

# THE PILOT

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## WILL THE DOGWOOD BE IN BLOSSOM?

The game the betters are playing these days is the blossoming of the dogwood for some of the doubters are saying it will not be open by next week. Others bring in the developing buds and insist that it will be in full color by the first of the week. Certainly if we have a few days of warmth and sunshine with the sun as high as it is now in the sky blossoms will burst out with unusual speed, for proper weather is a great stimulus, and at this season the position of the sun in the sky gives a great deal of warmth to vegetation. With the proper warmth it is to be remembered that the recent and successive rains have provided the ground with plenty of moisture which is a great factor in hurrying the growth of plants. Everything is loaded with the energy to make the blossoms, and if the group that is betting on the opening of the blossoms by next Monday do not have a run for their money it is going to be rough weather between now and then.

When Spring starts after a backward season it is usually noticed that it breaks open with an explosion, for with all the forces of nature ready to get into action speedy results follow. Peaches are coming rapidly, arbutus came out during the night, pyxis moss has covered the ground before we were aware, the blossoms of all sorts have come out, until today the whole Sandhills region is a mass of flowers, and more coming every minute.

The Pilot is not capping the game for the crowd that is betting for or against the opening of the dogwood in time for the festival, but it is of the opinion that by Saturday night the man who says dogwood will be out will be able to bring in some open blossoms to support this claim. But bet your money at your own risk. It is an exhilarating game, and if you win or lose you have a lot of fun.

## THE BANKHEAD COTTON BILL

Without attempting to discuss the merits of the Bankhead cotton bill as a whole it is pretty certain that the Bailey amendments which were attached to the bill will serve to relieve some of the uneasiness that has been hanging over the small farmer in this section. From various sources came inquiry to The Pilot from time to time as to what would be the outcome for some of the smaller farmers if the measure as originally intended should be passed, and the answer was not comforting. But with the amendment which permits the small man to raise up to six bales without the penalty of a fifty per cent tax on his production, the skies appear to have cleared.

This is a community in which many little producers depend on two or three bales of cotton for their tax money and for the other things that can not be made on the farm and which must be bought with money obtained from some source. If a farmer may raise his own living, his garden, his potatoes, corn, meat, and such other things as his household will consume, and then be allowed to grow two or three or half a dozen bales of cotton from which to obtain the money for his taxes and other needs, he is in position to exist without calling on the government for free money, and to put as

many people as possible on that footing is one of the essential tasks before this nation.

Far too many people are leaning on the public treasury. The more the government can persuade men to depend on themselves the better they will be benefitted, and the more substantial the affairs of the whole nation will be, for the bigger the load of impotent folks that must be carried the more certain will be the prospect that the nation will get through the depression, which it has not done yet. But if we encourage the larger number to imagine that they need not care for themselves and that government will care for all who fall by the wayside, presently the load will be so big that nobody can stagger through. The little farmer does not want charity, but he does want a chance and a right to help himself as far as he can, and it looks as if the Bailey amendment to the Bankhead bill has made his salvation possible by his own effort, and removed him farther from being a government charge and a menace to our whole financial structure.

## SHAW UNIVERSITY AT THE FESTIVAL

The coming of a group of students from Shaw University, the institution for the higher education of colored young people, is one of the most instructive features of the Festival next week. A few generations ago the ancestry of these young people were unwilling migrants from the interior of Africa and the present enlightenment these young people have attained was rocky in a way, some of it terribly so, some of it less terrible than many people think. But with all its hard lines it led to a result that is perhaps worth while, for the comparison between those who will be here next week to let folks see what they have reached as beside the position of their kinsmen who are still in the backward African crudeness will be accepted as a gain for the Shaw students.

No people on earth have come forward farther in the two centuries than the American negroes, no matter what the price their forefathers paid. No one of them would go back to old conditions under any circumstances. No such a contrast can be found in the story of mankind as it is known in modern days, and probably if we knew the history of the race from the beginning no parallel exists to be held alongside of that marvel which is here to be shown.

Slavery has been discussed by the millions of tongues and by the million of volumes and by printed newspapers by the carloads. But with all concessions to those who deplore its miserable trail it must be conceded that perhaps no other influence exerted by men has had a more marked result, even though it is one of the unintentional and unsuspected outcomes of African despoilment of the people. But those things are past. The brighter side is now in evidence, and it is a surprise and satisfaction to everybody that the Shaw University is a possibility and a fact today, and the work it is doing is one of the most creditable and valuable occupations in the state or in the nation. There is no use to argue about the past. The present is so creditable that yesterday can be forgotten, for it is past any way. But today is a day of satisfaction and of advancement that is a marvel.

## THE GENERAL OUTLOOK GOOD

The conditions that prevail in the Sandhills are a surprise to most people. While we have had some unfavorable weather it is a fact that the visitors to the resort villages have been more than probably the most optimistic had anticipated. Not for several years has the activity been so great. For the games and sports crowds have gathered. The hotels have had a good business, the boarding houses have been filled, the renting cottages have been in demand, and the general volume of business in all lines has been good. Real estate has begun to move again, and some excellent new people have become owners of Pinehurst, Southern Pines and Knollwood homes. Expansion of community and village improvement has progressed, and in spite of the depression the neighborhood has materially

broadened in a direction that gives greater attraction to the whole section. This territory was never so attractive as a place to live, and the influences that are at work are extending that attractiveness.

It is now quite evident that business conditions are picking up, and that for the future we are going up the hill instead of sliding down. It is true that we have squeezed some of the water out of the sponge, but apparently it is pretty well squeezed, and from now on things will take a new start. Prices have contracted, but the indications are that a turn has come and it is believed that the foundations as they are now anchored are firm and that the tendency from now on will be toward more stability and probable advances in values. Inquiries for investment in building sites and in houses are based on more positive tones and the sales that have been chronicled tell the attitude of prospective buyers. Visitors and residents both have come to have new idea of the Sandhills, with a preception that much more than the superficial lies under the surface in the sound values the piney woods offer to the permanent or temporary resident.

A few weeks more and this season ends, but in ending it clears the situation by the definite assurance that Moore county has not lost its standing with the folks who like to find a mild climate wherein to spend the winter. Here are found satisfying facilities, as the winter attendance and appreciation has shown. In the Sandhills all feet are on the ground again.

## A REGION OF PROMISE

The interesting project that Burrell White is carrying forward at his home in the Knollwood section is significant of the fact that things have taken a new enthusiasm in that quarter and that the future of the Mill creek area is all that the prophets have ever anticipated. Mr. White has that home making conception in mind that has characterized a number of the fine places of the Sandhills, and he has a territory that is susceptible of the best possible results and his plans are fitting with the possibilities the hill and valley afford. While holding the property on a lease he showed what his designs are and now when he has come into absolute possession, with his health recovered, he goes ahead with the confidence that he can materialize the visions he has entertained. Burrell White is worth a million dollars to this territory, for he is a lover of Nature and an artist in his ideals.

Another man who has the ideals is T. N. Barnsdall, who at Knollwood is creating a botanical garden that is destined to be a feature of the Sandhills in the days to come. Morell is planting the Barnsdall property, and it is believed that there is gathering one of the finest collections of native and foreign trees and shrubs in this country. Mr. Barnsdall is an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm has awakened the interest of the scientific men at Washington who are authorities on botanical work, and they are watching his progress.

It is likely that the sanitary project at Knollwood will be undertaken at an early date as the matter seems to be at that stage of the game which means the beginning of the job of construction. This will not only employ hands, but it will create one of

## Grains of Sand

The Carolinas suffered the loss by death of two distinguished personages during the past week. Congressman Pou, dean of the House of Representatives, passed away in Washington. Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, famous horsewoman and mother of America's leading polo player, young Tommy, died at her winter residence in Aiken, S. C. Mr. Pou had been in Congress since 1901. Mrs. Hitchcock died as the result of a fall from a horse while hunting with her Aiken draghounds several months ago.

Thomas Hitchcock was this writer's commanding officer in the Air Service during the World War. At that time he was the oldest flier in the U. S. Army, his son Tommy the youngest.

Don't go north for the summer without remembering to send that contribution to the Moore County Hospital.

One person of every six was on relief in North Carolina during 1933, complete figures for the year reveal.

Amateur golf's No. 1 man, George T. Dunlap, Jr., broke the all-time record of Pinehurst's famed No. 2 course on Tuesday when he took but 63 strokes for the 18 holes. That is an average of three and one-half strokes per hole.

Amateur tennis' No. 1 man, Frank Shields of New York will be seen in action here all this coming week. These are sort of No. 1 days in the Sandhills.

Jimmy Isaminger veteran baseball scribe of Philadelphia reminisces in the March 29 issue of the Sporting News on the 1910 training trip of the Philadelphia Nationals in Southern Pines. Isaminger "covered" that trip for a Philly paper. He tells of several humorous incidents that occurred at the old Piney Woods Inn, where the players stopped, including the fire scare when a bolt of lightning struck the cupola. The training field is now the driving range at the Country Club. It seems that even then a manager had difficulty in keeping his players off the links.

## FOR BIRD LOVERS

Next Monday morning at 10:30 o'clock Mrs. Charlotte Green, author of the new and delightful "Birds of the South" has promised to address the Bird Club, and others who would enjoy this privilege, at the New England House, out on the steps, unless the weather drives us indoors.

This change from Tuesday (the regular morning) to Monday is only for next week. The hunt in the woods will start at 9 o'clock as usual; Mrs. Green's address at 10:30.

No less than 28 species of birds were seen last Tuesday and over 30 persons were present. The depression is obviously over, although as a humorous member remarked, the song birds hereabout are not conforming to any N. R. A. rules.

All who have listened in to Mrs. Green's talks from Raleigh on Thursdays will want to see and hear her next Monday and show appreciation of her kindness in coming to address the bird lovers of this fortunate vicinity.

the most modern sanitary plants in rural North Carolina, for the project is in the hands of a committee of capable men who will see that it is done right and in a thoroughly modern way.

Taking all the signs together it is evident that Knollwood as a neighborhood is setting its stakes for a decided move forward, and for the broader foundation of a highly desirable country community of the highest type.

## FOURTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES

## FROM THE BACK SEAT

By DR. ERNEST M. POATE

As I was saying, science is just wonderful. Everybody has grown very, very wise. Folks know so much that they can't be fooled any longer by myths, and fairy stories. Religion is the bunk. "The opium of the people," says Karl Marx. "The great illusion," says Doctor Freud. Facts are what count today. Like Mr. Gragrind.

But what is a fact? Pontius Pilate once asked, "What is truth?" And lots of folks are still wondering.

If it's a fact, you ought to be able to prove it. Yet when you get down to the bottom of any set of "facts" you will find nothing but an axiom. And an axiom is "a self-evident fact." Which means, you can't prove it. You just have to believe it.

Scientists seem to have no trouble in believing that light, for instance, is either particles or waves, or maybe both particles and waves at the same time. And that we live in an expanding universe, with all the stars travelling away from each other at the rate of goodness knows how many billion miles a minute—or is it a second?—That is, if the universe is expanding right now: it may be shrinking again by the time you read this. Or expanding one day and contracting the next, or moving so fast, both ways at once, that it is practically standing still.

Like as not what has happened is that all the stars have travelled away from each other so fast, for so long, that by now they've hit the edges of the "closed universe" that Einstein invented. Then, naturally, they'd have to bounce back, because there isn't anything outside. Not even nothing. So the stars keep bouncing back and forth, like so many dried peas inside a baby's rattle: and that explains everything.

Why not? There's just as much sense to it as to the notion that space is limited, and the universe "closed," so that if ever you got to the edge there wouldn't be anything beyond; not even space, not even nothing. Just —. Well, what?

Scientists believe all this twaddle. They get real excited about it, and red-faced, and mad, and call each other names, arguing whether cosmic rays are protons or neutrons or morons, and can you bust atoms, and why should you.

Yet then turn up their noses and look superior, and give you a pitying smile, if you suggest that maybe God did make the world, after all. That is mere superstition, they say.

They can believe in a universe that expands and contracts. They can believe that natural laws are merely "statistical averages," so that you can't be sure stones won't float in the air, just because they have always dropped when you let go of them, until now. They can, and do, believe perfectly insane and impossible things: but they won't believe in the miracle of the loaves and fishes. That's "just superstition."

We see everything around us, from tiny, microscopic germs to the moon and the sun, obeying laws more fixed

than those of the Medes and Persians. Laws that never fail, laws that we count on every moment, without ever thinking about it. Yet men who call themselves scientists will tell us that things just happened so. It was all "blind chance."

Solomon, also, knew that fool who said in his heart, "There is no God."

And, since all the science of our scientists is built upon, and really consists of, recognition of natural law, when they talk of "blind chance" they are not really denying God. Instead, they are calling him names.

Some children are so bullied and restricted and hampered by their parents that they grow up hating all authority. Once they have escaped, the very notion of being bossed makes them mad. So they look around for "tyrants" to disobey. Because they had too many rules at home, they resent all rules, and hunt for rules to break. Just like children showing off before company, safe in the knowledge that pap won't spank until the minister has left.

Such folks so detest the notion that anybody can be higher and stronger than they that they make faces at God in His heaven, just to prove that nobody can boss them. And so we have atheists: not because people sit down calmly and try to reason things out, and thus come to the conclusion that there is no God, but just because they want to show off. They are not moved by logic: they are swayed by their own muddled emotions.

I think it was Benjamin Franklin who asked what was the use of being a reasonable man, if you couldn't invent reasons for doing as you pleased? Now, that was very wise talking.

Nothing could be much less important to you and me than the age of this world, for example. Four thousand, or ten billion years: what of it? It was here before we came, and it will probably be here after we are gone—and not much the worse for our leaving, perhaps. Maybe Arcturus, or Betelgeuse, is three or eleven quintillions of light-years, or something, away from us: maybe it's going, or coming. And what of that? They'd have to travel much faster than they do to reach us—and if they went plumb out of sight going the other way, I doubt if it would affect the tobacco market much.

Nobody could get excited about such matters. Folks get excited because they think their notions about Arcturus, or neutrons, or something, will help to "prove" or "disprove" some pet theory—will somehow make them of more importance, help them to feel wise and superior. And the more uncertain they are about their notions, the madder they get if you doubt them.

I have heard oculists say that the human eye is a clumsy device; that any good instrument-maker could produce a better one. Maybe so. But you couldn't see with it. It's easy to turn up your nose at creation, and point out how stupid things are: but could you make a better universe?

## TO THE TAX PAYERS OF SANDHILLS TOWNSHIP:

# NOTICE

I will meet the tax payers of Sandhills Township at the following places and dates for the purpose of listing their taxes for the year 1934:

**SOUTHERN PINES**—at Standard Oil Filling Station, April 20th, 1934, station near overhead bridge. (one day only.)

**RADFORD'S STORE**—(one day only)—April 24th, 1934.

**PINEBLUFF**—Firemen's Hall, April 17th, 1934—(one day only).

**ADDOR**—at Postoffice—April 13th, 1934. (one day only).

**ABERDEEN**—The remaining days of April will be in Aberdeen at the Aberdeen Hotel, except Sunday.

**J. T. Harrington**  
Tax Lister

Advertise In The Pilot

## NERVES WERE OUT OF TUNE