

# THE PILOT

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## HOME COMING AT BETHESDA

It is in a changing world that we once again pay homage to the time honored home-coming at old Bethesda. A far cry in time, but not custom, from the days of the Rev. James Campbell, and the Rev. Colin Lindsay journeying from Longstreet to greet a congregation small in number, but great in faith, meeting under a cedar bower in the vale at the head of the Rockfish soon known from its devotional usage as Solemn Grove.

From these gatherings, gaining in numbers as the Sandhills grew in population, sprang a congregation that years later built a church of logs, located near the present edifice, and as time went on, Bethesda as we know it now.

Saint or sinner, we revere the ancient Kirk, not only as an ever present symbol of unchanging service, and a shrine of worship, but as a monument to the unwearied, unceasing labors of its ministers to uphold the word of God and to spread the faith in a far flung pastorate. In this homecoming, we render tribute to their devotion to duty, and zeal for service, as well as to the sanctity of this historic church edifice revered for three-quarters of a century.

—C. M.

## OUR ADVERTISING AND PUBLICITY

In a recent issue of The Pilot the question of the value of resort town advertising and publicity and Chamber of Commerce activities for stimulating growth and expansion was broached, born of a comparison of a flourishing summer resort which does no advertising, has no Chamber of Commerce, with Southern Pines. The editorial has prompted a thoughtful communication from Almet Jenks:

Editor, The Pilot:

As a winter resident of Southern Pines, a landowner and taxpayer, and as a subscriber to The Pilot and faithful reader thereof, I would like to commend two pieces of writing in your issue of August 21, 1936. The first, to take them in order of their appearance, is the article by the Editor in the editorial columns entitled "A Comparison and a Question"; the second is the letter under "Correspondence" by Richard S. Lovering concerning peach farming in the Sandhills. They may be considered and commented upon together, I believe, for their subject matters are more closely related to each other than would appear on a cursory reading. The article propounds the question as to the value of a Chamber of Commerce and of advertising and publicity to the so-called resort town; the letter, based on experiences and backed by figures, blasts (no milder word is good enough) a manifestation of that same spirit of advertising and publicity when it seeks, evidently in ignorance and without regard for the consequences, to boost the peach industry in the Sandhills.

It is difficult, as the Editor, Mr. Hyde, in his article admits, to answer categorically the questions of how much value to a resort town is a Chamber of Commerce and whether the value placed on advertising and publicity is over emphasized. Cazenovia, a resort town, comparable in size and in certain other respects to Southern Pines, "has no Chamber of Commerce, and no advertising or publicity man of any kind", and yet it seemed to Mr. Hyde, having observed each town in its active months, that Cazenovia was doing "more business" than Southern Pines. One should not deduce from this that Cazenovia would be less busy if it had a Chamber of Commerce and went in for advertising and publicity, or that Southern Pines would shoot ahead if these presumed aids to municipal growth were dispensed with. The problem is more complicated. There are dif-

ferences, other than geographical, which, again as Mr. Hyde points out, forbid us from drawing any certain conclusion; unlike Mr. Lovering, we have no facts and figures by which to point a lesson. Failing these, we may accord attention to the opinion of the individual—especially to the opinion of those who, as in my own case, have a deep and lasting interest in the community.

I believe that the interests of Southern Pines—and I mean the interests of the permanent and seasonal residents, of the merchants and tradespeople, of every one who has its real welfare at heart—would be served best by abandoning to a very large extent the kind of advertising and publicity that has characterized it during the last few years. I believe that without (this advertising and publicity the town would, in the long run, do a more lasting business, would be more soundly prosperous, more firmly established, and a more desirable community in which to live. Since my residence there, which began in the fall of 1929, I can not help but feel that both Southern Pines and Pinehurst have been considerably cheapened by certain methods of advertising and publicity. To give particulars—and both towns appear in this bill: The "Social notes" which appear in metropolitan newspapers publicizing certain residents ad nauseam and turning their small exchanges of hospitality into functions; certain misleading advertisements about the activities of the community, such as the number of golf links (there are certainly plenty), the hunting (which in Southern Pines, at least, is by invitation only), the "steepchasing" (we have one hunt race meeting a year, which, incidentally, is all we could reasonably ask for); the use of the term "theatre" in advertisements, which might well suggest an activity having to do with the legitimate stage; the touting for Southern Pines as a "writers' colony" (a doubtful attraction); the erection of large and garish signs, so doubtfully opposed by Mr. Struthers Burt; and (but here, perhaps, I am prejudiced; I don't believe in fiestas by prescription and, in any case, I think they are best left to the Latin peoples) such celebrations as the Dogwood Festival, and especially its concomitants, the street parade, the floats, the crowning of a queen, Old Slaves' Day, and the rest.

This is simply my own personal opinion. Others have expressed similar views and I have heard instances of people who have contemplated a residence or at least a seasonal residence in the community and who have sheered off because of their distaste for this type of advertising and publicity, but I do not presume to speak for any of these. My own feeling is that no resort town, if we are to call Southern Pines that, can achieve a soundly prosperous and permanent existence by the use of such methods.

As for Mr. Lovering's letter, it seems to me a clear, well-expressed and admirably restrained answer to an article which must have aroused his deep indignation. I did not see Mr. Bost's letter but I judge it to have been written without any real knowledge of the subject and without regard for its possibly cruel effect upon a credulous mind. To the "booster", to reckless extravagance of speech and rosy visions, a letter such as Mr. Lovering's, founded on facts susceptible of absolute verification, is the best answer. I could do with some reprints of it for distribution to those who from time to time are wont to expatiate on the comparative ease, the substantial incomes, and large accumulations of the peach growers of the Sandhills.

Almet Jenks

August 29, 1936.

# CARO-GRAPHICS by MURRAY JONES JR.

**LOANS**

YOU WANT \$50? WELL AT AN INTEREST PLUS A \$5 FEE FOR REGISTRATION PLUS \$5 FOR HANDLING—ETC. ETC.

17% TO 300% CAN BE LAWFULLY CHARGED ON SMALL LOANS IN NORTH CAROLINA

**DO YOU KNOW YOUR STATE?**

**JAILBIRDS**

MORE THAN 75,000 PRISONERS ARE CONFINED TO COUNTY JAILS IN N.C. EVERY YEAR

**SCHOOLS**

N.C. HAS THE LARGEST PUPIL TEACHING LOAD PER TEACHER IN THE COUNTRY

**DID YOU KNOW THAT IN CAMDEN COUNTY IN 1934, THERE WERE OVER FIVE HUNDRED CASES OF MALARIA IN TWO MONTHS?**

**DID YOU KNOW THAT THE COURTHOUSE OF LEE CO. IS NOT IN A TOWN, BUT IS ON THE HIGHWAY HALF-WAY BETWEEN JONESBORO AND SANFORD?**

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

## A POLITICAL CAREER NIPPED IN THE BUD

Another Walter Hines Page story, amusingly written by Beverly L. Clarke, appeared in a recent issue of the magazine, "The New Yorker." Based on an incident in the campaign of Woodrow Wilson and Charles E. Hughes for the Presidency, it is particularly worth while in this, another national election year. Writes Mr. Clarke:

### MY POLITICAL CAREER

Every Presidential campaign makes me think of my first and only venture into national politics. In 1916, when Woodrow Wilson was running for his second term, against Charles Evans Hughes, I was an office boy in National Campaign Headquarters in New York. I got the job because my father had been a writer of effective editorials on a Democratic newspaper in Tennessee. I had graduated from high school down there that spring; this was my first job and I was pretty thrilled, what with making fifteen dollars a week with time and a half for overtime, rubbing elbows with the great, and living in New York. In retrospect, my equipment for a career in national politics seems rather meagre, since it consisted solely of a conviction that Woodrow Wilson was the greatest man since the Republican Party was a sinister band of ruthless monsters bent upon depriving the South of its God-given rights. But at the time the only obstacle I saw was the Constitutional age limit of thirty-five for the President, which meant that I was doomed to mark time as senator, ambassador, cabinet member, and so on, until 1936.

I was assigned to the office of the Director of Publicity, Robert Woolley. Mr. Woolley had been an old-time newspaperman, and he knew my father. He made me his personal office boy, which was an exalted position, since most of the exciting things happened in the publicity department. Mr. Woolley was a short, fat, bald-headed man with high blood pressure, who perspired prodigiously. He was given to attacks of cholera in which he actually would throw things like inkwells at people like office boys, even though he knew their fathers. A phonograph disc recording of Mr. Woolley in one of these fits would probably have lost the election for Mr. Wilson. Mr. Woolley's language at such times was picturesque, his appearance striking, to say the least; and when his tantrum was over, no movable object in his office was in place.

I had a little desk in an anteroom outside his office. My job was to protect him from visitors he didn't want to see. I was not very successful in this, since I proved to be no match for national politicians and high-pressure metropolitan salesmen. The office was besieged by salesmen for concerns manufacturing celluloid buttons. They wanted to sell the Democratic National Committee five million campaign buttons. Invariably these salesmen had business cards of celluloid. These cards came to symbolize for Mr. Woolley all that was loathsome in the world. He told me on several occasions that if I ever brought in a celluloid business card again, he would choke me where I stood and then dive out the window into Forty-second Street, nineteen stories below. But somehow or other, a day or so later I would be hypnotized into bringing in another. Mr. Woolley would become speechless and muscle-bound, which was horrible to see, but it saved me from being strangled.

Besides the button salesmen, the office was infested with people who had written campaign songs they wanted us to adopt officially. They

wanted Mr. Woolley to buy them for five thousand dollars. One of them, I remember, turned on the refrain:

Who has kept us out of war?  
Woodrow Wilson, rah! rah! rah!  
Mr. Woolley was one of those rare people to whom music and poetry mean absolutely nothing. He gave me instructions about songwriters similar to those about button salesmen.

One day there came into the office an aged lady who presented a letter of introduction to Mr. Woolley. She was dressed in Quaker gray, and I think she wore a conservative bustle. Her white hair was done in ringlets that reached to her shoulders; she was extremely fat. Her great, watery eyes and a kind of unearthly monotonous quality in her voice gave me the creeps. Since the letter was unsealed, I found occasion to read it before taking it in. The lady was a close relative of a former Democratic President. She had written a campaign song. Naturally, Mr. Woolley received her promptly, and it was a good hour before she left his office. I sneaked a look at her song. The chorus began:

God save the Red, White, and Blue!  
Woodrow Wilson, we're for you!

The lady came the following Monday, and from then on at intervals of about three days. Each time Mr. Woolley was closeted with her from one to three hours, while senators waited. He always put on his coat for these visits, and when she left he would accompany her through the anteroom and to the elevator, an honor hitherto reserved for cabinet members. After she was gone Mr. Woolley would see no one for half an hour.

This went on a month, and then, one day, after the lady's departure, Mr. Woolley called me in. He looked old and defeated. Usually when he summoned me he would be standing by the window, belligerent and lobster-visaged, his short legs wide apart. This time he was seated at his desk, his face ashen and very calm. The visitor before the former Presidents' relative had been a button salesman—the first one that had got through me that week—and I was set for the bowling-out. Mr. Woolley spoke in a tired, quiet voice. "Do anything! Tell her anything! But if you let that woman in here again, you're fired!" He had never actually threatened to fire me before.

The following morning I was sitting at my little desk and the anteroom was half filled with button salesmen and song-writers who had no chance whatever of getting into the inner office. Overnight I had become a good office boy; I didn't want to be fired. A tallish, well-dressed, but unremarkable man came in and asked to see Mr. Woolley. "Have a seat," I said. "He's busy." The man sat down. Half an hour later he asked again. "What do you want to see him about?" I asked. "Who do you represent?" The man smiled slightly. "I'm sorry, I haven't a card. Would you mind announcing me?"

I went in to Mr. Woolley. "There's a man out there who won't tell me what he wants. Says his name's Page." "Page, Page," repeated Mr. Woolley. "I don't know anybody named Page. Tell him to wait. I so instructed Mr. Page, who thereupon lighted a cigar and began to read the 'Times'. The morning wore on. About eleven o'clock Mr. Page asked me if Mr. Woolley could see him now.

"Page, Page," said Mr. Woolley irritably. "Ask him what's his business."

In a moment I came back. "Mr. Woolley, he says he's an ambassador."

"Good God!" cried Mr. Woolley, dashing past me into the anteroom—smack into the arms of the former Democratic President's relative, who had just come in.

Mr. Page, of course, was Walter

# GRAINS OF SAND

Within the last two years a number of lookout towers have been completed and turned over to the State. These towers aid materially in the detection of forest fires. Situated on high knolls they rear up in the air from sixty to eighty feet in height of the entire country side in which they are located. With country fire wardens and deputies active the dangers and damage of fire has been greatly lessened in the last few years.

The American Kennel club has registered almost a million pure bred animals in their stud book. Some of those classy animals are Sandhills residents. It may give you a jolt to know many of them look back through a greater number of successive generations of ancestors with more positive proof than some of the rest of us can.

A recent headline tells of corn soaring to higher levels. In crossing over the state from the western boundary to the Moore County line it is something of a satisfaction to note the huge corn fields, green and rank that bordered much of the entire highway. The prolific crop will make the stable corn pone possible, augment the bins at the barn and in some cases mean a little ready money for the farmer who sells his crop outright.

The familiar canter of horses' feet drifted up from the road in the evening: "Pputy, pputy—that's what I 'ears 'em saay. Pputy, pputy, pputy, canter 'an canter away. The sounds become more frequent. Summer will soon be forgotten.

When North Carolina folks meet in remote places away from home where chance meetings are staged we get our highest grade of enthusiastic advertising. Tennessee bumps into Sandhills in the hills and they express their feelings. A group of our winter neighbors get together in Chautauqua and play bridge. The Tom Kelly's stop long enough to visit with the Hugh Kahler's in New Jersey and run through all the news and activities of the town and friends since their last contact. In far away Norway the Ivey's of Charlotte meet a Southern Pines traveler, and so it goes. Always there is rejoicing, and always conceding that our land, is a promised land, when wayfarers meet.

Years ago when John Buchan lived in Manley with Mrs. Buchan, their home was one of the most hospitable places in the entire section of the country. A daughter, Ethel Buchan Stewart, inherited the doctrine of the open door. There is no house around that is more capable of ready adjustment or where cordiality has become so chronic as the Stewart home. Over the last week-end about eighteen people gathered around the elastic dinner table. Dr. and Mrs. R. M. Wilson of Soonchun, Korea, with their seven grown up sons and daughters were the guests. Miss Flora McQueen joined them Sunday. Miss McQueen taught six of the young Wilsons when in Korea.

Many things are being made ready for Fall with changes going on every where you turn. So it is not surprising to see some shifting about in the heavens also. The sun is steadily moving southward, heading towards the autumnal equinox. Jupiter, the bright star of summer nights drops lower into the southwest. The brilliant Venus is only visible about an hour after sun set. The harvest moon is in the offing and will be due September 30. Like a lot of other returning travelers it will be interesting to see familiar objects coming back to the heavens.

Some one remarked the other day that the trains seem to make more noise than they did in the past and wondered if it could be imagination. The Seaboard's huge and powerful engines of today would put the old engines of yesterday into the cram road class by comparison. The big engines with their tremendous size and power are capable of hauling loads unheard of several years ago. The lighter trains with their accompanying light engines moved through with shorter sections. Trains now are very often strung out for nearly a mile hauling a hundred cars or more. As the load is greatly increased and more time is consumed in passing through, the noise and din is drawn out and we conclude they make more noise now than then.

And speaking of trains. All our Hines Page. He was on his way to confer with the President in Washington, having been summoned from London.

I spent the rest of the campaign in the mailing department, sealing envelopes.

—Beverly L. Clarke

life we have watched engines both big and little, hoping some day to slip up on some careless engineer who failed to match up his coal car with the identical numbers on his engine. Are they so infallible that we can't ever hope to find an engine marked 425 pulling coal car with 211 on its side? Don't they ever make a mistake?

The anti-noise project was started in New York. Now North Carolina has become anti-noise minded. One of our prominent state health officers endorses a campaign against noise in Raleigh and hopes to see it become state wide in its effect. Dr. Reynolds says loud noise should be abated. He says it produces harmful strain on the nervous system and that people suffering disturbing noise at night show symptoms of nervousness, irritability and indigestion, and a general decline. He hopes to see noise controlled all over the state.

We always thought of North Carolina as a strictly rural state and that town and country noises would be difficult to separate. Town noises can probably be controlled when made by human beings, but how are we going to overcome our indigestion if we can't stop the varmints from speaking their pieces at night. If noises are going to be abated who is going to discourage the jubilant mocker singing in the moonlight by your window or who will push the whipper will off of the sycamore limb? When you subside and collect yourself after being awakened by the wild eerie whoop of one big swamp owl you are in accord with the doctor's thinking and know the decline he speaks of has taken full possession. The series of penetrating sounds of the owls aren't so bad, but the hair raising scream that precedes it while he gathers wind for what follows is what makes your hair curl. Surviving the owl's master noise you are positive death hung in the balance. We like to see Dr. Reynolds on our side.

The moving picture concern is steadily producing more worth while results. In getting away from the slip shod and frothy they are offering pictures that are of real value to the theatre goer. More and more they are reviving the classics and historical novels. Mary of Scotland brings back your history and sends young and old to the library again. Bret Hart's Fenimore Cooper and many others seen through the moving picture stimulate the memory and create a greater desire to read, which might otherwise be passed up. The local theatre is a helpful agency as an educational factor.

## PINEBLUFF

Mrs. Annie Lentz of Ansonville has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Henry McCormick for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Aubrey Pruett and son, Aubrey Jr., returned to their home in Norwalk, Conn. after spending some time with Mrs. Pruett's brother, John Fiddner.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Pickler spent the past week in Charlotte on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Horne of Valosa, Ga., are occupying the Townsend Cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. George Van Huel and Doris Van Huel returned to Pinebluff Sunday, after spending the summer in Long Branch, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cavanaugh and children spent the week-end in Raleigh and Durham.

Miss Margaret Rice returned to Wingate Junior College Monday where she will enter her second year.

Miss Virginia Butler, Mrs. Emily Lawrence and daughter, Dorothy and Miss Gloria Fletcher spent Friday in Fayetteville.

Bill Lampley of Hartsville S. C. spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Lampley.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fiddner and Mrs. Alex Wallace spent the past week at Long Point.

Miss Sally Allison has returned to Flora McDonald College at Red Springs to resume her studies.

Mrs. James Smith and daughter Miner were called to New York by the death of Mrs. Smith's father, C. H. King.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Manor and children returned to their home Tuesday after spending the past three weeks in Coraopolis, Pa. with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Journey announce the birth of a son, William Fulton, on Tuesday September 1st.

Mrs. Irving Wylie gave a birthday party for her grandson, Leon Jr., at her home Thursday afternoon. The guests were Shirley Ann Smith, Jane Farrell, Ruth Troutman, Dorothy Lawrence, and Wanda Newell, Viola Wylie.