

THE PILOT

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ter.

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE."

Old Brother Shakespeare gauged the human race about right when he wrote that head line. A stranger too size us up would reach the conclusion that the entire brain accumulation of the whole world is hardly sufficient to make a good meal for a pup. At least we show little evidence of any brain action. Here we are, soft-soldering ourselves with the nonsense that we are wise beyond imagination, yet without sense enough to put ourselves at work and make the things we need for our comfort and necessities, and simply because we lack the intelligence to devise and supervise a workable plan. All the brains of the whole human race, and we can't fill our bellies and keep clothes on our backs. A more gigantic failure can not be conceived. And the grossness of our failure is all the more striking when we remember that we have all the facilities and resources to care for ten or a hundred times as many people as we have on earth, but we lack merely the plain horse sense to do the job.

The trouble is we all think we know too much, and we all want to run the show. A republic is always that way, and that it escapes complete failure is a wonder. We can not have responsible authority in a republic. The government is always wondering what effect it will have on the vote.

If we could turn this problem of carrying on our industries over to say Andrew Mellon or Charles Schwab and give them complete control they would put us on such a plane of thrift and comfort that we cannot imagine. Just one thing would be lacking. We would all put in our spare time kicking about the results no matter how excellent, and stirring up insurrection against the method of operation, for all the wise ones would point out that Schwab or Mellon would run every thing to make money for themselves, wholly forgetful of the fact that men like these have no more use for more money than a whale in the ocean has for more water. Most of us think that because we want money Mellon and others who have oodles of it want more. Ignorance is what raises the trouble with us. We want to run the show, and we want everything we see another fellow have, whether we have any need for it or not.

We all work like thunder to have enjoyment, provided that what we do is not something we are paid for. But the minute we get a job that has wages attached we watch the clock to see that we quit at the first minute allowable, we begin at the last minute, we dodge everything we can that is to be done, and we assume at the start that the employer is a crook and that it is legitimate to beat him at every turn and get out of him all that is possible. Put a bunch of football players at work as hard and dangerous and rough as football any place but in a game and they would strike in the first five minutes and the whole human herd would want to mob the employer who had so little consideration for his hands as to ask them to do that sort of work. We don't want to work. We don't want to do what we are told. We don't want to do anything that earns money if we can avoid it, and when we earn money we hurry down town at the first opportunity to find a place to drop it for some useless nonsense. Now we are to be barred from working more than forty hours a week. But we can play as many hours as we want to, and no matter how violent the play.

Here we are. A hundred and twenty-five million people in

this country, and we constantly protest that we can't make enough things to keep life in us, and we resort to all sorts of schemes to improve conditions, but most of them without any sense in their planning or operation. A colony of ants, or rats or peach worms show more sense and industry, for they keep the human race on its toes all the time. Did you ever think what a lot of incompetent nincompoops we are, with all our boasted intelligence, all the vast resources, all the machinery of production and transportation and everything else, but we can't run it intelligently enough to keep folks from being hungry and desperate and miserably unhappy. Yet the preachers tell us God made man a little lower than the angels. And do you know the reason? Because we spend too much time and energy showing how the other fellow is a crook and hogging the game and trying to take advantage of all the rest of us, and because, individually, we resort to every device to avoid doing our own honest share in the world's jobs that are to be done. Our whole philosophy is to get the most and give the least in return.

A THANKLESS RESPONSIBILITY.

During the campaign which has been waged over the extra month of school in Southern Pines the subject has been discussed pretty thoroughly in The Pilot, with some warmth and with more or less information on the subject along with some misinformation and some unnecessary antagonism. But that is the custom of the citizen in this land of the free and the home of the brave.

However, one phase of the matter was permitted to criticize the school board in a way The Pilot thinks is not justified. There is a group of men who have on their hands the management of the public schools, and they have a task that is as thankless as can be imagined. They have a lot of work, a lot of complaint, a lot of struggle to make both ends meet, and the greatest possible difficulty in making a thirty-inch belt go around a forty-inch waist. Maybe it does not always reach, but if any man in the district can recall a school board that did not receive its full share of criticism that man ought to say who composed that board.

A recollection of thirty years discloses that we were just as ready to kill the umpire then as we are now, which being interpreted means that the school boards in this district have had their share of rude words since the first bunch of children gathered in the first session in school in this community. We refuse to pay the school board a salary so nobody will try to get the job for the sake of any graft that may go with it. Hence no matter what the board does it earns all the salary it receives and we have no kick in that quarter. To press this statement, what is done for us as a charity is not open to any further demands either as to quality of service or quantity. If we did not propose to abide by the public officials chosen it was the mistake of the voter and not of the town board that created the school board. But the fact is that both town council and school board have in the main done as good a job as about any bunch of busy men can do as a thank-you job on the side, and if they have not done what some of us desired possibly the board was nearer right in its efforts than those of us may be who criticize them.

The Pilot has been pretty steadfastly for the "ring" in public administration, for it is the responsible operating machine of government, and to discredit it is to discredit the officiating authority. There is no sense in hiring a management, even if you don't pay anything for the work, and then discrediting what it does. If you like the attitude of the board you are happy. If you don't like it stand by anyway, for it is they who have to get us out of any mess they ever get us into, and they can do it better if we all help than if we pull their hair all the time.

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS SUCCESSOR

The enchantment that years throw about anything accounts for some of the delights we find in the old romances of our boyhood days when we read the tales of Robin Hood and his merry outlaws. Yet at that a

difference distinguishes those knights of Lincoln Green from the machine gun toughs of the present time. Little John and Friar Tuck and Allen A. Dale, and the other poachers in the king's forests could relieve a wealthy pilgrim of some of his silver, and an abbot of his jewelry, but through all the story of their adventures ran a thread of consideration for at least some of the less prosperous folks, and these men of Sherwood had to their credit many things that gave them a host of friends in all their romances.

There they differ from the modern outlaw, who shows little to commend him to anybody, either as a romantic adventurer or in any way a benefactor of any one. Modern racketeering and crime has probably reached a climax that has not been equalled any place in civilized existence, for the old timers, the Turks, the Kurds, the Italians, the tartars, the Cossacks, and those other light-footed murderers and looters never had the benefit of modern inventive genius to help them in their astonishing development of devilishness. Yet the whole thing seems to be in the air. We have no longer the regard for the law that prevailed in earlier days. Possibly the trouble started with the complete junking of the regard for the Sabbath day. Then the contempt for the prohibition law put another large portion of the people on an indifferent footing. Today nobody sees much to criticize when a man carries a gun, although everybody knows a gun is made for one single purpose, which is to kill. We have become without doubt the most lawless people in the world, and the most efficient in our lawlessness. We laugh at the courts and shrug our shoulders at the daily criminal records. Every one of us is a habitual and daily violator of any law that does not meet our personal approval. Our system of laws has broken down, and no man is bold enough to assume that it is to be any better. We are becoming individualized in all our relations to each other, doing as we like and knowing that the courts are powerless because the people show no con-

cern. The outlook is not good. The remedy lies with the people, but the difficulty is that in our determination to regard our individuality we have passed the point where we admit any authority of law, and we all do as we like. Therefore we are powerless against the criminal, for he has effective organization in many of his worst attacks on the individual and the individual is powerless. Possibly we need a dictator for our salvation. That would be better in some ways than anarchy.

BUT SOME FOLKS ARE WONDERING.

We all know when we go to the show and see the sleight-of-hand man break some eggs in a silk hat, and drop in a watch or two, and maybe a live kitten and some other things, that when he gets ready he will take out may be a lawn mower and a hound pup and a pair of silk pajamas and some other truck, and the hat is not hurt in the least. Yet a lot of folks persist in wondering how he does it and what becomes of the eggs and the kitten.

So it is no use to be impatient because Roosevelt and Johnson are apparently scrambling the eggs. Neither does it seem that they have dropped in all the things that are to go in the mixture. The cotton folks are asking that rayon products be taxed eight cents a pound because rayon yarns compete with cotton, and the bus folks are asking that the railroads be denied the privilege of reducing passenger fares to one or two cents a mile because it will compete with the bus, and towel manufacturers are asking that the paper mills be taxed on paper towels, and from all sides showers are pouring down with the demand that they be dropped in the hat with the eggs.

Of course Mr. Roosevelt tells the audience that the show has not yet begun and that he has a lot of tricks up his sleeve, and more fun is ahead than has come, and still the wonder grows as to how he is to do it. An intelligent Jintown ducky asks The Pilot where he gets his when he pays more for flour and for various other things

when he not only gets no raise and doesn't want any shorter hours for they are so short now that much of the time "they ain't no hours a tall," and the farmer who does not happen to be a cotton farmer is wondering where he gets his with everything going up in price, and the big number of folks who still have no jobs are asking where Mr. Roosevelt is expecting to drop them when the eggs come out and how soon they are coming, and a lot of curious inquirers are asking who is going to pay the bill when the three or four billions that the government is issuing to start public work and things of that kind have to be paid for in the final run.

Folks who have been to the shows say to be patient; that the high prices are going to make business, although some of the Thomases insist that

GRAINS OF SAND

Now come on, you folks from the north. Fully accredited nine months high school, respectable salaries for teachers, commercial course, steam heat.

"No fancy dancing," though says Principal Webster. One opponent of the longer term used "fancy dancing" as an argument against the supplement.

The vote Wednesday was an anticlimax to an exciting campaign. The predictions were all for a close contest. Nearly six to one was a surprise.

North Carolina cotton growers who signed acreage reduction contracts will get \$2,817,036 from generous old Uncle Sam. Moore county growers have \$3,189 coming. Watch the advertisements for bargains, boys.

Farmers are raising Ned over tobacco prices in the opening Georgia markets. Twenty mass meetings were scheduled in Eastern North Carolina yesterday, urging relief.

It's good news that local labor will be employed on the new road from Aberdeen to Hoffman. Unemployed must enroll at Carthage to get their shovels and picks.

raising prices never yet had much influence in making people buy more things, especially when they have no money to buy at low prices, and so the argument goes on. But the interest in the show is keen, and there is this to be said, that if Mr. Roosevelt can not unscramble the eggs toward the close of the performance he is staging a performance that will be about as exciting as this world has ever seen, and all the folks are watching the things on the side as well as the main part of the program. He needs all the backing this country can give him, for a man juggling with eggs has in his hands things that are easy to break, and mussy if they break. The Pilot is an optimist, but it has great regard for old General Putnam in his advice: "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry."

Bion Butler has written a book about this section that every citizen will want when it comes off the press. Grosset & Dunlop in New York are publishing it under the title, "Old Bethesda." Mr. Butler has been at work on it for three years and has amassed a fund of information, incidents and events which have occurred here that few know of, as well as an historic and geographic story of your neighborhood.

Water is flowing into the Aberdeen Lake after its long dry spell. The dam is finished. Swimming will be postponed for a time even after the lake is filled, however, to let the debris that accumulates flow over the dam.

Contractor Weaver, who supervised the dam job, tells a couple of stories about the boys who hung around watching construction. One of them asked what he was sharpening the tops of the posts along the beach for, the usual weathering process of treating posts. He told them "so you boys can't sit on 'em." Among the debris taken from the lake were some old radiators which Weaver piled below the dam. One boy asked him what they were there for. "To heat the water," he said. The lads swallowed both tales.

Henry Ford
Dearborn, Mich.

UNTIL WE LEARNED BETTER

Until we learned better, we used to mix wood and steel in our car bodies and wheels.

It was the best way to make bodies—then. But the state of the art has advanced.

Of course, it is more expensive to make an all-steel body than to make a wooden frame and nail steel panels on to it. The better way involves an initial expenditure of several millions of dollars for new dies, which renders a change very costly. Cars, especially large expensive cars which are produced in small volume, cannot afford this, because the dies cost as much for one car as for a million. That alone explains why all-steel bodies are not used in all cars.

But our basic policy from the beginning is to make a good car better, regardless of cost.

For example, when we discarded wood-steel body construction, it was not because we lacked wood. We still have some thousands of acres of the best hard wood in America. Economy would urge us to use up the wood first, and then adopt the better all-steel body. But we decided that quality was more important than expense.

We weighed the reasons, for and against, before we made the change. We could see only one reason for retaining a mixed wood-and-steel body—nailing the metal on, instead of welding an all-steel body into a strong one-piece whole. That reason was, it would be cheaper—for us.

Our reasons for adopting an all-steel body were these: A wood-steel body is not much stronger structurally than its wooden frame. In all American climates, wood construction weakens with age. Every used car lot gives evidence of this. Rain seeps in between joints and the wood decays. A car may have a metal surface, and yet not be of steel construction. Under extreme shock or stress the steel body remains intact—dented perhaps, but not crushed.

Steel does not need wood for strength or protection. Wood is fine for furniture, but not for the high speed vehicles of 1933.

In the Ford body there are no joints to squeak, no seams to crack or leak.

The all-steel body is more expensive—to us, but not to you.

By all odds, then, steel bodies seem preferable.

Wheels also have become all-steel. No one argues that an electrically welded one-piece steel wheel, such as the Ford wheel, needs to be "strengthened" by adding wood to it.

The one-piece all-steel body is the strongest, safest, quietest, most durable body made. That is our only reason for making them.

August 7th, 1933

Henry Ford