

THE PILOT

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IT'S BUSINESS, BIG OR LITTLE

To say that official Washington was "shocked" when representatives of "Little Business" laid their 23-point program for easing the strains on business would be putting it mildly.

The final draft of the program was of a much quieter tone when the Drafting Committee finished with it than was the program approved by the full meeting of some 1000 representatives of small business. Even so, it was a document vastly different from what had been expected to emerge from the sessions.

In effect the 23 points reflect one certain fact and that is that it doesn't matter what the term "business" represents—whether a business of a man working for himself or employing five persons or five thousand, the same problems exist.

At the meeting, Mr. Tom Jones of Jones and Co., was either a maker of hats in Duluth, or a brick manufacturer in Cleveland or a scrapiron merchant in Podunk. If his experience conforms to that of the average businessman, a glance at his ledgers shows the following for the past two years:

1. The hourly wage rate he pays is 10 to 15 percent above what it was a year ago.
2. His taxes have risen and he must now even pay a prohibitive tax on earnings retained to be put back in his business.
3. He pays an old-age insurance tax, larger than it should be because it is used to build up a large reserve fund which is actually non-existent.
4. That all of these factors operating in the business of those supplying him with raw materials, have caused his costs for materials to rise at a dizzy pace.

As the New York Times comments on the "Little Business" report:

"Anything that will actually help Mr. Jones reduce his prices, by enabling him to reduce his costs, will bring Mr. Jones's customers back into the market and revive activity in other business, both big and little."

MORE THAN THE BUDGET NEEDS BALANCING

An able appeal to agriculture, business and labor to "get into the proper balance" was made by Roy S. Durstine, a prominent New York advertising man, in a recent talk before the Advertising Club of Chicago. He based his remarks on a talk he had had with President Roosevelt's secretary, the late Louis McHenry Howe, before the former's first inauguration.

Mr. Howe described the job of the Roosevelt administration as the task of bringing those three groups into proper balance because "each one can prosper only as the other two prosper." Perhaps it is the job of those in the advertising business, Mr. Durstine added, to help in that job.

"Whether we like it or not," he continued, "we are nationally in a day of complete interdependence on each other. And we who are supposed to be engaged in the articulating side of business cannot ignore our responsibility to help business interpret itself.

"I honestly think that every advertising man has three jobs. First, to produce the best advertising he possible can to sell merchandise. Second, to let that advertising reflect the integrity and good faith of the company which sells the product. And finally, to help his fellow countrymen to think straight politically, to balance not just the budget but to balance what Louis Howe called the three basic

divisions of American life—the farmer, the business man and the worker."

AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION PASSES

An American institution died this week Oscar Odd McIntyre, columnist of many journals, this week, Oscar Odd McIntyre, lotte Observer. In the feeling that many of our readers have appraised McIntyre as did Ray Irwin of the Observer staff in his Wednesday column, he re-print it here, with thanks.

McIntyre—One night before Christmas after I had retired and begun to read I suddenly decided for the thing write a "fan" letter, and I first time in my life to do that rash reached out for paper and pencil and scribbled a letter o he favorite columnist of mine and of the world, Oscar Odd McIntyre, the Magnificent, who brought Broadway to Maine Street through the medium of his lucid writings.

Routine affairs caused me to stuff the notes in my desk and neglect (as we often do until it is too late) the task of editing, typing and mailing the letter. It would have been only one of 3,000 such letters received by Mr. McIntyre each week, but it would have given me the good feeling of having acknowledged the debt I owe him for many hours of entertainment and enlightenment.

One does not profane profound grief over the death of a friend who is near and dear by exposing it to the public gaze; one does not wish to publicize purely personal (I nearly added "piffle") feelings. However, it seemed fitting that I get out the months-old letter and publish it unchanged from its original spontaneous form, in humble tribute to Mr. McIntyre, who died Monday, from one of his millions of admirers. The pencilled notes read:

"Dear Mr. McIntyre:
"How does one begin a 'fan' letter? In the three decades of my life I have never written one, and this first attempt finds me inarticulate although I have been a professional scrivener in the public prints for 15 years.

"In sunshine and shadow, youth and more mature years, you have been my friend and my daily companion. I, too, am a grandma-reared boy who grew up in a small town, was a printer's devil during high school days, became a reporter of personal and local 'items' on a small paper, even as you, and then left home for the daily field in a larger town, Charlotte, at the same age at which you deserted Gallipolis for the broader field in Dayton and later Cincinnati. There the analogy ends, because I have remained in obscurity as a small-time reporter and did not, like you, go on to the Big Town, see, and conquer.

"But on a couple of Manhattan visits, I have made pilgrimages to the portals of 290 Park Avenue, which is to me the shrine of the most entertaining living writer. Under the icy stare of the liveried doorman I dared not linger or loiter, but in your residence I felt greater awe and reverence than I ever felt at the White House.

"Your friend, Irvin Cobb, once said all North Carolina needs is a press agent. Come down to see us. You once glorified Ziegfeld and his American girls and you have made New York glamorous for yokels like me the world over. Now come down to Carolina, see Pinehurst and Asheville and Charleston. Your facile pen will find new realms to delineate with cameo-like clarity.

"Through the years I've gradually come to know you as I know few men. I know and admire your relatives and childhood friends. I sympathize with your faults—they are few as modern writers go and very human—and I admire your engaging virtues and they are many. I commiserate with you in your sorrows; I glory in your successes. You are my friend and confidant, even as you are the intimate daily companion of millions. I can never expect to even aspire to your attainments, but I am proud to belong to the craft you have honored so long and with such signal success.

"So much of pleasure and profit has been gleaned through nearly 20 years of close perusal of every available screen from your pungent potent pen that I feel constrained at the risk of boring you to distraction, to add my wee small voice to the mighty pean of praise that the great mass of Americans sing in your acclaim. You have done so much for me. There is nothing I have done or can do for you, save keep you and your work everlastingly fresh in the garden of my memory."

"TOUCHED AND GRATEFUL"

Editor, The Pilot:
Both my wife and myself were touched and grateful than we

Grains of Sand

Lives there a man with a soul so queer
He can turn down a job paying \$75,000 a year.

Former Governor Max Gardner has written the New York Stock Exchange that he will not accept the presidency if offered to him. Ain't that somethin'?

In again, out again, all inside a week.

John Beasley, editor of our distinguished contemporary and friendly rival, the Moore County News at Carthage, announced his candidacy for Walter Lambeth's Congressional job last Wednesday, and unannounced this Monday. He says his uncle, Rowland Beasley of Monroe, would make a better Representative for the Eighth Congressional district.

Look what we found in the Kiwanis Magazine:

- One step won't take you very far
- You've got to keep on walking.
- One word won't tell folks who you are,
- You've got to keep on talking.
- One inch won't make you very tall,
- You've got to keep on growing.
- One little ad won't do it all,
- You've got to keep them going.

Notes from college campuses:

George W. Pottle of Southern Pines took part in the Junior Week festivities at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., last week and had as his guest at the Phi Gamma Delta house party Miss Mary Fowler of Briarcliff Junior College.

Miss Sibyl Rumley of Southern Pines has been elected a member of the Foreign Language Club at Mars Hill. Sibyl is an honor roll student. Maurice Hindus, author of "Humanity Uprooted," is speaking at Flora Macdonald College next Monday evening. He is regarded as the world's best authority on present day Russia. Sandhills residents are invited.

Moore county has 568 persons totally unemployed and who want to work, 255 employed in federal emergency projects, and 608 who are partly employed and desire more work, according to new census figures.

The following verses entitled "Somewhere to Go," from the pen of Miss Mary Parker Colvin, a winter resident of Southern Pines, are greatly appreciated by the rural women who sell their produce in Southern Pines each Saturday morning.

There is a spot in Southern Pines
To which I like to go;
I make a weekly visit there
On Saturdays, you know.

Such friendly faces smile at me,
And friendly voices speak;
It's given me much happiness
To go there every week.

'Tis true I can but little spend
As I walk 'round about,
I fear they're disappointed;
I'd like to buy them out.

Their flowers so fresh and lovely are,
So homelike looks their food,
Those jams and jellies, jars of fruit,
I know are more than good.

Their breads, their butter, cookies,
cakes,
Their poultry, sausage, meat,
Their garden stuff, all freshly picked,
All these are hard to beat.

I go alone or with my friends
On each Curb Market day,
And later, leave, hands filled with bloom
Some delicate, some gay.

News note from our Niagara correspondent:
Comic valentines were all the go on the 14th. Some were pleased, some were displeased, but everybody's living so far.

can possibly say by the generous and friendly editorial in The Pilot concerning the departure of the Burts from Southern Pines. Fortunately the departure is by no means final. If it were I would be feeling very somesick, but all going well I hope to be back in the Sandhills in not longer than a year.

I have an idea that if once you live in the Sandhills you never leave them permanently if you can help it.

With renewed thanks,
—STRUTHERS BURT.
Philadelphia, Pa.,
February 9, 1938.

CAMERON

Thieves broke into the store of L. B. McKeithen last Sunday night by prizing open the front door. They then rolled the heavy iron safe out of the door and off the porch, and breaking off the door they secured between \$60.00 and \$100.00. None of the papers in the safe, however, were disturbed.

J. M. Guthrie spent several days last week in Brookneal, Va., and on his return had a slight automobile wreck, his car turning over. He was not injured.

Mrs. W. M. Wooten and Mrs. Jewell Hemphill spent Tuesday in Fayetteville. Mrs. Wooten's daughter, Mrs. Paul Joyner, under went an operation at Highsmith Hospital that morning.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Tally, Mesdames O. B. Pullen, J. D. McLean and Loula Muse were Southern Pines visitors on Tuesday afternoon.

Carl Goerch makes a talk in the school auditorium tonight, Friday, at 8:00 o'clock.

Miss Lula Rogers of Route 1 was carried to the Lee County Hospital last Monday and underwent a minor operation on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Phillips spent Sunday in Biscoe, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wellons Burt.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Loving, Franklin, and Carl Loving spent Sunday in Lillington with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Loving.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Limebach of Winston-Salem were Sunday guests of Mrs. Laura Rogers and family.

Mrs. Anna Culbertson of Sanford, after spending a few days with her daughter, Mrs. W. M. Wooten, returned home Monday.

J. E. Snow, who spent the tobacco season in Winston-Salem, returned home Saturday.

Friends of Mrs. J. Clyde Kelly will regret to learn that her mother, Mrs. Forbes, is critically ill at her home near Farmville, Va.

Miss Lillian Cole of Concord and Miss Effie Gilchrist of the Oriental school faculty spent the week-end with home folks.

DIVORCE GRANTED

At the term of Superior Court for the trial of civil cases in Carthage on Monday, with Judge F. Donald Phillips presiding, Mary Cauble Cockman was granted a divorce decree from Clyde Cockman on the grounds of two years separation.

DR. J. C. TRESSLER VISITS SOUTHERN PINES SCHOOL

Dr. J. C. Tressler, head of the Department of English, Richmond Hill High School, New York City,

visited the Southern Pines School this week. Dr. Tressler, author of the texts now used by the Juniors and Seniors, visited various English classes and spoke to the students.

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(WEYMOUTH HEIGHTS)

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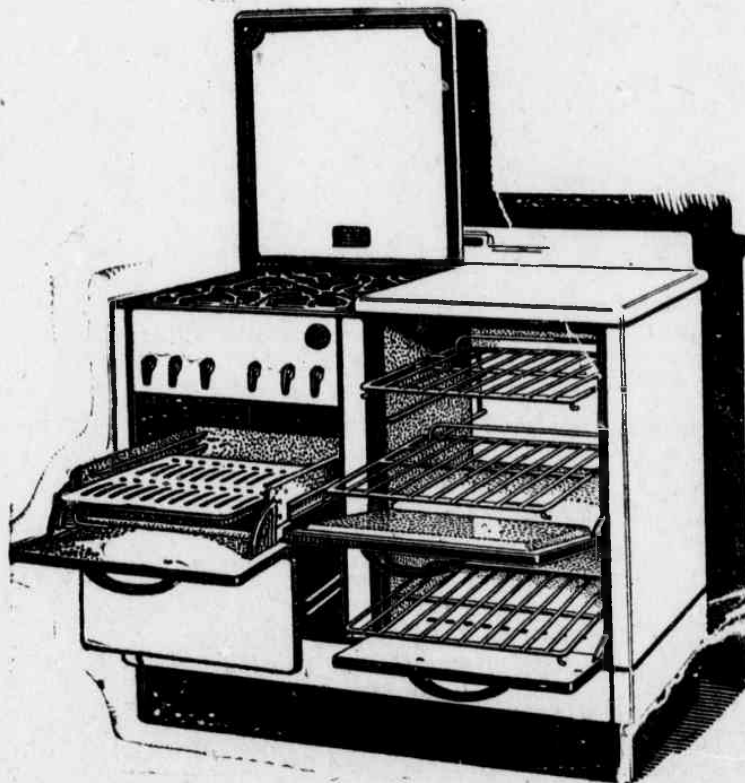
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