

THE PILOT

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BY WAY OF SUGGESTION

The Pilot is not given to over-much boasting, but as spring draws near possibly it is permissible to call attention to a few things that will do no harm by being mentioned. The Pilot has grown in a few years to a prominent place among country papers in this section of North Carolina, and to a right fair status among the papers not only of the whole state, but of the nation. A silver cup award to the best country paper of the state and a diploma from the State Fair for similar recognition of merit, as well as a recommendation from one of the universities of another state as a paper worth studying by the members of the class in journalism, are among the credentials that are somewhat out of the ordinary. But credentials more substantial to the management are the dominating circulation, and the advertising preference shown The Pilot by those who desire to reach its territory.

This year will be a rather unusual year in politics in county, state and nation. The Pilot is under no circumstances a political paper, but it has its opinions about public affairs, and those opinions are based wholly on what it regards as the public welfare. It makes no claims to unusual wisdom in anything, but it finds a certain definite satisfaction in the knowledge that the people who know The Pilot rate it as a paper that is not open to any conviction except intelligent and honest evidence of worth in the character of the candidate and soundness in his political principles as applied to the common good. In the campaign The Pilot expects to keep its readers posted as to the development in state and county, saying a word if it feels that way, commenting on politics and candidates as its inclinations prompt, and those who want to keep up with this neighborhood will probably find The Pilot worth having in the house from week to week.

Without blushing it may claim to be a clean and conservative country paper, covering its field, dependable in its statements and reports. A paper of this type has more than ordinary value to the advertisers who would do business in the Sandhills. The advertiser who appears in The Pilot is in good company, for no others are admitted. The character of a paper gives character to its advertisements. Look at the names that are seen in each issue. From all points of view it is logical to tie in with The Pilot for the coming season.

ALWAYS THE OTHER FELLOW

This tax business is as funny as the time the boy feeding the job press got his hand in the machinery and nearly ground his fingers off. The anxiety felt now about the prospect of federal taxation on automobiles on top of the taxes the gas buggy already pays, is distressing. But it overlooks the one fact. No matter how high the taxes pile up on the automobile they don't affect the car at all. It is the fellow who owns the thing that has the bill to pay. And he is the fellow who has the taxes to pay, whether on his automobile or on his watered stock or his live stock or his cigarettes, or his income or his legacies to his family or on his baby buggy or his coffin or any other old thing that is not so long gone that the memory of the tax assessor cannot recall it.

It doesn't make an iota of difference what the taxes are levied on, we the people, the big mass of one hundred and twenty five million American folks, have to dig up the dingblats

that are nominated on the tax receipt, and whether that tax is laid on automobiles or glossed over with soothing syrup does not change, the painful separation of Mr. Taxpayer from his money. Of course if all taxes, jointly and severally, were laid on automobiles and nothing else, there are a few people who do not own the murderous things, and who in that way would escape taxation. But they are so few, and they pay so little taxes anyway, that it is not worth sweating much blood over any effort to include them in the tax scheme. It is the millions of us who have the gaswagons that pay the taxes, and don't fool yourself thinking anything else. And as long as that unlimited group has the taxes to pay why not bunch the levy and let it go one way as well as another?

One of these days some clear-headed man will suggest to cut out some of the taxation, but as long as we insist on the present high tax collection what difference does it make whether the tax man cuts off a good big piece of hide in one place, or an equal amount from various spots all over your anatomy? If the tax man is going to soak you for a hundred dollars what is the difference whether he hits you one straight crack for a hundred or makes out a patch work bill for a dollar for your wheelbarrow, three dollars for your washing machine, five dollars for your last winter overcoat, two dollars for your dog, fifty dollars for your house and an endless lot of other quaint and annoying items for other things to make up the amount.

Over in Tennessee fifty years ago lived an old philosopher who used to say he liked whisky just plain whisky, no dum mixtries in it like sugar or water or spice or mint. Whisky is the only thing that has the alcohol in it and that is what he figured as his drink. He had the idea of taxes. Nominate the poison, make it straight, and gimme the bottle. If we got to pay we got to pay, and making an itemized bill does not change the fact that when it is all totaled up that total is what you write on the check.

Just one way to lower that check and that is to lessen the expense of government. That is the issue in politics this year, and so far A. J. Maxwell seems to be the man who has seen the star in the sky.

CLEARING UP A TROUBLED QUESTION

The decision of the Supreme Court continuing West Southern Pines as a part of the Southern Pines corporation is an expected and logical end of a bit of history that was exciting for a short period, and possibly wholesome in its general effect. The experiment by the negroes on the west side of the creek in their self-government was laudable, but for several reasons it was not practical. The unit was too small in contact with the larger unit across the creek, for the white portion of the community with its greater experience and stronger financial position was compelled in the maintenance of its more advanced standard to try to hold the west side up to a higher level of government and municipal development than it could reach by its own efforts.

The basis of the whole difference of opinion is that the two settlements are too closely united to be other than one acting organization. Ties impossible to dissolve reach across the creek. Each group depends on the other. It is essential to the white man's success that he bring the colored man as well up to the white standards as possible, and it is vital to the Negro that he comes up as far to the white man's standard of everything as he can. To attain such an end both must work together with the same motives.

"Jimtown" now has a legal status, and with the white man sharing the colored man's burdens and responsibilities. The estrangements that developed and the conferences that followed during the summer brought a much clearer understanding of the situation. They gave the colored folks a broader idea of what the white man can do for them, and they gave the white man a better view of what he must do in a neighborhood way to make easier some of the problems of the black man. Each has yielded something in his opinions, but both have gained. Both have taken on new re-

sponsibilities, which is pretty certain indication that each will help the other more in the future, and with a willingness that a better understanding has made possible. Clear-headed men on both sides of the creek have established a greater intimacy with each other, and a common confidence in the integrity of purpose of both communities will dominate the days to come.

West Southern Pines will not be that hoped-for example of a self-governed Negro community, but it will in all likelihood be an example of one of the best governed groups of colored folks in this country, with both races having a hearing in the government, and with intelligent and wholesome results the outcome of this newer scheme. The town Council of Southern Pines and the leaders of the colored folks on the west side of the creek have done a good job in getting together on the new basis, and the patient intelligence that worked out this amalgamation has ability and sincerity enough to bring results that will be progressive and distinctly beneficial to all concerned.

THE DAY OF THE GROUNDHOG

Why the groundhog should have one of the 365 days of the year to make weather this modest family paper does not presume to say. But he has it, and that's all there is to that. What he makes this year in the way of winter will not be of a great deal of significance, for should he even bring us another six weeks of winter he will be behind the schedule, for winter is already six weeks short, and all the groundhogs in North Carolina cannot make this winter an average winter no matter what they do.

But up his sleeve the groundhog has a bigger card in its relation to the welfare of the human race than any six weeks of cold weather, for on Groundhog day an international commission meets in Geneva to undertake to reduce the vast armaments and to make some effort to stop wars, and the tremendous outlay of money and the attendant crushing load of taxation that war entails, and entails now in greater and more burdensome manner than ever in the history of mankind.

Many causes have been offered as the explanation of the financial depression now encompassing the world, but observers know that it is war and its aftermath and its threats for the future. It takes over four billion dollars a year now to provide for the military expenses of the nations, in spite of the fact that the world finished up a great war that was represented as a war to end war. But it certainly was not a war to end war costs. Today the world is at its rope's end as far as money goes, but it is still appropriating four billions a year to meet the demand for defensive armament and preparation, an inconceivably bigger sum than was necessary twenty years ago when we had not fought a war to end wars and had no notion of fighting any big war, and when this country had no more notion of any war than of submergence of the continent into the sea. No man lives today who will see the end of the debt payment from expenses of the war to end wars, but we are still piling up billions of debts to prepare to defend against the next war, which folks say is not to come, yet which all nations are jeopardizing their last dollar to prepare for. In 1913 the cost to this government of army and navy was \$299,000,000. In 1930 it was \$825,000,000, and last year it was much bigger. And these are days of peace.

GRAND JURY FINDS COUNTY HOME AND JAIL SATISFACTORY

In its visits to the county home, the jail and the road camp last week, the Grand Jury found satisfactory conditions prevailing, according to its report. The jury recommends that the county home be supplied with a washing machine and that more seats be added to the waiting room for white ladies on the first floor of the court house. It also recommended that the fire chief make frequent visits to the basement of the court house and see that no fire hazards are left there.

The offices in the court house were reported as being well kept.

Attractive bridge score pads with your name on each sheet. Ideal for gifts or for your own tables. To be had from The Pilot, Aberdeen.

Grains of Sand

When times seem bad
And all is blue
Just stop and think
And thank your lucky star
That you
Are not a Chink.

Bion Butler's had two fires at Valhalla in the past three years. One more and he says he's going to change the name to Valhella.

We are getting quite vice-presidential in the Sandhills. Mrs. Eustis, who is occupying one of Louis Lachine's houses on Weymouth Heights, is a daughter of the late Levi P. Morton, vice president of the United States under Benjamin Harrison. Mrs. E. Webster Knight, 2d, who has a winter residence near The Paddock on Eethesda Road, is a daughter of Vice President Charles Curtis.

Going the rounds is the story of the North Carolina farmer who, disgusted with the price he is getting for his farm products, declared:

"I never aim to say 'git-up' to nuther mule unless he's a-settin' in my lap."

One wonders if he is the same one who carted a load of tobacco to the market, sold it and found the total proceeds insufficient to pay warehouse charges. Having no money, he told the warehouseman he would bring him a nice fat hen the next time he came to market to make up for the deficit, to which arrangement the warehouseman's appetite for hen readily persuaded him to agree.

About a week later the bankrupt farmer crept into the warehouse carrying two fat hens, one under each arm.

"Why hello Jim," the warehouseman greeted—"But you only owe me one chicken."

"Yes, I know," Farmer Jim replied with a wry smile. "But I've got another load of tobacco out here."

One particular institution that has weathered the storm of depression in unimpaired shape is the building and loan association. No severer test of its stability and soundness could have been developed than during the experiences of depression when bank failures have been the order of the day, with the foundation of the building and loan association unshaken. O. K. LaRoque, chief of the Building and Loan Bureau at Raleigh, is moved to declaration of this kind: "When factories and warehouses are closed, homes deserted, churches lose their influence, the doors of the school fail to open to the youth of our land, when the Government fails, and weeds grow in the streets of our cities, then will the stock in building and loan associations in North Carolina lose its value." He knows of "no material investment based on more solid foundation."

Thus read an editorial in The esteemed Charlotte Observer. Financial statements of building and loan associations of the Sandhills section have been appearing in The Pilot the past few weeks. They all reflect a healthy condition, and their evidence to the "stability and soundness" Editor Wade Harris mentions.

LAKEVIEW

Wade Coffey was in town Monday, having run up from Greeleyville, S. C., for the week end.

Mrs. R. B. Bird and sons, Bobbie and Richard Holt, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Gardner and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Bascom Caviness of Asheboro, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Caviness.

Miss Mary Oldham, sister of Mrs. Caviness, is making an extended visit with the Caviness household.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunc Morrison and children visited Mr. Morrison's father at the Highsmith Hospital in Fayetteville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Gardner and Miss Rebecca Gardner were guests for the day Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gibson in Fayetteville.

Mrs. Loula Taylor has returned from Sanford where she took care of Mrs. James Flemming for a week following an operation for appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Warner spent Monday afternoon in Raleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Butler, of Coal Glen, visited friends in Lakeview on Sunday evening.

Mrs. A. H. Williams, Mrs. Raymond Howe, Mrs. F. W. Briscoe and Mrs. Price Briscoe made a trip to Cole's Pottery on Thursday.

Mrs. John McQueen spent Tuesday in Greensboro in company with Mrs. I. C. Sledge and Mrs. Alex Stewart of Pinehurst.

Miss Sarah Worthy Stewart, of Pinehurst, was the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McNeill.

Mrs. Alfred Williams and Mrs. Raymond Howe attended the D. A.

R. meeting at the home of Mrs. W. C. Mudgett in Southern Pines on Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Arthur Newcomb, Mrs. Mary Downie and Mrs. Dunc Morrison spent Monday morning in Jonesboro.

MRS. FRANCIS T. KEATING'S GIFT TO SILVER FOILS

Mrs. Francis T. Keating has graciously presented to the Silver Foils new score cards for No. 1 and No. 3 courses, made up according to the latest ruling for woman's par. This gift will be very much appreciated by all Silver Foils members.

Aberdeen

Miss Anna Belle Thompson, who now has a secretarial position with Murdoch Johnson at Camden, S. C., returned home last week to spend a few days with her parents here. She was accompanied by Henry Lewis and Eva Johnson, who visited relatives here.

Mrs. Stewart Weaver has been quite ill at her home on the Raeford road. Miss Daisy Condon, manager of Mack's Five and Ten store here was the fortunate winner in the Mazda Electric Bulb contest for this district.

ANNOUNCEMENT

We have accepted the agency at Aberdeen for the well known East Coast Fish Fertilizers, and will at all times keep in stock a complete line of fertilizers for all farm and garden crops.

We are prepared to serve you at once with plant bed and garden fertilizers at prices in line with legitimate competition. Our meal mixture for tobacco can't be beat.

DOUB SUPPLY CO.
ABERDEEN, N. C.

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