

THE PILOT

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IT'S GOING TO REQUIRE A LOT OF THOUGHT

Chief event of the incoming new year will be, of course, the election of a President. This is going to be a matter requiring the deepest thought on the part of the American people, and if we are anything of a prognosticator, party lines will be torn asunder in the rendering of a decision at the polls.

The question boils down to this:

President Roosevelt, who will undoubtedly be a candidate for re-election, has been in command during the period in which a reasonable degree of prosperity has returned to the country. To him must go the lion's share of the credit for lifting us out of the mire. But has this lifting process been done on a sound economic basis? In short, are we in so far over our heads to provide for Today that the price will be too great for Tomorrow?

Big Business, of course, answers this affirmatively. And presents convincing arguments. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States sees the present trade stimulation as but temporary. Agriculture is divided. Labor's enthusiasm for the New Deal is not what it was. Even the man on relief is reported as dissatisfied.

The national debt is over thirty billions of dollars. The indebtedness of state and local taxing bodies is estimated to be at least eighteen billions more, making a total public debt of our American people — national, state and local — approximately forty-eight billions of dollars. This amount is equal to the estimated total annual income of all the people of the United States.

These are just a few of the things which the electorate must think about between now and November. Perhaps this debt is all right. Perhaps President Roosevelt and his advisers know where we are going, and how we are going to get there. There's no gainsaying that he has revived industry and agriculture and taken care of the unemployed to date. The question is, how long can we continue to increase our debt by twelve million dollars per day, the estimated deficit for the last half of 1935, in order to revive things?

No one knows who will oppose Mr. Roosevelt in November. No one knows whether the Republican party has any fiscal policy or program to continue the upswing in business at any lesser price. No one knows much of anything except that during this new year we must elect a President, that never before have we faced an election owing so much money; therefore never has there been a time when we needed to devote so much thought on an issue, with less knowledge and information to guide us.

It's a problem.

HERE COMES THE FULLER BRUSH MAN

This is the time to make New Year's resolutions, yet we heard of one that was made and kept for the last three years but finally broken the other day. It was a queer enough resolution, too, and the reason for making it and for breaking it may be a not unprofitable tale.

It seems that a certain lady was greatly bothered by a plague of traveling salesmen. Mobs of them were forever descending upon her with their wares and camping out on her doorstep. Of these the most persistent was the Fuller-Brush Man. Great were the battles between them, for this lady happened to be one of those people, the bane of every salesman, who naturally despise to be urged to do anything. Year after year she withstood the attacks of the Fuller-Brush Man. He came trained in the Complete Salesman's Manual of

Arms, fortified by the latest antidote to halitosis. He was equipped with every weapon of the trade and he tried them all: charm, disarming frankness, logic, eloquence, paternal counsel, hurt reproachfulness, arch disbelief. Whatever the assumed role, underneath lurked the all too familiar mule-like being who refused to believe that he could fail, that his sales-talk fell on deaf ears; that he had actually encountered one more mule-like than himself. So great was the lady's rage at his persistent assaults upon her time, her privacy, so great the strain on her politeness, that her entire household was wont to cower in fright when the cry went up: "Here comes the Fuller-Brush Man." Year after year as one after the other of the Fuller clan turned from her door with bitterness, with shocked incredulity, or with plain terror, she vowed that if the Fuller Brush were the only brush in the world still she would have none of it. Yet now she has actually ordered a Fuller Brush.

Why? Because the other afternoon a quiet-voiced gentleman came to the door. He rang the bell. When the maid came he did not ask if the lady was home, he simply gave her a catalogue. "This shows some of our best brushes," he said. "Maybe your folks would like to buy one. The prices are all marked and the address of our shop is there. They can just write any time. Thank you," he said, as he walked away.

Now that is something new. Or is it the subtlest salesmanship of all? For it got results. She sent for a brush.

Ever since hearing of this incident we have wondered if it was due to a sudden gleam of intelligence on the part of one individual Fuller-Brush Man, or whether it is an indication that the entire mess of salesmen have seen the light. Perhaps these men have encountered other mule-like housewives, other militant females whose eye grew cold and whose hand reached for a rolling-pin at the sight of them. Perhaps it has finally occurred to them that there was something wrong; something wrong not with their product but with them.

Is it too much to hope that this single incident is a sign that there is going to be a change in general sales' tactics? What a world this would be if this change that has overtaken the Fuller-Brush Men could affect also the Magazine-Subscription boys, the Shelf-of-Books-Your-Children-Need ladies, the dark gentlemen with linen, the English Bounders selling Scotch tweed from Canada, the Old-Hook-Rug racketeers, in fact the salesmen and boosters of every sort, not forgetting our own local brand. For among the tourists who come to the Sandhills, though many may be the sheep-like dodos some of our local realtors would have us think, there will be others more contrary of disposition. On these the usual slogans act like a red flag to a bull. "Boost, don't knock," they hear, and these folks begin to think. "Why do they need to boost so much," they ponder. "Are folks knocking? But be something to knock about." And when "Let's put over Southern Pines" resounds from the rooftops they decide they're from Missouri where the mules come from. Nobody is going to put anything over on them. And they move on to the next town where they hope they are going to be let alone.


When you come down to it, if brushes are good—or magazines or toothpastes or towels—plenty of people will want them, but the sale of a lot of perfectly fine, let us say, brushes can be hurt by the manner in which they are offered to the public.

OUR ASSORTMENT OF WEATHER

The Engineer who is in charge of the weather department must have a tremendous task on his hands. Occasionally you hear a man say he would like to regulate the weather and then it wouldn't be so hot or so cold or so wet or dry or whatever was wrong with that particular day's allotment.

If a layman should attempt to take over the weather department and try his hand at our extensive system of winds, he would probably produce world-wide destruction the first move. The winds move the clouds along, the water carriers, and unless he had some idea of what to


CARO-GRAPHICS by Murray Jones, Jr.




JAMES K. POLK-MECKLENBURG CO.
GLAD TIDWELL

WAS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE U. S. TO USE SCIENTIFIC HANDSHAKING


DO YOU KNOW YOUR STATE?



LIBRARIES



M. C. HAS FEWER VOLUMES PER PERSON IN ITS LIBRARIES THAN ANY OTHER STATE



GUILFORD VS CATAWBA 1935
Capt. Haworth

DID YOU KNOW THAT MR. LONNIE CREDE, OF HYDE CO. WAS BURIED STANDING UP HE SUFFERED FROM ASTHMA IN LIFE, AND THOUGHT HE MIGHT REST BETTER STANDING ?

THE EDITORS OF CARO-GRAPHICS INVITE YOU TO SEND IN INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT YOUR COMMUNITY

Grains of Sand

Snow, rain, go away.
Little golfers want to play.

Of course in a newspaper published in a resort community you aren't supposed to say anything about snow and such detriments.

But when every community in the United States, as far as we have been able to determine, is in a like predicament; when everybody knows all about it, your newspaper just can't keep the secret any longer.

There's no use of kidding
When everyone's skidding.

It's been great weather for the coal man, the furnace oil man and the fellow who owns the wrecker.

And the youngsters with the sleds,

And a vacation for Don Currie and Al Grover.

The weather didn't keep people away from the various New Year's Eve parties. There were good crowds at The Carolina, the Pine Needles Inn, the Mid Pines Club, Southern Pines Country Club and The Chalfonte to welcome young '1936.

FEED THE BIRDS

Editor, The Pilot:
Will you please ask your patrons to kindly feed our feathered guests the birds? The deep snow and its remaining on the ground for so long a time we are afraid will cause some of the birds to perish. A few crumbs thrown on the top of the snow will doubtless save the life of many a bird.
—Edward F. Green.

do next, the results would be the most spectacular combination of catastrophes ever witnessed. Mixing heat and cold together you could also get some fierce combinations that would be something of a puzzle to put back, once the lid blew off. The Weather Man's task is a big one.

The world is made up of a curious lot of people and it takes a curious assortment of weather to satisfy all of them. The mild, warm days of late Fall were gratifying to many. A delightful change to just as many others when the thermometer fell down cellar. Small folks scanned the clouds with hope, faith in all signs that pointed to snow, while others watcher for a clearing sky. The family from Maine threw back their shoulders and enjoyed the decline in temperature while their neighbor from the warm climate of China shivered.

Recently before the snow covered the ground, the jonquils were up about eight inches and the forsythia had opened a few of her buds. The first signs of Spring. But the calendar says we are just entering Winter and mentions nothing about Spring. Winter in the Sandhills isn't a very serious affair. The sun has reached its greatest declination and swings back on its journey with the long oblique rays gradually growing shorter.

So if we didn't like yesterday and are doubtful of tomorrow we can rest assured it hit some one exactly right. With all the horde of human beings and their many wants and desires, the Creator will, in his weather for tomorrow and the next day, not only please someone, but go on conducting the bureau with safety, a mighty important factor.

—H. K. B.

NIAGARA

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Stutts and son James of Granite Quarry spent the Christmas holidays with the Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Wood at The Hollies cottage.

Miss Victoria and Virginia Pierce of Cameron spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dutton and family.

J. P. Turnley spent Christmas day with friends at his farm home near Cameron.

Bill and Roy Turnley of Cameron spent a day or two of the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dutton.

Bob Dutton and Clarence Furgerson, who have been with the C. C. C., spent the holidays with their family here.

Mrs. W. M. Parks of Dunderrock spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Smith.

On account of the snow there was no service at the village church last Sunday morning.

There was a beautiful Christmas tree and a nice program by the children at the church on Wednesday night, and apples and oranges for every one present.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Toler and little Faye of Raleigh spent the holidays with relatives in Niagara.

Mr. and Mrs. John Michael, who have spent the past year or so in Connecticut, have moved here and leased the old Colonial cottage for the season.

Mrs. D. S. Ray and daughter Miss Elizabeth have returned to their home after spending some weeks visiting relatives in Chapel Hill and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Taylor and little son of Winston-Salem spent the holidays with relatives in Niagara.

Elbert and Wiley Garner of Aberdeen and Pinehurst were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Berney Garner on Christmas day.

Mrs. G. F. Coburn of Woonsocket, R. I., is a recent arrival and plans to spend the winter months with Mrs. G. S. Smith.

Mrs. George Smith, who arrived some weeks ago from her summer home in East Hebron, N. H., is occupying her cozy winter home here for the season.

NEW SERIES OF TALKS IN CATHOLIC CHURCH HERE

Since the installation of the question box in St. Anthony's Catholic Church, Southern Pines, has proven so popular to non-Catholics it has been decided to devote the next ten Sunday evenings to the explanation of some chief points of Catholic doctrine.

The following ten topics will be discussed on succeeding Sunday evenings—1—"The Bible Is Not the Only Guide to the Teaching of Christ;" 2—"How Many Churches Did Christ Establish?"; 3—"Sin and Redemption;" 4—"The Seven Sacraments Instituted by Christ;" 5—"The Six Commandments of God;" 6—"The Six Commandments of the Church;" 7—"What Are Sacraments?"; 8—"Prayer Useful in Daily Life;" 9—"Life After Death;" 10—"Devotion to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints."

Afterwards the sermon questions asked the previous Sunday evening will be discussed and answered. The services will close with benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

All are invited to attend these next ten Sunday evening services, which begin on Sunday, January 5th at 7:30.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

Marriage licenses have been issued from the office of the Register of Deeds of Moor county to the following: Tm Farlow of Seagrove and Rona Brewer of Spies; Roland Lam-

Who Owns Oldest Chevrolet in Moore?

If It's Oldest in U. S. Company's Millionth 1935 Car is Yours Free

Chevrolet's one millionth car of 1935 production is to be presented to the owner of the oldest Chevrolet licensed and in regular use in the United States, and Mid-South Motors, Inc., of Aberdeen has been asked to discover whether the oldest Chevrolet is in this territory.

The one millionth Chevrolet built assembly line at Flint, Michigan on December 12, just eight days after Chevrolet produced its eleven millionth car since the beginning of the company.

Presentation of the millionth car of the year—a 1936 Standard coach—will be made to the owner whose Chevrolet is discovered before midnight on January 15, 1936, to be the oldest model licensed and in regular service.

It is specified that, to win, the oldtimer Chevrolet must have been regularly licensed for operation during the current year, possessing its own 1935 license tags issued before December 1. It must, also, have been licensed as a passenger car, and be equipped with a complete passenger car body. It must bear the original engine and chassis numbers, legible and unaltered.

To enter a Chevrolet for consideration, the owner need only drive it to any Chevrolet dealer's salesroom and submit it for examination, receiving a blank on which he will report the engine and chassis numbers of the car to the Chevrolet Motor Company at Detroit, where the company's records will determine which is the very oldest in service.

A well-cared-for home forest serves also as a windbreak for buildings, a shelter for livestock, a means of protecting valuable lands from erosion, a source of profitable employment for men and teams during otherwise spare or idle time, a place of recreation and an improvement in the appearance of the farm.

Pilot Advertising Pays.

bert of Bear Creek and Ida Mae Hardeeds of Moore county to the following: Tom Farlow of Seagrove and bert of Bear Creek and Ida Mae Harvell of Pisgah; Edwin Cameron and Marjorie Hilliard, both of Vass; Elbert Taylor of East Bend and Lela Reynolds of Vass; Marshall Corbett Beatty of Ivanhoe and Flora Mae McCadyen of Cameron; Hampton More of Spies and Essie Mae Hussey of Bennett.

MISS MARJORIE HILLIARD BRIDE OF EDWIN CAMERON

A marriage of interest to friends of the contracting parties was solemnized in Carthage on Saturday of last week when Miss Marjorie Hilliard became the bride of Edwin Cameron.

The bride is the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hilliard of Vass. They will reside in Vass.

Bill Folas, ten cases and Key carriers in fine leathers at Hayes.

PENDER

Medium Size
PRUNES
5c lb.

Domestic
SARDINES
4 cans 15c

We Have Resolved To Give You Bigger Bargains During 1936
Here's a few of the Bargains you'll find at Penders. And it's only the beginning. Shop here during 1936 for bigger bargains.

Norway
MACKEREL
3 for 17c

D. P. Quick
OATMEAL
2 pkgs. 15c

Miracle Tiny
PEAS
2 No. 2 cans 27c

D. P. Blend
COFFEE
21c lb.

Dano Pride
ROLLS
5c Dozen.

Dried Navy
BEANS
3 lbs. 10c

Triangle Free Running
SALT
3 pkgs. 10c

Old Virginia
PRFSERVES
1-lb. Size 17c

Libby's Crushed
PINEAPPLE
No. 2 Can 15c

Colonial Red Sour Pitted
CHERRIES 2 Cans 23c

Chocolate Pecan
CAKES lb. 17c

Southern Manor
ASPARAGUS Picnic Size 15c

Southern Manor Whole
BEETS 2 cans 25c