

THE PILOT

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THE END OF THE RAT HOLE

From Sanford to Mt. Airy the people are in a quandary about the proposition of the Atlantic and Yadkin railroad to remove the passenger and express train that serves the country through which the road runs. The road says it is operating at a loss, and those who know the situation readily believe it tells the truth. Its business has been taken away by the trucks and automobiles. That the passenger service will ever again pick up to be profitable is in grave doubt. Years ago that road was built under the mistaken notion that an outlet was needed from Wilmington to the mountains. But traffic persisted in going from the mountains up the Shenandoah valley rather than down to Wilmington and other outlets served for the limited traffic and the Cape Fear and Yadkin valley road was never a success. The rail business of North Carolina is northeast, not northwest. The outlets of the export traffic are at Norfolk, Baltimore and New York, and the centers to which business moves are the big cities of the North Atlantic, not the South.

At any rate the Atlantic and Yadkin road has not been able to do more than a bit of local traffic, and of late years state and nation have been building hard top roads to encourage the automobile and the truck to take away the little business the road used to have. As long as the public fund provides a road over which traffic may move without cost to the vehicle for construction and upkeep the highway will take a big end of the business, and the shape in which the railroads over the country find themselves is sufficient evidence that the Atlantic and Yadkin road has no hope except through some miracle that does not seem likely to happen until the people are faced with the expensive job some day, perhaps not too far in the future, of rebuilding the roads that now are assumed to be permanent and enduring forever. But one thing that is as certain as all the other mutations of time, is that with increasing traffic the roads will one day have to be rebuilt, for increasing traffic and heavier tonnage will in due season have its effects. Then the tune we sing will be a different one. It is not likely the state will stand for another vast bonded debt. Some way the state will wiggle out of the difficulty, but always in these cases the people have to pay, just as they do now. We are wrecking the little roads and murdering the big ones. Probably the big ones will come through. Most of the little ones may not. But the State corporation commission cannot settle the difficulty. The devilment is already done. And it involves more than the Atlantic and Yadkin. It will get every road that is starved to death by taking away its traffic and shifting that traffic to highways built and maintained for all vehicles free of charge. We are about at the end of that rat hole.

THE NEGRO SPIRITUALS

Last week was notable for the prominence gained on two occasions by the negroes of Southern Pines. The exhibit of pictures by the pastor of the colored church and his pupils was one event and the other was the song service at the country club Sunday by another group. Over two hundred visitors dropped in to see the pictures, and probably twice that number were on hand to hear the earnest and unique performers at the concert. In both instances the audiences were thoroughly pleased with what they saw and heard, for it was

of a quality that has given rise to a more interested idea of the negro and his relations to the community.

Within the past few months certain developments in Southern Pines have removed some of the thorns that beset the racial relation of the two peoples who comprise the population of the village and a better understanding between both sides of the creek has awakened a new outlook. A more cordial understanding has been built on a sounder foundation, and both sections are feeling a broader confidence in each other. Out of that better relation has come these two events, white man and black man working together for the pleasure and the encouragement of the other, and both learning that on a mutual approach depends the harmony and usefulness that must come to each from the other.

Southern Pines has a good class of people—white people and black people. If a limited number of irresponsibles is found of either race it is the small minority, and that small minority can be suppressed and held in check with little difficulty by the great majority of responsible, and is. The objectionables on the west side of the creek is yielding easily to the more logical handling of the situation now pursued, and with the better understanding between the races it will be discovered that a common ground can be found on which both can stand and on which each can help the other to the benefit of both. That song festival of the negro's peculiar and interesting music is worth repeating, for it is the simon-pure rendering of the negro music, not as a theatrical imitation of a sincerely religious impulse, but the honest outpouring of actual human emotion and devotional integrity. The colored folks can add to the interest of the white visitor's stay in the Sandhills if they are properly guided by their white friends, and to the benefit of both. They should be encouraged to sing more, for their work has great merit, and white encouragement will also stimulate them to better action.

OUR GRAVE DEFICIENCIES

Harrison Stutts sends The Pilot a letter from a business connection that comments on a situation in North Carolina that deserves the attention of all North Carolina farmers and all North Carolina people. The letter makes note of a survey that has just been completed by the Federal government, and which shows that the cotton states paid out last year for food and feed and other things they could have made at home on the farms over \$430,000,000, and that the fifteen Southern States paid out in the year over a billion dollars. Reference to North Carolina says it is a state more developed industrially than any other Southern State, and that in the last two years it has greatly increased its food and feed crops, but that it still can not feed itself. Estimates by the State University indicate that in some crops it falls short from 50 to 80 per cent of supplying its own needs. "The average southern farmer," says the letter, "still raises cotton and tobacco for an already glutted market while he pays a farmer in Minnesota to make his butter and condensed milk, one in Kansas to raise his meat, one in Iowa to supplement his corn crop, one in Maryland or Ohio to raise his vegetables and haul them to a cannery. Then he pays several dealers to handle these items and haul them to a railroad for carrying them when he could have produced all of them at little cost on ground now used for a crop which he can sell only at a net loss."

The farmers and everybody else know all these facts. The main task is to so arrange that things that can be made at home may be made at home rather than bought from distant sections with all the attendant cost of getting them here, and with the difficult task of paying for them with money expected from cotton and tobacco which fail to bring enough to pay. The question is a big one, and involves more than newspaper talk, but it has to be solved by raising more stuff at home, and there is no way out of it but doing one thing. The farmer who does not raise much cotton or tobacco may not have much money, but

if he grows feed and food crops he will not have the empty belly-ache.

OUR INDIFFERENT HIGHWAY SLAUGHTER

One thing that goes along with no depression in its effectiveness is the continued slaughter and mutilation on the highways. It becomes a question whether the good road is a benefit or a grave blight on human safety and the actual development of the nation. In spite of a smaller number of cars registered the death toll steadily increases, the death rate for last year reaching around 34,000. The forecast is for more deaths this year, for traffic experts say better roads mean more reckless speed, and more than half the deaths and accidents are attributed to fast driving.

It is practically impossible to drive more than a few miles on any road in the country without observing an indifference to safety that is hair-curling. A flippant driver will cut past you on a curve, possibly to meet and dodge by a hair a car coming in the opposite direction. In the villages some folks observe the law to stop at crossings, while some are wholly indifferent to such laws. Restrictions of speed are carefully followed on some of the town streets, while some drivers whip along through the towns regardless of anything. That climax of imbecility, the right of way, prompts some drivers to disregard anything and tear ahead in all manner of complicated danger spots, indifferent to the fact that the right of way, if too vehemently claimed and maintained is frequently the right of way to perdition.

The Lord only knows what is to be the outcome of this disregard for law and safety on the highway, for a superstition seems to pervade the human race that it is every man's business as to the speed he runs, and that the man who objects to recklessness and stupid driving is merely a fine-haired complainer with no red blood in his veins and not entitled to a hearing. A railroad employe has to be governed by rigid rules, and backed by long experience and careful record of intelligent work on the road before he is entrusted with anything to drive, and then he must confine himself to two rails that are guarded by train dispatchers and time schedules that ensure safety. But anybody can drive an automobile, without any question as to ability, without any time schedules, without any restrictions as to crossings, sidings, passing, or anything else that makes for safety except a law that is barely a suggestion, and which is not given two thoughts by ten per cent of the drivers. What is 34,000 deaths a year as against the right to drive as you choose? People are the cheapest thing in the world. Kill them all you want to.

Carthage Locals

On Saturday evening at the residence of Mrs. J. L. McGraw, Miss Margaret McLeod was hostess at bridge and rook, honoring Mrs. Clifton McLeod and Mrs. Sadie Leak of Rockingham. The valentine motif was effectively carried out in table appointments and refreshments. The guests of honor were each presented a lovely gift. High score prize for bridge was presented Mrs. L. R. Sugg and high score for rook to Mrs. George Thomas.

Mrs. Clifton McLeod and Mrs. Sadie Leak of Rockingham were weekend guests of Miss Margaret McLeod. Madames H. C. Roberts, T. L. Riddle and Sarah Maness of Sanford spent Tuesday here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Lee Thomas are receiving congratulations upon the arrival of a son February 7th.

Mrs. C. G. Spencer has returned from a visit to her home in Florida.

Mrs. C. C. Yates, Mrs. H. J. Hall and Mrs. Cornelia Black spent Thursday in Aberdeen with friends.

Mrs. Nancy Martinale and Miss Essie Leonard of Highfalls were in town Saturday.

Miss Frances Purdy of Flora McDonald College spent the week-end here with her sister, Miss Sarah Purdy, who teaches in the high school.

Miss Katharine Blue of Flora McDonald College came home for the week-end.

Mrs. P. K. Kennedy and Miss Louise Williams were visitors in Sanford Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Parks spent Sunday in Fayetteville with friends. Miss Elizabeth Young of Smith-

Correspondence

BOY SCOUTS

Editor, The Pilot:

This being the time when contributions are being solicited it is fitting that I should call on you for this particular request thereby conforming so the recommended procedure of asking, from all contributors, that help which is most in accord with the individual talents of the person making the contribution.

Therefore may I beg your indulgence to devote one of your priceless moments to the consideration of the Boy Scout movement in an editorial. Much space, time and money have been devoted to the questions of unemployment interpreted as lack of opportunity to devote time to gainful occupation. Unquestionably a critical problem has been materially helped. But life is a progressive activity, building for tomorrow on the experiences and observed data of today. The properly guided potential energy of today's youth becomes the vitalizing force of tomorrow's men. Surely this is but another form of unemployment. If these potentialities are permitted to atrophy through non-use the structure tomorrow will not be saved by good roads or beautifying a place for the dead.

This proper guidance and capitalization of youthful energy is the object of the Scout movement. Directing the mental and physical vigor of our boys into channels of purposeful activity surely is worth while. Providing a much needed system of supervised physical development and at the same time instilling tolerance, good sportsmanship and group endeavor combine mental adjustment with bodily health.

But like all other civic projects the undertaking requests the assistance of public minded supporters. In order to provide facilities for future harvest an investment must be made. Surely an investment in our youth is not a risky venture.

The secretary of the Boy Scout Council is Ralph Chandler.

If I have convinced you of the value of this enterprise I would appreciate, on behalf of the Council and the boys, any space you could devote to its furtherance.

—C. T. WALDIE.

JUSTICE

Editor, The Pilot:

Reading in The Pilot of the terrible accident that was prevented on the Seaboard track, I wish that fellow had received severe punishment, a year at least in jail. Thirty years in school and dealing with all kinds of culprits I feel the juvenile courts should deal more severely with the young offenders, but seldom is the punishment adequate to the crime.

—M. LILLIAN DUNBAR.

(Editor's Note—Judge Humber of Recorder's Court at Carthage informs The Pilot that this case was not heard by him as reported in last week's issue. It was disposed of by a justice of the peace without reference to Carthage.)

GRAINS OF SAND

Little Tolbert was sorely afflicted with a cold and his big friend, Virginia, was feeling very sorry for him. In a sympathetic tone she inquired: "What are you taking for your cold, honey?"

"I take a handkerchief," he replied.

Forest fires have averaged an annual loss amounting to \$1,000,000 in North Carolina during the last 22 years or a total of \$22,022,499 for the period. This is one of the most severe rains on the economic life of the state.

The combined forest fire damages over the last 22 years surpasses the State's total investment in buildings and improvements at all of the State-owned institutions of higher learning. The total would be almost sufficient to operate all public schools in North Carolina for a year.

H. Lee, Jr., is attending school for his first year. One night after he had been tucked in bed and was supposed to be safe on the way to slumberland, he called his mother to him and this is what he told her: "Mother, there are two things that I am not going to do; I am not going to get married and I'm not going to college."

"Man," said the old man as he laid down the paper and came to the supper table. "I got some good news for ye."

And mommer said she would sure be glad to hear it.

"Just been reading in the paper there that in Sumatra this spring you can buy a perfectly good python snake 25 feet long for \$700."

Three-year-old Hugh had been to his granddaddy's garage to get a new license plate attached to his tricycle. Returning home alone, he saw

a cow with big horns, grazing near the sidewalk, and how was he to know that she was chained? The little fellow screamed in fright.

He reached home with tear-stained face, and in response to his mother's inquiry told his story. Then, "what that cow done if she had got to me," he asked.

"I suppose that she would have butted you," his mother responded.

After a second's reflection the youngster demanded: "What God put them butts on that cow for?"

The Aberdeen Public Library is dependent upon donations for support. The Town of Aberdeen and the Thursday Afternoon Book Club are regular contributors. Other contributions will be welcome.

Andy Creamer at the Highland Pines Inn is moved to wonder. This has been a mighty delightful winter around here, but his brother up in Maine who farms in summer and in winter hauls cord wood into town to sell writes that the lack of snow has prevented the hauling of the wood to the towns, and as beans are cold weather diet he can't sell his bean crop. So Andy says we better arrange to have things natural even if it does mean a little more cold weather in the South, and he says that if it is a fact that Pete Pender's idea that the big uplift in the bottom of the Atlantic ocean has warmed up the sea and thus made the whole world warmer Pete better put the ocean back where it was and get things to normal once more.

We are in receipt of a complaint that the groundhog deceived us. We welcome all complaints, even if we can't do much about some of them. We must refuse to accept blame for the weather and the stock market.

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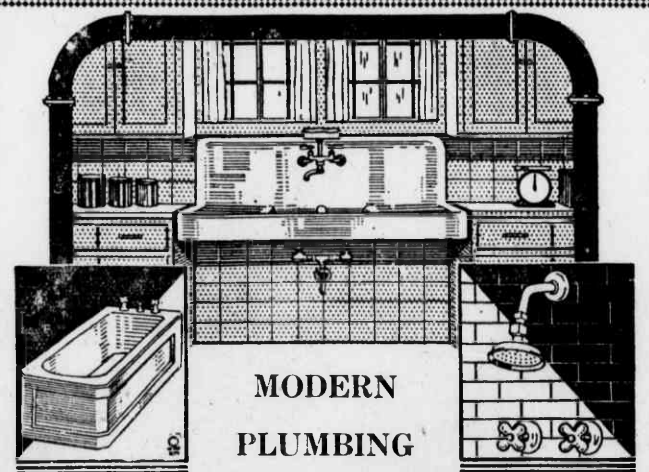
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