

# THE PILOT

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## THE DANGER OF OVERPLANTING

Lee county reports that farmers up there are disgusted with cotton and will plant more largely of tobacco this season. In York county, South Carolina, the reports indicate the same thing. Many farmers seem to figure that diversification means giving up a proportion of one crop to turn to another. It is not realized that practically all crops are in the same predicament, and that no single thing offers a new field that is not already intensively farmed. A review from the Federal Department of Agriculture warns the farmers that the probability of great returns from any crop beyond the yield and prices of the past few years do not seem likely. The situation seems to be that big yields have supplied in most cases as much as the demand could care for, and in many cases the production of crops in the old world is increasing. The American domination of the cotton crop has been lost. We no longer grow the big proportion of cotton we once produced, and the old world is gaining on our production. We are not holding our markets for the same big export trade in corn and corn products that was once our good fortune, and the tobacco situation is not so good as it has been at times. Other countries are learning to use American machinery and to grow bigger crops, and our foreign market will have to be held henceforth by tactics that will bring customers our way in the face of keen competition. Capt. Nathan O'Berry, state treasurer, says North Carolina has been joy riding and must take time to cool down a little. He might add of course that the whole country has been joy-riding, for that is the case, and we have the bills yet to pay for much of the rides. Until we have paid our bills, and set our houses in order it is going to be impossible to hold the clip we have been going. No doubt the farm is hit harder than any other industry, for the farm has no power of organizing its production and marketing on a basis that controls either. The farm does not know this year what to plant nor how much to plant any more than it ever did, and that was nothing at all.

The world will take a certain amount of things and pay a price for them. It will not take any more, and the higher the price the more of those things will be raised. But big crops make low prices, just as is the case with everything, and when the farmer makes big crops they are on hand to slaughter the market until they are sold. This is best illustrated in the Brazilian coffee crop. The Brazilians determined to hold their coffee to compel high prices, and the thing worked. High prices induced increased planting until at the present Brazil is making about twice as much coffee as the world calls for, and the price has gone to the bottom. If Brazil should not harvest a pound of coffee this year probably the market would be supplied from what is in storage. The rubber crop is in similar fix. Tires have gone down from twenty dollars to five or six, and rubber is piling up. Cotton, tobacco, corn, and other crops will not sell for high prices until the world supply has lessened, and the warning comes now that butter has swamped the market, and farmers are advised not to go very far into dairying until the sky clears.

It is unfortunate that no remedy is offered, but the fact is that the only hope is in the reduction of production, to balance the world needs, and no

amount of borrowing money to make further big crops will do anything else than make the farm more deeply and hopelessly in debt. To live at home is an absolute necessity, not merely a precaution, for cash to buy things the farmers should raise will be hard to secure from the sale of crops that may be too abundant when the harvest is made. The Pilot is an optimist but it never believed in joy riding on an empty pocket. Optimism says go out and get something in the pocket first. Chickens, hogs, corn and potatoes, and things of that sort made at home are as good as if we don't have money from cotton to buy them with and can't get them at all, and a full smoke house can get along with an empty pocket longer than notes to pay at the bank can.

## FOR PLANTING BETTER COTTON

A group of agricultural experts have been discussing the cotton situation in the state, and the recommendation is that farmers confine themselves to a better type of cotton, and to a decidedly few varieties. It has been well known that the cotton of this state has been deteriorating, both in type of cotton and in length of staple. To little attention has been paid to what the mills will buy and pay a fair price for, and the result is that the crop has been received in the markets with reluctance by the buyers, and far too much of it has been off grades that had to

take anything it would bring. To plant and work and harvest inferior cotton costs as much and takes as much land as to plant good cotton. North Carolina makes a big crop of cotton annually, and the income from this crop is one of the large items of the industrial life of the state. Good cotton will bring the best price that any cotton will pay, but poor cotton will always be a disappointment. Therefore the farmer should make sure that before he puts a seed in the ground he has chosen the most productive type of seed that is to be had. Then if cotton brings any price he will be in the running, and if the price is bad he will at least be up with the best of them.

Robert Stuart illustrated this in the sale of cotton from his gin last fall. The cotton from the better type of seed that he had been distributing in his neighborhood brought a cent or more on the pound higher figure than much of the average gin run of seed, and two or three cents more than some of the inferior stuff that was offered.

The time to select seed for the coming crop is about here, for spring days run around fast. The farmer who has not already secured a good type of seed can get what he wants from some of the men who make a practice of selecting their seed at the gin from the best cotton that is produced, and nothing will add more to the success of the cotton crop than in making that seed certain right now.

## BY WALTER GILKYSON Fascism for America

Being the 11th of a Series of Articles written for The Pilot by Sandhills Authors.

Every now and then I encounter a beetle-browed corpulent gentleman with wide responsibilities and small imagination, and even less political sense, who tells me that "what this country needs is a Mussolini!"

I have lived for two years in a country that needs a Mussolini, and has one. While admirable in its way, that country is different from the United States. Instead of being old it is extremely young, so young that it still believes in Santa Claus, and likes to be told what a big boy it is, and even enjoys being frightened now and then. All of which is quite proper, and I suppose, a by no means unsatisfactory way of bringing up a political child. But unlike Italy the United States is not a political child, and to take a big sprawling noisy youth and thrust him back into the crib would be absurd. It would only break down the crib.

Fascism, in spite of its philosophical structure, and its garment of shining rhetoric, is not a system of government, but an encouragement. It is really a big shout led by the greatest statesmen in Europe. There are times in the history of all peoples when they need a big shout, when a big shout keeps them together on the road. If we've had a bad time we need praise, even if we have to administer it ourselves. And for centuries Italy has had a bad time, caused by foreign masters, by the separate life of her duchies and kingdoms, and by an almost heaven-born distaste on the part of the individual for any form of restraint. As a consequence those who like the Italians believe in Fascism for Italy, and are delighted to see them learning the art of becoming a nation, even if it costs something in the way of laughter and a readiness to catch pennies in a hat; while those who don't really like the Italians are sorry—they miss the old Italy of moonlight and mandolins and African manners.

But the American has never been greatly given to singing with instruments at night; possibly not enough given to such a light and harmless amusement. The American isn't in need of governmental encouragement, nor any loud shouting to keep him at work and develop his dignity. He works hard enough as it is and he objects to having his dignity overdeveloped. He likes to sit around in his mental shirt-sleeves and criticize everything, including himself.

Imagine what the United States would be like if we were told constantly by the newspapers that we were the greatest people on earth! We might come to assert the belief publicly instead of keeping it decently out of sight. Imagine our state of mind if we were never allowed to forget for one moment the supreme fact of our immortal destiny! As it is we have quite enough self-confidence, based on good fortune and our incredible economic success. If we had more, if we were obliged to organize nationally into a sort of Los Angeles Boosters' Club, we'd become

monsters, intolerable to the rest of the world and extremely uncomfortable to ourselves.

It couldn't happen; the American is not by nature theatrical, and he has a keen sense of ridicule. After a spell of hysteria he grins and puts his tongue in his cheek. He's not much for the outward forms of greatness; his political history began with a sly side-long glance at kings. Too much fuss always makes him tired; what he really wants is to make some money and be let alone. The state can take care of itself, so long as it doesn't take care of him.

The corpulent beetle-browed gentleman is therefore wrong when he says that "what this country needs is a Mussolini!" Wrong from every standpoint: political, social, economic and spiritual.

Politically, the essential value of America lies in her democracy; in her brave attempt to begin with the individual, and never lose sight of him, notwithstanding the folds of government which may be laid upon his defenseless head. But Fascism doesn't consider the individual at all. He exists for the state instead of the state existing for him.

As a social unit—the individual in his daily habit of life—the good Fascist must be prepared to surrender everything to the state. It is the state that tells him where he shall live, whom he shall employ, and how many children he ought to have. To be sure it doesn't prescribe his drink, but that is our own misfortune and Italy's advantage.

Considered as an economic system nothing could be worse for a highly industrialized country than Fascism. The blunt hand of the state destroys rather than restores the fine tissues of business and finance. Where industrial organization is relatively simple, as in Italy, the state's interference with the economic life of the country is not so dangerous. By nature the Italians are an agricultural race; in all that has to do with the growing earth their genius is supreme, and the growing earth, provided it isn't neglected, seems singularly unconscious of the people on it. But industry, conceived in a region very far from the soil, is always aware of its creators. Its delicate complications change with each change in the national habit of thought. As a system our industrialism rests upon science and upon individual freedom, and Fascism is neither scientific nor free.

And spiritually what could America gain from Fascism? Would the American character grow or diminish by a still further subordination of the individual to the state, by a still wider uniformity of habit and thought? Already we have too many sumptuary laws, and are too often coerced by hot-eyed fanatics into beliefs which are not our own, and into a furtive and rather shame-faced enjoyment of our natural rights. And this, not to meet an emergency, not to prevent bolshevism, not to weld a disparate people into a whole, but merely to indulge one

of the deepest of human passions, the passion for uniformity, which has been responsible for nearly all the revolutions and all of the religious wars of history. Like any other animal instinct, the passion for uniformity has

a survival value for the race, but so have the instincts of ants, for that matter, and even the instincts of the cochroach, most uniform insects, who has survived unchanged for two hundred thousand years.

## Correspondence

### THOSE CELLULOID STOVE LIDS

To The Editors: You have been kind enough to give publicity to my offer of a set of Celluloid Stove Lids for the best name for the new social and golfing club. This offer has aroused much raucous jeering along Broad street, principally because your readers doubted my ability to make good on the prize.

Sir, the club has adopted a name. The "Sand Pipers" have been launched in an enthusiastic manner. Mrs. DeRees of the Hollywood, is the author of this name and to her goes the prize.

To prove the depth of my sincerity and to silence these doubters, I am today writing Mrs. DeRees that if she will make her own selection (I hope that she will patronize local merchants) of the best and most expensive Celluloid Stove Lids to be found, and render me a receipted bill for the same, I will promptly hand her a certified check for the amount of the bill.

—THE "SAND PIPERS"  
John W. Bloxham, Sec.

### REARING BOYS

To The Pilot: I note with great interest a recent article in your publication relative to the rearing of boys of today, which subject is very dear to my heart as I am the possessor of a boy myself, to whom I expect to devote my energy and best skill to apply the principles laid down.

It goes without saying that it is the mother who molds the character and destiny of the child as to the exterior, therefore I believe that calmness, peace, affection and firmness should rule her conduct toward her children. It is generally known that children are great imitators, and whether they have scoldings or peace they are sure to learn from the example set before them. This does not however, relieve the father of his share in the responsibilities of rearing a child, for many men tremble as they cross the threshold of the duty and responsibility that becomes theirs.

To my mind there is nothing quite so valuable for the mechanically inclined boy as the home workshop which enables him to turn leisure hours into work which develops the mind, strengthens the muscles and aids generally in the making of a better boy which is sure to have a decided effect upon him at manhood.

Children hunger perpetually for new ideas, they will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to learn from books, and even if they are deprived of the many educational advantages they will grow up to be intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening to the conversation of intelligent people. Let them have many opportunities of learning in this way, and don't think it below your dignity to answer their many questions, for they proceed from an implanted faculty which every true man should take a great delight in gratifying.

—W. RAYMOND JOHNSON.  
Pinehurst, N. C.

### ADVANCING?

The Pilot: I like Bion Butler and I admire him greatly. In most respects I think him an exceedingly wise man. I also like Nelson Hyde and admire him greatly. I think between them these two men are running about as good a weekly paper as I have ever seen. Therefore it is with the more astonishment that I pick up The Pilot and read such an editorial as the one of last week headed, "The Advance of Prohibition."

What in the world does The Pilot mean? Do its readers actually think Prohibition is advancing, or that there is even ten per cent of enforcement? If they do, then they can't read any other paper except The Pilot and they can't move very freely about the country. They can't even move very freely about Aberdeen, Carthage, Southern Pines and Pinehurst. But this is unbelievable, so just what do they mean?

In the name of heaven let's have some common sense about this situation, and if we can't say something sensible, then let's not say anything. In the words of Mr. Cleveland we are facing a condition, not a theory. Even the confirmed Prohibitionists are beginning to admit that. Mr. Hoover admitted it long ago. This "playing ostrich" may be good fun for children but it is an undignified pur-

suit for grownup men; nor is it any way to solve a problem.

There are a good many respected and self-respecting citizens of Moore County who agree with me, and a good many who don't, and now is a good time for them to say what they think, as they will realize if they have been following what has been going on in Washington and numerous other parts of the country. Nor need they have any fear. The time has passed when a man need fear injury in any respect because he expressed the truth as he sees it about this question.

And remember I am not talking about Prohibition, pro or con, as a theory; I am talking about its practical application as you see it all about you, here, there and everywhere. In short, I am talking about "The Advance of Prohibition" as stated in The Pilot. Do you think it's advancing?

Faithfully yours,  
—STRUTHERS BURT.  
Southern Pines,  
Feb. 21, 1930.

### THE PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARY

To The Editor: The approaching Democratic primary to be held June 7th will be the last opportunity for the Democrats to choose their nominees for the General Assembly which will convene the first of January, 1931. That will be the last meeting of the General Assembly prior to the 1932 presidential campaign. Therefore, I believe it to be altogether fitting and proper to demand of the candidate for the Senate and for the House of Representatives their approval or disapproval of a Presidential preferential primary to be held the same day that the general primary is held.

Now is the time for the people to resolve not to send anyone to our law-making assembly at Raleigh who does not favor letting the rank and file of the voters have a say in selecting the candidate for whom North Carolina's delegates shall vote. There is just as much need of a Presidential preferential primary as there is in having a primary to name our governor and other officials.

During the spring of 1928 when the Hull and Smith forces were at war trying to win North Carolina's 24 votes for their respective candidates, the Hull forces led by Zeb Vance Turlington asked the Democratic State Executive committee to meet for the purpose of having a Presidential preferential primary on June 5, the same day the general primary for the purpose of giving the rank and file of the Democrats a chance to register their choice for President.

Dennis G. Brummitt, Attorney-General and their chairman of the Democratic State Executive committee promptly issued a call for the committee to meet in Raleigh. The meeting was held and the Smith crowd realizing that the Democracy of North Carolina was strongly against their candidate overwhelmingly defeated

## GRAINS OF SAND

This is about the time of the year when the prophet of sorrow takes in his sign before the March crowds overwhelm him. The way people are piling into the Sandhills these days calls up the old-time circus days.

The approach of March awakens the hope that the coal and light bills have done their worst for a while.

the proposal as they had a majority of votes in the committee.

If there is an avowed candidate for North Carolina's votes at the next Democratic National Convention this far in advance I am not aware of it. Therefore, it appears to me an excellent time to start a movement to secure a Presidential preferential primary for the 1932 Presidential year.

It is to be hoped that the many candidates for the State Senate and House of Representatives will not seek to dodge and minimize the Presidential primary issue. A large majority of the voters favor the primary so let it be taken for granted that the candidates who refuse to commit themselves for or against the Presidential primary are its foes and I believe that the next General Assembly will enact the much needed Presidential preferential primary.

PENCIL.

### SAVE THE PRIMARY

To The Pilot:

I regret very much to see your progressive and independent thought and paper committed to the proposition of asking any man to retire from a primary fight.

The primary in North Carolina was inaugurated by the democratic party. Your distinguished townsman, Henry A. Page, when representing Moore county in the Legislature, wrote several parts of the bill that was enacted.

It is the only institution within our state through which you can collect and catalogue the temper of our political ideals.

We do not need less but rather more primaries. Had we had a state legalized presidential primary two years ago, our democratic organization in North Carolina would have been saved much embarrassment.

In our little county primary scuffles many have predicted that the heat would follow into the election. And when Kitchen defeated Craig after a convention fight that lasted days and nights, some thought we would be defeated in the fall election. When Simmons dared to oppose an old Confederate soldier, Carr, many thought we were ruined, especially the republicans hoped so.

Then when Bob Page defeated Blair in the Monroe congressional convention by one-half vote and went to Congress on it, the republicans said the damn democrats were like two lawyers that they never meant anything they said about each other.

The republicans never did like this democratic primary because so many of their best men and women would participate in some division of it and being honorable would support the nominee. And when we got really "worked up" and hit the second heat of the Morrison-Gardner-Page primary for Governor and Henry Page said some things in the school house that could not have been repeated at chapel exercises; and Union Spence followed in the court house with some bombastic language, the prophets declared we were in the worst shape ever.

I submit to you that the democratic party has always been strengthened by a scrap within its own ranks and I hope that you will not attempt to sacrifice principles for personalities. Support Simmons or Bailey or a third man if you will, but forever defend the selection of party leaders by the individual ballot.

Sincerely yours,  
GEO. R. ROSS.

The chain store seems to have started something that will attract as much attention as the Bailey-Simmons campaign.

If Lord Cornwallis could come back and see the red coats riding these hills he would suspect that perhaps some one else had put over on this country a job he could not accomplish.

## Optimists Are In the Lead

From what can be gathered concerning the coming spring season a general air of optimism seems spreading over the Sandhills. While always the lions in the way are apparent to many of the Faintheart family, talks with people in different lines indicate a determination to dig in and attempt to make 1930 a year of successes. Some of the cotton farmers are planning an aggressive summer, with better seed, more energetic operation, closer economies and a more definite intent to win by making a crop that will cost less and invite more returns by a better quality of lint. Some of the bigger business interests note better collections and an increased volume of business. The resort business appears to be running close to a record again, but it will at least not fall far below the highest record ever made if it is not a record breaker again. On the tracks and in the hunt clubs the number of

horses is far ahead of anything in the past.

Builders tell of plans under discussion, and improvement of rural properties are on significant scale, with more under discussion. The Watson development is probably the most pronounced just now, but the improvements at the Reed place, at the Drowning creek farms of Mossiel and Eldridge Johnson the Almet Jenks new home out near Healy's, and the expansion at the Paddock have all shown a decided influence.

Patching together the gossip and the facts that have already produced tangible evidence by active commencement of operation, shows a hopeful outlook for the balance of the spring and summer. From casual newspaper estimates the optimists seem to have the vote, and the apparent sentiment is one of confidence.