

THE PILOT

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CHRISTMAS A Lay Editorial

We are on the threshold of that fixed yearly date which the so-called Christian world has chosen to symbolize as Christ's birthday.

The thoughts of all people turn to giving and receiving. Joy prevails because Giving and Receiving, those two natural companions, those real soulmates, now for an interval everywhere reunite. The very atmosphere is unquestionably charged with birth-gladness from the divine union of Giving and Receiving. Even if the weather be the worst that Nature can possible display, somehow radiant Christmas goodwill rides unheeding above any storm.

The giving multitude is radiant; the receiving multitude is radiant. In a way it seems as if there is a giving multitude only, for everyone is radiant and mere radiance is just a "giving-out." There is however no overflow, therefore all this giving must surely be received; but received in the radiant Christmas way, receiving becomes itself a sort of giving. So while it is more blessed to give than to receive, none is excluded from the greater blessing, for those who seem merely to receive, such as children or wistful, needy creatures all, are radiant, are giving out beautiful Christmas joy.

It is a search-light radiance, this giving Christmas spirit. All the world seems tacitly to express the thought: "Find me anyone who needs a friend. Let me give to that one, if it is nothing more than my understanding friendship."

The rich man in his giving forgets to stop at his generous tithe. The poor man tenderly carries home the sprig of glowing holly he has found radiating its Christmas beauty from the mud where someone let it fall. There may be many who have no thing to give, only love. Only LOVE. Well, when it comes to love there is, thank God, no rich nor poor. Love is God. Love is all the Good there is anywhere, and if love, real, true love is ever received it is immediately, freely, joyously given again, for love, God, is essentially radiant.

Suppose except just at Christmas time, the sun stopped shining. Would this make Christmas, the giving time, one whit more radiant than it already is? No, Christmas could not be more radiant than it already is, whether the sun shines or the cruel winter tempests rage. But the sun, not waiting for some periodic date nor heeding any apparently depressing clouds, goes on all the time shining, radiating, giving out with all its might what it has and is. And this is what mankind could do right now: what mankind is inevitably meant to do and at some stage of the long journey of perhaps many, many lifetimes of mistake and sorrow, will surely, surely do. If we did not spend a whole precious twelvemonth between one of our Christmases and the next, shut away with our own irritating personal self, if we did not promptly shut Christmas off with a relieved snap for another whole year, futile year, as one shuts off the power from an electric light bulb, we might surprisingly find ourselves radiating with a perfection we could not otherwise dream was ours.

Dr. George W. Crile of Cleveland, Ohio, world-famous surgeon, recently front-paged the New York Herald-Tribune in a reported story of his latest discovery. Dr. Crile, it seems, has discovered that every thing, every creature, yes, every human being, is in itself down to the last atom, a complete solar system, each solar system functioning constantly and varying from all the other solar systems

only in degree, and each varying in intensity consistently with the periods of its own life-cycles. But poets and dreamers, mystics and seers, before and since Christ to this day have always intuitively possessed this knowledge. However now, with practical thinkers like Dr. Crile, in the present age of paramount science, we are permitted to accept as fact another beautiful fancy. And it becomes clear therefore that for us to give out, to radiate, is just a universal natural function. No wonder then that Christmas make us feel satisfied, happy, full of joy.

It chances at times that we catch glimpses here or there of some happy-faced, radiant-looking person who apparently has come into possession of some lovely secret. And there really is this open secret trying, trying, trying to get itself found out, that wherever and whenever anything any creature in the universe, without self-seeking gives freely, that is, radiates, lo, there and then, even if it be the Fourth of July, Christ is born again; it is Christmas!

Nothing new in these homely thoughts. Except Christmas, which is never old. Except a wistfulness for more, more including oneself, of those still rare, occasional creatures to whom the reality of God's promise of identity with Himself is in radiance coming true; to whom every day is Christmas. —F. K.

WOOD AS A HOUSE FUEL

We talk a lot of living at home, and buy coal from Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Virginia, oil from Texas and far away, and any other thing that substitutes for wood, and neglect the best fuel that was ever made, which is good, dry, hard wood, as abundant in North Carolina as sand. Wood is infinitely cleaner than coal, fewer ashes, easy to secure, picturesque in the fire place, economical in the furnace, and its use would distribute in this neighborhood a lot of money that would be worth while.

But wood is not well enough known to the people who might use it, and not well enough presented to them as an incentive to its use for household purposes. The wood trade is a hodge-podge of everything any man has a mind to offer, which results in an unsatisfactory product handled in an unsatisfactory way. Good wood, graded, cut into staple lengths, split into suitable sizes, some for kitchen stoves, some for fire places, some for the cellar furnaces, could find a much greater sale in the villages if it could be had of a type that the householder could depend on. Wood is so good a fuel that if offered in tempting shape it would find a much larger market. But folks do not like to accept little jags of mixed stuff, odd sizes, odd kinds and odd qualities, for the coal and oil trade have taught buyers that more systematic fuel supplies are found in those competitive materials. Today wood is the poor brother of the family, taking the crumbs that fall from the table, and chiefly because it has few friends who are interested enough in it to say a helpful word.

If the farmers who have wood lots of some sizes would prepare wood of some standard types, dry it by early cutting so that it would be ready to use when delivered, see to its cutting in the lengths the buyers can use to advantage, and provide a fuel as good as wood can be made, the sale of wood could be increased materially in this section. But it can't be done by offering the ragtag of everything simply because it is wooden. The relief organizations and the Chambers of Commerce and the local merchants who would profit by a bigger wood trade, could do a lot to increase the use of wood, but the first thing would be the proper supply in shape that it would appeal to the buyer. The wood crop of this section has a lot of money in it if the grower and the user could get together better.

MR. McNAIR'S EXPLANATION

Commissioner James McNair, of the State Highway Board, tells why he favors the proposed road from Aberdeen to Southern Pines, and as The Pilot intimated when the talk about the proposed road was first public in this section, the move is simply an effort to di-

vert from Route One the traffic that goes southward. Mr. McNair is correct in saying that the project is older than his time, for the highway commission, before he was appointed one reason for not doing more to improve Route One south of Aberdeen was the possibility of the main southern route being changed to leave Rockingham and Cheraw off of the map. The Pilot has been aware of this proposition for some years, and has no particular objection to offer if that should be a better route, although it is not a very wise measure to build too many parallel roads for the chief purpose of dragging the through traffic to any ambitious town that wants a road by its doors. We have overbuilt roads in this state as well as all over the country, and we will drink the bitter dregs of debt while for years we are paying the bills of our wastefulness in this respect.

But all of that is beyond the point. The road from Aberdeen to Laurinburg has been built, and it now comes to a junction with Route One. But it is far better to spend the money available for road building in making the Greensboro-Fayetteville road passable at the Aberdeen crossing than to have that road still in its present unsafe and unsatisfactory shape and build a new road from Aberdeen to Southern Pines which will have for its sole aim the power to divert from Route One traffic to the Laurinburg road. The new road will do no good to anyone except those going through the two towns. It will not enable people to get into Aberdeen without crossing the railroad. It will not help any travel from the Wilmington or Greensboro directions, which must cross at the same dangerous spot. The State Highway commission should forget about this road from Aberdeen to Southern Pines, which is useless to this community or to the state, and make the Aberdeen crossing fit for the large travel that is now and will be in the future compelled to use it. While money is available now is the time to do that job, for we are nearly at the end of our road spending orgy, and anything missed now may never in our time be available again. The place to spend money is on the Aberdeen railroad crossing, and Mr. McNair can be of great service to his whole people if he will see that that is done.

THE PINEBLUFF BIRD SANCTUARY

Dr. John Warren Achorn left in his association with birds of the Sandhills a legacy that will probably grow in value as the years go by, for an increasing appreciation of the birds of this section is steadily taking hold of the people. The last emphatic clinching of the movement is the creation of a bird sanctuary in the Pinebluff village and vicinity, by action of the whole people. In doing this thing the Pinebluff folks have added as much to the present and future charm of the Sandhills as some of the more expensive contributions like planting the roads and the lawns, and things of that sort, for birds are a perpetual companionship, and never were they more plentiful all through the resort section than now.

In the last few days robins have been flocking into the Sandhills in clouds and their noisy chatter in the mornings has been as lively as a swarm of bees. The smaller winter birds are as numerous as any of the winter guests feathered or otherwise, and they give an air of hominess and pleasant greeting that makes the visit to North Carolina a winter pleasure if nothing else could be encountered.

The growing tendency on the part of bird hunters is to kill fewer birds and to devote the time to training the dogs as hunters rather than as a game destroyer. The men who are encouraging the multiplication of birds not for the sake of killing, but more for the woody enjoyment of going afield with an intelligent dog and watching the game of pointing and locating the covey and then permitting its escape are helping along in the same direction that Dr. Achorn favored, and the Pinebluff sanctuary still further emphasizes that attitude. Merciless killing almost cleaned out the wild life of this section. Now it is to be presumed that it will multiply and become one of the most interesting features of the Sandhills attractions. Even the deer

are growing in numbers and will keep on in that direction if they are not made a stock yard slaughter pen sport. A deer in the woods is a pretty thing, much more so than a dead deer, killed to show that a human creature with a high powered repeating rifle can kill it. The Pinebluff sanctuary is a creditable move, and it will grow and become of much wider influence to the great pleasure of the whole community.

Grains of Sand

It has cost the railroads hundreds of thousands of dollars to keep tracks clear for their trains during the recent snows. It has cost the TAYPAYERS hundreds of thousands to keep the roads clear for the busses and trucks.

On April 18, 1930 in this column we said:

"Add Needed Aberdeen Improvements—The Teacherage needs a coat of paint.

Well, it looks like 1933 would see the old building, our next door neighbor, painted. The unemployed were busy scraping it when the snow intervened, and we cannot help but believe that paint will follow. We'll look pretty nifty around here then. Come on over.

All local communities report many negroes who are willing to work for money but won't lift a finger for grocery tickets. They are usually husky fellows, the ones that ought to be working regularly. One we know of has a family in need of food, but it is beneath his dignity to work for anything but "cash money." Hopeless case.

The various charities have done splendid work in preparation of a Merry Christmas for the needy. Few if any families in this section will go hungry next Sunday. Pocketbooks, however thin from a year of meagre income and great demand, have opened to spread the cheer that makes the whole world akin at this glad-some season.

Australian tobacco growers are cutting into the American yield and this in part may explain why tobacco is not bringing the price it should, says the Union-Republican of Winston-Salem. In 1930-31 that country produced 2,167,312 pounds of the leaf and it is expected to produce 11,000,000 pounds during the 1932-33 season. This would be almost half the country's consumption and of course knocks a big hole in the tobacco imported from America. Canada is also gradually increasing her supply of home grown tobacco and this too, is detrimental to the American tobacco grower.

FOUR MOORE COUNTY BOYS "SHINE" AT WAKE FOREST

Four sons of Moore county citizens are enrolled at Wake Forest College this season. Two are from Carthage and one each from Aberdeen and Addor.

The contingent from Carthage are J. C. Gordon, son of Mrs. Henry Gordon, and E. A. Lawhon, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lawhon. Gordon is a graduate student and expects to receive the Master of Arts degree next spring. Lawhon, a junior, is working toward the Bachelor of Science degree and has made a name for himself as fullback on the Demon Deacon football team whose goal line was crossed only twice in "Big Five" competition this season. He is also Art Editor of the Howler, college year book.

The other representatives are R. T. Wilder, son of Mrs. T. R. Wilder, of Aberdeen, and B. S. Troutman, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Troutman, of Addor. Wilder is secretary of the sophomore class, president of the Moore County Club, and a member of the Philomathesian Literary Society. Troutman is enrolled in the school of medicine. He is a member of the William Edgar Marshall medical society and is secretary of the county club.

PROCESS OF MAKING PAPER FROM YELLOW PINE FOUND

The manufacture of white paper from southern yellow-pine is listed as an achievement of chemistry during the year in a review by Harrison E. Howe, Ph. D., editor of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry.

A pickup in chemistry, often rated as the nation's second largest industry, is seen by Dr. Howe despite the depression.

"White paper from southern yellow pine forests has become an actuality as the result of successful experiments conducted by Charles H. Herty," Dr. Howe said.

Use The Pilot "Want Ads" to sell the little odds and ends.

Pneumonia Leads in Deaths in the State

More Than 200 Died from Various Forms of This Disease During November

In North Carolina during the month of November pneumonia, taking into consideration all forms, accounted for more deaths than any other single disease.

Pneumonia is called the "old man's friend" and this is usually lobar pneumonia. Bronchial pneumonia, one form of this disease, is the cause of many deaths among young children as well as adults. Exposure to cold is often an exciting cause of pneumonia, but wrong diet, undernourishment, overcrowding and some time ventilation all lay the foundation for this disease. Tuberculosis often follows an attack of pneumonia and this disease is second on the list of the causes of deaths for the last month with 199 deaths. Taking pulmonary and other forms into consideration pneumonia has caused 203 deaths this month.

Cancer, another disease the incidence of which might be lowered, is third on the list with 150 deaths.

North Carolina, however, compared to the other states has a low death rate, it practically leads the nation in its birth rate. "We would like to see a reduction in the number of deaths caused by these three diseases above mentioned," says Dr. J. Symington, county health officer, and this can be accomplished by thought and care along the lines mentioned, by cooperation with one's medical advisor, by segregation when necessary and by correct living. Buying Christmas Seal stamps will aid in the fight against tuberculosis.

JUDGE McPHERSON, SANFORD, IS RECEIVER FOR COAL CO.

Judge Johnson J. Hayes of the central district United States Court has issued an order appointing Judge Thomas J. McPherson of Sanford trustee in bankruptcy for the Carolina Coal and By-Products Company.

Receivership proceedings were brought in the State courts some weeks ago asking for a receiver for the company and the cancelling of the first mortgage covering \$400,000 in bonds held by former United States Senator N. B. Dial of South Carolina.

The matter was later thrown into the United States Court, and D. A. McLaughlin of Vass chosen as trustee in bankruptcy at the first meeting of the creditors. Mr. McLaughlin did not qualify, hence the appointment of Judge McPherson.

The company has valuable coal property in Lee and Chatham coun-

ties with mines at Coal Glen and Cum-nock, much machinery and equipment, and three miles of railroad track. The real estate consists of 1,000 acres in the fee simple and mineral rights on about 4,000 acres more.

From surveys made it is estimated that the Deep river fields in which the property is located contains millions of tons of coal awaiting development.

Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Phillips will arrive in Pinehurst on December 23 for a ten-day stay. Mr. Phillips is the author of the famous Sun Dial column on the editorial page of the New York Sun.

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