

THE PILOT

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NELSON C. HYDE, Managing Editor
BION H. BUTLER, Editor
JAMES BOYD STRUTHERS BURT
Contributing Editors
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THE COMING PRIMARY

The Pilot is not a Republican newspaper nor is it a Democratic newspaper. It is interested in party politics only insofar as party politics relate to good government. It has carried little political news during the present pre-Primary campaign because there has been little news-plenty of the usual gossip and political palaver but little news. It has carried in its news columns the lists of candidates for the various offices, in its advertising columns the announcements of those offering themselves in the Primary election of June 2d.

The Pilot is interested in good government and able representation of the citizens of its territory in Carthage, Raleigh and Washington. And it believes the voters in making their decisions at the polls on Saturday of next week should be guided by the same elements of thought as they would call upon were they employing men for positions of responsibility in business or profession. Men who have served and served well should be rewarded; men who have been tried and found wanting should be discarded; men offering for their first governmental experience should be weighed on the scales of their success in the management of past endeavors.

In its estimate of the various candidates in the Democratic Primary—and as the constituency of this newspaper is dominantly Democratic at the moment we will speak here only of that party—The Pilot bespeaks the serious consideration of four men for four important posts. It regards U. L. Spence as best measuring up to the requirements for the State Senate. He served ably in the House, rising to the leadership of one of its most important committees, and would enter the Senate not as a neophyte but as an experienced legislator knowing the ropes and ready without initiation to fully represent his district.

The Pilot believes Wilbur Currie has successfully guided Moore county through a trying period as chairman of the Board of County Commissioners. The county is in good financial condition. It is not one of the majority of counties in North Carolina in default in obligations; it is among the few counties with a tax rate under \$1.00. When a man of successful business AND governmental experience is available to the electorate to head its county government there should be no question of how to mark the ballot.

In our more immediate district a thought should be given the representation on the county board of the larger centers of population—Aberdeen, Pinehurst and Southern Pines. Fortunately Southern Pines will in all probability enjoy the continued representation of Frank Cameron, of Cameron, who has done a good job on the board for the past two terms and is unopposed in his party Primary. Aberdeen and Pinehurst are in a district at present represented by another Cameron, Gordon, of Pinehurst. He has devoted much time to governmental duties during his present term of office, has capably served his constituency and his county and merits a return to the post he seeks.

Law and order, it seems to The Pilot, has been well maintained in the county during the tenure of office of Sheriff Charles J. McDonald. He should be retained in office.

Let us continue to benefit from the experience of men who have successfully proven their worth—and be thankful that we

have them available to look after our interests in county and state.

THE DEATH OF JUDGE ADAMS

The death of Judge William Jackson Adams, though he had arrived at an age when it was hardly reasonable to regard it as surprising, was none the less a distinct shock to the community. Judge Adams has been a familiar character about Carthage for so long that he belonged as a part of the fixed setting of life, a factor in the order of things to which most of the folks had grown up. His unexpected death is a disruption of the established order.

Along with being a fixed element in Moore county's life Judge Adams was a strikingly individual type. He possessed a serenity that was pleasing to everybody and made friends of the whole human atmosphere about him. He gave a cordiality to every quarter which he invaded, and brightened every contact with everybody he encountered. He was a friendly neighbor, patient, gentle, companionable in his associations and an asset in the community in his intelligence, his grasp of affairs and in his human appreciations. It is no reflection on any other living creature to say that we will comb the earth a long time before we will find any one who will supply the place in the state that has been vacated by the aged jurist.

When the fates led this man to the bench it looked as if the finger of Destiny had been allowed to exert an influence, for his was broadly a judicial temperament, combined with the character that can analyze the situations that court practice brings before the tribunal. Not often is the court fortified with the jurisdiction of a judge more broadly equipped with all those attributes that enable him to bring to his command all the phases of justice that fairness calls for. And as a fellow villager and neighbor he was one of the real things of existence. The memory of Judge Adams will be an influence that will persist in wholesome fashion during the lifetime of that generation that is now old enough to have an acquaintance with him, for he will be a man of weight in Moore county years after the grass is green above him.

THE ANNUAL INVENTORY

At the end of his fiscal year the prudent business man at once starts to pull things down from the shelves and take his annual inventory that he may find what stock he has on hand, and add his stock values to his cash and receivable accounts and balance his ledger page.

In the Sandhills the year's business has closed. The first step now to be taken is the inventory that we may know what we have done in the past twelve months and to plan for the year that is now beginning. For want of tangible figures on everything some of the gains of the year that have just closed must be set down as intangibles, although they are of as great value as any of the cash earnings, for it is the intangibles that point the way. This has been a satisfactory year, although in the figures at the bottom of the page the totals may not be as great. But in the things that are not cashed in but which have their immeasurable values this has probably been the best year the Sandhill country has ever known, for we have learned some things and realized the value of some assets that we had not yet measured up in the past.

Beyond any doubt the Spring Festival opened the eyes of the Sandhill folks to one of the great assets of this section. We have discovered here in the Carolina piney woods some quaint features which are practically exclusive to this neighborhood. We who live here have taken these things for granted, forgetful that people who come this way do not look with the same indifference on what seems to us commonplace. It has been left to the visiting horsemen to really discover the virtues of the Sandhills for all manner of relations to the horse. Pinehurst began to encourage horses with a modest track and with polo games. Southern Pines followed with fox hunting. Back in the earlier day a few horses were kept for hacking in the sand, but it was left for the lover of horses to develop that pleasure, which followed the creation of sandclay

roads. Now the horse is in the hands of his friends who have made thorough study of the sandy pine woods as a place for his uses. This is a paradise for the horse, and from now on the advantages are to be more fully utilized.

We have by no means taken advantage of the great possibilities that are here in the way of landscape gardening and road and lawn planting. The magnificence we can create by an intensive policy of landscape work is beginning to be apparent, and that is to be expanded without limit in the days ahead, because the contagion has now developed and the example is in an infectious stage. Nature has been kind enough to the Sandhills that we can make this one of the most delightful spring and winter spots in the world. Leonard Tufts, Struthers Burt, Frank Buchan, Ernest Morell and others of their enthusiasm will see to that. Their army of helpers is a legion now, and their work is an offering that will not be overlooked when the next statement of attractions in the Sandhills is announced. The alluring homes, rapidly increasing in attractiveness and in number, will be cited in the balance sheet.

Fort Bragg is another decided asset which is growing in value as a feature of winter life in this vicinity. The Sandhills will always be the social capital of the Fort Bragg area, and more and more so each year. Our contacts with the establishment are worth the closest cultivation. Next winter it is likely that the old slave reunion of this year will be followed by some other exhibits of the interesting character and habit of thought and action of the colored folks, who constitute a valuable member of the Sandhills winter life. The Negro is the most remarkable example of swift rise from barbarism on a great scale that the world has ever known, and in the Sandhill country he is presenting some pictures of great interest. Also next winter it is probable that more stress will be laid on the part the pioneers have played in the development of this region, for theirs was a picturesque work in building here the foundations of the nation that has arisen in the wilderness. In two centuries a wilderness has been transformed into the foremost nation of the world, and the individual touch is still so recent that the line of contact is modern and unbroken history. We should have a historical feature to preserve for the information and pleasure of the people the story of what has been done by those who trailed the path to this region.

These merely suggest the breadth of the task that is ahead for next spring, and the magnitude is sufficient reason for at once beginning on the job. Pinehurst with its excellent organization is always at work on new things and Southern Pines with its aggressive Chamber of Commerce and its many active individuals is much alive to the broader possibilities, and from the joint action of the two centers a virile preparation of a broad program is to be expected for the coming season. Never was the prospect more encouraging or the field wider.

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From the State Press

JUSTICE ADAMS

Tributes paid the late Associate Justice Adams whose unexpected death shocks the State pivot about his legal as well as his classical culture, and that, to be sure, is where the luster of his learning belongs.

Judge Adams was pre-eminently a student—a student of law, a student of history, a student of literature, a student of human nature. And it requires all of these efficiencies in knowledge to make the kind of jurist he became.

Erudite in the law, brilliant in his interpretations, he was, nevertheless, practical in his purpose of applying the technique of jurisprudence to everyday matters in such a way as to become more than a mere case-lawyer, with his opinions taken exclusively from law books on the shelves of his library.

And he had all of the profound students' classical carriage, refined in his speech, chaste in his language, dignified in his bearing and a gentleman of Chesterfieldian proportions. The Supreme Court has not often called to its high service a lawyer and a citizen and a character of such composition of brilliancy and humanity combined.—Charlotte Observer.

Grains of Sand

"How many readers can remember when the late Bill Allen was the local laundry man; when Claude Hayes played golf (so he called it); Fitzjohn was the local golf pro; the fracas at the depot when the 'Pinehurst Junction' sign was put up; when Nick Wilson was president of the Country Club? To those who can I tip my hat and reverently say, 'Howdy, Old Timer,'" writes a correspondent.

And he adds: "Since so many tourists are held here much later than usual by the cold weather in the north why not do a little something to try to 'make them stay longer?' Such as tennis tournaments, shuffleboard tournaments, a water carnival and some more band concerts by the 17th Field Artillery from Fort Bragg."

At the Kiwanis meeting Wednesday O. T. Maness told how he almost lost \$50 in gold because he couldn't find his way around Pinehurst. It happened when he went there to attend a Master Farmer meeting at which prizes were to be awarded by the Kiwanians, through the generosity of Leonard Tufts, to winners in the annual farm competition. Mr. Maness tried in vain to locate the meeting place, gave it up and went back home. It was several days later that he learned he was a prize winner, and that the gold was awaiting him.

The week claimed a heavy toll of Moore county through the passing of two of its best known citizens. Mrs. John Warren Achorn of Pinebluff and Justice William J. Adams of Carthage.

Public school teachers, because of their greatly reduced salaries the past year, are applying in large numbers to the reemployment offices over the state for summer employment for the four months, until schools start again, Capus M. Waynick, director for North Carolina, states. The bad plight of the teachers is judged by the large number applying for work, Mr. Waynick said.

Prediction is freely made that within a short time Governor Ehringhaus will act favorably on the position of Mrs. Luke Lea, Sr., Nashville, Tenn., for executive clemency for her stepson and nephew, Luke Lea, Jr., now serving a sentence in State's Prison, along with his father, Col. Luke Lea, for their part in violating State banking laws in connection with activities thought to be responsible for failure of the Central Bank & Trust Co., Asheville, in 1931.

Hundreds of petitions for clemency are being received by Governor Ehringhaus and Parole Commissioner Edwin Gill from high and low, rich and poor, prominent and lowly, Tennesseans and North Carolinians. None have been received opposing considered as having been a dutiful son to a dominant father. He is suffering from a malignant disease, cancer of the lower intestines, which with lack of treatment might prove fatal, specialists state. Governor Ehringhaus has not expressed himself, but parole at an early date would not be a surprise. The young man's plight seems to touch all heart strings.

NAMED BANK EXAMINER FOR STATE OF NEW YORK

Albert E. Clark, formerly of Aberdeen and Sanford, who has been connected with the Guaranty Trust Company, New York, for the past four years, has been appointed bank examiner for the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation for the State of New York.

Mr. Clark, who is the son of Mrs. Bertha Clark of Sanford, was connected with the Page Trust Company, Aberdeen office, before going with the Guaranty Trust Company and enjoys a wide circle of friends in the Sandhills who will be delighted to hear of his appointment.

DR. POATE TO READ PAPER AT PSYCHIATRIC MEETING

Dr. Ernest M. Poate will leave for New York City next Monday to attend the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association at the Waldorf-Astoria May 29th to June 1st. He will present a paper before the association on Thursday, the 31st, entitled "Fantasy of the Divine Lover" as seen in Schizophrenics." Discussion will be opened by Dr. Mario Julia of Porto Rico and Dr. Michael Thornton of New York City.

BANKS CLOSED WEDNESDAY

The Citizens Bank and Trust Company of Southern Pines and the Bank of Pinehurst, with branches in Aberdeen and Carthage, will be closed, Memorial Day, and a legal holiday.

The News from Carthage

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Graves of Florence, S. C., spent Sunday in Carthage with Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Graves. Mrs. A. E. Woltz of Gastonia is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Currie.

Mrs. Charles Nicoll, Mrs. Dan Carter and little Miss Margaret Neal Carter spent a few days in Belmont last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Carter and children spent a few days in Morris-town, Tenn., last week.

Mrs. W. B. Stronach of Raleigh was the guest of Mrs. Charles Barringer last week.

Mrs. J. E. Muse, Mrs. R. L. Burns and Miss Emma Burns are visiting relatives in Wilson.

Miss Margaret McLeod is spending a few days in Burlington with Mrs. F. S. Blue.

Mrs. E. H. Morton and son, Emmett are visiting relatives in Raeford. Mrs. Earl Barber has returned to her home in Erwin after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Frye.

Mrs. Charles Barringer spent a few days in Charlotte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Savage of Greenville attended the funeral of Judge W. J. Adams in Carthage Tuesday.

Mrs. J. M. Lane has returned to her home in Oxford after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jackson. Mrs. Alice Thomas of Raleigh spent the week-end in Carthage.

Misses Corrie and Janie McLeod visited relatives in Charlotte last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Henrick of Mexico City, Mex., spent Thursday and Friday with Dr. and Mrs. Alec Blue.

The Rev. I. N. Clegg of Pageland, S. C., and daughters, Misses Anne and Margaret Clegg are visiting Misses Annie and Marie Clegg.

Mrs. Marie Bumgardner of Raleigh spent the week-end with Mrs. R. L. Phillips.

Mrs. H. F. Seawell returned home Saturday from Washington where she spent several weeks with Mr. Seawell.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Walters announce the birth of a son, Thomas M. Jr., on May 16. Mrs. Walters was formerly Miss Alma Dupree.

Miss Eugenia Phillips of Bennett was the guest of Miss Josephine Boyette last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McGraw were called to Laurens, S. C., Sunday on account of the death of Mrs. McGraw's niece.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Tillman and Miss Margaret Tillman of Reidsville, Miss Fanny Tails of San Francisco, and Mrs. J. P. Bingham of Mt. Morris, N. Y., were guests of Mrs. H. G. Poole on Wednesday.

Little Miss Margaret Penn has returned home after a visit with relatives in Florence, S. C.

Miss Polly Felton of Fayetteville is visiting her brother, Dr. R. L. Felton.

Mrs. Charles Barringer was the charming hostess on Friday evening to her house guest, Mrs. W. B. Stronach of Raleigh and Miss Isabelle Knight, bride-elect of Sanford.

Mrs. F. H. Underwood was hostess to the members of her contract club and three additional tables at bridge on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Herbert Maness entertained at a bridge and rook party on Friday afternoon.

NINTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES

FROM THE BACK SEAT

By DR. ERNEST M. POATE

This is, if not my swan song, at least a penultimate ululation. Meaning (like the story of the deaf old lady, who brought a speaking-trumpet into the Scotch church: "One toot"—after this one, that is—"and I'm out.")—meaning, that I haven't quite quit, but that I shall quit quite soon.

This whole columning business has gone sour on me. Weltschmerz is what I've got. And ennui, I am becoming blasé.

Mine is a sensitive spirit, easily crushed by whatever it is that does crush sensitive spirits: in my case, usually a financial deficit: I'm really just a nasty Old Dealer at heart, I'm afraid. Try as I will (or would if I did; but I don't even try) I can't get rid of the Profit Motive.

Mind, now, I said Profit Motive. As for the profits themselves, I could get rid of them very, very easily—if any there should be. But, to make myself finally and pellucidly clear, I don't in the least object to offering food for thought, as long as I can trade my thoughts for food.

But not otherwise. Moreover, I have been jeered at. Carped at by carping carpers. Accused of pedantry, and so forth and so on. I deny it. I am not recalcitrant: my prose is never sesquipedalian: you will look in vain throughout these transcriptions of my esoteric lucubrations without ever discovering unnecessary polysyllables. — Well, hardly ever.

I mean, I do not use long words. I mean, my preference is for crisp and stalwart and practically monosyllabic vocabularies.

And what if I did use long words, if I do? Shall I traduce the intelligence and the literacy of My Public? Am I to suggest that my audience, the Great American People, lack the education to grasp even the most erudite of my references? If any of my references are erudite, instead of being four-flushes.

I hold that it would be slander: that the most snobbish and irritating trick which any writer can play is to "write down" to his audience: to say, in effect, "My dear, dumb pals, I know darn well you're so thick that all my really choice cracks would be lost upon you. Wherefore, Teacher will explain it all nicely and simply, just like the primer."

These writers aren't so much: they only think so. And they condescend, all the while thinking, "I am unique. Sui generis." (Now this is a Latin phrase, meaning, "descendant of pigs."—Sus, sui—old Anglo-Saxon, soeoy or sookeoy—of course, means pig. Whereas, generis means to be born: hence the word "generation.")

So, you see, whenever I do get technical, I always stop to explain. You must remember how often, in the past, I have offered such brief translations: and all of them have been quite as accurate as the one just given.

Just the same, it's a dirty trick to resort to foreign languages in order to call folks names. Like saying, "Homo sapiens." Because homo—as everybody knows—means "like." Examples, homo-logous, homo-nomous, &c. Whereas, "sapiens" isn't really Latin: it is derived from the Roman, or Rommany, word "Sap," meaning a snake. Hence, by analogy, a sap becomes a life-preserver, or any flexible, loaded club: a black-jack. And by extending the analogy, to sap a man means to stun him—and a man thus stunned is called a "sap," because his senses have been knocked out of him. Hence a "sap" is a lunk-head, a dumb person. . . . And "Homo sapiens" really means, "like a sap"—a fool.

If you don't believe that, look it up. And then you won't believe it. Some folks are so stubborn!

Which reminds me that I have been reading a book. Another book: not the ones I have already abused.

This one is called "Angel Pavement," and it was written by J. B. Priestley, the English author who came to this country a while back, and told us all what poor boobs we are. Standardized, what I mean. Without individuality.

Mr. Priestley writes about London. He claims to know all about London. Maybe he does: but if so I'd awfully hate to live in London. . . . It puzzles me, sometimes, these English author-persons who come over here and go all snooty, and then go home and write books about dirty, slovenly, squirrel-faced and adenoidal half-wits, carefully pointing out that all English people of the lower, lower-middle, middle, uppermiddle and what have you classes are just like that.

Most Americans wash—occasionally, at least. Maybe we're standardized that way: maybe you can't be both picturesque and reasonably clean. . . . But if Mister Priestley's picture of London is accurate, I wonder how he had the nerve to find fault with these United States.

If you haven't read the book, don't. There's not one really likable person in it. The author pushes all his poor, half-alive, adenoidal creatures into the sewer, and leaves them there, drowning. While his Mr. Golspie—who is an impossible boulder (as Dershingham correctly points out)—goes sailing away to South America, rejoicing in his own dirty tricks. And leaving everyone else out of a job, teetering on the edge of starvation and contemplating suicide. . . . He has been compared with Dickens: Mister Priestley has, I mean. Well, Dickens also abused Americans. . . . But you'd have to dilute Dickens with at least a hundred parts of sewage to get Priestley. And then add a jigger of ipecac.

Now, aren't you all going to be awfully, awfully sorry, when I stop making faces at Prominent Authors? Because that will be soon.