

THE PILOT

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NELSON C. HYDE, Managing Editor
BION H. BUTLER, Editor
JAMES BOYD STRUTHERS BURT
RALPH PAGE
Contributing Editors

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SOME ELECTION PREDICTIONS

Who is to be elected president three weeks hence is in doubt. North Carolina will have no choice in the matter, for its vote will be cast for Roosevelt, who will probably not need it if he is elected and who cannot profit by it if he is defeated. The election will be neither a Republican or a Democratic victory, but a socialist triumph. It is not Republican doctrine nor Democratic doctrine that is at the present time dividing the nation into hostile political spheres, but socialism. If any man can define the difference between Republican and Democrat he will certainly begin with a difference in opinion as to who shall secure the flesh pots and the jobs.

It is not whisky that divides the major parties? It is not tariff, for while the Republicans have been the high priests of protection the Democrats are assiduously sucking the hind teat, and preaching tariffs to get a share if tariffs are any good.

For political effect Mr. Hoover is accused of responsibility for the financial and industrial conditions that prevail, but that accusation is only for trading purposes, for everybody knows Mr. Hoover is no more anxious for financial depression than Mr. Roosevelt, and that he would go a long way to remedy affairs if he could. What controls the situation is the element of discontent, the demand of the apostles of socialism that socialism may have a far greater grip on public and social affairs than it has. The doctrine not of bearing one another's burdens, but of having another bear one's burdens, is coming more forcefully to the front every day, and that is the chief note of the present political and social evolution. We have been soaking the rich until they are pretty nearly soaked. We have baited big industry until it is overloaded, and has nearly reached the point where it cannot carry on and produce and maintain payrolls and pay taxes. We have stimulated a helplessness and a dependence on others until a large proportion of the people have forgotten that they can do anything to care for themselves. Discontent is the principle of current political thought, dissatisfaction with existing things as far as they depend on our own efforts and a desire to live by bleeding the county, state and federal treasuries and anything else suspected of having any available assets.

What is in store for us is there, and we are not going to change it. We need not worry, for we cannot alter the rules that govern. What is from the beginning. We have to accept what fundamental laws bring to us, and we learn only when we bump our heads against the stone walls that we insist on running into. Men can thrive only by their own efforts. If Mr. Roosevelt is chosen president he will be faced by the discontent that his followers continue to encourage, which will also face Hoover should he be the victor, for the swelling army of the discontented is not going to disband the day after the November election. There is our problem, and through all of its threat and its danger we are vigorously devoting ourselves to a rake-off of the political spoil, meanwhile adding to the dissatisfaction and to the foolish illusions of hope and the denunciation of things that are.

It is not the Republicans that the Democrats need to fear, nor the Democrats that the Republicans need to fear, but that great leaven of discontent and that disregard for self dependence and that mistaken belief that socialism is to succeed individualism and create a para-

dise here where life is based on the ability of each to care for himself and on nothing else.

We are worshipping gods that have feet of clay and that are stuck in the mud.

DELAY IN COURT METHODS

Two weeks ago John Smith sent to The Pilot a letter calling attention to the delays and unbusinesslike methods in the courts. Last week other state papers took up the subject and the Raleigh News and Observer in a brief symposium on its editorial page tells what the papers say and adds a question of its own as to the necessity and costs of court delays.

Thirty years ago West Virginia attracted the attention of newspaper readers and gained the headlines by a singular comparison of extremes in court work. A land suit was terminated after sixty years of dragging through one court after another and going back to be started over again, only to finish years after the principals had been dead and forgotten. About the same time a new judge came to the circuit courts, a rather youngish chap from the sticks on the upper reaches of the Little Kanawha river up where boys learn in their early day that hustle is a great word in getting things done. This young Judge, Reese Blizzard, had for one of his first cases in Jackson county, another of the rural sections, a murder case involving three victims, and showing no possible reasonable motive. Within five weeks of the crime the penalty was paid on the gallows and the newspaper comment from New York to San Francisco was plentiful. But Judge Blizzard explained the unusual affair, which was in contrast to the land case mentioned. "I run my courts like I run my little shop at home. I start my courts on time, and we make a full day, and I expect every man to be on the job and ready to work when the session begins."

The Kinston Free Press tells how in a week's term of court the last session accomplished only a few hours' work. The Waynesboro Courier says that four days of courts were consumed in Haywood county in the trial of a contest over a piece of land worth not over \$25. It was first tried a year ago, was appealed to the Supreme Court, and in the trial last week six lawyers spoke four hours. Among the 25 witnesses were four engineers. Deeds going back to 1807 were produced. All of which is referred to the Tax League, the Sentinels, the people and all interested, with the suggestion that they have something tangible to work on in a dozen directions if they care to follow up the openings.

THE KIRK OF SCOTLAND

Nearly a century and a half ago missionary Presbyterian preachers ventured up on the head of Rockfish, and there in the pine groves at the foot of what in their admiration for learning and religious philosophies they were pleased to call Mt. Helicon, the reverend sages taught of the golden rule and the prospects. Mt. Helicon, the famous Grecian center of learning, appealed to the expatriated Scots who came this way to found a new nation, and they brought the doctrine of popular rule in religion as John Knox had established it in his Kirk of Scotland and as the settlers established freedom of political government about the time they established the kirk on the Head of Rockfish.

Nearly a century and a half the ancient kirk has exerted its wholesome influence. When it gathers its flock and their friends in its annual reunion it is no wonder that large numbers assemble to recognize the anniversaries of its long life of energetic work for the welfare of the people and the community. We are rather boastful as a people, finding pleasure in pointing to the things we have done. But there is not much to which this neighborhood can point that tells of more than has been done by the influences that have clustered about Bethesda, the church of the early day. Here was lighted the fires that illumed the field of which Mt. Helicon, the summit above the original churches, was the center. Here came the settlers, their families, their slaves, the whole human aggregate, to listen to the voice of wisdom and the inspiration

that led to upright lives and a peace with existence and an understanding that God is in the heavens and that all is well with the world in spite of the seeming lions that are always in the way.

Nobody comprehends the mysteries of life. We can not determine the underlying emotions and intuitions and uncontrolled instincts that shape our careers. But we do not have to be as wise as serpents to see that the church holds an authority over mankind and that its authority is one that leads to a broader humanity and a greater death of life. The Scotchman was an austere individual. That sort of a man was necessary in the establishment of a religious freedom as well as the establishment of a republican form of government. The scot had the hardihood and backbone to face the subjugation of a new country, turning his back on all that was of his older life and his face to an unknown future in an unknown wilderness across a sea three thousand miles from what to him was everything. But he revolutionized the entire world for his posterity. Bethesda is a monument to the greatest movement mankind ever made, and still continues to hang aloft on the summit of Mt. Helicon a lamp to the feet of the traveler on the great journey from yesterday to tomorrow.

TOBACCO AND FARM RELIEF

If the farmer could cash all his farm relief, turn his advice and counsel into automobiles and radios and bank deposits, and could live on theories, he would own the world. But advice is cheap and usually about what it costs in a general way. Tobacco is bringing about 14 cents this fall, which is a right fair average compared with the past. Cotton is still in the dumps. Taxes are inordinately high, and there is the stumbling block for those farmers who have not sold out to the land banks through foreclosure. The stuff the farmer puts on his own table brings to him the same price it has done from the day when men harvested their first primitive crops. But what a man eats will not buy gasoline, and gasoline and trimmings are the essentials of the present life.

The farmer who did not get relief from the farm relief delusions and who continues to have his farm unencumbered is still standing as flat footed as a duck, and safe against all attempts to trip him up. His progress may not be swift if the tax collector does not catch him, that nemesis that is now hanging on the trail of all of us, living or dead, but the farm will continue to produce rations, shelter and fuel for its owners. And to the farmer must come all the rest of us for a part of his surplus. He is the dispenser of rations, and of the first hand. All others eat only after he supplies his own demand.

We are not going to get back to the wild inflation of those days when the man who wanted relief went to the public treasury with a bucket, and came home with debt enough to last his lifetime. But the farmer is to be indefinitely the Egypt of existence, for there is where we are obliged to go for our corn. He may not fly as high as some others but he can never be starved out if he has staved off the impossible dreams of farm relief and if the tax collector does not bleed him to death. He is not to walk on roses, but a fair middle of the road path lies before him, fringed with a lot of work, a lot of economy and self-dependence if he can manage properly. He is better off than the man who has to buy his livelihood and has nothing to buy with. The farmer still has his feet more firmly under him than any other class of people.

WE WILL DO NOTHING

The war with Germany ended fourteen years ago. Over 40,000 Americans had been killed. In the period that has elapsed since we entered the war with Germany automobiles in this country have killed about 330,000 people, or over eight times as many as war killed. Of course this has nothing to do with the killing of 330,000 people by automobiles and the injuring of over a million more, nor with the fact that we don't feel called on to pay from the federal treasury vast sums of money annually for the benefit

of this enormous number, which we could not do if we wanted to. It is merely mentioned to show what a piker war is as compared with the automobile, and what a bonus army the automobile victims would make if they should march in their automobiles on Washington. Guns are toys in comparison.

Last year the casualties by the automobile were over a million, and this year they are making health gains in their destruction. Since the war broke out we have killed and injured probably somewhere around nine million people, or more than are in all of Virginia, West Virginia, North and South Carolina. It is impossible to conceive that in this time so large a number of persons have been victims of this wholly unnecessary craze for speed.

And we will do nothing about it.

GRAINS OF SAND

Elise Academy at Hemp has four Cubans in the student body this year. One attended last year, sent by Miss Janie Patterson of Laurinburg, who teaches in the American school in Cuba. This one liked Elise so much that when he was at home this summer he talked three of his friends into coming here with him this fall.

One of the pleasant harbingers of the winter season is the opening of Dr. Cheatham's Village Chapel in Pinehurst. Services start there this Sunday. Pinehurst's cottage colony is beginning to fill up, and in less than a month now the Carolina will open, the golf pros will be lining 'em out on the famed No. 2 course and we'll know for sure that another season is upon us.

The Southern Pines real estate men have been unusually active the past week and are optimistic over the winter prospects. Another good sign: Mrs. Hayes' school, "The Ark," has more pupils than she expected.

Twenty-four days to election.

Clem Wrenn, formerly of Southern Pines, now a resident of High Point, had an interesting article on the "Linsey-Woolsey Weavers of Northern Moore County, a Quaint North Carolina Settlement," in the Sunday Greensboro News.

"It might be supposed," writes Mr. Wrenn, "that with the advent of cotton mills and an occasional woolen mill into this section of the state, the home-manufacture of linsey-woolsey would have become obsolete. But such is not the case for even in this modern day, and with a large up-to-date rayon mill located in Hemp itself, many of the older inhabitants of the neighborhood still persists in following the old-time custom of manufacturing and wearing clothing made of linsey-woolsey. * * * This is truly a 'Land of Living at Home,' this almost undiscovered section of North Carolina."

Mr. Wrenn's article goes into the history of the upper end of the county. "Visit this section," he counsels, "if you will and heed well the lesson of right living that these people can teach you. But don't try to 'uplift' them. Let them be. They are God's own children, untouched and unspoiled by civilization's futile stride."

Other Moore county publicity in State papers last week was contributed by the storm which cut through here last Friday. Photographs by H. L. Epps, The Pilot staff photographer, appeared in both the Greensboro News and the Raleigh News & Observer. A view of the destruction to the Sam Johnson house, in the Roseland section, appears in this issue of The Pilot.

We are inclined to vote in favor of October as the most beautiful month of the year in the Sandhills.

They kidnapped a banker out in Chicago the other day but let him go in a few minutes. Bankers aren't as good pickin' as they used to be.

Tobacco prices are holding up well, and the only complaint hereabouts is that there isn't more leaf to turn into cash.

About our Congressman the Lexington Dispatch says:

In the 1930 election the voters of Davidson County gave Congressman Walter Lambeth the greatest majority the county ever bestowed upon any candidate for Congress, and far exceeded the majority ever before given a Democratic candidate for any office. That vote expressed two things. He told of the confidence of his neighbors in this stalwart young man, and it bespoke the pride of Davidson county citizens that they were again

Because we have no authority in this government to tell the individual what he may do and what he must not do. Nobody is responsible for any accident until it has occurred. Nobody will pay attention to the laws of prudence or safety. Every individual, with some unimportant exceptions, is permitted to do all the thoughtless things he wants to do, and the results are seen in the hospital and the cemetery.

The individual will not tolerate restraint and in a republic the individual is the master. We will do nothing about this tremendous slaughter because authority has no voice and no power. And that is our trouble in a lot of other things. A republic will not enforce the laws it makes because some of them are too stupid, some impossible and nobody pays any attention to the deluge of them.

From Toano, Virginia comes a note from Dr. L. V. Henderson of Pinehurst:

"Notice in The Pilot of this week in the Grains of Sand column where you state that the second oldest weekly paper in the U. S. is the New Hampshire Gazette, founded in 1756. Am sending you a copy of the Virginia Gazette which has been in continuous publication since August 6th, 1736. You see that this is twenty years older than the first named paper."

H. R. NASH AT WHITE PLAINS N. Y., THIS YEAR

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Nash and daughter, Nancy, who have made their home in Pinehurst for several winters will be in White Plains, N. Y., this winter where Mr. Nash is connected with the Roger Smith Hotel.

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PROGRESSIVE STORES
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"North Carolina Stores For North Carolina People"
Specials Beginning Friday October 13th and Ending Wednesday, October 20th.

Fat Meat, pound	5c
Del Monte Peaches, 2 large cans	27c
Michigan Beans, new crop, 3 lbs.	10c
Ritter's Pork & Beans, 1 lb. can	5c
Lux, 3 pkgs	29c
Maxwell House Coffee, lb.	33c
Tomatoes, Large Can, each 10c. Four No. 2 cans	29c
Shortening, Jewell or White Cloud, 8 lb. pail	64c
P and G Soap, large size, 3 cakes	11c
Ivory Soap, 4 cakes	19c
Health Club Baking Powder, lb.	5c
Superfine Double Cut Corn, No. 2 can	10c

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

No. 1 Jersey Potatoes, 10 lbs.	17c
Onions, 3 pounds	10c
Cooking Apples, peck	25c
Fancy Tokay Grapes, pound	7 1-2c
Bananas, golden yellow, 4 pounds	19c
Calif. Oranges, dozen	25c
Celery, large stalk	6c
Lettuce, iceberg, large head	7 1-2c

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60% of ALL new cars registered in Moore County for the month of September were FORDS.
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