

# THE PILOT

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## MURDOCH JOHNSON FOR THE SENATE

The mention of Murdoch Johnson for the state senate is a good suggestion. The Pilot is not aware whether Mr. Johnson will consider the proposition or not, but is lead to believe he has the idea under consideration. Should he be willing to make the canvass it may be said of him that he is a capable and an acceptable man. He has had much experience in the legislature in South Carolina, and he is well enough acquainted in this county where he has lived for years to be a suitable representative of the county. He has the ability and he has the reputation of a man of character. Those are the things that count. Murdoch Johnson is a highly esteemed friend of The Pilot. That does not enter into his fitness as a candidate for the senate. He is a man of information and ability. That is the whole thing.

It is a pretty good thing to give this matter a lot of consideration. If a better man is to be found he should by all means be brought to the front if he will consider the race. If a man of less ability is proposed he should not be considered if the better man can be had. It is wise to look at the matter with as completely dispassionate feeling as possible. In considering Murdoch Johnson or any other man for the senate or for any other public place the man's desire to have the place is wholly a secondary matter. What the county wants is the best service that it can find within its borders. It may be it cannot get the best, for all men are not willing to enter a contest for office, and some good men would not accept the place if offered it by appointment. Some men can not arrange their business affairs to give up time to public employment, while some have no liking for that sort of life. So the really available number is not large. Therefore a ticket should be one carefully selected from the largest number that may be available, and now is a right good time to begin to talk about the matter.

The more the making of a ticket can be simplified before the primary election takes place the better, for a primary election is a costly matter in time and money if much contest arises. Much elimination of candidates could be made by popular discussion before primary date, and to the advantage of both candidates and the people.

## FRANK BUCHAN POLITICAL PROPHET

Those who know Frank Buchan are likely to take seriously anything he says in the way of political prediction. When he says that "If the Democrats in other sections of the county do not help us this year in nominating a Democrat who will be acceptable to our folks down here it is my honest belief that in the coming election you will see a Republican commissioner representing this section," he is not making a threat. He is not that kind of a campaigner. But he is reading the signs. This is apparently to be an unusual campaign season. Two factors are forceful in the approaching battle. One is the unfortunate alignment of Democrats against Democrat in the state campaign which is certain to be reflected in the county. The other is a

right definite hope on the part of many intelligent citizens that government as a positive business in county affairs should not be subordinated to the desire of any individual to secure a political office, or made an agency to reward a friend or fellow party man.

Moore county does a business of over half a million dollars a year. No other business of that magnitude would be placed in the hands of a manager either because he is of our political party or because he is a friend, or because he wants the place. For any other business of the magnitude of the county government a selection would be made from the men best qualified to carry on the work in economical and efficient manner. The board of county commissioners is the important feature in county government. It is the business manager, and it engages and directs most of the other county employes. It secures the revenue, and appropriates it. The board of commissioners is our business agent, and should be the best we can procure for the lordly salary of \$40 a year paid each member.

Mr. Buchan is not sectional in his suggestion that the Sandhills neighborhood be represented on the board. It is so represented now, and has been, so there can be no objection in his call for representation again. The Pilot is not aware whether Mr. Mc-Lauchlin or Mr. McDonald will offer themselves again or not. This paper has regarded them as highly capable officials, and will be thoroughly satisfied if men of their type are chosen for the next term. And there is no reason why such men cannot be had. Of course many of the men who might be suitable are not willing to take up the load and give the time and work that is required. Therefore the field is somewhat narrowed on that account. But that does not weaken Mr. Buchan's argument that good men be selected or that this corner of the county be permitted to offer one of the men. But the point that The Pilot suspects Mr. Buchan had in mind was that before we get too far into the campaign we should as a people get together and discuss names sufficiently to have some suggestions to offer the people as a county proposition, and try to bring out the most capable persons available as candidates. Moore county is Democratic in politics. But that in the county are no Republicans capable of serving with satisfaction to the good of the county government is not accepted. Mr. Buchan can is of more use to the county realizes that a capable Republican as a commissioner than an incapable Democrat, and his statement points to a very considerable cloud on the sky which says that party success this fall must be won by offering the right kind of goods. Neither he nor any other Democrat can make a fight with an inferior Democrat against a superior Republican and have any confidence of winning next fall.

However the Democratic organization in the county can find plenty of suitable material, and is therefore in little danger unless it deliberately commits suicide by backing incapacity. And that is why Frank is anxious to see his party leaders unite in the effort to select a really superior ticket and work for it, that the county may be best served. He is not threatening opostas, but rather in his warning he is advising his political companions to pick their flints and keep their powder dry, and pointing out the danger they run if they do not heed the admonition.

## BRIDGE AT HIGH FALLS SOON

Among the road projects by the State announced for early attention is that which includes the bridge across the Deep River at High Falls in the upper part of the county. This will be on Route 902, the new highway from Carthage by Calvary church to Asheboro. The project covers the bridge and approaches in a distant of a mile, and will mean the extension of the road from the junction at Calvary church to the point of crossing the river. It is not known yet whether the present route by Parkwood and McConnell will be followed or a relocation provided. The new road will be one of the most picturesque of the state roads in the county.

## By James Boyd GALLBERRIES

Being the sixth of a series of articles written for The Pilot by Sandhills Authors

Notice—Persons who feel entitled to pecuniary damages on account of any of the following remarks should consult with any agent in Southern Pines with whom I carry collision and liability insurance.

Those preferring the satisfaction of a personal encounter are referred to my brother, Jackson H. Boyd, height 6 feet, 4 inches, weight 180 lbs.

The streets in Southern Pines are still pretty well torn up.

Motto for next year — Buy your Christmas sewers early.

Granville Dietz by leaving no address has put some of our people at a loss.

They don't know where to send him flowers now.

It was pretty tough to put him on that farm.

He ought to have been sentenced to a greenhouse.

Just because a man is a murderer is no sign that he likes life on a farm.

However, it will be quite a lesson to him.

Next time he'll know that in this state folks can be killed legally only by an automobile.

The automobile has done a lot for democracy in this state.

It's a great thing to think that a drunk or an imbecile at the wheel has just as good a chance of killing the governor as the governor has of killing him.

In fact better.

Since Richard Tufts' letter about how Charlie Piquet was running the Southern Pines movie house at a loss for the good of the community quite a few of our more sensitive people have been staying away.

They don't like to be objects of charity.

These moonlight nights it's hard to keep our hounds hushed up.

They don't know that the moon is in the city limits.

Well, I've been doing a little pro bono publico stuff myself lately.

"Drums" now on sale at all book stores in a one dollar edition.—adv.

And speaking of advertising, did you notice whose name led all the rest in The Pilot's list of distinguished contributors?

The trouble is the list was alphabetical.

Memorandum—maybe that is how Abou Ben Adam got his break.

Since the last cold wave the Southern Pines Chamber of Commerce is talking of offering a \$25.00 prize.

For the best essay of not over 500 words on how to keep Willis Young and me from wearing our coonskin coats on Broad Street when the tourist trains are passing.

This week telephone conditions are improved.

They have put benches in the exchange.

Now subscribers who want to talk can meet there for a chat.

At least in Bernard Leavitt's time you could always get a good radio concert.

But all I've gotten over the telephone in the last three weeks is the Seaboard whistles, twice, and a strange negro in Nashville, Tennessee.

Still the system is nothing if not fair.

All the negro got was me.

As far as the Seaboard whistle goes not much is gained.

You can hear it out the window for minutes before you can get it on the phone.

This is the age of science. You can't sell a useless product to an enlightened public any more.

Unless you advertise it with a picture of a man in a barber's coat looking through a microscope.

It's wonderful how many things the building material and household

equipment fellows can prove will save you money.

The trouble is not many people can afford them.

Cotton, peaches and tobacco are on the cooling board and the tourist business is in a sinking spell.

The only going concern is the new hospital.

The trouble is the hospital business is hard for an outsider to break into.

Anyhow the farmers have one comfort.

They have a new three hundred thousand dollar court house to be sold for taxes in front of.

And what's more the court house was built by the taxes they're being sold for.

It makes the performance a mighty proud moment in a farmer's life.

A man once tried to put something over behind my back. When I asked a friend of his why he had done it.

He said the man was afraid if I found it out it might hurt my feelings.

In this community there are a lot of people who think more highly of the human race than Dr. Poate does.

But not many more highly thought of by the human race than Dr. Poate. Well, both are right.

I don't know why people who work around horses and mules curse so.

People who work around congressmen don't.

Visitors to our country often wonder how a living can be made out of this sandy soil.

So do our farmers.

We think a good deal of our Fire Department in Southern Pines.

But there's not much chance for the man whose house catches fire at twelve o'clock noon.

Our telephone was out of order for two days last week and the company never knew the difference.

Neither did we.

I confidently predict a great future for Moore County land.

All we have to do is to hang on 'till the hourglass industry creates a market for our sand.

Remember when they cut down all the shade trees along the street in Aberdeen?

So that the town would look like New York?

We only cut down the trees on one block in Southern Pines.

That's why Aberdeen looks more like New York than we do.

People who criticize the architecture of the Pine Needles Inn should understand that the building is not completed.

It will look pretty nice when they get the roller coaster and the ferris wheel.

It's lucky they located the hospital at Pinehurst.

Because Pinehurst is the place where no one is allowed to die.

It looks funny on court days in Carthage to see the lawyers in alabaster halls while the mule traders have to stand out in the weather.

The county would be better off if they took turn about.

The other day a negro I know was in an automobile wreck. He was charged and convicted on the following counts:

Being run into; stealing a license plate; being picked up out of a cotton field containing an empty bottle of corn; taking three women for a ride without including his wife.

He was fined sixteen dollars and the man who hit him, six.

It's encouraging to know that the cost of crime is still within reach of the average man.

This is the age of progress. The Seaboard has at last taken away the freight station from the dangerous

corner of the street leading to my brother Jack's house.

And moved it the the corner of the street leading to mine.

Last week the many friends of N. C. (Safety First) Hyde, editor of The Pilot, were congratulating him on his narrow escape.

While driving home from an evening conference he was run into by

a tree that had gotten out of control.

The paper says the Pope is going to make saints of two newspaper men.

Quite an instance of spiritual power.

You can hear John Watson's gang blasting every day.

The rumble in the Devil's gut.

## Correspondence

### WHO IS PEPSY?

Who is this vile creature, "Pepsy," who has recently been polluting your columns? A week ago, he, she or it, claimed to be a beautiful girl of eighteen; this week he—she, or it—appears as a mature man; a mature man of the lowest type; an ogler.

I suspect a Marine. Only a Marine could so change his type. You know what Mr. Kipling said about them; "Soldier and sailor, too." . . . "A sort of bloomin' etc, etc."

I demand a show down.

At all events, if this sort of thing keeps up, I will have to take two copies of The Pilot, instead of one as I take now; the first for my memory book, and the second for the police files; and I shall have to keep both copies away from my forty-six year old daughter. Frankly what can young girls read nowadays? I ask you?

AN IRATE PARENT.  
Southern Pines, N. C.,  
January 12, 1930.

### PEPSY SCORES DR. POATE

Dear Editor:

I am a little shaver of nine and one day. I had an awful bad stomach ache. Mama took me to see Dr. Poate and he said it came from my environment (too much Moore County corn). He was terrible nice and sympathetic and called me a little hero. He gave me some horrid medicine and when it didn't do me any good and my mama had to call him in the night, why then he said I was just a big baby without any "character" at all.

Last week I fell in one of these big sewers and just as I was drowning, up walks Dr. Poate and do you think he saved me? Oh no, he just murmured, "There's no sense in getting excited. . . . You can get used to anything."

Maybe—but I want Mama to get me a new doctor.

Your loving child,  
PEPSY.

Southern Pines, N. C.,  
January 10th, 1930.

### "HILL," NOT "BULL"

Editor, The Pilot:

I have long known the innate perversity of all type-setting machines, and I should be the last to protest any typographical error—even though it makes me seem to say "There is no eyes."—But I cannot consent to receive the credit for another's wisdom. It is not as an error, but a bit of pungent literary criticism, that I wish to mention a certain small emendation made (whether by your linotyper, or perhaps by the machine itself, in a spontaneous revulsion) in the printing of my little piece in your paper last week.

What I wrote, quoting the poem by Alan Breck Stuart, was this: "The dun deer vanish; the hill remains."—The "HILL," please observe. But by altering the first two letters of "hill" to B U, my quotation, as published, became a profound philosophical truth—if not exactly the one I had in mind at the moment. And, as an honorable man, I feel compelled to disclaim all credit for these three words. Honor to whom honor is due!

Yours sincerely,  
ERNEST M. POATE.

### PSYCHIC OGLING

Editor, The Pilot:

Since reading an extraordinary communication from someone who calls himself Pepsy in your last issue, I have been very ill. Now that I am recovering from nervous shock I feel that I owe it to myself to publish an account of the following curious experience.

As you may have heard, I am something of a psychic. I have seen several ghosts, about four and a half to be accurate, have received innumerable telepathic communications, have consumed—(modern psychic slang—) not inconsiderate quantities (modern psychic terminology) of spirits, and am an adept at automatic writing. I mention these gifts solely to clarify what I will now describe.

Some little time ago I was entertaining a group which included some of my less distinguished friends. . . . I might say the middle-men rather than the originators of literature. I was talking to one of the ladies present when suddenly I had a strange intuitive sensation. I knew that I was being ogled from behind. Everyone that is at all sensitive must have ex-

perienced this peculiar and disagreeable feeling. Curious, with that pure, intellectual curiosity which is one of my distinguished characters, I slowly turned my head. At that instant, my astral body took flight. It left my social and actual person on the sofa in my living room and absented itself so that I did not know where or who I was nor what I did. I have no means of telling how long this strange condition of coma lasted, probably during a mere flash of time, for when I returned to myself, I was facing my former interlocutress (see Henry James) and speaking quite in my usual clear and forceful fashion.

What had happened in that instant?

I should not have given the psychic flurry (common technical lingo in psychic circles) another thought had it not been for the very shocking misapprehension, revealed with a male smirk—ordinary psychic phraseology to describe phenomenon of hypnotizing male exercising power—in Pepsy's letter.

Now, dear Mr. Editor, I do not know which of my guests masquerades in print under this undignified pseudonym, so I am driven to the following resolution.

From now on, every male guest, on entering my front door, will be given by my man Charles a pair of dark glasses. These must be worn during the entire time of his visit. In this way I shall be protected from an hypnotic influence, peculiarly dangerous to my astral and phycic system.

If Pepsy will come forward with a belated chivalry and confess his identity he will spare my men friends a temporary disfigurement my women friends deprivation of an experience to which they are pleasantly accustomed.

Having sent this announcement to your columns, dear Mr. Editor, I will sign myself, simply, poignantly and with a double anonymity,  
—Pepsy's Latest Victim.

Southern Pines,  
Jan. 11, 1930.

### "LIVE AT HOME"

Editor, The Pilot:

The interest already manifested by the people of the State in a better balanced program of agriculture has far exceeded my immediate expectations. I am convinced that substantial progress has been made and for this the thoroughly sympathetic and highly intelligent cooperation of the press is, of course, to a large degree responsible. I indeed strongly feel that the press of North Carolina has rendered the State no finer service within my memory than this.

The condition is one, however, which we cannot expect to yield to immediate treatment. The deeply ingrained habits of generations of unsound practices must be overcome and in their place a more prudent and far-sighted approach to our present agricultural and economic problems substituted. I therefore, while congratulating The Pilot and the press of the State generally upon the encouraging results of our "Live at Home" program already in evidence, wish to request a sustained and continued campaign of editorials and news publicity centering about this problem and its solution. It is my firm belief that we cannot hope for anything approaching a normal condition of prosperity in North Carolina until the farmers are at least producing what they require for actual home consumption.

Needless to state, in making this request I am actuated solely by concern for the general welfare of our people, a concern which I am confident is shared fully by yourself as well as every other public spirited citizen.

Faithfully yours,  
O. Max Gardner,  
Governor of North Carolina.

Raleigh, N. C.,  
Jan. 11, 1930.

### BACK FROM WORLD TOUR

Mrs. Rosa M. Ames and Miss Rosella S. Ames, of Marshfield, Mass., formerly residing on Ashe street, have returned from an extensive world tour, and are registered in the Kenilworth on West Broad street. Miss Ames gave an interesting address to a large audience in the Church of Wide Fellowship, Wednesday evening, her subject being South America and South Americans.

# Family Laundry, Phone 6101