

THE PILOT

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ter.

NINETEEN THIRTY-TWO

Because the men who made the calendar put the beginning of the year at a day which falls after the sun in its journey among the constellations appears to enter Sagittarius under the popular belief that it is Capricornus, the world arranges for a revolutionary date for January 1, and we hail a New Year. Aside from its purposes in keeping tab on when the bills are due and the time to husk corn and how much wood is required yet to get us through to the warm days of spring, New Year is largely a matter for emotional stimulation. Our grandfathers used to swear off and make new resolutions and things like that at this season. But this is a progressive age and instead of swearing off we climb on a little further, and as for resolutions, that's old stuff.

It is always in order to lament a little over the departing old year, but as there is nothing for it to do but depart tears are no more in order than on any other occasion, for never yet was the time when the old year went that the new year did not come, and thus all things balance. Possibly it will surprise some folks to note a word of friendliness for the old year, but it is the opinion of this modest scribe, who has seen now the seventy-fifth of them, that this one is not much different from any of the rest. Probably Woodrow Wilson was about right when he called attention to a "state of mind." Life is more or less a state of mind, and one year after another is a succession of mental states. Maybe not so much money has come this way in the last year as in the days when the big bull market of 1929 was rolling to the rafters, but money is another state of mind, although you vote unanimously that that is a fool statement, and let it go at that. Money is a lot of new toys to be thrown away when other new ones come up, and possibly out of the necessities of the new year now climbing over the front door we may be able to dig some more valuable experiences than simply whisking a bill off of the roll and buying some new plaything or cultivating another folly. Certainly the new year is bringing us some responsibilities and some definite tasks that will occupy our time and serve some useful end. Like enough it will be as good as any year and perhaps if you can comprehend, as bad as any, and not so bad at that. Much of the whole business is imagination, and things are never as bad or as good as we make them seem. Anyway nineteen thirty two is entitled to a decent welcome, and it will be good if you have the mental qualities that make it so.

THE END OF THE DEPRESSION

Two men were the other day discussing the financial depression and the probable end of it. One, who prefaced his story by the statement that he was neither optimistic nor the contrary, said it depended on whether we mean by the end of the depression another period of wild inflation and piling up of debt, or an acceptance of the probable fact that we will have to get down to more work and less Vanity Fair. He may be right or he may be wrong, but at least his idea of what may be a remedy will do no harm if it might be applied.

For the past few years a great army of high pressure salesmen has been urging everybody to buy—to make business lively by buying to the limit, and to be candid, it did not take overgiving in many cases, for

the whole sentiment of the human race is rather to buy than to create. We profess to detest work, and try to shorten hours of work, and to keep the children from work, and to look on work as drudgery rather than as the means of production. What we want we like to get by going down into the pocket or by signing up on the document that tells the collector to come around the first of the month. Now that has lost its power to produce and the collector is coming more than the salesman. It is an afterthought and in many cases a painful one. It will remedy itself, for salesmen cannot sell indefinitely without the reckoning, and uncollectable accounts are not rated very high these days. That means get to work, and make the buying balance the working, and fixing pay day on buy day instead of next month.

The thing you get when you pay for it is always much more appreciated than the thing you got months ago when you have to pay for it. The dead horse excites no enthusiasm when the purchase price has to be paid after the death. And that is the situation now. So the man says we will be at the end of the depression when we begin to produce to satisfy our wants instead of buying on time to save the necessity of work and economy to match our incomes. He might have gone further and added if we do not come to this basis of our own volition we will come in the ordinary course of affairs, for no man has ever yet lived who can beat the natural laws of economics and one of them is that wants can not be satisfied in any greater proportion than production is maintained. We all have to learn that we must produce something as well as buy something, and the two in the long run have to balance. Depression consists largely in having bought more than you can produce for sale.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES

Figures from the census bureau have been received telling where North Carolina's money goes. It seems that we spend annually \$193,000,000 for general merchandise which includes the department stores, dry goods stores, five and ten cent stores and their kind. Next to that comes the automobile which pulls down about \$137,000,000 a year. After we have provided for our automobile needs, we take a look at the vittles and that cuts out another \$133,000,000 which is to say that the food stores sell nearly as much as the automobile establishments. Probably we are too extravagant in the matter of food when we buy nearly as much of it as we do of gas buggy outfits and supplies.

But when it comes to other things we are more economical. Apparel for men, women and boys and girls holds under \$40,000,000, or much less than a third of what the automobile stacks up against us, and for furniture and household equipment we get off with about a fifth of what we pay for joyriding and the serious uses of the automobile. Lumber also tags along in about a fifth of the cost of automobiles, and lumber includes all building materials in arriving at totals.

The report says that our store bills for a year amount to \$744,000,000 in the state. Of this sum about one dollar in five goes to buy and operate cars, which does not include the funeral expenses of the hundreds of persons killed during the year nor the hospital bills and the damages in other cases where death did not follow. However, although the automotive stores and establishments sold a bigger total of products than the food stores it must not be forgotten that the farms and gardens provided a lot of things to eat at home that did not get to the stores, for North Carolina is a rural state and much of its food supply, both on the farms and in the towns, comes from the farm without going to the stores. Moreover, much of the food supply made on the farms goes to help pay for the outlay for automobiles. So does lumber, apparel, furniture and other things made in North Carolina. They all also help to pay the big tax bill that is required to care for debt and interest on road bonds and upkeep, for our tax bill is one of the big expenses that the

people of the state have to care for. And this gives a pretty good idea of where our money goes.

THE NEW TAX COLLECTOR

The resignation of J. D. McLean as tax collector of Moore county and the appointment of W. T. Huntley of Aberdeen to succeed him, disposes of a political situation that has been watched with more or less interest. When it became possible that a new collector would be appointed many names were in the hat. The selection was not an easy one. A good tax collector is not to be found on every bush. The one fact that he is a good collector often rates him with many people as objectionable. That was one of McLean's shortcomings as argued by some of them who objected to his appointment in the past. His efficiency was an objection. But because of his efficiency the commissioners stuck to him through the years he has served. Collectors who follow him will have to make a record, and probably in the changed financial condition of the present McLean would have been obliged to hustle to maintain his established record. McLean was a good tax collector.

Mr. Huntley comes to the job with much promise. He has been trained in financial affairs and in mixing with people. His railroad work has been a good school. He has had contact with people. He is well rated in his home town of Aberdeen, and all his life he has been an industrious producer and handler of business. He was chosen because the commissioners looked on him as a man fit for the job, and not because he wanted the place or because his friends secured it for him. His appointment looks more like a business step than a political sop. He will enter on the job with the expectation of the people that he will prove as capable as any man whose name was suggested after a rather wide inquiry into the list of possible candidates and those that offered.

The new employee has a big job in front of him. The salary is reduced in response to popular clamor, although possibly money might have been saved in other directions with more profit. But that will come also in season. The main thing is that the commissioners have made a good selection, and the new man is an employe of the whole people, and entitled to all consideration and help that can be given, for collecting taxes in this year of 1932 is to be no child's play.

THE TEST OF THE PUDDING

The test of the pudding is chewing the bag string if one of the wise men of earlier days is to be believed. By that measurement the present period of the year is an indication of the success of the Moore county schools. From out in the big world this week come numerous young folks who have been passed through the various schools of the villages, thence to higher institutions of learning in the state or elsewhere, and finally into the active operations of business and industry all over the country. This week former school mates greet and talk about the older days and about the newer surroundings in various parts of the great nation, north, south, east and west, for boys and girls of Moore county have found places for themselves in all directions.

In many different callings the graduates from the local schools are functioning with credit and profit, and with a bright outlook for the future. On the streets these days they greet you with the confidence and the interest of young folks slipping back to the parent hive for a holiday interim. They have an air of success about them, and in their demeanor they tell in positive note that the village schoolmasters have done a good job. It would be an interesting list if the names of the young folks who have gone out from the community schools could be gathered and presented to those of us who have stayed at home and limited our vision to the boundaries in the immediate vicinity. The many points to which letters go out from Moore county from the old folks to the young folks who have left in their swarming would make a fairly well scattered and selected list of names of representa-

tive American centers of industry and activity and culture.

It is a good lead from which to study our school system, and the balance between its costs and its returns. And scarcely less in that respect is the testimony of those who stay at home and stand on a much broader footing financially, intellectually and every other way because of the school advantages that have been available in the recent years. But the striking exhibit that tells the story of the school work and the school teacher is the holiday gathering of the many young folks home for their gayety of the season, from their accomplishments in the outside fields to which their training and education has given them an entry.

A TURN IN THE TIDE

The announcement that the Little River Stores of Vass have opened their doors again after closing a couple of weeks ago is one of the first positive signs of a better condition of business. Here is an institution which, though carried on in a sound business manner, was caught in the general situation that has entangled the whole country. But Duncan McCrimmon, the manager of the corporation, was able to interest the creditors in a proposition to continue the stores with an extension of time for paying the indebtedness, and his candid and energetic style won the approval of the business men concerned and a year's extension has been granted. The stores go ahead. The assets are large as compared with the liabilities, but like practically every other business institution, much of the asset side of the ledger is represented by accounts and securities that are not immediately collectable. It is Mr. McCrimmon's intent to extend

further time to his debtors that they may pay out, and thus the strain over a considerable portion of the community is relieved for the time.

As the Little River Store is one of the outstanding concerns of the county its quick solution of its difficulty is a significant matter. Moreover its method of solutions is one that will probably have to be followed by other business institutions for it is plain enough that if foreclosure should be demanded in all cases where debtors are slow in paying their country would be bankrupt from top to bottom. Ample assets are back of the liabilities of the United States, individually, collectively, privately or in government matters. But to attempt to realize on the assets of the country to the extent of liquidation of all debt would be impossible, to be followed by an untangling chaos.

Little River Stores will now proceed to function, and in doing it will wipe out their debt over a long period of time, and what is of more consequence, those who owe the store company, largely farmers, are getting into better shape to pay out than they have been. They have faced the fact that to pay they must observe certain economies, certain industry, certain business methods that the whole nation has been honoring in the breach rather than in the observance, and it is possible that this announcement by Mr. McCrimmon marks the beginning of the new era of business prosperity in Moore county. It is a start to dig in and pay instead of borrowing and spending, and looking to the future for the income to liquidate. Moore county now starts to square off its accumulation of debt, and facing the fact means that the job is well on the way to accomplishment.

GRAINS OF SAND

A Happy, Prosperous New Year to you.

Better get those 1932 license plates on in a hurry. The motor cops'll get you if you don't watch out.

Josephus, dryest of the drys, says the Democrats can win if they nominate a liberal, and Jeb Whiffkins wants to know if there is such a thing as a dry and a liberal rolled into one man.

H. I. Phillips, columnist of the New York Sun, is over at Pinchurst. He thinks up his columns between shots on the golf course, and his paragraphs are almost as funny as his shots. Howdy, Hi?

We are glad to report that the only resemblance between the son and Ghandi is in the clothing.

Dr. Kaupp, former State College Poultry expert, told Vass farmers the other day that poultry is the best

farm crop. The cotton and tobacco men present did not disagree with him.

The Southern Pines Unemployment body has had some colored men at work cleaning up Mount Hope Cemetery over there. There was quite a little to do, and Chairman Frank Buchan decided the other day to put on a night shift. He approached the boss negro.

"What, work here at night?"

"Yes, we can pay you a little more than the day rate."

"Say, boss, I been chased by them things before. One got me by the leg and I had to run for miles till I come to some water. They won't follow you through water."

"That's bad," said Frank, "cause there ain't any water near this cemetery."

"No sir, but it wouldn't take me long to make Watson's Lake if one got hold o' me. No sir, I don't jest believe I wants to work here at night."



ACTIVITIES OF SANDHILL POST NO. 134 AMERICAN LEGION

By Sandy Post

By the time these items reach the press, 1931 will be retreating rapidly into the background. The zero hour of the membership drive is twelve, midnight, on December 31st. We shall either be "over the top" and reporting our objective gained in membership or retreating under fire from the enemy, General Depression, commanding, with Colonels Indifference, Forgetfulness and Sloth in their saddles, booted and spurred.

December 31st does not mean the end of the drive, for their is no end until the quota is reached or exceeded. Each Legionnaire has received an individual plea by mail this week from S. V. Hooker, chairman Membership committee, to scout the territory over and bring in all the ex-service men with paid-up memberships. Each one means a boost for the National, State and local organizations.

The January date for post meeting has not been set but it is interesting and entertaining. The entertainment committee is on the job and it hopes to report next issue, a definite program. We have it on good authority, that a piano player will be there who has not forgotten the technique of "Ka-Ka-Ka-Katy," "Over There" and "A Long, Long Trail." Do you remember that march from the Liverpool docks to the train? Or from Brest to Fontenay? Or Le

Have to a "rest camp?" Better still, the ride from the Brest docks to the Leviathan in midstream, pointed toward the Statue of Liberty? Those songs overcame many a real depression in those days and perhaps a real song-fest at the next meeting will put a dent in the present one. Don't let your 1932 dignity over-rule your 1919 enthusiasm. A forty-two civilian waist measure ought to furnish more volume than a thirty-six O. D., 1918 style.

The American Legion Auxiliary, composed of wives, sisters and mothers of veterans is rapidly assuming the first position among women's organizations in the nation. How and when did the Sandhill Auxiliary get its start?

Sandhill Unit No. 134 American Legion Auxiliary was organized in November 1922, with fifteen charter members, Mrs. J. E. Polston acting as president until the charter was secured. On January 18, 1923, it held its first meeting and elected the following officers:

Mrs. J. E. Polston, president; Mrs. J. S. Milliken, vice president; Mrs. R. N. Page, chaplain; Miss Gussie Cameron, secretary and treasurer; Mrs. C. P. Everest, Sergeant-at-Arms; Mrs. N. F. Wilson, historian; Mrs. N. A. Courtway, legislative committee; Miss Lucile Eifort, membership and publicity committee; Mrs. Frank Page,

war orphans committee; Mrs. Max G. Backer, social committee.

Succeeding Presidents were as follows:

Mrs. N. A. Courtway, 1924; Mrs. H. J. Betterley, 1925; Mrs. Robert Lewis, 1926 and 1927; Mrs. Max G. Backer, 1928; Mrs. Roy Pushee, 1929 and 1930; Mrs. Tom Black, 1931 and Mrs. C. T. Waldie, 1932.

The time of electing officers was changed in 1931, from November to just before the State convention which usually takes place in August.

The Auxiliary has been a real help to Sandhill Post as well as to the disabled veterans as Otten, who has been remembered, in some way, every month since the Auxiliary started.

The next regular meeting of the Auxiliary will be next Monday night, January 4th at the Civic Club. An interesting meeting is planned and everyone is urged to attend. The Misses Mary, Gussie and Lena Cameron are in charge of refreshments.

Did you know:

That, in 1926-27, a five million endowment fund was raised by Legion posts throughout the country to help take care of the thirty thousand orphans of veterans? And that Sandhill Post secured its quota in ONE HOUR?

That through its National Americanism Commission, the American Legion works for the better education of illiterates and foreign-born? That this same commission has decided upon the promotion of safety as one of its major activities in 1932? Safety campaigns will be staged by posts in an attempt to cut down especially the terrific death rate caused by automobiles.

That there gathered in Indianapolis last week, three hundred legionnaires, a typical cross-section of the Legion in the U. S. and its dependencies? The gathering was composed of, first, the National Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each state and foreign division, fifty-eight in all. Then the Commanders and Adjutants of the fifty-seven Legion departments with a Rehabilitation officer from each. In the same week, there met the National Finance Committee, the Directors of the Legion Publishing Co., the Americanism Committee, Child Welfare Committee and the National Rehabilitation Committee. These organizations, at that time, received their battle orders for the coming year. It indicates an advance along all fronts.

That nearly one hundred thousand more legionnaires have been enrolled up-to-date for 1932 than were enrolled a year ago at this time?

Book Review

HAPPILY EVER AFTER

Life Is Such a Rush.

By Christine Jope-Slade.

Bobbs Merrill.

\$2.50. New York.

Reviewed by Ann Hyde Allen

This novel of modern marriage compels attention. Although drawn on a small canvass, with few figures and little plot, in emotional sweep its encompasses the span of the marriage of calm Loraine Bevan and her dynamic, fascinating husband, with illuminating understanding.

The story begins where most fairy tales end, "And so they were married and lived happily ever after." Miss Jope-Slade analyses with subtlety and finesse the many emotional and spiritual adjustments necessary in marriage even when two people sincerely love one another. To her remedy for a slight marital malady is not immediate amputation, but rather a dose of Time.

Nicholas Bevan is a young English publisher, intensely dynamic, vitally interested in people, in things, in ideas—but able always by a mask of impersonality to conceal his real self, to let the passing world see only the person he wishes it to see.

Lorain, author of charming essays and two delightful sons, is less subtle, simpler because she chooses to be. She cares little for the mad social rush through which Nicholas whirls her. She alone touches the real Nicholas. The emotional crisis engendered when she unwittingly exposes this person to prying outside eyes, is both violent and touching.

Miss Jope-Slade will be familiar to many through her stories in American magazines. Her home is in London, but she says, at least on the blurb, that America is her spiritual home. "Life is Such a Rush" might apply equally well to both shores of the Atlantic.

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