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RECKONING FOR HITLER?

Russia's invasion of Finland may be merely a step toward making it possible for Joseph Stalin to double-cross the exponent of the crooked cross.

The mills of the gods grind slowly. It may be that Hitler's providential escape from death at Munich was only to save him for the day when, perhaps, he will be made to eat the words he used in denunciation of Russia's rulers.

Hitler's "Mein Kampf," from the standpoint of historical events, was written only a moment ago. The resentment stirred up in Stalin's breast may still be aflame for, to quote from Reynal & Hitchcock's unabridged edition page 959, there seems to be plenty of provocation.

"The present rulers of Russia do not at all think of entering an alliance sincerely or of keeping one."

Hitler continues: "We must never forget that the regents of present-day Russia are common bloodstained criminals; that here is the scum of humanity, which, favored by conditions in a tragic hour, overran a great state, butchered and rooted out millions of its leading intellects with savage bloodthirstiness, and for nearly ten years has exercised the most frightful regime of tyranny of all time. Nor must we forget that these rulers belong to a nation which combines a rare mixture of bestial horror with an inconceivable gift of lying, and today more than ever before believes itself called upon to impose its bloody oppression on the whole world. We must not forget that the international Jew, who today rules Russia absolutely, sees in Germany, not an ally but a state marked for the same destiny. But one does not conclude a treaty with someone whose sole interest is the destruction of his partner. Above all, one does not make them with parties to whom no treaty would be sacred, since they inhabit this world, not as the advocates of honor and truthfulness, but as the advocates of lying, deceit, theft, rapine, and plundering. If anybody thinks of going into treaty ties with parasites, this resembles a tree's efforts to conclude to its own advantage an agreement with a mistletoe."

Elsewhere in Hitler's book he concludes: "In Europe there can be for Germany in the predictable future only two allies: England and Italy."

It would be ironic indeed, if Hitler, in order to save Germany and European civilization from destruction by the people he describes with such vituperation, would be obliged to capitulate and ally himself with his present enemies.

—CARL THOMPSON

Local News of Pinehurst

Miss Jane Gibbs returned Sunday from Red Springs where she visited for several days. Her mother Mrs. Norfleet Gibbs returned with her and was guest in the Teachers' Club before leaving for her home in New Bern.

About 25 members of the Young Peoples' Department of the Community Church enjoyed a candy-pull Friday night in the church basement. Mrs. A. J. McKelway, Mrs. B. U. Richardson and Mrs. Hulon Cole directed their evening's fun.

Miss Lorena Montesanti has returned from a visit to Elkin, N. C., where she was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Butner.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Nicolls of Arlington, Mass., arrive today and will again occupy one of the Souders Apartments. Mr. Nicolls has for many years been a golf professional at the local club.

Mrs. L. P. Tyson of Carthage was a weekend guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Campbell.

Yesterday Mrs. H. J. Callaway was luncheon guest at the Pine Needles Inn, of Mrs. Leon Godley.

Mr. O. W. Elam of Statesville visited Mrs. Flo Miller in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gouger for the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Taylor, Mrs. Lloyd Tate and Mrs. B. U. Richardson motored to Greensboro Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Barnes of Moncure, N. C., were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Casper MacDonald.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Ragsdale spent the weekend at Campbell College with their son, Tom Jr.

Friends of Miss Sylvia Nutrition will be pleased to know she is making satisfactory recovery from her recent operation at the Moore County Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harbison and children returned Sunday from Norfolk, Va., bringing with them Miss Ellen McCutcheon of Suffolk, Va. to be their guest for several days.

Frances Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Campbell is fast recuperating from pneumonia. She has been ill for the past ten days.

WORCESTER GROUP

(Continued from page one) in a full bag. His guide is Turner Fields of Carthage.

Mr. George Booth, owner and publisher of the Worcester Telegram, is enthusiastic over the improvements of the No. 1 course. Mr. Booth is usually accompanied by his children, who were unable to come this year. According to Mr. Booth, all Pinehurst needs to make it complete is a swimming pool, but Mr. Stoddard holds out in favor of an ice skating rink and will no doubt be pleased to learn of the plans for such a rink at the Pine Needles.

The Worcester visitors will be in Pinehurst for ten days or so longer and will probably return in the spring for what will be in the nature of an annual reunion. They can be assured of a hearty welcome.

POLIO WORKER DIES

LOS ANGELES, Dec. 4.—Dr. Milton H. Berry, noted for his work in infantile paralysis correction, died today of a heart ailment.

It Pays To

ADVERTISE

IN THE OUTLOOK



Herb Graffis

THE LIFE OF RILEY

Years ago I knew a fellow who was a brave and wise soul. He also was very full of frolic in those bygone days. Many a morning he would awaken and have to look at the telephone directory by the side of his hotel bed to see what town he was in.

The years and his innate good sense caught up with him and a few days ago there was a letter from this fellow sent from Winter Haven, Fla. He now is working for a gas company and, according to his own testimony, he is living the life of the whole Riley family. That confession probably shouldn't be mentioned, because even in the kindly town of Winter Haven his boss might suspect who the guy is and decide the fellow is enjoying life too much to be getting the pay he is getting. However, that is a remote possibility, because my experience with Winter Haven is that the folks there are so pleasant the coppers even go out of their way to help strangers find parking spaces.

The old-timer writes about the problem of the "new leisure," of how guys continue to run around madly in small circles trying to bite dollar-marks in their own flesh.

Nobody can find the answer to everything, but my old friend seems to have found, in Florida, the answer to how to live. Listen to this:

"Why should I worry? I pick my oranges, grapefruit, avocado and lemons in my own backyard. I live in a neat little cottage, for which I pay \$25 a month. In January for a few days I may have to light a gas heater for a little while to take off the morning chill. The sun shines in from four sides through open windows. It rains once in a while, but it isn't mean, sloppy raining, rain—it's smiling rain—and after it's had its little spell the sun comes out and dries all that rain. We like the rain. It makes the oranges sweeter.

"This is the heaven on earth we used to hear about. Life is prolonged here. People laugh out loud. They are happy. We live on what you folks have to spend for taxis, entertaining yourselves and white coat service.

"Name me one thing except money that the richest man on earth has and that I haven't got. Don't be a boob all your life and fret about the cares of an uncivilized civilization. Come on to where you can live."

And that from a guy who flirted with a nervous collapse trying to make a fortune!

Considering this fellow and how he's found the real richness of life snaps a fellow back into thinking about the sane direction of his own years. With millions of young fellows eager to get jobs and contribute new ideas, new pep and perhaps a new humanity to our highly industrialized existence in the rushing, nervous north, why should the older executives want to keep holding on and on? If the older man really has done his job right it will run along smooth enough until the younger man catches on.

The age-retirement idea of such operations of the Townsend plan for some reason or another doesn't seem to appeal to older men who are well-to-do. A few more of them smart up each year and take things easier, but for the most part they are owned by their assets instead of owning them. They are slaves to the imagined necessity of earning \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year, and in just as abject slavery as sweatshop workers.

Every once in a while I take a morning or an afternoon off going out with the surviving old settlers to plant one of the old gang who died with a bankbook fatter than the family Bible and left a wealthy widow who is too old to break in a new husband.

Think of what these fellows missed by not loafing in the Florida sun, not getting a look at that sun setting like a paint factory being poured into the gulf, not getting some of that grand fishing and not strolling in the soft nights with the stars hanging so low in the purple sky that you almost get stars in your hair.

But everybody can't be smart enough to live. They've got to let a few dollars boss them.

Number of Riders on Trails is Increasing

An increasing number of Pinehurst visitors and cottagers are taking advantage of the lovely riding weather this fall. Those riding at the Pinehurst Livery stables include Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Bright, guests at the Holly Inn, Mrs. L. M. Atherton, Mr. F. N. Gilbert, Mrs. H. W. Norhis, Miss Marie Palmer and Mr. Dick Palmer, all from the Carolina, Mr. W. H. Watts, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. White, and Miss Evelyn Maddox.

Riding from the Thomas & Alexander stables this past week were Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Middleton and their daughter Miss Janet Louise Middleton, Mrs. C. A. Chandler, Mrs. Walter Hyatt and Darst Hyatt, Mr. S. D. Fobes and Miss Hilda Muller, Mr. James T. Hunter and Bing Hunter, Miss Susan Weeks, Miss Jean Schuman and Mrs. Margaret Wells.

ORCHESTRA ASKS NAME

Bearing down on g-flats and soft c's, the four piece orchestra composed of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Baxter, saxophone and pianist, Barrett Harris, drums and rattles and B. C. (Buster) Doyle, mandoline, tunelessly played for an enthusiastic group attending the first of Friday night dances to be presented by the Civic Club each week in Southern Pines. This orchestra needs a name, and what is the choice of the dancing populace?

Advertise in the Outlook

Faber's Butler Hurt As Truck Hits Auto

Mrs. Eberhard Faber was driving Mr. Faber and their butler, Johnson, across the highway near the Bronx Club Sunday evening at five o'clock when their car was struck by a delivery truck owned by the McDermott Funeral Home of Raeford, N. C. David Baker was driving the truck. Mr. and Mrs. Faber were not hurt, but the butler had to be taken to the Moore County Hospital suffering bruises and cuts. The driver of the truck was released under \$100 bond pending trial in Recorder's Court in Carthage, January 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Faber were driving to the railroad station to take the train for a visit to New York. They continued on their way, and will return to Pinehurst in time for the court session.

BOWLING NEWS

The Pinehurst Country Club team, made up of Walter Coffin, Purvis Ferree and Frank Cosgrove defeated the Sandhill team of Walter Murray, Meredith Herndon and Jesse McQuay in a combination candle and duck pin match last night. The score was 1199 to 1182. The match was spectacular in that the C. C. team picked up a net of 22 pins in the last two boxes to win the match. Purvis Ferree was high for the night with 417 for four strings. Murray, of the Sandhillers was second, with 415.

The A & P grocery department team defeated the meat department 1038 to 883.

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