

THE PILOT

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CIVILIZATION'S GREAT HOLIDAY

Now comes the marvel holiday of the civilized world, Christmas, the assumed natal day of a character that is alone in its relation to the rest of human kind. Christmas began as a religious holy day. It gradually came to be a day for the children, and in Central Europe it is yet the Christkindchen tree that bears the treasures to greet the little people, and it is Santa Claus, who was Klaus before he was Claus, and St. Nicholas, or any of the other variations of the Kriss Kindchen, or Kriss Kringle, or Bels Nichol, or childish or grown-up modifications of the name and sentiment. But all the way along the sentiment has been one of gladness and good will for others, and that is probably what has carried the day to its lofty level among important periods in human life and experience.

Christmas has been appropriated by everything. It has been made the opportunity of a great commercial activity over a certain quarter of the year of a certain industrial activity for weeks of an especial endeavor on the part of salesmen and distributors, of inventive genius that devises new novelties, new toys, new surprises, and a large army of people depend for a considerable portion of their livelihood on this Christmas commercialism. Were it not for the deep-grounded influence Christmas has on the large proportion of the world's population that comes under its powers Christmas would be an industrial function of the modern civilization and little else. But the singular strength of Christmas in the direction of good will and thoughtfulness for others, and the distribution of gifts and kindly greeting, overshadows what is the greatest single event in stimulating production merely for the climaxing of a single date and Christmas comes along with a hail and a joyousness and a merry humor that puts the materialism of it in the background. So the postoffice goes on its rounds hunting up John Doe and Susie Roe, and Mary Hoe and Billy Poe and all the rest of the millions of the multitude and scattering remembrances of great and little moment, but all of them arousing a friendly contact, and bringing the race into human touch and joyous holiday greeting.

It is a great event, this Christmas business is. Much or little, it has its effect. The world is made when a man is born. Life and experience begin then. All that follows compares with the first impressions. By that test one of the greatest Christmas festivals was that of 1864. War had left its mark on a little household. Small children climbed out to see what Santa Claus had brought, and in the stocking knit by the mother, of rolls spun by the mother, were tucked an apple, from the orchard, a stick of candy from the cross-roads grocery, some nuts from the chestnut trees on the ridge and the butternut trees down by the creek, a pair of home-knitted mittens, and a wonderful creation, a jumping jack, bought at lavish expenditure, probably ten cents, when an uncle had been over to the county seat where they had such things. Many a Christmas has come and gone since then, but never such another wonderful affair, for never do you see again a thing that impresses you as deeply as the first time that you can recall.

It is not the amount of stuff the factories work months to make, and that the stores advertise by the page to sell, and that the mails and express trains flood the country with today;

but the friendly motive that takes note of the fact that you are somebody's friend.

THE GROWING DELUGE OF THE COMMUNE

The observant thinking man views with no pleasure the growing tide of communism that is sweeping this country. Not that fiddling little mouthy effort that is encountered here and there in that type of men some are pleased to call reds. They are insignificant and ineffective. The great threat is in higher places and sustained by a rapidly increased army of men who have a following that reaches from coast to coast. The recruiting agents are in congress, in politics, in the dwelling places of those who have come to look on the government as the source from which all things are to be derived and who regard the federal treasury as a public benefactor and the passing of a law as the cure for all evils.

It is the triumph of the federalist in the old fight that began with Jefferson as the champion of the individual and Hamilton as the leader of those who look to Washington for all that is desired. This country was created by individual action and backbone and industry. It has been turned over to public domination until we have sunk individual privilege in communistic domination to almost the extreme limit. The farmer complains and he is given relief from the public treasury, but hundreds of millions go out from the same treasury to build the Hoover Dam in Arizona to supply water to irrigate miles of territory to make new farms under government rule, that are in direct competition with the individual farmer who is struggling to keep his head above water. Private industry builds railroads and the public funds build roads to handle the traffic. All over the country impossible water ways are built at great cost and maintained at great cost to carry freight at lower price than the railroads can handle it. The Muscle Shoals dam was built as a war measure and since it could not function under government management it has been a persistent thorn in the attempt to pass it along to private hands to operate, and private hands will have no truck with government control of business. The government gets into the business of providing relief funds for the farmer and ties a stone about the farmer's neck and in due time the farmer, the banking system, business and everything else, collides in a stupendous crash of government.

The theory is that the government can do everything, and that Washington is the place to go when anything is wanted. The fact is overlooked that government can not create materials, or values or wares, and get money only from the taxpayers. The argument is that if money is needed in the form of taxes we can go where money is and get it. The result can only be what it has been. In going after the money where it is and getting it we find it is not there when the tax collector goes next time. The income tax is a source of dependence for the general government. This year business has been flattened and there is a startling falling off of income. The seed corn has been taken, and heaven only knows what is to be the outcome. But we still as a people are going to the government for everything and proposing bond issues with hardly any limit to provide funds for every thing, forgetful that the money to pay must come from the taxpayer and that the taxpayer is falling down in his payments, and sacrificing his property to the collector in lieu of the money that is demanded.

The grave danger of our communistic tendency is that for every dollar that goes out of the treasury a dollar must be taxed into it, along with all the cost of getting the dollar and paying it out. Already the people and business are carrying a load under which they are falling down. Money is not going to continue in business that is taxed to death. Funds will not be found for new ventures that are spotted for plunder by the taxing system the minute the new venture is established. Government cannot run business with any efficiency, for political connivance and business management are two wholly different things.

The situation that faces us is

serious. It will work its way out, but no one knows how. If we continue to cultivate the communistic idea of government management and sustenance and control of everything we will in due time bump against the stone wall of chaos, just as all communistic movements do. Then we can undertake a recovery on the painful road that failure of one thing lays down for another attempt. But it looks now as if our communistic experiment has to go much farther before we turn away from it. We do not as a people or nation appear to comprehend that to appropriate money from the federal treasury and then try to fill the treasury by taxing or borrowing against the future when we have passed the limit of taxation does not create anything. It simply wears out what we have by swapping it from one pocket book to another and charging interest and commission every time we swap.

TALKING SOME POLITICS

This is the last visit of The Pilot in 1931. Next week the figure turns ahead to another year, and with the coming year comes an election that is of import to state, county and nation. Possibly you may not have thought seriously about the administration of the past political period, but a dispassionate analysis will show much better than some folks on first thought would admit. In the county, which is the unit in which our local influence is most pronounced, the government has been on the whole of a high character. The general advance in business methods throughout the state under more modern legislation, has enabled a better business administration of county affairs, for the rules of the game in government as in everything else have much to do with the results. Regardless of a little tangle concerning some of the county finances, due to a matter of financial depression common over the country, Moore county has been working toward a more logical business basis, and has set on foot a progressive drift that means still more satisfactory conditions in the future.

The coming year means a new slate in the county. With a business of over half a million dollars to conduct it is desirable that the best men to be had shall be chosen to public office. Unfortunately the pay involved compels a sacrifice if the most skillful business men are to take up the cares of county administration, which makes it difficult to secure always the ticket that would be the most useful. The choice therefore is generally a limited one. It is wise for citizen and political leader to begin now to think about proper men to put on tickets, and their qualifications if we are to get the best governmental results in the county, must be business and dependability, not simply the desire to hold office. In a general way The Pilot believes pretty much in keeping in office, as in any job, a good man when one has been employed, for the man who knows the work is usually better than a man who has to be taught the trade before he is familiar with the tasks. But men come and men go, and where vacancies are likely to occur it is well to have some one in mind. And that is the job this county should be considering now and until the next election.

89,000 PEOPLE BUSY LAUNCHING NEW CHEVROLET

More than 89,000 people are back at work as a result of the introduction of new 1932 Chevrolets, and \$20,000,000 worth of new cars or parts had already been built at the time of the public announcement, according to a statement released by W. S. Knudsen, president and general manager of the company.

"The Company's policy during the last year has been to retain as near an equal number of men on the payroll as possible and vary the hours according to the demand for cars; in addition, during the short remand periods, inventory has been built up to increase the weekly hours to the greatest possible number.

"The result has been that the number of employees in any month during the year, except the shut-down month of October, has not varied more than 7 per cent on a total of 34,000 men, and the hours have averaged close to forty per week; 39 1-2 to be exact.

GRAINS OF SAND

It didn't take Aberdeen school authorities long to act when it was reported to them last week that a school bus laden with pupils was driven across the Seaboard tracks in Aberdeen with the bell ringing, warning of an approaching train. The driver was "fired" within an hour.

Rufus Beck's reinstatement as a State Highway Patrol lieutenant was pleasing to his many friends in Aberdeen. He has had a splendid record as an officer; one loss of temper should not ruin his career. We all lose our tempers once in a while.

Governor Gardner has turned literary and broken into The Saturday Evening Post with an article that will appear in the January 2 issue, on sale December 30. Governor Gardner wrote on "New Wine in Old Bottles," holding that new conditions demand new remedies. Editor Lorimer has written him that the article is so timely, dealing with the reorganization of State government, that he has changed the title to "One State Cleans House."

Mrs. James Boyd drove up to the office of the Town Clerk in Southern Pines in her Franklin car. On the seat of the car she left a number of books while she went in to talk to Howard Burns. When she went out she found no books in the car. Hurrying back she reported the loss of the books and Town Clerk Burns put the police on the trail. Mrs. Boyd drove off.

It wasn't long before she was back again. She looked a little sheepish. "I'm sorry," she said. "That wasn't my car I drove off in. My car is still out there with the books in it."

E. H. Lorenson has a Franklin of the same model and vintage and col-

or as Mrs. Boyd's. His car had been parked in front of the office too.

And, too, there was that Western Union messenger who was riding his bicycle down the street in Aberdeen the other day, and while looking behind him ran into a parked automobile and was unconscious for an hour.

Electricity may have solved the problem. Burglars were finally foiled in an attempt to enter T. A. Hendrick's much burglarized store in Cameron the other night when they ran amuck of the electric alarm system Mr. Hendrick has installed. Some eighteen men are serving time for robbing this store.

The mythical spirits who dwell at Valhalla Farm, east of Southern Pines, in accordance with financial conditions this year prepared for a limited circle of friends a home-made Christmas card drawn on a piece of Enoleum by Helen Butler, daughter of the household, engraved with a chisel, a jack-knife and a pin, for a pinhole makes a good star, from a pencil sketch made by the chief Bushy-pine, from a computation of the stars as they were to be around the house at Valhalla on the night of December 24 at midnight. As the old chief is endowed with certain mystic powers, and had access to the Nautical Almanac the map of the heavens drawn a month or so in advance is as accurate as the card is novel, as any one can see who will look at the sky Thursday night.

But it will not fit any other night of the year, owing to the constant changing of the position of the moon and stars.

To all readers of The Pilot, a Merry Christmas.



"Did you have words?" asked the judge of a man who backed his Ford into a Packard occupied by a woman. "Yes, plenty" was the reply, "but I got no chance to use them."

Here are some words about words. Of the 600,000 in our languages, the longest is said to be antidisestablishmentarianism with 28 letters, though, to be sure, smiles has a mile between the first letter and the last, while beleaguer has a league between its first and last syllables. And there is one word that is made shorter by adding a syllable. If you don't know what it is, try short.

Strength is probably the longest word with only one vowel, while facetiously has all the vowels in their proper order.

Indiscrimination is composed of six words, in, disc, rim, in, at, ion.

Tremendous, stupendous, hazardous and palladous are the only four which end in dous.

Notwithstanding the common pronunciation of oleomargarine, g is soft before a in only one English word, and that's an old one. If you want to find it, go to gaol.

Skiing is said to be the only common noun having two i's together. This may be a slip, but let it slide.

And now for the last word in banking;

BANK OF PINEHURST
 Pinehurst, N. C.

CHRISTMAS at the Village Court Show Room of the Pinehurst Warehouses . . .

Christmas might be much more practical in its offering than it is many ways. A dollar can buy a substantial dollar's worth as well as a dollar's worth of something made only to pay a Christmas debt.

The Show Room in the Village Court exhibits things that are as appropriate for Christmas as intelligence can design, but likewise possessing permanent value and endurance along with their merit of design and artistic construction.

When you send a friend something to indicate a Christmas regard send something that can be appreciated, and which will prove an appreciation of that friend's taste, and be worthy of a welcome for its merit as well as for its sentiment.



When you choose a Gift Lamp from the Warehouses you know it is a gift that speaks for its own value.

Occasional Chairs that are worthy to appear any place.

Tables, especially some novelties in Backgammon Tables.

Easy Chairs that are easy to sit in and easy to look at.

Rugs and Draperies that your friends will rejoice in.

Don't buy Christmas presents in a way that gets the job off of your hands, but show your real friendship by sending your friends something that will be a perpetual reminder of your real feeling, and that will stand the test of analysis of friendship, a selection made with all regard for the pleasure of the recipient.

Buy your Christmas presents with the same care as if you were buying something for yourself, and to secure enduring pleasure while the article lasts. That's the way to show your friendship.

Bear in mind Pinehurst Warehouse wares are not "made to sell," but to endure and to satisfy and to serve. They are offered on their merit, and expected to stand the test.

Inexpensive gifts, and the more costly ones, but all of them worth the money, and worth sending to your friends and of a quality to hold your friend's grateful remembrance and regard

VILLAGE COURT SHOW ROOM
 OF THE
PINEHURST WAREHOUSES
 PINEHURST, N. C.