

**CONSUMERS SHOULD KNOW
WHO IS BIG BOSS OF BUSINESS?**

This is the last of a series of six articles prepared by the Bureau of Research and Education of the Advertising Federation of America, in response to the increasing interest of consumers in questions affecting advertising and business.

Everybody has a boss. In fact, the higher your position the more bosses you have. In business the biggest bosses of all are the customers. With every purchase they cast a vote, and from their decision there is no appeal.

When customers no longer favor a business its doors must close. There is a continuous parade of companies going out of business because the customers have decided against their products or their methods. During the past thirty years, an average of more than 1,000 companies every month have had to go out of business. Now enterprises take their places and the competitive battle goes on.

A thousand a month is a tremendous rate of commercial failures. This figure may not be anything to brag about, but it does demonstrate the power of consumer verdicts. The business that has gone wrong certainly knows who is boss. The successful business continues only so long as it is able to hold the approval of its customers. When public taste changes, those who make and sell goods have to step lively to keep in tune with the times. If they don't, they are left by the wayside. It is impossible to buck the tide of public preference.

There is an interesting story about stiff collars and ex-soldiers. When our doughboys came home from the World War, they didn't like starched collars any more, although every civilian gentleman was supposed to wear them. So they bought soft shirts with collars attached. Their friends who had never worn army shirts took up the idea too and pretty soon there was a terrible drop in the sales of stiff collars. Alarmed collar makers started a big campaign. They tried to stem the tide—to persuade men that you can't be well dressed without a stiff collar. But it didn't work. The appeal fell on deaf ears and collar sales continued to drop.

One large collar manufacturer saw the light. He realized that there was no use trying to fight the customers' verdict. Being a wise merchandiser, he decided to heed the dictates of his consumer bosses. He designed a soft collar; one that does not need to be starched. That was a revolutionary idea, but it took hold immediately.

With great advertising campaigns, this company persuaded the men that with the new soft collar they could be comfortable and look smart at the same time. As everybody knows, the whole thing was a tremendous success. It was a triumph for the consumer and for the wise manufacturer who worked with the tide of public taste rather than against it.

Recently someone made the mistake of trying to persuade women not to buy silk stockings. There was quite a nation-wide agitation about it and although no one came out flatfootedly against it, the drive was a complete failure. Women know that they look better in silk hose than in cotton stockings and you can't get them to change unless you have a substitute that is better.

But with dresses there is a different story. Some years ago a smart merchandiser in a metropolitan department store saw an opportunity. Everybody was wearing dresses of silk, linen, and other expensive materials for daily wear at office, school, and afternoon visiting. Why not a smart, good-looking cotton dress? This department store had some made and advertised them attractively.

The idea was an instant success and in no time shops up and down New York's Fifth Avenue had their window models decked out in colorful cotton frocks. A summer wave of cotton swept the country and both men and women were pleased with the result. It took advertising to put it over, but the campaign was successful only because it met with genuine approval of consumers.

In the short-skirt era of the early Twenties, these same women had refused to heed the pleas of textile manufacturers who wanted longer dresses. The women knew what they wanted and refused to wear longer skirts at that time. Some years later, the trend changed, but only as a natural swing in feminine tastes.

Sometimes we hear about tyranny of fashion dictators. But this is mostly a mistaken notion. Whenever the rank and file of American women don't want a new fashion note, they don't take it. There are more fops than successes among fashion dictators, and no one knows this better than apparel makers.

Hair dressers were responsible for making bobbed hair popular, but it was only because women really liked it that they were able to introduce the mode. Since then they have inaugurated one style of hair-do after another. Some proved popular and some fell flat. One of the failures was the style called "upswept," which was given a lot of promotion and was sup-

ported by movie stars and other style setters. But the women didn't want it, and this particular style didn't get past first base.

Some of the men, too, have a mind of their own. Certain manufacturers have been very much distressed about rebellious males who discarded hats and garters and refuse to listen to reason. So the hat manufacturers are concentrating on building lighter, cooler hats for summer, and the garter rebels are being appeased by a new kind of socks with elastic tops to hold them up without garters.

The big swings in public preference are often initiated by the advertising of new products. There is a dramatic story about ice boxes and refrigerators that everybody ought to know because it is such a splendid illustration of the benefits of technical progress combined with good merchandising.

When mechanical refrigerators were first invented and put on the market, they were advertised intensively and the public adopted them quickly. With rapidly increasing sales, the costs of production were reduced and selling prices went way down. With reduced prices, more people could afford to buy refrigerators and soon it began to look as though old-fashioned ice boxes would be a thing of the past.

Ice dealers were beginning to feel like the village blacksmiths did when the automobile came to town. They struggled desperately to hold their trade, but it was no use. Their sales efforts went unheeded.

But that is not the end of the story. Like the collar manufacturer who saw his market vanish, the ice man decided to go along with the tide of public preference and not try to fight against it. Consumers did not like the old ice boxes and why should they be persuaded to keep them? The only answer was a new kind of ice box, one that would compare favorably with the mechanical refrigerators.

The ice manufacturers were equal to the occasion. After a lot of hard work, fine ice box, produced a truly fine ice box, matching many of the advantages of mechanical refrigerators. The improved ice refrigerators consume far less ice than the old ones, they are neat and handsome, and they have many technical modern improvements.

The ice industry advertised its achievement far and wide, and many householders bought the new refrigerators. The amazing result is that the ice business not only got back to where it had been before, but increased way beyond that. Latest statistics indicate that more ice boxes are being manufactured today than before the mechanical refrigerators were introduced. The number of ice dealers more than doubled in ten years and more men were employed making ice.

At the same time, the electrical and gas refrigerators are doing better than ever, with still lower prices, better boxes, and bigger sales. The answer is that now more homes than ever before have either mechanical refrigerators or ice boxes and consequently enjoy the benefits of food refrigeration. A new industry was born and an old industry took on new life. The public was the gainer.

We can all think of other examples which demonstrate consumer power. Who remembers what happened to Tom Thumb golf courses? Once upon a time they swept the country. Every town and hamlet had them. Millions were invested in the miniature golf courses, and the original promoters did very well.

But the whole idea passed away like a snowbank in July. The public decided against Tom Thumb. After that, no amount of promotion could make these microscopic golf courses pay, and they were torn up.

Book publishers and theatrical producers are supposed to be experts on public likes and dislikes. But they make mistakes every day. And no one knows better than they, that no producers can put over a book or a play that the public doesn't want. Until the customers have spoken, the producer never knows whether he has a best-seller or a flop.

Bicycles have lately come back to popular favor, with the help of good advertising and promotion. But why did they lose out in the first place? The boys and girls simply didn't care about bicycles for a while and nobody could do anything about it until they were ready to listen to the sales appeals of the bicycle men.

A few years ago, cigars were almost threatened with extinction. Cigarette smoking, another product of the World War, increased by leaps and bounds, and cigars were left behind. Advertising had a lot to do with it. But tobacco manufacturers who made both cigars and cigarettes found that cigarette advertising paid while cigar advertising didn't. So they pushed cigarettes, which was what the public preferred. But now cigars seem to be getting back into favor again, and manufacturers of cigars are finding it profitable to advertise them.

The automobile industry furnishes one of the best examples of progress through intense competition. In the comparatively short

FOG OVER THE SEA
(In The Uplift)

By C. F. Greeves-Carpenter

Have you ever stood on the deck of an ocean-going ship doing half speed through a pea-soup fog? It is a thrilling experience. Eyes straining ahead, try to pierce the shroud-like atmosphere; the fog siren blows its ear-splitting blasts, and wraith-like comes an answering cry from the port bow. All such sounds add greatly to the tenseness of the moment. In spite of all precautions, a huge ship may loom up suddenly amidships. Something like that actually does happen sometimes. It did to my boat on one trip down the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The bow of the oncoming vessel cut almost silently through the water, but at the very instant we sighted her, the officers on her bridge also sighted us. Instantly they sounded three short blasts in the language of the sea, that she was reversing her engines and proceeding full speed astern.

All of us, I think, held our breath while the big ship, twice as large as ours, seemed to stand quivering in her tracks while her engines reversed. Flashing through the minds of all of us must have been visions of a rending crash, buckling steel and splintering wood, a foundering ship listing heavily, destruction, annihilation and death near. Then the huge ship backed rapidly away, blew a salute—or an apology—and we both proceeded on our respective courses.

Most of us stood as though spell-bound, but not so our mate. He jumped forward the instant the other ship was sighted and grabbed the engine room telegraph handle, signalling for full speed ahead. An answering clang, and we seemed to leap through the water. It was probably due to the united action of the officers on both bridges that a collision was averted. Quick thinking, sureness, a prompt response to a command, and catastrophe is averted.

There is nothing more eerie on earth, or sea, or in the air above, than the sound of fog sirens blaring forth their deep-voiced, mournful warnings to navigation. Their sepulchral tones coming out of the heavy, impenetrable atmosphere can be terrifying.

Surprising as it may seem, a fog is not so alarming nearer shore, for there are many different devices to protect and guide navigation. In 1933, the United States Lighthouse Service had forty-seven lightships in commission of which number ten were regular relief ships. There were no less than six hundred and seventeen resident-keeper lighthouses in operation around our coasts and on the Great Lakes. The service also included some one hundred and four radio beacon stations.

There are many stories of heroism among the lighthouse keepers but they do not regard the incidents as smacking of bravery, simply accepting such a dangerous task as part of the "job."

This story is told of Jacob Walker, former lighthouse keeper on Robbins Reef, one mile from Staten Island. He was taken very ill with pneumonia and had to be transferred to a hospital ashore. As he was being lowered from the lighthouse to which he was never to return, he told his wife to keep the lights burning which she did faithfully for many years. When others keepers came to Robbins Reef, they saw the utter loneliness and desolation of the place and left, for they did not wish such an unsavory assignment. For the first five years Mrs. Walker struggled on alone, except for her two little children. Then, in February 1890, President Harrison appointed her head keeper, and when her son, Jake, was eighteen years of age, he became her assistant. Those five five years were no doubt the hardest. On foggy nights the plucky woman would descend alone to the cellar of the lighthouse and start the engine which sent out blasts on the fog horn every three seconds.

Today, the lighthouse on St. George Reef, six miles off the coast of California, takes the prize for isolation in the California service. It is the only one in the thirty-nine which guard that stretch of coast that can really be said to be isolated. Here there is sometimes an ocean swell running forty feet high and the men who guard the lights are unable to leave for long periods.

Many are the stories in the foreign lighthouse service of instances where two men have been

time since automobiles were first put on the market, literally hundreds of different makes have come and gone. The survivors are the companies who were elected by popular vote of automobile buyers as best qualified to make good cars at low prices.

Orange juice and tomato juice furnish two amazing examples of good merchandising. Almost everybody enjoys these health-giving food drinks today, and only a few years ago they were unheard of. This achievement of advertising was possible only because consumers enthusiastically approved the idea presented to them.

Good merchandising is as essential to progress as technical advance, and it is through the merchandising channel that the public expresses its will. That is where the consumer shows who is the big boss of business.

on duty and one of them has died at his post. The survivor, fearing to be accused of foul play, has had to keep the body of his dead companion for weeks until relief could be sent. Two men are the minimum crew for any lighthouse, so in the case of one being mortally stricken the other can carry on, for the warnings to navigation must be continuous no matter what may be involved.

The days of lighting the lamps by hand and the wild stories of lamps blown out are over forever as engines, generators, air compressors, radio transmitters, and all other modern equipment make the lighthouse service practically one hundred per cent perfect.

The last time I entered the Golden Gate was aboard an oil tanker. We had been making an average speed of possibly twelve and one-half knots an hour all the way over from Japan. It was during the monsoon season, and in addition to a heavy ground swell, the atmosphere was full of moisture, like a drizzling rain. It had not been a particularly pleasant crossing. The last three days of the trip the sky had been so overcast that it had not been possible to "shoot" the sun and the navigating officer had had to rely on dead reckoning for the approximate position of the ship.

A seafarer has little fear of fogs and gives practically no thought to disaster, yet somewhere ahead of us lay the jagged rocks of the Farallon Islands, off the coast of California. The night had appeared to be clearing up, but once again the damp fog enveloped us and enshrouded the fore and aft parts of our vessel in a mantle of obscurity. Our fog whistle bellowed forth its warning every minute or so, and an echo of it seemed to be thrown back at us as we instinctively strained our ears to hear an answering blast from some possible approaching vessel.

The marvels of navigation are many, but in recent years radio beacons have been perfected to such a point that ships nearing shore can be accurately guided by them. Our ship was slightly off course. The San Francisco Lighthouse radio beacon could be heard eighty miles away by the navigating officer as he stood on the bridge with earphones clamped to his ears. By varying the dial on the radio direction finder he could determine the course the ship should follow. Later, he picked up the signals of the Farallon radio beacons, and with this as a check on the he was able to determine his exact position. Some little while later, the Farallon Light station diaphone fog signal could be heard, sending out its call sign or identifying signals of one blast followed by two blasts.

In the early hours of the morning, the fog lifted momentarily and disclosed the high cliffs of the Farallon Islands. The fog closed down again almost immediately, but not before we had seen the flashing beams from the Farallon Lighthouse.

Then we heard another fog siren.

It blew for two seconds, and then there was a twenty-eight second silence, before the fog signal was heard again, thus indicating that the sound emanated from the San Francisco Lightship. Each lightship and light station has a code call, as do the radio beacons and flashing lights.

As we neared the Golden Gate our vessel's position was indicated by light beacons on either side, and these guided us across the bar and on into the harbor. Our navigating officer got our bearings from these and from the Mill Rocks, Point Bonita and Point Diabolo lighthouses. Soon we arrived alongside our loading wharf at Richmond, across the Bay from San Francisco.

The first lighthouse was established in Boston Harbor in 1716, and it is still in operation. The colonial governments built a total of ten, which were transferred to the federal government when it was formed. The lighthouse service is one of the oldest services maintained by the government, for it was provided for in one of the first acts of Congress of 1789. The first light to be established on the Pacific coast was erected in 1854, and it was placed on Alcatraz Island just outside the Golden Gate.

The lighthouse service maintains some 22,000 aids to navigation which have been established on our coasts, the rivers and Great Lakes, Puerto Rico, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands and the Panama Canal approaches, so that fog and darkness now hold but little danger to shipping.

BROTHER ANGLER!

One of the sea's rarest and oddest fish is the deep-sea angler. The largest males are 1 to 2 inches long; the largest females, about 3 feet. Displaying a monogamous tendency almost incredible, the male attaches himself by a little ring of flesh to his mate's body and proceeds to grow there, becoming entirely parasitic. The female has a mouth almost a foot wide, over which dangles a long growth with a beautiful, tassel-like affair at the end. This natural fish lure has a light in its tip, furthermore, to make it doubly attractive. Quietly confident that things will come her way, the female just lies on the sea floor with her mouth open, dangling her luminescent lure. As the smaller fish swim toward the lure, she swishes it out of the way, and that's that. The female is fed directly; the male, through his now tightly grown alimentary canal, being fed indirectly.

John Payne, Norfolk man on business in Tyrell, ran into a streak of bad luck when his automobile was destroyed by fire on Highway 94 two miles south of Columbia late last Wednesday afternoon.

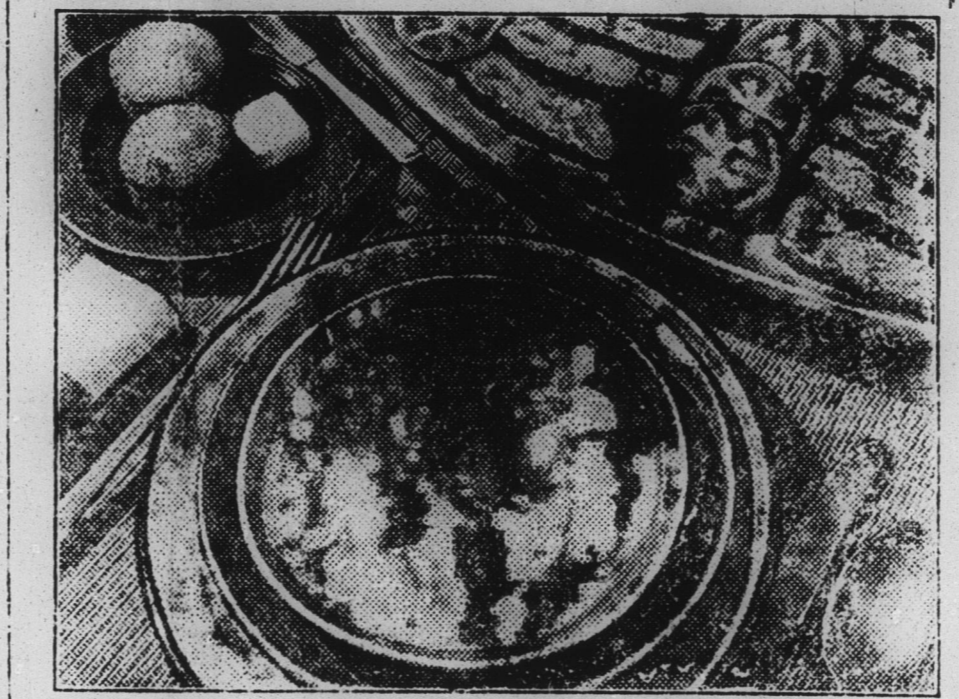
**NORFOLK MAN LOSES
AUTOMOBILE BY FIRE**

Payne was driving to Gum Neck when the fire unexpectedly broke out. He escaped without injury.

**HOT SOUP offers
EASIEST WAY
to provide hot food for
summer meals**

says Dorothy Greig

LONG before there was common talk about healthful balanced diets and such, I can remember Grandma admonishing us, "Now, don't you go filling up on cold food. It chills



Cream of asparagus soup is a delicious hot beginning to a cold meal on a summer day.

- Cream of Asparagus Soup (to condensed soup add an equal quantity of milk)
- Cold Meat Loaf
- Sliced Tomatoes
- Potato Chips
- Muffins
- Fresh Fruit Shortcake
- Coffee
- Chicken-Gumbo Soup (to the condensed soup add an equal quantity of water)
- Cold Sliced Ham with Stuffed Eggs
- New Potato Salad
- Corn Sticks
- Peach Tart
- Iced Coffee with Cream
- Tomato Soup (add an equal quantity of milk or water to condensed tomato soup)
- Sliced Cold Lamb—Mint Jelly
- Raw Vegetable Salad
- Fresh Sliced Peaches on Vanilla Ice Cream
- Iced Tea with Mint

**FARMERS URGED
TO APPLY FOR
1942 LOANS NOW**

Hyde FSA Supervisor Explains Loan Plans of His Department

F. V. Harris, Hyde County FSA supervisor said this week that qualified farmers in Hyde County who at present do not own farms and who desire to apply for a loan to purchase a family size farm under the provisions of the U. S. Department of Agriculture's tenant purchase program should file their applications now with his department.

Seeking to give as many eligible farm families as possible an opportunity to own a farm of their own, the Department of Agriculture is accepting applications for loans which may be made anytime between now and June 30, 1942.

Applications should be filed at once for loans to be made during the fiscal year, so that the approved families will have sufficient time to select farms and make plans for the 1942 crop, the supervisor said.

Farm families who filed applications after July 1, 1940 for loans this year, but which were not approved because of lack of funds, will not have to file new applications. Mr. Harris said that the county Tenant Purchase committee, composed of John A. Lee, Swan Quarter; P. E. Swindell, Fairfield; and Joe C. Bishop, Scranton, will review these applications again and notify the families if additional information is needed.

The Bandhead-Jones farm tenant act passed by Congress in 1937 authorized the Farm Security Administration to make loans to capable tenant and farm laborer families to enable them to buy land of their own. These tenant-purchase loans are large enough to cover the cost of a family-type farm and Loans are made only to citizens the expense of repairing old farm buildings or putting up new ones of the United States, and preference is given to those who own the livestock and equipment needed to operate a farm.

Qualified applicants are recommended for loans by a committee of three committeemen certify to the Secretary of Agriculture the applicants whom they consider most deserving and best qualified to make a success of a family-type farm. The loans carry three per cent interest and may be repaid over a period of 40 years, although the borrower may of course pay off the entire loan more rapidly if he wishes.

Application blanks and full details on the operation of the Bandhead-Jones tenant purchase act are available at the county office of the Farm Security Administration, which is located in the Williams Building, next to A. Cahoon's store in Swan Quarter.

**HYDE CHAPTER OF OES
HOLDS REGULAR MEETING**

The Hyde County chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star, No. 213, held its regular meeting last Wednesday evening at the chapter hall at Lake Landing.

After a ritualistic opening by the worthy Matron Jenie McClaud and the transaction of chapter business, a very interesting program was rendered, using as a topic "Our Flag."

At the close of the program the worthy patron, J. M. Long, gave an inspiring talk on "What Our Flag Means to America."

During the social hour refreshments were served.

LETTER FROM RAF PILOT TELLS OF BRITISH SPIRIT

(Continued from Page One)
enemy, one can see and hit back at—to be an airman in the finest eight-gun fighter aircraft in the world, or to be a sailor in a battle fleet—well, then, courage is not hard to come by, but to be a civilian whose only weapons are his cheerfulness and will to produce materials for the services demands the highest sense of moral courage that human beings are capable of; and it is just that same courage that will win us this war.

"Men and women—boys and girls—they work hard all day and at night devote themselves to national service—the wardens—the firemen—the home guard ambulance girls—and thousands of other services, achieving in this war a national unity that could never have been even imagined in peacetime; receiving no reward but that of the act of service itself. They insure that we cannot be beaten, and it is they whom the forces know that they can rely on—and it gives one a feeling of pride to do one's utmost for them.

"I pray to God that the American people will not have to suffer the same ordeal. If they should, I know that they, too, will come through in the same manner.

"I saw a signwriter's shop that had been bombed. The windows were boarded up—and the signwriter, in what was probably his best work, had inscribed across the boards, the words "Professional Jealousy!" How can you lick people like that!

"In the squadron, too, we have

**RIDER'S CREEK
GOES TO PRESS**
By AUNT ABIGAIL

Creekers 're all hepped up about the skies a-clearin' up so pretty; reckon all the rest of you are too. Maybe now we'll get sumpin' done. We all honked for rain—dry weather was scaldin' everything—so we got rain and kep' gettin' rain till it was right comical to see everybody's wash a-hangin' out on Friday. They just had to do it, and ke' thinking every day it would clear up just like we thought. Anyway we got lots to be thankful fer. It reminds me of a poem I read th' other day—it went like this:

"Today" by Douglas Mallach
"Sure, this world is full of trouble
I ain't said it ain't.
Lord! I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.

Rain and storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns and brambles have beset me

On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine today!

What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use o' always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?

Each must have his tribulation—
Water with his wine,
Life it ain't no celebration,
Trouble? I've had mine—
But today is fine!

It's today that I'm a-livin',
Not a month ago,
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.

Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but, says,
Ain't it fine today?

So let's all figger how nice today
is or how nice we can make it and
forget all the bad yesterdays.

I don't know any news cep'n
that little Dennis William Swain,
has come home from visitin' his
grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Willie
Cohoon of Kinston. We sure
missed that young'n runnin' around
his grandpappy Dennis Swain's
store.

And little Harry Lee Roughton
is spendin' this week with his
grandfolks in Gum Neck. His son
of Lonnie and Ivadean Roughton.

We're coming right along with
our plans for the community center.
Wor't be long before we'll
have good seats, lights and
a piano out there. Then we'll work
up sumpin' interesting and invite
all our Tyrell County folks out
to see us cut up foolish. We'll let
you know when we get ready.

All I can think of today. G'bye,
till next time.

**STATE COLLEGE ANSWER
TO FARM QUESTIONS**

Q. What is the poison mixture for dusting cotton to control boll weevils?

A. The mixture recommended by J. O. Rowell, extension entomologist, is from 4 to 6 pounds of calcium arsenate dust, or from 6 to 8 pounds of thoroughly mixed "half and half" dust (equal parts of calcium arsenate and hydrated lime) per acre per application. The calcium arsenate-lime mixture has several advantages and is especially recommended for use in areas of light sandy soil where arsenical injury to the soil may occur.

Q. What publications are available from State College on dairy production?

A. The following publications may be obtained free upon request to the Agricultural Editor, N. C. State College, Raleigh: Extension Circular No. 177, "Raising Calves to Breeding Age"; Extension Circular No. 193, "Feeding and Care of Dairy Cows"; Extension Circular No. 201, "Silage and the Trench Silo"; Extension Circular No. 202, "Pastures in North Carolina"; Extension Circular No. 203, "Producing Quality Cream"; and Extension Circular No. 237, "Making Hay in North Carolina."

a pilot whose nickname is "Abdul"—he lives for flying alone—and would tackle the Germans in a biplane if nothing else were available—and still back himself to win, his opinion being that the "Deutsche are pretty 'tropy' flyers on the whole," and whose favorite comment on return from patrol is that "It's a shame to take the money!"

We have been flying some American "kites" and they're the tops; and the more you've got the more we like it on account of they're pretty good and you certainly seem to look after the comfort of the air crews. (And although it may be a shameful thing to admit right now, I like comfort.)

With such a fighting spirit, it will take a long, long time to ever defeat that nation.

**TO CHECK
MALARIA
IN 7 DAYS
take 666**