

THE PILOT

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A CONTINUING PLAY SCHEDULE

April farther north is an uncertain season. It is the breaking point between winter and spring, and where winter is as severe as in most of the North April is mixed up with raw weather, muddy trails, sloppy gardens, overshoes and umbrellas. Here in the Sandhills April is a pleasing reality of spring time, and a period when folks like to linger and avoid the changes back at their homes. That makes it desirable to have just such a season of play and novelty as has prevailed here this week, and for that reason it is a good move to make this spring festival a permanent institution. So many novel things that are convenient to produce appeal to the northern friends and likewise to the old inhabitants, for human interest in things is not confined to the stranger. Wherever a crowd assembles so much develops spontaneously that always the general effect is worth the effort.

The festival should be taken as a going concern from now on and organized on a continuing plan so that it may be anticipated each year and planned so far in advance that the management will have time to arrange their programs and to secure their attractions. Probably Fort Bragg can be counted as a fixed feature, for it is so convenient to Southern Pines that it gives the soldiers a practice march without being long enough to tire or be monotonous. And always the people like to see the spectacle of active young men, big guns, military accoutrement, and a good band, which the Fort maintains. The gathering together of local and visiting clans, as the people from various sections of the Union comprises, is another positive feature, while special events can be contrived by an ingenious management that will always grow in attractiveness and in its reputation as a pleasing diversion for the folks before they begin to pack to go back to their summer work and home customs.

April in the Sandhills becomes more attractive each season and the forests brighten as the villages take on more matured appearance and as the roads and drives are more aggressively cared for by the folks in all directions. Next April the natural settings for the affair will be more elaborate than now, and year by year the opportunity is greater. A permanent organization is desirable.

THE NEW ENGLAND TAR HEEL SOLDIER

Judge Humber at the New England gathering Tuesday caught the perfect spirit of the occasion when he brought back a memory of a rare old Yankee, and a real one in that well-known Pennsylvania soldier of the years gone by, Capt. Asaph M. Clarke. As the judge said, Clarke was of New England, his parents hailing from Connecticut by way of New York, and they were probably as typical of the early habit and custom and thought of New England as any migrants from that section. A. M. Clarke was a Pennsylvanian up to the fifteenth day of April, 1861, when at 15 years of age he enlisted in the military company that was forming in his community in anticipation of the coming war. He was refused because of his youth, and he promptly went around to another recruiting officer and enlisted

is 18 years old and was sworn in. When Captain Clarke was mustered out in 1865 after serving his full term and veteranizing for another year he said he was 21 years old and they asked him how he came to add only three years to his age during four years of war.

For four years he was a Virginian, or at least he stayed down that way. Then he went back to Pennsylvania to teach the home guards how to play poker and some of the other things he had learned in the Virginia campaigns and then he moved to Maryland, and then to Texas, where the atmosphere was a little warm for a federal officer. He came back to Pennsylvania for a bit of quiet and then again to Maryland and then to North Carolina about 1884, where for a start they called him the Yankee Radical. He was properly named. But the New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Texas radical was a soldier, and the old time enemies who had chased him in the valley of Virginia and run from him in their own turn in their proper places at their time liked to gather in his shop and watch him mend clocks and yammer with him over the campaigns. They liked him for he liked them, and the battles that were fought in his shop tightened the friendships that were deep and enduring. Radical republican in politics he forgot politics when he went to the polls where an old soldier was a candidate.

Clarke lived longer in North Carolina than any where else and became a New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland Tar Heel, and lies on the hilltop of Mt. Hope. Judge Humber knew him well, and if the judge was to young to drink from the same canteen with him they probably drank from the same bottle in those older days of more freedom. The judge painted the picture there among the New Englander folks of possibly the most striking Connecticut Yankee that ever came into this section of North Carolina, for the judge is an artist and he had a subject who was not hard to portray. The choice of the speaker was a happy selection, and the theme was a fitting illustration of that amalgamation that marks the basis of the American commonwealth.

ONE THING ABOUT SPRING

No matter what the weather did in March you can't stop spring when the time comes for it to arrive in the Sandhills. And when the warm weather is here, and the sun shines vigorously, and the ground is moist and plant life feels the stimulus this warm sand brings vegetation forth with a bump. You go to sleep on the last night of cold weather and leave the fires banked in the furnace and come down in the morning to stir them up and you note that the birds have settled around the back porch to say hello and howdy. You forget to poke up the fire, for during the night a soft air has swathed all Nature, and you perceive that the spireas and the forsythias, and all the other pretty bushes with foreign and fanciful names have suddenly picked up a load of color, and along with the bushes you know are those you don't know. Down over the hill the arbutus has flashed into blossom during the night, the apples and peach trees are gay, and you wonder where you left the garden hoe and rake last fall, and you make a mental note to get some onion sets and turnip seed and other paraphernalia when you go to the store, for the garden fever breaks out with the coming of the mild days.

Nature is a great worker. All winter long the preparation has been made to start business in the spring, but Nature never calls for any high-speed gas. She takes her time until the time comes to move. Then like lightning a match or turning on the electric light the thing is done and spring is busy on the job. It does not make much difference just what elements combine to bring about this business of spring. The main thing is that when the stage is set the play begins, and the pace is fast enough to get things in working order before we know what is going on. Eight weeks from now in some of the Northern states memorial day will be call-

ing for some flowers, and a few apple blossoms and other flowers that come along with them will be scoured up here and there to serve. But here the bursting buds are ready in March and April for anything, and from now on until Christmas the field and garden will be alive with color. Spring has rung the bell.

PLANT A GENEROUS GARDEN

We are not yet out of the woods and we will not be until we sweat a little more, for we have not yet learned to what extent we can depend on ourselves to put flour in the barrel. This world needs to wear out its trousers at the knees more and less in the seat, for the knees get into action when we get down in the garden and down to pray, while sitting around wears little on the knees. Our fathers knew the value of a garden and they had few relief measures and counted the unemployed by the number who didn't have the sagacity to put themselves at work with the spade and the hoe.

Time is worth nothing except as we use it. If we can get a few tomatoes and potatoes and ears of corn and peas and such like junk for some work in the garden it is not necessary to figure whether we earn fifty cents an hour or five cents or any other cents, for the belly never asks the figures how long it took to hoe the watermelon or pick the beans. At any rate it takes no longer than to loaf around the streets wondering about when the price of side meat will come down or the price of cutting logs will go up. Your stomach wants rations, and doesn't care a fig how many hours you put in at making your garden stuff. We will waste enough time this spring pitying our fates to make garden stuff enough to fatten the whole human race, but we don't seem to think working for ourselves is worth while.

BAILEY LOSES ON COTTON BILL

In the house conference in Congress the Bailey amendment to the Bankhead cotton bill which would have allowed the small farmer to plant cotton up to six bales without the prohibitive tax, was defeated, thus barring the man who has not qualified under the unmodified restrictions. Some small farmers who had hoped to plant a bale or two to help maintain themselves during the unfavorable conditions but who had not planted cotton last year or through other causes were not admitted under the Bankhead measure will not be eligible now, and the situation is not pleasant for them.

But the die seems to be cast, and the disappointment will have to be swallowed. The small man who has been figuring on planting a bale or two of cotton should inform himself of his standing under the law before he puts any seed in the ground.

DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH

We hear a lot these days about the more equitable distribution of wealth. But we don't read enough about Benjamin Franklin, possibly the wisest authority on wealth this country has ever known. He was born poor, but died rich in material possessions as well as in wisdom. One day when a boy he had a few cents and he was offered a whistle for his pennies. He bought the whistle, only to find that it was not much of a whistle, and all through life he recalled the early experience where he paid too much for his whistle.

Afterward it took a pretty good trader to get Benjamin to distribute much of his wealth for something he didn't really need. He learned right there not to buy something that wasn't worth the money to him. He set a new standard of distribution of wealth. And there are others like him.

Divide the wealth of the world tomorrow and a large portion of the population will be down town promptly with their coin in their pockets to distribute. Others a little more prudent will be on hand with open hats to catch the wealth that is tossed around here and there promiscuously. And it the early future the distribution will have wound up, and some folks will

Correspondence

THE SMALL FARM PROBLEM

Editor, The Pilot:

We here in the Sandhills have been for twenty years testing out the theory now being advocated of trying to induce people to have homes with enough land so that they could raise the necessities of life. John R. McQueen started it by suggesting that we sell at reasonable prices small blocks of land, these being large enough to have vegetables and fruit garden as well as enough land to raise the corn and potatoes needed by the family. After considerable difficulty some of these were sold but since then all but a few have been cut up into house lots.

During the war they were used as intended for patriotic reasons and during the depression the same is true, but normally we have found those who prefer farming stay on a farm and do not move on to an enlarged house lot and those who did don't like it will not farm. Economically the idea is sound, but very few people will, unless want or duty requires it, do something that they don't want to do in order to save a little money when they have plenty of money to pay for what, to them, these disagreeable tasks would yield.

Later we enlarged the plan and the lots on the Midland farm development were put up for sale but nobody who bought as far as I know ever farmed the land. The purchasers simply saw a chance of buying blocks of lot cheap and have either cut them up or held to sell at a profit.

After the successful war gardens were not needed. I know several of the organizers thought that since they had been so successful they could and should be continued, but they couldn't get the people to do this.

Now the Federal Government is, as I understand it, to try it and it should work until times are more nearly normal, but after that they will be abandoned or turned into night clubs and "over night camps."

If the government wants to try it it had best supply the people with automobiles or busses for transportation from the city to the gardens, rather than build houses. It will be much cheaper.

LEONARD TUFTS,
Pinehurst, April 12, 1934.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

The following transfers of real estate have been recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Moore county:

The County Board of Education to S. R. Hoyle: property in Carthage township.

Wiley Davis and wife, Aaron Kennedy and wife and Martha Jane Garner to Stephen Davis, property in Sheffield township.

Wm. F. Junge and wife to Bertha Porterwine, property in Southern Pines.

James Boyd and wife and Jackson Herr Boyd and wife to Catharine Pierson, property in Southern Pines.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Marriage licenses have been issued from the office of the Register of Deeds of Moore county to A. B. Maness, McConnell Route 1 and Stroudie Hussey, Spies Route 1; J. Harris Smith of Carthage Route 1 and Maida Brown, Carthage.

have wealth and some will have a bad taste in the mouth that comes the morning after. You can't distribute wealth and keep it distributed until some genius invents a distributor that will have strickers on it to make wealth stick to the fingers that get it.

There are two kinds of folks in the world. One kind allows people to sell to them almost anything. The other kind buys what it wants. That kind will ultimately get the money, for it will not buy what it does not want because it has money that is burning holes in the pocketbook. If we ever have general prosperity in this or any other country it will be when folks learn that after wealth is distributed it will have to be looked after, or it will all be huddling again in a few piles. Coal Oil Johnny had a lively time while it lasted, but after the spending was over he had a long time in which to figure out the little song: "If I'm so soon completely done for, then what the dickens was I begun for?" Accumulation of a little wealth has as many virtues as distributing wealth, and it lasts longer.

FIFTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES

FROM THE BACK SEAT

By DR. ERNEST M. POATE

This week I will register another addition to my personal Index Expurgatorius. Namely:

In no circumstances, by whatever overmastering temptation driven, shall I ever, ever perpetrate a Diary of Mister, Doctor, Colonel, Judge, Professor, Geheimrat or what-not, Pepys, Jamais, never!

This is a type of vicarious exhibitionism with which I have no sympathy. If I am at any time moved by the urge to discuss intimate domestic affairs, (which Heaven forbid!) I shall do so in my own proper person, and in the first person singular—and it will be singular. If I do. The immoral Samuel (Yes, that's what I said. On purpose. The scandalous old reprobate!)—The immoral Samuel has served as clothes-horse for dirty linen in plenty: I shall not drape my washing upon him. This column shall offer no Pepys-show to a public however palpitant. . . . But I never did promise not to make bad puns on occasion.

Having thus leaded my resolution into the rocks, we might as well continue.

Mister William Wirt has recently made and published a notable discovery: and I, also, have Revelations to make. Prepare to shudder. If you have flesh, let it creep.

Now!—The daily newspapers of this fair land have degenerated something shocking. Among the Tycoons of the press, there is no longer any appreciation of Art. Genius goes unrewarded. If one spreads before the average editor such pearls of wisdom as are herein so plentifully scattered, he merely tromps them into his waste-basket, instead of the mire. And thereafter he doesn't even display enough interest to turn again and read me. I am ignored.

All this is very painful, not for any personal reason (though one does get into expensive habits, like eating) but because of my esthetic standards. I grieve to see the press thus self-stultified and blind to the Higher Things of Life. Raleigh, Charlotte, Richmond, Baltimore, Washington, New York and Boston papers please copy. Also other points north, west, up and down. (Rates on request. Adv.)

Justice compels me, however, to exempt from this blanket indictment a choice and literate remnant. If there is hope for Literature in America, it lies in the sane and balanced judgment of certain editors of weekly papers. I name no names, lest I appear invidious: but if you read these modest lines in any newspaper (and if you read them at all, which is not too likely, you must read them in some newspaper: alas, not in many!)—when you read these lines, you may by that token be assured that the editor of that newspaper is a Man with Good Taste. Would there were more—and they more generous!

Which reminds me (and you may trace the logical connection for your own self) that somebody has organized a League of Unemployed Writers, and is besieging the Federal Administration, demanding minimum

pay of \$35.00 a week.

Now, setting aside for the moment the question of what said pay is to be for: and if they are to be paid for not writing, as farmers are for not planting wheat and cotton, I'm for it: a more instant problem arises.

What is an Unemployed Writer, anyhow? I contend that this is a contradiction in terms. A writer is one who writes. You can't stop him—though many would like to, if they could. He who stops writing, merely because he can't sell what he writes, is no writer at all. He is a lusus naturae. (Naturally loose, that is. Or, in free translation, balm.)

However, the organizer of this league, whoever he is, has the germ of an excellent idea. In fact, it beats the NRA, AAA, CWA and so on down to XYZ&c. The Depression might easily be conquered by such means.

As thus.

Let all writers be registered. This in itself would furnish employment for thousands: it would mean a census of the entire nation. Because every honest garbage collector, street-car conductor, dental technician and ceramic expert—even some newspaper reporters—everyone has, in the trunk, the attic, the bottom drawer of that old bureau out in the barn, somewhere, at least one five-act play, a movie scenario (suggested as a vehicle for Miss Garbo) and reams of verse. Besides short stories. And essays. And things.

So, register them all first. Then, guarantee publication. Under bond. At one cent a word, say—this being relief work—to be paid by the proud author. Everybody would instantly get to work and raise money enough to have his gems published. There's billions in it.

Then subsidize all newspapers. . . . No, not newspapers: at least, they should be compelled to publish my stuff first. If there was any space left, it might be used, of course. But subsidize all magazines, book-publishers, job-printing shops and the Saturday, and set them to work. Why, as the vista broadens, one is simply astounded by its possibilities.

Think of the linotypers, proof-readers, printers, manufacturers of pulp-wood paper, expressmen—my gracious! Editors, naturally, would be superfluous: but I should advise keeping them on: they could feature my own work. The wheels of industry would spin madly, we'd all be prosperous—and there'd be no more talk of thirty-hours weeks, either. Who wouldn't be willing to write sixty, seventy, a hundred hours a week—if he could publish Everything? The only possible flaw in the plan is this: Would the paper-makers and linotypers and newsboys and judges and such have time to make paper or tap keys or sell papers or render learned opinions? They might be too busy writing Masterpieces.

But think of the stimulus to the building trades. For libraries would be needed. By the cubic mile. Glorious. —Or is it?

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