

THE PILOT

Published every Friday by
THE PILOT, Incorporated.
Aberdeen, North Carolina

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Subscription Rates:
One Year\$2.00
Six Months\$1.00
Three Months50

Address all communications to The
Pilot, Inc., Aberdeen, N. C.

Entered at the Postoffice at Aber-
deen, N. C., as second-class mail mat-
ter.

DON'T GO FURTHER INTO DEBT

From time to time projects are offered as a means of relief from the present depressed financial condition, but too many of them propose to relieve the situation by borrowing money by the individual, the state or the nation, to be paid later on. As one of the main causes of our present trouble is the inability to care for the debts owing, and the burden of taxation that those debts compels, it is the climax of folly to pile up any more debts to be paid along with those we owe. Several years ago when the government began to make it easy for the farmer to get into debt Col. J. R. Young, of Raleigh, remarked that all he could see that the government was making easy was a way for the farmer to head to positive destruction. Col. Young's suspicion proves to have been well-founded. Far too many farms are in the junk pile because they have such a load of debt that foreclosure proceedings or any other drastic methods cannot pull any money from them as securities for the debts on which they have been sacrificed. Nation, state and county are burdened with bonds and the people are digging into pockets with holes in the bottom after the dollar that has flown, in the hope of finding some tax money to pay interest and principal, and default is beginning to show in bonds given by communities.

It makes no difference what we may assume the value of property to be if that property has to be foreclosed and nobody has money to buy it or cares to buy it at a price that was thought certain when the debt was made. Every national debt, every state debt, every town and county debt, is a mortgage on the property of the individual who lives within the boundary involved. The farm or home, or other property that is owned in a town that is mortgaged, in a county that is mortgaged, in a state that is mortgaged in this nation that is mortgaged by its bonds, is subject to all that pyramid of legal claims, and must help to pay them and the interest as long as they survive. That is why we don't want any more relief that plasters on a mortgage. This country has been relieved so copiously that it is dangerous to be relieved any more in that way. The only way out now is to pay some of the debts and get our heads above water. Nothing else will ever save us as a people. More debts will only hurry the finish more rapidly.

SOLVING A PROBLEM

From the day when Joseph was brought down into Egypt and sold to Potiphar, and farther back in history than man knows at the present time, one man has been assuming authority over another. The day on which two strains of humanity come in contact with each other that racial jealousy and competition begins which has covered the earth with rancor and blood and sorrow in every quarter. So slavery has presented its complications in the United States as everywhere else, and today we still have the frequent antagonisms that are the residuary legacy.

Slavery on a large scale was abolished in 1863, and curiously enough the United States was the last of the great nations to take the step, Russia having ended serfdom in 1861. In 1822, 352 ships, according to reports to the Congress of Verona, were engaged in the slave trade. And so the United States comes to have a negro population of ten

or twelve million, brought to this country against their desire, making the most of conditions amid which they have been reared, and presenting the most remarkable example known to civilization of an advance from barbarism four of five generations ago to a plane of civilization that no race had attained prior to the arrival in the American colonies of the first negro slaves. The positive advancement of the negro in America is without parallel in the history of mankind within so short a period.

But the path of progress has been one of sorrow in spite of the climax that has been reached, and the end is not yet. However, it is believable that the days ahead are brighter, and that in the Sandhills of Moore county an experiment is working that is pregnant with good results. When last week D. G. Stutz, mayor of Southern Pines, and the board of town commissioners, discussed with R. McCants Andrews, attorney for a movement that is under way in the colored community on the north side of the creek in Southern Pines, the situation that confronts the town of Southern Pines in the relation of the two races, they opened the way for a solution of the problem that has been one of the major questions all over the South, and is coming to be a dominant question in the North—the political and social relation of white man and negro. In Southern Pines the two races have maintained friendly contact from the day the town was founded. White man and black man have grown up in a neighborhood that has been friendly. Each has held the confidence of the other.

Not long ago an attempt was made to establish a separate political entity in which the negro undertook to carry on a government of his community by his unaided effort. As government is complex, involving financing of public matters, maintaining law, order, public schools, sanitary measures, and all the big and little responsibilities, the town of Southern Pines did not achieve the success that both white and colored people hoped for, and because the two towns are neighbors the prosperity of one required the prosperity of the other. The legislature annexed West Southern Pines to Southern Pines, extinguishing the smaller government, and through failure to understand the wisdom of the movement disagreement arose that culminated in the court case at Wadesboro last week. But along with that arrival in court came the conference of the attorney for the colored folks with the mayor and town commissioners of Southern Pines, and from the conference have arisen some propositions that look like a happy and satisfactory outcome that will bring the best results to both places.

The conference was predicated on the assumption that the success of the colored neighborhood is essential to the success of the white community, and that the white must lend the necessary help to the colored folks in whatever way the maintenance of law, sanitary measures, procedure and other factors require, allowing to the negroes such range of action as they can demonstrate their ability to use with wisdom, and helping them where they are lacking. It is believed that out of this proposition can come a much improved community on the side of the creek where the colored folks live, that whites and blacks working together can make a model community over there and remove most of the obstacles that both races are anxious to have overcome.

The government of Southern Pines appears to be going at the task in intelligent manner, and is entitled to the backing of all the people, black and white alike, for without harmonious work of the two races failure is the prospect. This is no time for animosity on either side of the creek, but for an energetic attempt to carry out the measures proposed and ordered by the law, ironing out any seeming difficulties around the council table, and with faith and fairness in all the dealings. West Southern Pines can be made one of the most ideal negro communities in the country, with substantial backing by the white people who are desperately interested in attaining that end for their own good, just as much as

the negroes are. Lawyer Andrews appealed his case last week, which was necessary politics, but Lawyer Andrews and Mayor Stutz were practically in agreement as to community of policy in their conference, and if they are properly sustained by the people it is believable that they will lay the foundation here for a job that will be satisfactory and broadly beneficial in every way.

WELCOME THE STRANGER

The arrival of the Rev. J. F. Morrissey, of Toronto, Canada, to be assistant pastor of the Southern Pines Catholic Church, brings a new face to the group of clergy at work in this field. Francis Dillon has made so many friends in the two communities of Pinehurst and Southern Pines that a man who comes here under his sponsorship is certain to be cordial y received. Possibly a Catholic clergyman coming to a community in which his flock is so much in the minority as in Moore county, is entitled to a little more warmth of reception than a fellow worker in the other denominations that are large, for the man whose field is more limited has less of that encouragement of numbers, which has something to do with the latent enthusiasm that a clergyman must carry with him in his work.

It is fortunate that much of the old time antagonism between creeds and congregations is dying out, for however much we may differ from each other in our views on religion or any other theme, the fact is still uppermost that we all need the aid of every other influence to gain the greatest good that all are struggling for. Maybe some of us do not accept the minor doctrines of the Roman Catholic church, but this we all have to remember, that on the foundations of the old church, and for 1,500 years after its establishment, the Catholic hierarchy held aloft the sign of the cross over a struggling faith, and until some 500 years ago with no aid from outside source held it by its own efforts against many antagonisms and difficulties.

The new man that comes to this section, backed by the tradition and achievement of the 2,000 years of persistent work for the uplift of mankind, will not fail to receive a cordial hand of fellowship. And if it may be allowable to draw that sinister bend which separates the church militant from the warfare of the roped arena the name of Morrissey has an aggressiveness about it that old-timers, especially the New England element, will recall as one that is hard to scare with trivialities.

THE TIME TO SELL

Recently advice has been offered to the producer of farm stuff to withdraw from the market and sell nothing until prices go up. The motive is no doubt sincere, but the advice would result in the most magnificent catastrophe possible if it could be made effective. Suppose sellers should withdraw their products from the market, or that the market for other reasons should be closed. What would immediately happen? The owners of the various products would have on their hands their products, and no possible way to convert them into cash and other things which producers hope to obtain from their work and production. With that immediate disaster facing the producer his obligations would also immediately begin to overwhelm him, for every creditor would at once move to procure any money possible that could be salvaged out of the ruin. Business in all directions would promptly collapse, and it would collapse for an indefinite period for a supply of everything saleable would be on hand, and no one would dare to produce anything further, for it would only add to the surplus without a market, and industry and commerce would be chaos.

One great trouble now is that we have drawn from the markets kets too much of a surplus of wheat and cotton and other things instead of selling that stuff, and the surplus hangs over the head of business like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a thread that any trifling thing might break. The attempt to hold too many things for higher price has piled up a vast store of many things to break over us if the collapse should ever be in-

vited and it is pretty sure that more money has been lost by holding for higher prices than by selling for lower prices, and more has been lost in that way than ever was made in that manner.

Andrew Carnegie used to say the time to sell is when you have anything ready to sell, and Andrew sold a great deal of stuff in his day, some at high prices, some at low prices, but in the long run with a fair evidence that his idea of selling time is correct—when you have stuff ready to sell.

Grains of Sand

Right on top of a complaint from George E. Wells of Pinebluff that The Pilot occasionally incorrectly referred to his town as Pine Bluff instead of Pinebluff, we note that the library's new sign reads: PINE-BLVFF.

How come, George? How come? We are fearful of another squabble between a couple of our contributing editors. Last winter Struthers Burt attacked Ralph Page for the atrocious looking Page Trust Company signs at the entrance to Raeford and Sanford. Whereupon Ralph agreed to take them down. Now we note that a new Page Trust Company sign has appeared outside Raeford. Ralph apparently agreed to take his signs down, but said nothing about not putting any more up.

Just wait till Struthers gets back. This seems to be the vital question of the day in Moore county: When is a deputy sheriff not a deputy sheriff?

Quite an interest appears to be developing on the part of city residents in farm land. Inquiries have been coming into the Sandhills from the north lately, from men who believe the way to weather the depression is to go back to the land and grow your own. If this idea grows, we may profit by the plight of the rest of the country, for surely there is no more ideal place to settle down, raise your own food and live peacefully and inexpensively than here in Moore county.

Which prompts the hint: Read "Sand in My Shoes," by Katharine Ripley, just published. It's the real

story of the Sandhills, well done by one who has lived with us in our prosperous days and our "between times." And enjoyed both.

The County Fair premium list offers a prize for apple sauce. But our best manufacturers of apple sauce won't exhibit this year. It's not an election year.

There are those who believe that if Josephus runs for Governor, history will repeat itself. More Daniels in the lion's den.

This is not a catch. It is a real problem that was set in a recent Brit-

ish Civil Service Examination.

A railway train was manned by three men, named Smith, Jones and Robinson, who were guard, fireman and driver, but not respectively. On the train were three passengers, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones and Mr. Robinson. Mr. Robinson lived at Leeds. The guard lived halfway between Leeds and Sheffield. Mr. Jones earned 100 pounds per annum. The guard's nearest neighbor, a passenger, earns exactly three times as much as the guard. The guard's namesake lived at Sheffield. Smith beat the fireman at billiards. What was the name of the driver?

This can be solved by logic.

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