

THE PILOT

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JOE FULLER: MAN AMONG MEN

It has been the unhappy lot of The Pilot this summer to record the loss of a number of its good friends, the passing of men who leave gaps in the Sandhills which will be difficult, if even possible, to bridge. As it must to all men, death came this week to another of our beloved and esteemed citizens, Joe Fuller.

Joe Fuller was a personality. Raised in the great open spaces of Montana, he grew to manhood in the ways of western youths, living in the saddle, roping bronchoes, rounding up cattle, sleeping beneath the stars and grubbing where opportunity offered. Mining interested him, and he made a study of this. But the romance of the road, the call of the wild, predominated his early years, and he drifted into Canada. His early cowboy training and his love of the horse led him to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, that glamorous body of men who patrol the dominion and "get their man," and he became a "mountie."

At the outbreak of the Boer War Lord Strathcona called for volunteers among the Canadian Mounted to "join up" for the South African campaign, and Joe was among the 600 to offer. That they fought the fight, the fact that but 200 of the 600 returned, is evidence. And Joe Fuller was the sole survivor of those 200 when he was called away this week. They are no more.

He fought in the World War, joining an engineering regiment for service in France. He was wounded, gassed; returned in poor health. It was then that friends prevailed upon him to come to the Sandhills and build himself up. With the return of his strength he entered wholeheartedly into affairs here. And Joe, it soon came to be, was the man called upon to do a job when no one else could do it. And it turned from a task impossible to a job well done.

Joe Fuller's passing leaves a void. A friend has left us, and a man.

THE COMING OF AUTUMN

September is passing. The golden haze is lifting to reveal the misty blue of the distant pines and far off hills, and summer's gone leaving for a little while to linger in the fields and woodlands the blossoms tinted with her amber brush. As a rising tide flooding the brown fields the glowing golden rod, and in smaller groups the golden hues of the brown eyed susans, coreopsis, asters and Carolina jessamine, and in the green thickets tingling sycamore, walnut and the climbing grape.

Contrasting with this field and woodland forecast of Autumn, the evergreen foliage massed along our parkways and about our homes, due to the copious and rather unusual rains of the earlier days of the month, shows a shining brilliance accentuated by the scarlet berries of the dogwoods and magnolia cones, with here and there a belated white blossom of the latter, oddly out of season.

Ploughs, spades and harrows turning up sere brown earth in preparation for the seeding that will bring forth the green grass of our southern winter. The sound of hammer and saw echoing through the clear air, and the slightly transformation of store and dwelling glistening from the application of the painter's brush all mark the end of dull summer and the advent of the season. —C. M.

PROTECT CHILDREN, SAFEGUARD MOTORISTS

The school year has opened and we are upon the threshold

of the season which sees automobile travel at its height here. Yet nothing has been done about the approaches to the new overhead bridge at the southern end of Southern Pines. No sidewalks are provided leading to and from the bridge, that children may cross with safety on their way to school.

No guard rails lead to and from the bridge, that automobiles may be protected from the possibility of swerving from the road and dropping onto the Seaboard tracks.

It is time some provision was made to safeguard the lives of the children and to take precautionary measures against automobile accidents at this danger spot.

Grains of Sand

There is so much optimism prevailing over prospects for the winter season in the Sandhills there must be something in it. We have even found a few of our confirmed pessimists predicting a good winter. It is true that northern resorts did a flourishing business this summer, away ahead of last year.

Miss Ruth Burr Sanborn of Southern Pines, in addition to her new mystery novel, "Murder on the Aphrodite," has a story appearing in the forthcoming issue of the Saturday Evening Post.

Linville Gorge, rugged scenic attraction in Western North Carolina and a wonder of eastern America, is finally to be owned publicly, an official of the U. S. Forest Service announcing the authorized purchase of 25,522 acres as an addition to the 38,000 acres of the Pisgah National Forest. It does not include the falls, which may be acquired later. The gorge stretches for 16 miles to the mouth of the Linville River, described as the roughest and most picturesque stream in the Southern Appalachians. The gorge in places is 2,000 feet deep and in a 20-mile course the river falls 2,400 feet, and has been described as "a region unsurpassed in scenic beauty and interest in all Eastern America."

Ground was broken Monday for erection of a new Rex Hospital in Raleigh on St. Mary's street with a PWA loan of \$387,000 to the City of Raleigh. The first \$100,000 has been received. The building is to be finished in 360 days. The plans for a new hospital have been under way for two years.

Book Reviews

Ruth Burr Sanborn's new mystery novel, "Murder on the Aphrodite," wins high praise in the New York Herald-Tribune's Sunday Book Review section. Will Cuppy, the reviewer, writes:

"This recommended item introduces a Grade A. baffle to the field. Believe it or not, Miss Sanborn arrives a full-blown mystery monger, already a dangerous rival to all but a few of the revered clan in the way of spinning a plot and far better than most as a writer. You're not likely to walk out on her, once you absorb the first chapter, in which there's a sweet young girl with a secret aboard a luxurious houseboat off Bowsprit Island, Me.; a vampirish hostess with a bag crammed with fabulous jewels, a well assorted group of potential killers and bystanders, and Toombs, the butler. Toombs seems tame enough, but what about Varro, the foreign slicker; Ewell Choate, who's interested in the gems; Professor Dante Gabriel Burge, the psychologist, and such?"

Among the exciting scenes one may mention the psychological seances at dinner, where somebody gets croaked and the jools disappear; close-ups of Jane and Bill and the final discovery. It looks at first as though Constable Amasa Loose is the only sleuth aboard, but don't bank on that. Why did Varro try to buy Annie Budd's quilt? What has Jane on her mind? Who killed Christine? And why does Professor Burge wear magenta pajamas? We promise you that Miss Sanborn displays vast cleverness in winding up her plot and then unwinding it, with the pop in the proper place. Things gets a little lurid toward the end, but that's the kind of a tale it is."

Miss Sanborn, who lives in Southern Pines, was born in Woodsville, N. H. She moved at the end of three weeks, and since then has lived in twenty-four houses, in twelve cities, and in five states. She testifies "I like dogs and horses, some people and some books. I do not like railroads, rattlesnakes, hot weather, nor people who want me to write their stories and divide the proceeds."

New Deal's Trend Seen In Crop Control Laws

By MARK SULLIVAN

One gropes for ways to make clear what is happening, to make the country understand the path on which it is being taken, the destination to which it is being carried. One device is to measure the distance the country has been carried. There is just now a convenience and striking milestone, a significant anniversary.

September 14, 1932, was almost exactly three years ago. On that day Mr. Roosevelt, then a candidate for President, made a speech at Topeka, Kan. It was his "farm program" speech. In that speech and on that day Mr. Roosevelt said:

"We must have, I assert with all possible emphasis, national planning in agriculture. . . . The plan must be, in so far as possible, voluntary."

It will be observed there was a faint qualification to Mr. Roosevelt's assertion that the farm plan must be "voluntary." The qualification, "in so far as possible," was noticed by very few. Practically nobody dreamed that farmers would ever be put under legal compulsion. It is likely Mr. Roosevelt did not dream it himself.

The universal assumption was that Mr. Roosevelt's farm plan would be voluntary. If any one foresaw otherwise, it may have been Professor Tugwell may have helped Mr. Roosevelt compose that farm speech, and may have been responsible for the safeguarding weasel phrase "in so far as possible." Farming is the part of the New Deal that Professor Tugwell is most concerned with, and no one can read Professor Tugwell's books without concluding that he prefers the Russian system of collectivist farming to the American system of individual ownership and control. And Professor Tugwell is familiar enough with the technique of revolution to know that the first step compels the second, and the second compels the third. Professor Tugwell may have understood in advance that the voluntary farm plan would soon become compulsory.

But all this is beside the point. The point is that practically nobody thought the farm program would be other than voluntary. I am quite certain Mr. Roosevelt did not think it. But Mr. Roosevelt's inability to see the future results or first steps, or to give thought to future consequences, amounts almost to a kind of color-blindness.

Suppose Mr. Roosevelt, on that day in Topeka three years ago, had said this:

"Almost exactly three years from now, August 24, 1935, I will sign a bill which requires every farmer raising potatoes to get a government permit; which requires him to raise only so much as the government dictates; which puts a punitive and prohibitive tax of 45 cents a bushel on any excess he raises; which requires that all potatoes he sells be in closed containers prescribed by the government; which requires every package to contain a government stamp; which makes it a crime for the farmer to sell any potatoes not thus packaged and stamped, punishable by a fine of \$1,000 and for a second offense a year in jail; which makes it equally a crime for any person to buy potatoes not thus packaged and stamped; which requires every farmer to keep records as prescribed by the Federal government, and makes failure to do so a crime punishable by a year in prison."

Had Mr. Roosevelt said that in his Topeka speech on September 14, 1932, the country would have thought him fantastic. Yet that law, the potato control statute, was signed by Mr. Roosevelt last month.

Mr. Roosevelt himself would have thought it fantastic three years ago. The distance he has gone, the distance he has taken the country, suggests there was shrewdness in the remark Dr. Wirt attributed to some of the radicals in the Administration. "We have the President out in a swift-running stream, and he cannot turn back."

Let no one suppose this a concern of the farmers only. The movement into which the country has been taken must ultimately include every area of life. To make compulsory control of farm crops effective, there must be, and to some extent already is, compulsory control of manufactured goods which compete with the products of farm crops. There is already compulsory control of some forms of paper and jute which compete with cotton. Later, unless the process is stopped, there must be compulsory control of linen and rayon and silk.

Nor can the process with mere control of the quantity of crops or goods produced. To make control of production effective there must be control of distribution. Control of

distribution means ultimately universal price-fixing. Government price-fixing means, later, government fixing of wages of all kinds. The length of distance already gone is great. But even more important is the direction and the momentum.

If the projected look at the future seems fantastic, let the reader throw his mind back to three years ago. Would he not have said, on September 14, 1932, that compulsory control of potatoes, as here described and now on the statute books, was too fantastic to bother about?

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DID NOT SIGN PETITION

Editor, The Pilot: We have been informed there is a report going around town we signed the papers which requested the liquor store. The report is false. We did not sign.

—MR. and MRS. J. S. REYNOLDS
Southern Pines, September, 24, 1935.

THROUGH COACHES NOW ON NEW YORK-FLORIDA LIMITED

The Air-conditioned P&B Cars and coaches now operating between Washington and Miami on "The New York Florida Limited," one of Seaboard's fast completely air-conditioned through trains operating between New York, Philadelphia and other Eastern Points, the two Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, effective with the first trip southbound from New York Monday, September 23rd and first trip northbound from Miami Wednesday, September 25th, will operate between New York and Miami, it was announced by C. G. Ward, Division Passenger Agent, in Raleigh this week.

This will give greatly improved service to coach passengers using these trains between this territory and the north, as it will eliminate the change of cars in Washington at an unreasonable hour and coach passengers using these trains will not find it necessary to change cars anywhere between New York and Miami.

A carload of Italian Rye Grass Seed at the Pinehurst Warehouses.

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