplies at the stores that brings a great wave of business, over-running the filling stations, crowding the highways until traffic is almost impossible. And the slaughter is one of the most ghastly things known on this continent since the days of the buffalo hunts of fifty years ago.

It does not look attractive to North Carolina as a sport.

HOOVER'S PLAN FOR NEW HOUSES

The President proposes to the country a big house building plan that more people in town and country may become owners of houses and be fortified with a place to live without the uncertainty or paying rent. Basically the idea is a good one. We are becoming a country of tenement dwellers and of flitters and practically vagabonds. Mr. Hoover's plan of combined capital that can employ competent architects and build on economic and intelligent lines and finance the buildings so that persons of modest means may procure homes on moderate periodical payments is sound as far as it goes. If it can be made to work out and more people ultimately provided with homes of their own the value of it is beyond measure.

However it must not be forgotten that in our habit of shifting employment it is not always desirable that men shall put their money into installment ownership of homes, for so many changes of location follow changes of jobs that rents have entered the equation as an economic effect of modern industrial development. Where a family is certain to stay in one place a home is undoubtedly the best anchor, provided that the changing financial conditions of the family do not prompt the change to a better or not so good house. Beyond a doubt every young man should try to acquire a roof of his own. This is helped in a broad way by the building and loan associations. No doubt Mr. Hoover's broader proposition is a workable suggestion. Yet it is to be remembered that even so laudable a work as buying a home should be approached with some caution when it is tied up with a debt over a lengthy period of time. The cause of much of the farm distress at the present time is the case with which a kindly-meaning government enabled the farmers of the country to bury themselves in debt from which many of them can never possibly escape, and which has piled up frozen credits until its almost a fact that there is no longer any security for any loan that may be desired.

If Mr. Hoover's proposition can be made workable it should have as one of its ironclad first requisites that no man is encouraged to go into debt farther than his prospects indicate safety, for enough high finance has swept over this country to serve us for a long time. It is not more credit we need now, but more paying of what we owe, and more reduction of credit to a basis where it can be handled. Biting off what we can not chew has given a national bellyache of so grave a type that no one yet is bold enough to say what is to be the final outcome. But certainly biting off more is not the remedy. Cheerless as it may sound, the fact is that our next job is to pay our debts. Making it easy to incur more is to invite positive destruction.

AN ESTABLISHED SIGN POST

When Talbot Johnson came home from law school a firm was established that bore the name of Johnson & Johnson, not a very prominent firm at the beginning in its little rooms up stairs in one of Aberdeen's new buildings, but one with a virility and knowledge of the community that ensured success. Murdoch Johnson came later from South Carolina, the firm grew, and made a place in legal life. Then the finger of Time laid its claim on the father and Murdoch felt the heimweh that calls the wanderer back to the ancestral community, and he is preparing to return to South Carolina. That leaves a single

member of the firm, and as the law is a jealous mistress Talbot tendered to the Knollwood corporation his resignation as managing director. He will continue as a member of the board and vice-president of the corporation, but aside from that and a general relation to the corporation it is his intention henceforth to devote his efforts to the law office and the business of its clients.

The established law business of Johnson & Johnson has been one of the conspicuous successes of the community of the last few years. But a more spectacular accomplishment has been the remarkable creation of Knollwood and its ramification which as long as the present generation remains will be a signpost of the creative genius of Talbot Johnson. Arthur Newcomb, long associated with him, said several years ago that Talbot Johnson was the most able real estate man this section had ever known, and the rise of the Knollwood community from the wire grass and sand of the ridge above McDeed's creek bears its testimony. Nobody knows how far the influence is to go ultimately in making this neighborhood that desirable place to live that is the dream of the folks around here, but everybody familiar with the story of the movement from the time Henry Page sold the property to the Knollwood interests knows that Talbot Johnson has been a wizard of advancement and development. Depression has dulled things a little over that way temporarily, but presently things will brighten, and then the work will go forward, and on the basis that has been established there will be a monument worth while to every man who has had a hand in its erection, and Talbot Johnson will be remembered as an architect and builder of one of the most important features of the Sandhill development.

THE VALUE OF FARM LANDS

On Monday before the Commissioners at Carthage came a matter that perplexed the wise men who direct county affairs. A widow with a small farm and children had failed to pay her 1928 taxes. In process of time the land had been sold, and for want of any other bidder the county took the land. The tax bill amounted to some \$30. With a margin of time for redemption the woman sold her chickens and some other things about the place and came to Carthage to pay the claim. But it had grown through costs here and there until the money she brought was inadequate to liquidate. Her resources had reached the end of her ability to procure funds, and her little farm was to be taken for the amount of the taxes. Which, one of the commissioners said, seemed to be greater than the value of the farm.

And there started a discussion among a small group of men. If the farm would not bring the amount of the taxes in a sale evidently it was not worth any more than the amount of the taxes. In that event the assessment had been too high, and many times too high, for if the tax claim is to be the full value of the property the whole process of taxation is positive confiscation. The argument offered by one sage was that if the farm is not worth more than the taxes claimed the tax rate is many times too high, and should not be more than a dollar and a few cents on the hundred of valuation for 1928. If the sale value of the place is around thirty dollars the assessment is burdensome if it is above thirty dollars, and the taxes should not be more than thirty-odd cents.

Maybe this is a reduction ad absurdum, but the fact is there. The county could not sell the farm for the amount of the taxes. Therefore the taxes are more than the farm will bring. Absurd as this may seem the county is confronted with a fair number of properties that will not sell for enough to pay the taxes. That is a condition that is not absurd, but a fact, and a startling one. The question arose then as to how long the county can be a bidder on delinquent properties until it has more property on its hands than it can square itself with, and which cease to be taxpayers and producers. No illusions are going to give any value to any defaulted property if it will not bring

more than the value of taxes claimed by the county against it, and the county cannot go very far in taking over delin-

quent property without finding itself without tax income from much property that is default-

GRAINS OF SAND

Life is made up of doing what you want to do and doing what you gotta do, with quite a lotta doing nothing spread in between.

If we could all do only what we wanted to do, who'd do the dishes?

One of the things we've grown to man's estate without knowing which we prefer—or, if you wish, which we dislike the more—is the washing or the wiping. Most people, we've found in our experience, prefer wiping, but there is much to be said for washing. In washing dishes the hot water and soap do most of the work; in wiping you have to use elbow grease. And you never quite know when the dish is dry. Not that you care, but just as sure as you slide over one, the wife or the hostess, as the case may be, is bound to catch you.

And there comes one of those embarrassing moments when you feel the shirker. In washing she can't say that. If the plate isn't exactly clean, the rinsing is supposed to take care of it, and you can always fall back on that excuse.

Granted, there is nothing that feels much worse on the hands and wrists than water which is 20 per cent soap and 20 per cent grease. But you're through with your job sooner than the wiper—there are always those few minutes while you're trying to get the grease off that you have the laugh on the other fellow.

It is really an interesting subject to discuss at the New Year ap-

proaches. There are so many serious questions facing the nation today that it seems to use they should be taken up in order and settled. The press, that great medium of exchange of ideas and the dissemination of information is ever ready to do its part, and this Column of Contemporaneous Confusion is hereby declared open to the public on the subject: "The Washer vs. the Wiper."

Why men always sing when shaving is another unsolved problem facing the country with the incoming of 1932, but we have given this a great deal of thought and believe that at least we know.

To think that we shall go down in history as the one who made the discovery. Never have we dreamed what Fate had in store for us. It only shows how fortunate some people are. Little did Horace Greeley think he would be famous because he simply told some young men to "Go West." Thousands have ordered other thousands to go elsewhere, but their names have not gone down to posterity. Greeley just happened to use a little originality and recommended the West, instead of the usual specified destination. And Greeley lives.

It came to us like a flash as we were putting a new blade in the old Army Gillette.

Why, we said to ourself, as we had been saying for years, do men sing as they shave?

We looked at the blade.
Sharp and Flat!

Of course. It's so easy.

Book Review

A NEW GALS WORTHY

Maid in Waiting.

By John Galsworthy.
Charles Scribner & Sons.
\$2.50. 1931.

Reviewed by Ann Hyde Allen

It is unfair to ask whether one would take the same amount of interest were "Maid in Waiting" by John Doe. Of course, one would not. It might (perish the thought) even seem inconsequential and awkward.

The story is a pleasant one of modern England. Its characters belong to that class which forms the unobtrusive backbone of the Empire; old landholding families who have representatives in all the services; the army, the church, the foreign service, the law. (That of medicine, may we interpolate, is never counted as more than an unpleasant necessity.) The Charwells are cousins, actually as well as symbolically, of the Forsythes.

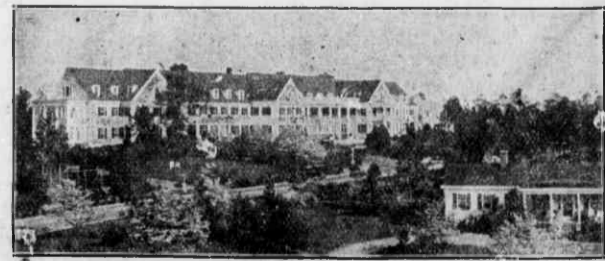
Hubert Charwell goes to Bolivia as transport officer for an expedition headed by an American scientist. The failure of the expedition is later blamed, in Professor Hallorsen's book, on Charwell's mismanagement of the natives. He beat a cruel mulattoer whom he later shot in self-defense. This charge causes questions to be asked in Parliament; Hubert's career is threatened; his honor-as-an-officer-and-a-gentleman, the honor of the family is at stake. The crisis comes when Bolivia demands his extradition on a charge of murder.

The story is not so much that of Hubert as of the rallying of the clan around him; his father Sir Conway the retired general, two attractive sisters, his uncles, Adrian the anthropologist, Lionel the Judge, Hilary the minister, Lawrence the Member of Parliament, and the impulsive leopardess Jean Tasburg who marries him in the midst of his troubles.

We are again confronted by the Englishman's never failing melodramatic presentation of an American; crude, naive, but kind-hearted without. We suspect that Galsworthy still looks upon us through the eyes of Fenimore Cooper.

The book's most memorable situation, however, has nothing to do with Hubert's predicament. There the actors merely deport themselves in every respect as English gentlemen under deplorable circumstances. But in the return to his wife and children of one Captain Fess, who for years has been confined in an asylum, we touch life rather than conventions. This and the Captain's subsequent suicide are as vivid, brutal, and sympathetic a picture of borderline insanity as we have seen.

In his quiet and flowing style Galsworthy embodies his special layer of Englishmen, the Empire-servers shall we say, such as Kipling did the Empire-builders. There are no flying flags nor martial music, but Galsworthy cheers John Bull with equal, if less strident, ardor. In other words, the lion purrs instead of just roaring.



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