

THE PILOT

Published every Friday by the PILOT PRINTING COMPANY Vass, North Carolina NELSON C. HYDE, Publisher.

Subscription Rates: One Year \$2.00 Six Months \$1.00

Address all communications to The Pilot Printing Co., Vass, N. C.

Advertising Rates on Application

Entered at the Postoffice at Vass, N. C., as second-class mail matter.

IMMUNITY FROM WEST INDIAN STORMS.

Last week Moore County had the worst experience with rough weather it has known in many years, for the West Indian hurricane that devastated so much of the Southeast and of Florida and the Coast, swung out to sea to pass Northward, and the trail of the outer whirl of the circle, a thousand miles in width, reached inland, as these tropical blows do. But as is usual in these cases, the virulence of the blow was on the ocean as the storm went North. It is well known to those who read the papers that these storms originate in latitude far South of North Carolina, and in longitude far enough to the East that when they break for the continent they are either diverted into the Gulf west of Florida or they follow the Eastern Coast to the Middle and New England states or are dissipated in the Atlantic. A dense bank of high pressure air protects the inland north of Florida, and the low pressure of the storm can not make headway against the resistant defense of that packed air. So in Central North Carolina or farther West the West Indian storm is able to show nothing more severe than its heels as it chases past up the Coast or out into the sea.

Moreover, while the hurricanes of the West Indies form a persistent type of storm that always comes from the lower latitudes, that other form of storm which is a winter guest on the American continent is also from another section than ours, blowing North of latitude 45 as a rule, and from the West and Northwest across to the lakes and the St. Lawrence. Hence we escape in this section the hurricanes of summer and the blizzards of winter. Here in the middle zone between the equatorial currents and the polar currents we enjoy a region of comparative immunity, and scarcely another spot on the continent is so safely located as that bit of country east of the Appalachian mountains and in the latitude of North Carolina.

This is not merely a happen case. It is the rule through centuries, for the motion of the earth, with other causes, is at the bottom of this shifting of vast masses of air Westward along the tropical circles, just as the reverse movement is to the East farther toward the polar zone. The one extreme of air disturbance on the South, the other on the North, and we occupy the calm between. North Carolina back from the Coast has little knowledge of what a hurricane is, and even immediately on the Coast the virulence of tropical storms has so diminished that real hurricanes are not in evidence. But back this far in the State our position is ideal in this respect. By the time the West Indian disturbance reaches the interior of North Carolina it is neutralized by the high pressure from the West, which is almost always ready for the Eastern outflow, and the hurricane is so modified that it has lost all its vigor and its terror. That is another reason why the Sandhills afford the most delightful place in the world to live.

DRIVING ON THE LAWNS AND GRASS.

One of the commonest complaints in this happy valley is that of visitors who come up to the house and for want of any more satisfactory place to park the car drive it on the grass, and

even on the shrubbery and trees. More particularly is this the case in the country where it seems to be assumed that any place around a country home is open road. Last week people bringing children to school aggravated the school folks by driving over the lawn and damaging the plants, and while listening to the tales of carelessness on the school lawn a woman remarked about how a visitor at her house had run over some new roses she had planted and crushed the blossoms that were showing out in vigorous style.

It is not very encouraging to people who plant grass and shrubbery and plants along the road and on the lawns to have visitors ruthlessly destroy all the work that has been done, and if the reader will pass this protest along to anybody who will listen, the work of making the Sandhills an attractive place to live will be easier for those who are trying to accomplish that desired end.

DIVERSIFICATION OF FARMING.

The tobacco crop comes to market to meet the discovery that this year has produced the largest amount of leaf tobacco ever grown on this continent in any year. This tobacco crop is the result of diversification, the turning of the farm from other crops to tobacco. It is probably a wise move, for it has increased the outlet of the Moore County farmer in his crop production. Yet every time a farmer diversifies he adds to the embarrassment of the farmer in some other line. The cotton crop is big this year. The peach crop was enormous because farmers all over the South have been diversifying into peaches. The poultry production of this section is increasing as farmers diversify more in the poultry field.

Certainly diversification gives the farm and the community a longer handle to the stick. But diversifying simply means that when a man takes to a new thing he adds to the number of persons producing that particular item. Diversification is therefore as broad as it is long. Yet it is no doubt advisable, for the farmer who has several lines out does not suffer as much if one fails as he would if he had but a single line and it failed. This region is no doubt much more prosperous with several staples to depend on than if the community depended on one thing, and that one went wrong. Rarely do all go wrong at the same time.

But that does not change the fact that the farmer is playing a game with narrow margins, and that with all the advice that is given him, and it is abundant enough, little of it is practical or applicable. Apparently the farmer needs to diversify some more. He needs to diversify until he includes some substantial prosperity, which is not the case with too many farmers. It might be a field for the Kiwanis Club to inquire into what is the weak spot with the Moore County farmer, not to give him advice, but to actually dig into the subject until the basic difficulties are shown. When the trouble is found the remedies are not often so difficult to determine. Farming in Moore County and farming all over the State and nation need a real inquisition to disclose what is the matter. Then some diversification from troublesome conditions can be prescribed when the conditions are properly appraised.

OUR BLIGHTED LANDSCAPE.

In the October North American Review Struthers Burt has an article which is classified on the title page as "And Features, by Struthers Burt." Over the article is the more distinctive heading, "Our Blighted Landscape." Mr. Burt pays his respects to the awakening in this section from indifference to the appearance of the highways to an interest in making the roads attractive to the eye and to the sensitiveness of the traveler, and before he has gone far into his

subject he tells the reader that there is hope for a radical change from bad to better. He notes already a decided inclination to get rid of the road signs and the other abominations that we have permitted to cumber the highways, and one of his most persuasive pleas is that in North Carolina where we have spent nearly a hundred million dollars to make the best system of roads in the United States we have not so far shown enough interest to prevent spoiling that great parkway with all kinds of offensive decoration.

Struthers Burt has been a missionary for attractive roads as well as good roads, for attractive communities, attractive home surroundings, and in this story he tells of the hope that accomplishment begins to show, the hope that North Carolina is not only to have one of the best road systems in the world, but one of the most pleasing rural and village scenic effects to be found any place. Of course we have most of the work to do, but the fact that we have commenced and that we are understanding the value of the work we have in progress is the great feature. Although Mr. Burt has not been long of North Carolina he is proving that he is a mighty valuable acquisition.

NORTHERN PRESS PRAISES STATE EDUCATION EFFORTS.

In North Carolina there is a determined campaign being made against illiteracy, says an editorial in The Syracuse (N. Y.) Post-Standard. For North Carolina is not only building roads and schools; but it is undertaking to reach children and adults in the backwoods counties, that the State shall not continue to have a high illiteracy rate. In Buncombe county—famous name—the literary director, a determined and persistent woman, has listed 7,000 who are unable to read and write. That a "Write your own name" campaign should be necessary may seem queer; but it is a serious business in Buncombe county.

Since the campaign against illiteracy among adults began 5,000 men and women have been taught to read and write under the direction of a corps of 20 teachers devoting their entire time to the work. It has been a large task; and North Carolina, bravely tackling it, has secured results which demonstrate the value of the effort.

Native-born Americans without opportunity for the most elementary education have been the bane of the South. North Carolina has undertaken to correct this situation. The teachers report a general desire to learn among our ignorant people, and the tremendous pride the people display when they have mastered the fundamentals of literacy.

There is a good work going forward. North Carolina is evidently the leader in all the South for improved social, educational, industrial conditions. North Carolina refuses to remain "backward."

WELL PLANNED PROGRAM FOR AGRICULTURAL WORK.

The efforts of county agents, extension specialists and administrative forces of the State College of Agriculture to build a better rural life in North Carolina are founded on a well planned program of work developed from the needs of the people.

In a booklet just published by the agricultural extension division, "Building A Program of Agricultural Extension," the plans and methods of conducting this work are explained. "Through a program so balanced that there is something of direct interest to every member of the farm family, improved practices are demonstrated and their adoption urged in order that there may be a profitable and economically sound agriculture and a more satisfactory home and community life in the State," says the publication.

Each year, the whole group of agricultural workers meet in annual conference at the State College when definite plans for the State as a whole are made. At the close of the year, the workers take stock and see what has been accomplished. The need for further effort on old projects and the adoption of new plans are considered.

GRAINS OF SAND

Little drops of water, Little grains of sand— When they come together, Out goes the dam.

It doesn't rhyme, but who cares about that? It's our resume of the storm story, and we're going to stick to it.

Repairs on the No. 50 highway between Vass and Lakeview, made necessary by the waters of the lake and Little River overflowing the road a week ago, are nearing completion.

No less than 440 residents of North Carolina are listed in the new 1928 edition of Who's Who in America. North Carolina ranks 18th among the states in representation.

That great philosopher and good man, Judge Way, has his share of tribulation. The Judge has a family any man might be proud of, a delightful wife, a charming daughter, and a companionable little dog. A little dog, a talkative, pert little chap, sociable and eager to take part in everything. But somehow the folks wanted a big dog, so a Great Dane was added one day to the lares and penates, those tutelary protective gods of the household. The Great Dane is a dignified creature, but the Judge complains, "Look at him. Our house is a little house, but while the dog is a fine dog, of good character, and lovely disposition, just one wag of his tail when he is in a placid mood breaks the furniture and scatters chaos in our happy little home." Life is funny.

Probably the foremost educator in this quarter of the mundane footstool is Claude Hayes. Hayes keeps a book store. Not a book store in name, but in all the defacto interpretations. He sells school books, but in greater numbers he sells all the conceivable books under the sun, and he keeps his windows full of them, and his shelves, and he unloads that stuff on everybody he can persuade to read. Possibly his motive is the profit he gets, although Hayes does a number of things for folks without getting much profit. He taught Bob Page to play golf. But his work in loading this region up with books entitles him to a crown if anything possibly could, if he ever gets to that place where crowns are presumed to be given out to deserving people. Look at that window. More books than most folks have wood for the winter.

Henry J. Lindeman, of Kittanning, Pa., who bought a tract of land on the Midland road while here last spring, writes to know who is the tax collector as he wants to pay his taxes. Henry means all right, but by the time he has owned that land as long as some of the rest of us have been

dodging the tax collector he will know that J. D. McLean, at Carthage, that's his name and address, is still collecting last year's taxes, but he will take care of Pennsylvania money if the matter is brought up after election when everybody has more time, say about November 10.

A man from down along the Hoke county line says the high water has been tough on the honest artisan who has been trying to make a simple living in the branch heads. It drowned out the fire, soured the meal, and washed everything down the creek.

The new Seaboard schedule brings the early morning train into Southern Pines at 4:59, in spite of the fact that Jack's Grill doesn't open until 7 A. M. Ye ed., who spent last week end in Washington, speaks feelingly.

The only illustrious citizen we recognized in the Capital was Charles E. Hughes. Under his arm was H. G. Wells' last book and a copy of Scribners'.

Speaking of Scribners', they have just released the de luxe illustrated edition of James Boyd's "Drums," charmingly illustrated by N. C. Wyeth. Five hundred copies, printed on special paper and handsomely bound, contain facimile letters by both author and illustrator, and are personally autographed. These sell for \$10, the regular edition for \$2.50.

Mrs. Francis T. Keating, chairman of the Moore County Chapter of the American Red Cross, is receiving donations for the needy fund for Porto Rico and Florida relief. Subscriptions should be sent to her at Pinehurst, and should be generous.

We nosed our way into a crowd standing on one of the busy Sandhill corners the other day and the subject under discussion was not politics. That, gentle readers, is news.

The largest rayon mill in the world is to be built at Asheville. It is significant that the corporation decided to come to North Carolina as the decision was arrived at after many months of investigation in several Southern states.

Can't we get the next big mill for our own immediate vicinity?

Former Congressman Robert N. Page enters the political arena for the first time in this campaign when he addresses a mass meeting at Greensboro on Wednesday evening, October 10th.

The State fire loss in August totaled \$166,989. Among towns reporting no loss were Sanford, Raeford and Southern Pines. The loss in the State for the year to date exceeds three millions.

Homes Apartments Cottages

FOR RENT and FOR SALE

In Southern Pines and vicinity

BARNUM & PAGE

REAL ESTATE INSURANCE.

SOUTHERN PINES.

"The Oldest Agency in the Sandhills."

TH

The Answer all c in. Contest cl Who was th United States What is the States? What is th world? What is the America? What count

The Advent

The Fairies a

Timmy Imp waved her h that! Don't the Elves and Orman Ogre clear out. W man Ogre wo of the Drago ing. Honest speech was c hop to the s the handle o trance of Pe her Elve att gold lace dres actly as Pea little golden stood in sing room and po wands straig bgean a qua Imp was shiv sugar bowl Belle forgave he had said.

There was near Bessie back Silver I dressed in sil rying silver lined up nea then each tu der pointed Orman Ogre a manner as Bessie Belle eyes as she gowns, for it sun was shi eyes.

Next Pete back of the big foot th sader's. My ple! And th large as wha tered. A h "Orman Ogr a person fro you not feel she, come to we are goin in honor of Side World. get everyth Timmy Imp. back to the the Fairies nicest people the Flower? never have and prepare honey from



If want your We will y cidedl We times