

# THE PILOT

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## OVERLOOKING A GOOD BET

May be it may require the ingenuity of a genius to discover how to capitalize one of our best assets, but now that the winter season has pretty well closed in the Sandhills we have at our finger tips the possibility of developing a spring season if we have the ability to turn it to advantage. Out of this fever of planting and decorating our roads and landscapes and homes and gardens has suddenly flashed on the communities the fact that here in the North Carolina sand barrens has been created one of the finest floral establishments in the world. Some places have more extended examples of individual gardens, but few sections have a more extended and detailed community garden than in that area of which Pinehurst, Knollwood, Southern Pines and Aberdeen are the village centers. This territory has not only awakened to the gains from intensive planting of everything, but the highways as well as the village streets and lawns have come into project, and along with all that the owners of large acreage of ground are encouraging the native wild growth, the pines, dogwoods, brilliant maples, the heaths and the various flowers of the swamps, until we have realized that all of nature around us is earnestly trying to regain that primal beauty that we allowed to escape us when the lumberman centered upon his campaign of desolation.

The bridle path has found the beauty of the low trail around the swamp edges and having led folks in that quarter they are recognizing the many interesting plants growing there in profusion. In the older days the roads climbed to the hill tops to be on dry ground. Now they are dropping to the valley to be among the luxuriant flower and shrubby shows. The swamps down on that level keep the roadside planted. This supplements the planting going on along the roads higher on the ridges, and helps to make the entire Sandhills an extended dream of floral perfection.

Few places in the whole United States have such a spectacle to present to an appreciating audience. But for some reason we have not counted the spring flower show in our assets and charms to be included in information distributed to folks who might be interested in knowing about the charm of the Sandhills. May is the month folks ought to be coming this way for their short outings. If they knew the delights of a week or two or three weeks on the golf courses here at this season, and on the roads, and on the bridle paths and on the footpaths, and how excellent the roads are that lead to Moore county, and the good roads that gridiron the county, it is reasonable to suspect that hotels and sports and the community life could be continuing their activity for six weeks yet.

Beyond a peradventure no six weeks of the year is more delightful in the Sandhills than those just in sight. Winter is a time when folks come this way partly to escape the rigors of the disagreeable weather of the North. But May is a time when this country has so much that is pleasant to offer that it would be worth leaving anything in May or June in the North to enjoy what is offered here now. Everything that is attractive in winter here is attractive now. All the sports can be enjoyed. In addition the marvelous May and June weather are worth a few weeks in floral paradise, the flower show alone being suffi-

cient to justify the visit to Moore County.

We have this valuable asset, but we have not yet realized its great worth. We made a noise about the peach blossom a few years ago many people came from nearby points. But our broad, general floral exhibits that lasts for weeks, is so much bigger and more extensive that it is sufficient to justify much more advertising, and an introduction to the people everywhere. The trains now should be filled with excursionists from the North coming to see the Sandhills flower show that covers miles of country, and the highways should be lined with cars hurrying this way to bring people to enjoy the unusual spectacle. A whole community clad in flowers, roads, hilltops, lawns, valleys, swamps, everything a riot of color, a forest of endless charm.

We are overlooking one of the best assets we possess, where we should make the most of it and profit immensely.

## THE LESSON OF PENDER'S HOUSE

In going to the country to build his house L. E. Pender has interpreted the future. This is a territory of room, and attractive home sites in the vicinity of the villages. Mr. Pender has approximately a hundred acres of ground a couple of miles from Pinehurst, and not quite so far from Southern Pines. He wants the charm of the space about him. He does not like the circumscribed dimensions of the village lot, and the phonograph or the radio of the next neighbor, and the dialog that floats in from the house just beyond the line fence.

Why should he? Why should anybody limit his boundary to 50x100 feet, and compel himself all of his life to back out of the garage and turn in the street? Five or ten or twenty acres outside of town costs but little more than half an acre in town, and gives so much more freedom and space for individual action. It gives infinitely more opportunity to make a house that fits the ground, and that can surround itself with the sort of trees and shrubbery that make a landscape rather than a hedge to shut out the next fellow's back yard.

Ground is abundant and cheap—so far. But it will not always be so. Not always can the man seeking a home location have the pick of a small tract that will give him the topography and the neighborhood and the roads and the trees and the shrubs that he would like to have. On the acreage in the country he can designate the kind of house he wants, for with much ground to put it on he can choose the type of house that will harmonize with different locations and then take the location that suits.

Mr. Pender has begun a job that is making not only a home but a home that is artistic and that takes advantage of all the things nature and human intelligence have afforded the man who wants to get a roof over his head. He has set an example that deserves to be followed, an example of a harmonious location for a house, and a house that belongs where he puts it. That is a thing that should be studied more than it is, making the house and the location fit, and both fit all the surroundings. This house is worth much study in this respect. It fits the location, the neighborhood, the place under the hill away from the road, the field in front, the pines across the valley, and it supplements the more pretentious buildings in the villages and emphasizes that it is a country place of modest ambition, but one that embellishes its community by its simplicity and excellent taste in everything that accords with its simplicity.

## A CURIOUS PHILOSOPHY

An odd suggestion comes from some wise man who proposes that with the excess amount of coffee in Brazil it would be wise to burn a large quantity of it to reduce the amount on hand. Maybe it did not occur to him that it would be as simple to lay away until harvest the surplus now on hand, and then instead of burning what is laid away burn in the field what comes to be harvested, which would permit the present surplus to come on the market,

where it already is, and be sold without the competition of the new crop. Another step would lead to the thought that instead of making the new crop it might be pulled as soon as along far enough to show the berries, and thus save the work of ripening and harvesting. Or, other plans for preventing the growth of the crop might be introduced to save the work entailed.

This same proposition was carried far enough to intimate that some cotton could be burned to advantage. But ultimately some philosopher will propose to curtail the crop that has not yet been grown rather than to destroy the one that has been made and then make another. However, it is not certain that such a scheme would be favorably received. To refrain from making another crop is too positive to be popular. And probably the man who might be asked to burn the surplus cotton he has already on hand might file an objection. Actually burning his own cotton is one thing, and not the same as burning another fellow's surplus. And there is the impossibility in the story.

If coffee or cotton or any other thing is destroyed to lessen the supply on hand somebody has to lose the amount destroyed. It is like paying taxes in that we are all willing to make the other fellow the goat, but never ourselves. The alternative is to face the situation, and if there is a surplus so great that buyers will not take it and pay for it we have to sell it for the loss ourselves. Always it is to be remembered the buyer has the last word. He can buy or raise, and he can refuse if the price is not satisfactory. Quantity makes the price, and the seller can make the price only by improving quality or lessening the quantity. And high price always increases quantity, as low price lessens it in due season.

## SPEAKING OF THE WEATHER

You can always talk about the weather and the fashions and the people, and nobody holds you to task for what you say because so much is said by everybody else that no one pays attention to what you say. One day a chap coming down street during a brisk rain said to a man he met, "Nice day." The other assented, "Yeh, not bad." The philosopher tried the same salutation on another pedestrian, with the rejoinder, "For ducks and fish and that kind of cattle." He tried it again on old Doc Strawbridge, who had a thinker of his own and Doc looked at him with that glaring stare of his and said, "You're a dum liar or a dum fool."

Some sage has counted the rainy days and says we have had rain every consecutive Saturday for eleven weeks. This is not in that class of information that Horace Greeley catalogued as "important if true." Wherefore a majority of people will agree that the winter just passed has been one of the most agreeable recalled in this section. Yet if we will all study the weather records we will discover that comparing one year with another there is but little difference in the main. A few more cold days, a few more warm days, the heat and cold differently distributed, more of one in January, more of the other in February, but about the same totals within a few degrees when the end of winter comes; that's about the way weather runs. The records say the temperature for the four months of this year was just about the average, and the rainfall about an inch short monthly for the four months. But being that near an average it is seen to be a right pleasant winter, which our winters, taking them from fall to spring, usually prove to be. It was a nice winter, and a magnificent spring. Maybe it has rained a little too much, but we are a little short of normal rainfall. Maybe it has been a little wet to plant corn, but the ground is a little dry for the springs and the streams. Maybe a lot of things, but some other fellow sees too much where some of us see too little.

Yet it is a delightful spring. It has been a fine winter, and taking all the years and all the way through, and we have the average weather, which is of a satisfying type.

# GRAINS OF SAND

One of the reasons given for failure of the legislators at Raleigh to agree on means of raising revenue to provide a six months school term from State funds is the unpopularity of one Josephus Daniels with the lawmakers. Josephus through his News & Observer has been fighting tooth and nail for a luxury tax. Of course no one wants a luxury tax, but then no one wants any tax, and it may be that a luxury tax will be found the most expedient, the least objectionable of all the plans evolved. And a luxury tax would have been passed long before this were it not for Josephus' support, we are told.

There is reason for Mr. Daniels' unpopularity. No one likes a dictator in a democracy.

The story is, of course, that Josephus wants to be the next Governor—is playing to the people, let the corporation chips fall where they may.

What Josephus fails to take into consideration in his apparent theory of life is the important element of pleasure. He would tax our motion pictures, one of the few joys we have in the sticks; he would tax our coca colas until the "pause that refreshes" loses its refreshment; he would tax our smokes to the point of breaking the Camel's back. And of course anything containing more than a fraction of one percent of alcohol is entirely out of the question. We are given a bit of wonderment as to what Brother Daniels would leave us by way of amusement. We can't write editorials all the time.

The saddest story we have heard

in a long time is about the fellow who'd stinted and saved until he had a thousand dollars salted away. His uncle was well along in years and was going to leave him another thousand, and he figured with two thousand dollars and the aid of the mortgage company he could build his own home at last.

Uncle died. Left him the thousand dollars, in stock in a bank. The stock was duly transferred to him; then the bank failed. Stockholders were assessed 100 per cent of their holdings, in accordance with law, and our friend lost his inheritance and the thousand dollars he had saved. Beat that one.

Chief Beasley of Southern Pines took a little of his own medicine last week. The officer of the law drove his car to Salisbury to appear against the so-called "Boll Weevil" gang, and parked in front of the Courthouse. When he came out he found a tag dangling from the steering wheel. He had violated parking regulations.

"The Aberdeen Hotel has changed hands. Get a story about it," we told one of our reporters the other day. "That isn't news, Boss," he said. "It changes hands every week."

They're having a great squabble in Southern Pines over their new Recorder's Court. It's only a few weeks old. Why don't they give it a try and see how it works before condemning it? The voters will decide the question next Tuesday.

Daylight saving went into effect in the north last Sunday. They are going to save something up there, if it's only daylight.

# Correspondence

## NEW RECORDER'S COURT

Editor, The Pilot:

Several people have suggested that through the columns of your paper I state my reasons for being opposed to the Recorder's Court Bill as passed by the Legislature now in session. Some have intimated that my opposition was based on political purposes. Let me assure you in the beginning that I have no such reasons, and I have no political aspirations whatever, but, as a citizen and tax payer, I feel that I have the right and privilege to oppose any particular measure which I feel will not be for the best interest of our town and community. I do not believe in the criticisms of a measure without offering a remedy, therefore I shall state my objections first and my suggestions later.

I believe I have the distinction of being the first person to go before our Board of Town Commissioners opposing the fee system for our officers. At that time I told our Mayor and Commissioners that I believed we were paying our policemen a salary large enough and that they should not, in my opinion, get an extra fee for making an arrest or summoning a witness, and that their activities, in my opinion, should be confined to the city limits of Southern Pines unless a crime was committed inside the city limits and it was necessary for them to go outside of the city limits to apprehend the criminal.

Some time later the Mayor and Commissioners appointed a Mayor pro tem which, to my mind, was a good arrangement, but I am told they questioned the legality of such a procedure, and decided to have a Recorder's Court instead. Our Senator, M. M. Johnson of Aberdeen, told me that the first bill sent him by our Town Board called for a Recorder's jurisdiction three miles beyond our city limits. He refused, he tells me, to pass this bill, and another bill was sent him making the city limits of Southern Pines the limit for the Recorder's jurisdiction of Southern Pines. He had this bill passed, not knowing there was a State law giving every municipality having a Recorder's Court jurisdiction for five miles from the corporate limits of said town.

One of my objections is, that the people living within that district outside of our city limits will never have any voice in the personnel of our town is concurrent with the jurisdiction of our County Recorder, but as I understand it, they have no voice where they will be tried, it being left to the officers making the arrest and the magistrate within this limit.

Another reason that I object to this bill is that it provides for an election in May to decide whether or not we will have such a Court, and that decision stands until our next election. It seems to me that if we are taking this Court on trial, one year would be

long enough for us to decide whether or not the Court was necessary. But another bill was drawn up and presented to our Legislature and passed, amending the charter of Southern Pines, making our next election not one year hence but two years in the future.

I believe that a judicial office should be an elective office. I have no fight against our present Recorder; on the other hand I have the highest admiration for him, but I think it is my right and privilege to vote for a man for a position of this kind rather than have him appointed.

We have a County Recorder who is paid around \$2,000 per year to try every case that should come before a Recorder. We also have a salaried County Prosecuting Attorney who is paid a salary to prosecute every case in the County that should go before a Recorder. This Court in Carthage, I am told, never takes more than two days per week to try all the cases in the county coming under its jurisdiction, and most of the time, I am told, they dispose of their work in one day.

If this Court here in Southern Pines should prove to be self-sustaining, it would have to take in over \$1,200 per year. If I have been correctly informed the salaries are \$75.00 per month for Recorder and \$30.00 per month for the clerk. A good portion of that amount, as I stated before, should go to our County Court fund. And we must understand that if our County Recorder's Court is not self-sustaining it must be paid for by the taxpayers of Moore county, of which we are a part. Therefore I would suggest, if we must have a Recorder's Court in Southern Pines, that we have an Act of Legislature, if necessary, to have our present County Recorder hold court one day per week in Southern Pines, bringing with him our County Prosecuting Attorney. There are several county wide advantages to this as I see it.

Right here let me say that, in my opinion, Howard Burns, City Clerk, is a very valuable man for the Town of Southern Pines—so valuable, I think, that his whole time should be given to town matters. And I do not think he should hold a Recorder's Court clerk's position having to do with cases originating out of Southern Pines, making it necessary for a taxpayer, who wants to see him on business, to have to be compelled to wait until Court adjourns to transact business with him.

For our local judicial government I would suggest that if the Mayor does not want to try the cases, that he and his Board of Commissioners have the Governor or the Legislature either appoint a magistrate, that they will name, to try all cases coming under a mayor's jurisdiction. Our city government then would have our local situation well in hand.

Trusting that I have made my position clear in the matter I am, Yours very truly,  
 —P. FRANK BUCHAN.

# To Breed Quail In Historic Horseshoe Section of County

Julian Bishop of New York and W. R. Pierce of Detroit Behind Game Farm

Horseshoe section of Moore county, near Carthage, scene of many Revolutionary skirmishes between the Tories and the Patriots, and birthplace of Governor Williams, one of the early North Carolina chief executives is to be the scene of the establishment of a commercial game farm by John Wilcox, clerk of the Moore county superior court, Julian Bishop, of New York, and W. R. Pierce, of Detroit, Mich. The project starts off with the blessings and encouragement of Governor O. Max Gardner, Col. J. W. Harrelson, chief of the Bureau of Conservation and Development, and Charles England, State game warden.

The farm will be in charge of Mr. Pierce, for twenty years a breeder of commercial game, and native quail will be bred for purpose of stocking state and private game preserves. Wild turkeys will be later tackled. Mr. Pierce has already moved to the Horseshoe Camp, and with the assistance of Ed Fry, Carthage hunter and guide and custodian of the camp, is getting everything in readiness to start the venture, which, it is believed will mean much to that section.

Quail sell for \$8 to \$10 a pair. As Mr. Pierce says that he is confident that he can raise 2,500 pair a year without any assistance, the tremendous possibilities of commercial game breeding are readily grasped. "And by taking on a few hands," Mr. Pierce said, "I believe I can raise all of the quail that we can profitably market. The Horseshoe section is ideal for game breeding purposes, and I am delighted over our prospects."

Messrs. Wilcox, Bishop and Pierce called on Governor Gardner, Col. Harrelson and Warden England last week and were given every assurance of state cooperation in their venture. They were told they could count on the State Department of Conservation and Development to take about all the birds they could hope to raise the first year or two and Mr. England said there was a market right now for twenty thousand native quail.

To begin with, Mr. Pierce plans to set eggs, which he will procure from other breeders, under bantam hens, and will thus have a sizeable bunch of birds, if all goes well, by the latter part of the summer, or early fall.

## SCORES MOURN DEATH OF BENJAMIN D. CAVINESS

On Tuesday at 12 o'clock, April 21, 1931 the soul of a Confederate veteran and prominent citizen, Benjamin D. Caviness passed away from this world into the great beyond at his home in Moore County near White Hill. He was only sick for a short time and all was done for him that medical aid and loved ones could do. Mr. Caviness served in the Civil War and had he lived until next August he would have been 88 years old. He was a farmer and made his way by the sweat of his brow and kept active until the last sickness. Few possess the many good qualities that did Mr. Caviness. As a neighbor and friend he was unexcelled and was never too busy or too tired to render aid to one in need. His death will be mourned by all who knew him. This was attested by the vast throng of friends that surrounded his last resting place and the many costly floral offerings that were placed on the mound by tender hands.

Funeral services were held from Center M. E. Church Wednesday at 3 p. m. by his pastor, the Rev. J. H. Buffalo. He was a member and steward of that church and a man of the old faith and school The choir led by J. M. Tyson, of Vass, softly rendered, "Safe In The Arms of Jesus," "Sweet Bye and Bye" and "Shall We Gather at The River."

The Rev. Mr. Buffalo, then spoke highly and touching of the life of Mr. Caviness. The body was laid to rest by the side of his wife and children who preceded him to the grave. The surviving children are Mrs. Maie Gilmore, Lakeview, W. B. Caviness, Leesburg, Va., A. B. Caviness, Ashboro, J. E. Caviness, Lakeview and W. D. Caviness, Aberdeen. Flower bearers were granddaughters of the deceased. Active pallbearers were Milton Cox, W. M. Wicker, Jasper Childress, C. N. Fields, E. B. Harrington and W. H. Jackson. Honorary pallbearers were J. H. Salmon, Turner Smith, J. D. Smith, Tom Cameron, D. T. Harrington, W. A. McLeod, J. L. Rice, C. E. Pleasants, Aberdeen, M. B. Pleasants, Aberdeen, W. J. Harrington, Carthage, W. J. Wadsworth, Carthage, Dock Layne, Sanford, and Jack Muse of Carthage.