

THE PILOT

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THE DECEMBER DEATH SYNOPSIS

The Motor Vehicle Department of North Carolina notes 68 automobile killings in December. The number for the year 1929 was 690, an increase of 14 over the year preceding.

The classification of the killings tells that 12 were killed by reckless driving, eight by speeding, eight by hit and run drivers, six by intoxicated drivers, five by cutting in and four by passing on curves.

Drinks have no business on the road at any time, and no excuse will justify a drunken driver. He should be pulled and his license taken away at once.

We have the highway patrol now, and if they can have the unflinching backing of the people this coffin trade will slump in the coming year.

THE FARMER AND PRICES

A farmer from New York, who comes to the Sandhills winter after winter, tells The Pilot that conditions in his section of the upper Hudson valley are much similar to conditions in the cotton and tobacco belt.

Mr. Stuart says the successful farmer must be a better farmer, and the better farmer will make his crop at a lower cost. The inferior farmer must be placed in some other occupation.

The farm is in perilous plight—not only in the cotton and tobacco belt, but everywhere, and the two things complained of are prices and work. Six cents is the price of milk in the upper Hudson valley, and that milk goes to the cities and to the condensed milk factories.

Reference to government survey bulletins discloses that many people leave the farms to go to towns because of higher wages.

That is the case in North Carolina where the factories have grown up on the drift from the farms. In the North wages are said to be proportionately higher than in the South.

MR. STUART AND THE FARMER

The opinions of Robert Stuart, of Drowning creek, concerning the outlook for the farmer, are worth thinking over, for he is a man who has had long experience and he is a man given to thoughtful consideration of his own problems.

Farming uses more machinery now than in the past, although cotton farming is hampered by the lack of some mechanical means of chopping and picking. But the cotton picker is on the way, and when it comes the cost of making cotton will fall automatically to an alarming extent.

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Another thing to recognize in thinking about farming is that specialization is fast making a place in farm practice. Tractors, combines, big acreage and big operation, are enabling the Kansas and other western farmers to make at a cost North Caro-

lina farmers cannot approach by hand. Western corn farmers have the edge on farmers on small farms. The Southwest can make cotton at a lower cost than North Carolina can.

THE TROUBLE WITH BOOZE

The shooting of a Moore county revenue officer working down on the coast presents the case of whiskey. We are told that a man's eating and drinking are his own affair, and probably a lot of truth is contained in that statement.

Correspondence

PEPSY COMPLAINS

How can you expect me to write about Jim's column? There's no continuity. No theme. Let's return to the good old days when Struthers, Katherine, Maud and Ernest used to write.

COONSKIN COATS, ETC.

Dear Pilot: Now that you have extracted the truth from "Jim" Boyd, and we have had so many of our worries relieved we can probably turn our attention to politics.

NOT PEPSY

Dear Mr. Editor: Torn between conflicting emotions I address myself to you on the subject of this here Pepsy. At first when some of our folk flattered me by suggesting that I was the Author I was quite bucked, and strutted and swelled about like a great gobbler.

lic welfare and the proper subject of restriction. A drunken driver of an automobile on the highway is a menace to society, and the proper subject of restriction is of small consequence so it results in restriction.

But whiskey opposes that restriction, and there the trouble comes, and there the battle is pitched. The railroads oppose whiskey because whiskey makes operation of the roads dangerous. Industry opposes whiskey for the same reason.

The worst feature about whisky, probably, is that it is an outlaw, and has never accepted the authority of the law and always resorted to violence or duplicity or any other means not recognized by fair men.

now, lying in the gutter, that's one thing, but in the sewer—No, Thank you.

However these smacks at my dignity would never have wrung a denial from me. But only yesterday a Great Rancher from the Open Spaces put the matter in a vastly different light as far as I am concerned.

IRATE PARENT ANSWERED

Editor, The Pilot: As is to be expected of any one who signs himself or herself AN IRATE PARENT in a letter in your issue of January 17th we find some rather obscure reasoning.

As to the propriety of certain of this Pepsy's statements we are not here concerned nor do we care to judge their morals. But! What a pornographic collector an Irate Parent must be if in one letter he or she (privately we believe the author to be a nasty old man) speaks of Pepsy as "polluting your columns" and then naively and fatuously confesses that he—or she—clips Pepsy for HIS MEMORY BOOK!

My organization in Boston has allowed me a few weeks' vacation but rather than lay off snooping altogether I have thought to combine my pleasure with rest. When it has not been raining or sleeting and I have been able to avoid the sportsmen of the neighborhood and their dull monologues about jumps, the dogs and

Temperature--102 The Imbecilic Inventory of an Influenzaed Imagination

Being the Seventh of a Series of Articles Written for The Pilot by Winter Residents of the Sandhills.

Attaining fame is not so difficult—

You advertise weekly columns by famous writers—

Then write one yourself.

(Who said "weakly?")

If astral bodies can ogle, trees can leap in the paths of motors.

But despite the insinuations of one James (Drums) Boyd, our recent retirement from public life was not due to any auto-arboresal argument, but to Influenza.

Our influenza-induced inventory discloses—

1. We are not indispensable to our newspapers. They came out regularly. Disappointing.

2. We were absent from our regular haunts for days before being missed by our friends.

3. Jim Tufts missed us from Kiwanis the second week—but he keeps the records.

4. We missed Kiwanis. It is the weekly clearing house of ideas, gossip, news and friendliness. Miss a meeting and you miss a week.

5. There is no grander picture in the world than a row of horses' heads protruding from stable windows.

6. Some dogs bark all night.

7. Egg-nogs between meals are tasteless if legally made. Dr. Mudgett prescribes them legally made.

8. Our house is far enough from town to escape Seaboard shriekings but near enough for peddlers, both legal and illegal.

9. We cannot decide whether Ernest Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" is the best bad book or the worst good book we have read.

10. "Rome Haul" is a true and fascinating picture of life on the old Erie Canal. Born on its banks, we used to ride on the barges, towed by horses or mules, from one town to the next.

11. Playing solitaire in bed soon gets monotonous.

12. There is no inter-relationship between disease and banking. Notes fall due regardless.

13. We know nothing about mules. Jesse Page has sent us "Minnie" from Samarcand on approval. Minnie the Mule. Apt alliteration's artful ass.

14. Come live with me and be my mule. My very ultimate Ultima Thule. (Who is Pepsy, anyway?)

15. Some dogs bark all day and all night.

16. O. D. Park, superintendent of The Pilot plant, is a jack of all trades. He does everything except sleep. When the editor is ill, he turns editor; when the janitor fails to appear, he sweeps out. You are likely

wonderful runs I have managed to rest up quite a bit.

As is to be expected in any arty or literary colony there is plenty of snooping to be done right here in the Sandhills. Why authors cannot congregate without conversing about bath rooms or sex, I for one do not know why, but such is Life—or Art.

Your letter headed "Psychic Ogling" by one who signs herself "Pepsy's Latest Victim" is typical of what I have in mind. If I have ever read a piece more reeking with sex and redolent with suggestions than this manifests I cannot recall it. This victim does not object to psychic ogling per se but apparently only to the unfortunate personality of the ogler.

If there are many parties of the type that I attended here in the Sandhills to usher in the New Year and incidentally, watch the arty cavort, I think "victim" had a suggestion about dark spectacles that might be utilized.

Before any of the middle-men and, or, originators of literature are to disrobe in public, Charles or some other benefactor pass a pair of dark spectacles, not glasses, God forbid, to the guests, or to the ladies present at least.

PRISCILLA SNEDELSER, Agent 491, W. L. W. Society.

John Capps, Jr., of Charlotte, is spending a few days in town with friends. John will be remembered as having made Aberdeen his home when a small boy.

to find him at the door of the furnace with a shoveful of coal or at the linotype machine with a handful of copy. And he never gets the coal in the linotype machine nor the copy in the furnace. We never could have had the Flu if it wasn't for Mr. Park. Nice Mr. Park.

17. "Senator" Murdoch Johnson and Doc Charles in to call. Good Samaritans and good scouts. Thoughtful.

18. A leaky hot water bottle is an abomination.

19. Cigarettes don't taste like much when you aren't feeling well, and all brands taste alike.

20. Bion Butler is a brick. Especially when one is sick. For when your strength begins to taper he steps right in and fills the paper.

21. Will never forget our first attack of Flu. Aviation field, Mineola, October, 1918. Caught cold flying—no cabin planes in those days. Bitter cold mornings—used to fly at day-break. In bed for weeks. Nearly died. Lots did. In bed when Armistice signed. Couldn't celebrate. Rotten break. Best part of the war over here, the fake Armistice celebration in New York. Rest all humdrum and trying in every conceivable way to get to France. Never flown a plane since. Never seen France. Lousy war.

22. What, again, so soon? If you'd taste it once you wouldn't come around with it so often. Honest, Julia, it's awful. And makes my head feel woozy.

23. Jim Boyd's column was damned funny. Sent him brant too. Good bait—sent out six brace o' brant—got five column. Almet Jenks missing. Trying to get Hugh Kahler now but all out o' brant. May do it for the honor and glory of the neighborhood. Place next to ours. Wish he'd build. Other folks besides Judge Way need neighbors, Mr. Butler. How about getting ourselves some neighbors? Minnie the Mule may get lonely.—"Nice looking mule," Jessie Page said. There's imagination. Or is there such a thing as a nice looking mule? We wouldn't know.—That medicine has certainly got something in it.—You should see Minnie. We're going to saddle her one of these days and get Julia Butterfield to ride her. Julia will ride anything with withers. Has disembarking down to a science. Riding a horse is just like flying. There's no danger while you're up. It's the landing you have to watch.

24. I'll bet it's 103, where's the thermometer?

25. Pinhurst Mother Goose—One-two, Guess who—Three-four, Zat the door? Five-six, Helen Hicks. Seven-eight, That's great. (Serial rights reserved by Knollwood, Inc., or any accredited real estate agent in Southern Pines or Fiehurst.)

26. The dog's stopped barking. Nice dog. Put out the light, Julia. We'll try to sleep it off.—N. C. H.

TEN BEST SELLERS

Compiled for the United Press by the Baker & Taylor Co.

FICTION

- 1. The Black, by Edgar Wallace. Crime Club, \$2.00. 2. The End of the Avenue. By Pamela Wynne. Doubleday-Doran. \$2.00. 3. Young Man of Manhattan. By Katherine Brush. Farrar and Rinehart. \$2.00. 4. All Quiet on the Western Front. By Erich M. Remarque. Little-Brown. \$2.50. 5. Sincerity. By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill. \$2.50.

GENERAL

- 1. The Specialist. By Chic Sale. (Specialist Pub. Co.) \$1.00. 2. Goodbye To All That. By Robert Graves. Cape and Smith. \$3.00. 3. Caught Short. By Eddie Cantor. Simon and Schuster. \$1.00. 4. The Art of Thinking. By Ernest Dimmet. Simon and Schuster. \$2.50. 5. Contract Bridge For All. By Milton C. Work. Winston. \$2.00.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Sterne announce the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Mr. Samuel Frederick Evans of Camden, S. C. The wedding to take place the latter part of February.

B. H. Revell of Fayetteville was an Aberdeen business visitor on last Monday.