

THE PILOT

Published every Friday by
THE PILOT, Incorporated,
Aberdeen and Southern Pines, N. C.

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Subscription Rates:
One Year\$2.00
Six Months\$1.00
Three Months50

Address all communications to The
Pilot, Inc., Southern Pines, N. C.

Entered at the Postoffice at South-
ern Pines, N. C., as second-class mail
matter.

THE OPENING OF THE SCHOOLS

Public schools are opening again all over the state, and they are becoming every year more striking subjects of discussion by the people and for several reasons. Possibly the first reason is the general desire for education, but close in general interest is the mounting cost of the schools, followed in some sources by the question of whether the schools are really doing the best work that is possible.

Few people hesitate about the cost of the schools, but it is a fact that a considerable number question whether the schools are doing the good work they might. It is conceded that if the schools are to accomplish the work they are assigned they are the most important task the people have set for themselves, and that task is to broaden the mind and the culture and the character of the child to the greatest limit conditions permit. It is always a fair question to ask anything whether it is doing that or not, whether the instrument in question be schools, government, church, society or anything else. It is not doubted that in some manner or other our civilization has been making some slips of late. How grave or how slight is hard to determine. The thing in mind at this point is that if such slips are to be corrected the public school must be one of the chief agents in finding the remedy and in applying it, for the remedy must be grouped around the mass of human intelligence and thought that study and investigation disclose. The school being the educational factor, is charged with this task of putting the young folks on the right road. Whether the charts are correct or not is in some degree debated. And debate is always legitimate, for that is a privilege of the citizen in the Republic always, and one the school above all things recognizes. Far too many boys and girls are coming out of school today with no clear conception of how to face the world with a successful prospect of self-dependence and confidence in the future. The school is not responsible for conditions, perhaps, but a huge task for the school is to help the boys and girls to be able to find themselves when the school life ends. It is a tremendously big responsibility, but it is one of the major responsibilities of the schools, and one that admits no excuse, for excuse confesses failure. This is one of the serious conditions of the present day.

On October 2 the society of the Daughters of the Revolution will hold their community meet at the home of Mrs. Loomis in Southern Pines. One of the topics to be discussed will be the historical events of Moore, Hoke and Montgomery counties, which are in the district of the local society. Here is a theme that is of much importance, for with each year as the older folks drop out the old traditions gradually lose their definite contacts and we find authority for past events narrowing and harder to find or to trace down.

It would be nice if the society can stimulate this inquiry into definite history of this section, for much that is accepted as fact concerning some things and some persons is clouded with uncertainty, while things that ought to be known are not known. In this neighborhood are men interested in local history. Edwin McKeithen is a student of these things. Charley Macauley has always been a careful research worker, and Dr. Alex Bethune is a local Herodotus. While such men are here to be drawn into work of this character it is a valuable help to the community and to general history in a way to engage them as far as they can find time and allow themselves to be interested. It is men like these who have devoted time and work to solving the colonial story that we must look for information, for a man who works for the joy he gets from accumulation of factual knowledge is liable to be able to contribute information

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A NEW HOUSE

Up on Weymouth hill, close by the Highland Pines Inn, in a neighborhood of interesting homes, Mr. Woolnough is preparing to create for himself a new home that will entail the outlay of a large sum. From various view points this is an interesting vision, for it will take up some of that problem of employment, it fixes permanently another excellent household, it presents the testimony that in the Sandhills is a desirable place to establish a winter home, and above all else it adds to the aggressive factor of development another recruit.

The whole social and economic horizon expands with this step. Yet the most significant thing probably is that another man has examined the Sandhills country and, like the Creator at the beginning, saw that it was good. A conclusion like this by a man of inquiring and analytical habit of thought and definite business action is the equivalent of an inquisition into conditions and prospects that human custom in many things accomplishes by forming an invest-

gating board to dig up facts and after combining everything favorable and everything unfavorable strikes a balance and makes a report. Every new house on the hill tops of the villages of this section offers its evidence of the attractiveness of the Pinewoods sandbelt. Every investment in a new home is a hostage of the good faith of the builder, and is a part of the cumulative opinion of the increasing body of men who have checked up the advantages and placed their money on their judgment.

This fall indicates that the season just ahead is likely to be one of the most satisfactory ever known, for while in some things business conditions around the world are not of the best, general home-making conditions in North Carolina are as perfect now as ever.

APPLES, PEACHES AND
"MR. MOSE."

In the show window at Bill McNeill's feed store in Southern Pines has been displayed a basket of apples from the West End orchard of M. C. McDonald, who has a leaning toward fruit culture. "Mose" has not only one of the biggest orchards of the finest apples grown in this section—and he boasts that other sections do not overshadow his apples very much—but he is also a peach man of enviable place. But he is a careful rural engineer and he farms with good old Scotch brains and judgment and industry.

Mr. McDonald is about as nearly that idealized type of Southern gentility as can be found on this broad earth, for his gentle contact with his friends and neighbors is as serene as it is classical. He rates among the class A honor men, among the kindly souls who are founded on that Samaritan who illustrated in Scripture days the meaning of neighbor. He takes his hand in public affairs as well as in neighborhood affairs and human relations, and his genial recognition of anybody from top to bottom of the social heap is one of the sunshiny phases of Sandhill life.

Moses McDonald has held by the home fires. His ancestors for generations have been Westenders, one of them having made the mistake of following the McDonalds into the battle of Moore's Creek bridge in the Revolution and never coming back. But that is of the past and Moses has been a loyal adherent of the U. S. ever since it has been U. S. except perhaps for a brief period during the sixties when several folks wandered outside of the fold briefly. But as Mose was only small frying size at that time it is not held up against him by anybody. He is a fine old citizen, friend and neighbor, as good as his apples, which is enough to say of any one.

COLONIAL HISTORY

That will be worth the work. If something can be worked out that will give the Sandhills a better historical knowledge of the territory it will be worth the backing of everybody in this part of the state, for the days that are gone have been significant in this famous old pine belt.

A newspaper shop is a curious port into which men and ideas and suggestions and complaints and approvals and everything else drift as continually as the waters of the rivers flow downward to the sea, and that is one of the reasons why the publishers of The Pilot publish The Pilot, and probably the reason why other publishers publish other papers. No where else in the world is the perspective of life so completely presented as where they gather to lick the editor or pat him on the back, or ask favors, or tell how to run the blooming thing, and so on.

A newspaper man comes to realize early in the game that mighty little is so; also that pretty nearly everything is a fact. A pessimistic brother shows beyond doubt that the world is going to the devil, and an optimist as definitely shows that it can't, or it would have been there a million years ago. Two men at the north pole argue about the route to the south pole, and they turn their backs to each other and fly away in opposite directions, and in the course of 12,000 miles flying they meet each other coming from different directions to the south pole, which is to say that contradictory statements agree in their reverse. So the newspaper man takes nothing seriously, for when it gets to the climax it crosses the dividing line from positive to negative and day becomes night and night becomes day.

The newspaper man sees life in all its phases and all its philosophies, and like the doctor and the preacher he finds folks coming to confessional from all quarters even though some of them bring a club when they come to enforce their confessions. But it is all all right, for it is merely another angle on not only human character, but on the whole theory of existence, animate and inanimate. And people are not all that is worth while. Dogs and horses, and the ant hill, and the plant that can go down in the ground in the dark and bring up material to make the peach on the trees, or the color in the rose, or the perfume in the blossom, or all the rest of things that go to make existence the great adventure it is. If life has anything more detectable to offer than the field that is found in the country newspaper shop the man who finds it should count himself a lucky fellow.

Grains of Sand

Charlie Picquet, who has always believed it paid to put up a good front, has done it again. This time he says it in paint. The new front of his Carolina Theatre has added 100 percent to our side of Broad Street. Thanks, Charlie. We're going to start saving right away for a little top dressing to our building.

It's hard to figure things out up north. We've just come back. Manufacturers, retailers and bankers were blue as indigo; summer resorts were doing a big business. What the prospects for the winter season here are, after those conflicting reports, we will leave to you to fathom.

Despite Dr. Herr's glowing dissertation on the NRA, in another column of this week's Pilot, we failed upon frequent interrogation of merchants in Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, to find one favorable to its results to date. It was a great surprise to us.

Apparently Maine voters think we are headed in the right direction. They re-elect a Democratic governor, elected two Democratic Congressmen to one Republican, greatly cut Republican Senator Hale's plurality in this week's election.

This is Anniversary Week with the A. & P. stores. They didn't quite get their new Southern Pines store ready for the celebration, but will be all moved in another week.

Speaking of improvements around, Mrs. Welch is doing things to her shop on Broad street. Mr. Welch is

getting the store next door ready for the new Tots Toggery, to be operated by Mrs. George Moore and Miss Katherine Wiley this winter, and the Carolina Hotel and other Pinehurst buildings are enjoying new coats of paint. The new Razook building is also nearing completion, very handsome.

Not to mention a handsome new electric sign installed during the past week at the Throver Pharmacy here.

Children have been busy all week getting their arms adjusted to carrying books instead of bathing suits, tennis rackets, etc.

Moore county has 674 textile workers, 40 in the cotton textile industry, 79 in hosiery and 555 in silk, Vass, Carthage and Hemp, respectively. The state has 147,188 employees working in all forms of the textile industry, we hear from a recent survey.

PINEHURST

The Pinehurst Parent-Teachers Association will hold the first meeting of the year next Wednesday afternoon, September 19th at 3:15. All parents and friends of the school are urged to attend. Mrs. Herman Campbell, president of the association this year, will announce her committees at this meeting and other important business will be taken up. A short program will be given by members of the faculty.

On Friday night the last meeting of the season was held by the Summer Bridge Club at the Little Community House. Forty members enjoyed a buffet supper after which they played several rounds of bridge. This was the White Elephant party and when prizes, including lemons, fly swatters, huge sun hats and many other similar articles were drawn, merriment was at its height. Mrs. J. M. Hagood was unanimously elected as the Club's president for next year and upon her request the other officers serving this summer will succeed themselves. They are Bill Dunlop, vice president; Mrs. Alex Stewart, secretary and A. P. Thompson, treasurer. Mrs. Raymond Johnson, retiring president, was given a vote of thanks for the delightful way the club was managed this summer.

The Rev. A. V. Gibson, pastor of the Presbyterian church in Sanford made a splendid talk to the young people at their regular Sunday night service at the Community Church on Sunday. Mr. Gibson is deeply interested in the work of this group in our church, and at the time gave those who were leaving for school many good things to remember. A number of the girls and boys attended the district conference for the young people of the church held at Eureka Wednesday night of this week.

Miss Catherine Cole entertained at her home Saturday night for some of those leaving for school.

Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Sledge and their daughter, Catherine Sledge left early Monday morning for Maysville, Kentucky where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. J. W. McNeill, and in company with them will visit Chicago and the World's Fair. Miss Sarah Stewart accompanied them as far as Greensboro where she will be a student at the Woman's college this year.

Among others leaving for school this week are Miss Dorothy McKenzie to Milligan College, Johnston City, Tenn.; Miss Margaret Morton, David Lipscomb, Tenn.; Miss Dorothy Ehrhardt, Queens-Chicora, Charlotte; Miss Mervelle McDonald, Womans College, Greensboro; Miss Virginia Hensley, Meredith College, Raleigh; Donald Stewart, Davidson College, Leonard and Stanley Lacks to Duke University.

Miss Fannie B. Gray returned Saturday from Malden, Mass., where she visited relatives and friends for two months.

Mrs. True P. Cheney and her two young daughters returned from the north last week in time for the opening of school on Monday. Mr. Cheney will join them here early next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Campbell and Nancy and Frances Campbell were week-end guests of Mrs. Wade Hiatt at her home in High Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Tufts returned this week from their summer home in Meredith, N. H.

Miss A. H. Hilton has returned from a vacation spent in the north and Roaring Gap.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Tufts and family have returned after a stay at their cottage in Roaring Gap.

Miss Margaret Kelly has as her guest this week, her mother, Mrs. M. McL. Kelly of Carthage.

Miss Estelle McKenzie visited friends in Greensboro the past week-end.

Mrs. A. B. Sally went to High Point Wednesday and was a guest for the day of her sister.

Tobacco and Cotton Farmers and All Home Owners

Remember, the McLean Furniture Company, in Southern Pines is headquarters for all kinds of household furnishings. We carry a complete stock, and sell at the lowest possible prices. Terms given if desired.

McLEAN FURNITURE CO. SOUTHERN PINES

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\$5000 MAXIMUM INSURANCE FOR EACH DEPOSITOR \$5000

CORRESPONDENCE

SEES NRA PROGRESS

Editor, The Pilot:

We hear criticism of the NRA and its effect upon the people and the business of the country. Strange to say those who disagree have no suggestions to make as to what should be done as a substitute. Some of the statements made, including former President Hoover's article in the Saturday Evening Post are decidedly amusing to say the least. Mr. Hoover was not alive to actual conditions as they existed during the terrible years of the depression. He was in a somnolent state of mind and is still slumbering on peacefully in California. He never was aware of the desperate condition our country was in and still does not know what it is all about.

I do not believe the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post have any sense of humor or they would split their sides with laughter. Eighteen—or about 18 months ago the Post carried about ten pages of advertising; today 60 pages of advertising, highly paid for, fill the Post. Does this look like failure for the NRA?

Who would go back to that terrible period preceding the advent of Franklin Roosevelt into the Presidency? Fear ruled, banks were crashing, business was at a standstill, grass was beginning to grow in the streets, the nation was in the grip of a fearful catastrophe, nothing was being done and we were told over and over that "Prosperity was around the corner."

Only the intervention of Dame Providence in the person of Franklin Roosevelt saved the nation. The fault-finding we hear at present sometimes is justified, President Roosevelt expected some mistakes would be made. But action is what the people wanted and they are getting it and mistakes are being corrected with the result that our nation again has confidence, fear has been dissipated, the gougers are being shown up and the gouged are being offered an opportunity to live decently. The day of the sweat-shop is gone. Labor is being accorded the respect which is its due and the working man and woman are going to get a fair share of the profits which formerly poured into the laps of the capitalist and industrialist. Starvation wages are a thing of the past. The man who works has a right to expect to be able to provide his family with wholesome food, shoes, clothing, decent quarters to live in, something to pay the doctor with and something with which to provide for the future. Would those who disagree with the expenditures for relief object so strenuously if we were at war with a first class power and deny support to our army and navy? We spent twenty five billions in one year in the World War. Is our need now not greater in caring for our people?

The NRA and the Blue Eagle have made men feel free; serfdom is past. It has made men walk erect and the liberty of all has been assured, and insured, except those selfish individuals who would gouge. The Blue Eagle stands as a symbol of a mighty effort and not a noble experiment. Hu-

mainly now has hope. It is also a reminder that American genius is still alive and resourceful.

Says Donald Richberg of the NRA Executive Council:

"The money expended in these great constructive efforts is, of course, far less than the cost of one year of participation in the World War, with its vast destruction of life and property," the report says. "It has been a small price to pay for such a gain. Surely you may take profound satisfaction in your leadership and in the achievements of your administration."

The final report deals specifically with "advance in public services," "administrative services," and "promotion of foreign trade."

There is so much to say in support of the NRA and President Roosevelt achievements that I leave off with these few facts.

—GEORGE G. HERR,
Chairman, N. R. A., Southern Pines.

MRS. COSPER, FORMERLY OF SOUTHERN PINES, WEDS

Announcement has been made of the marriage on August 20, in Alexandria, Virginia, of Mrs. Pearl S. Cosper, of Miami, Florida and Charles K. Weaver of Easton, Pa. Mrs. Weaver is the widow of Dr. Harry Hobart Cosper, who was killed in an automobile accident in Miami in 1926. She formerly resided in Southern Pines where she has numerous friends. Mr. Weaver has been a seasonal visitor here frequently.

Mr. and Mrs. Weaver will spend their winters at Mrs. Weaver's winter home in Miami and at present are at home at the Weaver summer place, Rockwood, in Scott's Mountain, N. J. Mr. Weaver is the senior member of the W. S. Weaver Hardware Company of Easton.

MRS. NUBY PURVIS DIES AFTER LINGERING ILLNESS

Mrs. Edna Reynolds Purvis, aged 41, wife of Nuby Purvis, of Carthage, died at the Moore County Hospital last Monday following a lingering illness. Funeral services were held at Beulah Church on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Purvis was a native of Moore county. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George Reynolds. Surviving are her widower; two small sons, Melvin and Raymond, an infant, and 12 sisters and one brother.

Mrs. Catherine McNeill of Lakeview is spending two weeks in the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Sledge.

After spending the summer in the north, Mrs. Harold Calloway and her two nieces have returned to Pinehurst for the winter season.

James W. Tufts has returned to Pinehurst after spending much of the summer in the north.

Many a house has been rented by a Want Ad.