

THE PILOT

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

BILLBOARD TOURISTS

The first reaction produced by the new billboards advertising the attractions of Southern Pines which the Chamber of Commerce is contemplating erecting, was hardly what was intended. If their effect on the passing tourist is in any way similar, the Chamber will be well advised to reconsider this plan which has drawn down upon them the wrath of one of our most loyal and most distinguished citizens: Struthers Burt's letter to The Pilot published last week condemning this form of advertising, expressed what many people have felt. While hesitating to criticize the well-meant efforts of the Chamber of Commerce, many have felt uncomfortable at the thought of staring billboards, and wondered if this type of advertising might not lower the town's reputation and fail to have the desired result of bringing the best people to Southern Pines.

The subject of advertising is a tricky one. There is no doubt that it gets results, but they are not always the results desired. To advertise a high-class resort is a much more subtle thing than to advertise, say, Krem's Hair Tonic. When you are selling Krem, it does not matter who falls for the vulgarity or bore-ness of the ad. The fact that people of taste and intelligence would rather be dead than use Krem, after listening to the plug on the radio, makes no difference. All that matters is the number of people who buy it. But when the advertising is of a resort town, though numbers are certainly desirable, it is far more desirable to have the right numbers. As Mr. Burt has pointed out, the kind of people who decide to go to a town because they see its name written up in gigantic letters is not the kind we want in Southern Pines. These billboard tourists are the witless wanderers who fill the trailer camps and tourist homes of the nation with their noise and mess. They contribute nothing to the places they stop at and they create endless trouble wherever they go. Worse still, they drive away the desirable people.

The danger of such roadside advertising is that it will have the reverse effect from that intended, not only in arousing the ire of such a loyal citizen as Mr. Burt, but in actually repelling those whom it is designed to attract. The people of culture and taste, the reliable citizens who become the steady, year-after-year visitors, or even residents of our town, are not billboard tourists. When they see a gigantic sign defacing the landscape they are only too apt to think: "Southern Pines must be hard up for tourists. Billboards attract just the kind of people and if that's the kind in Southern Pines, we'll go somewhere else."

This billboard advertising is going against a rapidly growing tide of feeling all over the country. It is outdated, the best resorts do not go in for it. Their advertising is done in the newspapers, in guide-books, in magazines. And, most of all, it is done at home.

The best thing the Chamber of Commerce could do in the way of advertising is to take Mr. Burt's advice and improve the two entrances to the town. The Southern entrance is the worst, but unless some control is exercised over the building of filling-stations and tourist camps at the northern entrance it will soon be as bad. Nothing could be worse advertising for Southern Pines than the clutter of filling stations, camps, and garages that disfigure our southern entrance. Glaring with contrasting paint and hideous signs, topped by the town's own gigantic billboard, it is a real disgrace. What a painful contrast it presents to our neighbor, Pine-

hurst, with its winding roads, beautifully planted, and its simple readable signboard.

To bring some sort of harmony out of such a spot will be difficult, but it could and should be done.

Such a civic organization as the Chamber of Commerce fields great influence. There is little doubt that if the Chamber and the town government puts its weight behind a plan for planting out and screening unsightly yards and dumps, toning down some of the more glaring paint jobs, and working out another sort of sign, small, attractive, distinctive, different, that southern entrance to town, with the old Shaw House flanking one side of Broad Street would be so attractive that few could resist driving in. That would be good advertising. Mr. Burt has said as much, and The Pilot hopes the Chamber of Commerce will give his suggestion serious and immediate study.

A GOOD IDEA

Though agreeing with Struthers Burt's condemnation of the plan to advertise Southern Pines by billboards on the main routes, The Pilot must register a strong protest against his criticism of the Chamber of Commerce's policy as regards encouraging industry to come to Southern Pines.

There is, we are assured, no desire on the part of the organization to turn Southern Pines into an industrial town. Nothing could be farther from their ideas. In fact, there is no doubt that if any large industry, or any mill-owner, or operator of the sort of business which employed an inferior type of labor, suggested locating in the Sandhills, they would meet with little encouragement. The future of our community lies in sound, healthy, attractive living. We do not desire "industry", as such: for big time industry, with its accompanying problems, would change our home into something entirely different from what we know and love. But there is one great drawback to our community, as it is now. There is almost no chance for young men to make a living here.

The Pilot has previously stressed the need for a small industry to give employment to our young men and women. The ideal thing would be a type of business which would require a high type of labor. It might be a small factory making a highly technical product such as precision instruments, radio parts, laboratory equipment. Or perhaps something experimental, which would bring to our community scientists and technicians, people of breadth of outlook and interesting personalities.

There is no limit to the type of small select industry which might choose our section as a location, and there is no doubt of the great benefit such an organization could be to our life and the future of our town and our county. The Chamber of Commerce is to be highly commended for their realization of this fact and for their efforts to investigate all possibilities in this direction.

As we re-read Mr. Burt's letter, we feel sure that his criticism of this project is based on misinformation and that he would be one of the first to agree to its desirability.

DR JULIAN S. MILLER

Dr. Julian S. Miller, Editor of the Charlotte Observer, died suddenly of a heart attack last Sunday afternoon in Lumberton.

Said an Observer editorial: "It falls to few men to make an impression on their communities in so many different fields as that left by Dr. Julian S. Miller."

"With an always progressive viewpoint, he held firmly to the belief that the greatest asset of a free country is a citizenry educated to act intelligently."

"His last great service to his country was to contend with the same determination for a sound basis for a reconversion from war to peace."

Curtis B. Johnson, publisher of the Observer wrote:

"Dr. Miller served this newspaper and its readers well and acceptably, and as an editor, as a public speaker, he rendered service of a high order to his community and the Carolinas."

The Pilot joins the Observer in lamenting the passing of a distinguished editor.

Development has been reported of a system of formulas by which a total of 1,000 tones, tints, and shades can be produced from six paints.

The Public Speaking

Irvington, N. J.
July 27, 1946

Pilot Editor:

For years I have been extolling the beauties and advantages of North Carolina to my wife and on our decision to spend our vacation this year at Southern Pines my wife was very expectant of North Carolina. May I say that my wife agrees with me in almost everything I have said about the Old North State.

As a former student at Chapel Hill who managed to see a good share of the state, my interest was more than renewed concerning Carolina events and well being following a very enjoyable visit in Southern Pines. However, being a subscribing reader of The Pilot, I readily agree with Struthers Burt's article in the July 26 edition of the Pilot concerning "Billboard" advertising of Southern Pines. In my travels throughout continental United States I have found that billboard advertising tends to cheapen a community. I wouldn't want that to happen to a community of Southern Pines national standing as a resort and of good hospitality because of improper advertising.

One incident, or I should say one reoccurring incident, marred our wonderful visit to Southern Pines and that was the blowing of that nightmare diesel horn of the Seaboard Airlines engines at the most ungodly hours of the night and early morning. From the unpleasant annoyance that my wife and I felt, I can readily imagine what a young sleeping child or a sick person goes through every time that Frankenstein blare goes up in the night.

For a community which in its daylight hours depends on its livelihood and certain hours of the night for sleep and rest it seems to me that something should be done to eliminate the blowing of train horns in the dead of night. There are not so many crossings in town that it wouldn't be feasible to have additional crossing signals at the few remaining unguarded crossings. This would give proper protection for motorist and also working people and their young the necessary rest for a fruitful and healthy life as well as giving visitors a higher regard for Southern Pines.

Very truly yours,
Charles C. Gunterberg, Jr.

July 26, 1946

To the Editor of the Pilot:
Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the editorial of this past week's Pilot, published July 25, 1946, entitled, "Whispering Pussy-footers," in which there is a statement that made me, a citizen of Southern Pines and an employee of a business establishment located in town, resent very much.

I have no idea whatever what Mr. Johnston might have reference to in regard to "Whispering Pussy-footers"—I do know that I work in the shopping district of Southern Pines for eight hours of the six days of the week and I really have not heard the like of what he calls, "Whispering Pussy-footers," but I do raise an objection—and a big one, too, over the phrase in the article, that "Tourists with easy money are life blood to Southern Pines."

In the first place, if I were living in the north and had decided that since I had heard so many good things about a little place called Southern Pines, I would try the place next winter, and should I by chance read the article referred to above with a phrase standing out like a snow ball in June that I was easy money and that the tourist's money is the life blood of Southern Pines, I would make my decision mighty quickly that Southern Pines would not get any of my "easy money"!

In the next place, I resent this phrase because for the past few years I have had to earn my money and I've done so by the "sweat of my brow," and furthermore, I know that I'm not the only one in this town that is doing the same. So, I would like to ask Mr. Johnston, who are the people that keep this town from going to the rocks? Who built the town up to where it was a clean, decent, livable place to live? Who are the ones who make the town possible for a few tourists to visit us for two or three weeks of the year? The tourist is here from two or three weeks of the year—we, who are the citizens of the town,

the landowners who pay the taxes, the business establishments that furnish employment to those who live here, the citizens who keep law and order, who keep our schools in repair, who supply the material needs of the town live here 24 hours of the day, and 12 months of the year. I would like to ask Mr. Johnston then, who are the life blood of Southern Pines?

As soon as Southern Pines gets the idea out of her head that she can sponge off her rich relatives for a few weeks of the year and takes on activity that will keep our young people in Southern Pines or will return them to us after they have finished college instead of making them feel that there is no place for them and forcing them to seek employment where there is some to be found, she will become an established town that will be able to weather any depression that the stockholders might offer.

I, for one, and I don't believe that I'm the only one, will be grateful for the day when a young person can find employment in an established concern that will afford employment for that person 12 months of the year. I have lived here, in Southern Pines, for the past 25 years, my parents have paid taxes for the same length of time, and am a subscriber to the Pilot and I say again—away with this soft stuff of having to make enough money in six weeks to take care of you the rest of the year. And by the way, I have had both kinds of employment and desire to make myself clearly understood when I say that I'll take a steady, year around job to any of your "easy tourist money" that is a thing of the past.

If this kind of talk is "Whispering-pussy-footers" that Mr. Johnston is referring to, give us some more Whisperings!

Yours very truly,
Bernice I. Reynolds
(Ed. Note)—Miss Bernice Reynolds stated her case clearly and completely in the first sentence of her second paragraph: "I have no idea whatever what Mr. Johnston might have reference to in regard to Whispering Pussy-footers. Aside from that, we have no argument." TGJ

Sand Box

BY WALLACE IRWIN

Let the band play Dixie! Our Chamber of Commerce, unless I misread their typewritten message, are getting on the bandwagon and tooting for Progress. How about a few drum-major-ettes to flex the knee and wave the baton near all the markers which our historical societies have set up along Route No. 1? I'm for that. I'm for anything that will beautify nature and impress the passing tourist. Please pass the aluminum paint.

"Sometime last March," explains the little tract, "the Chamber started groundwork on a proposed highway directory sign to be erected somewhere North of the N. C.-Va. border on U. S. No. 1. Mr. Robert Porter, representative of the General Outdoor Advertising Co., met with the Executive Committee of the Chamber and representatives of the hotels. He offered . . . a sign twenty five feet by twelve feet, in an advantageous site for southbound traffic . . . A very attractive sketch was made for the Chamber by Windham Clark of the Teen-Agers and it was accepted without revision."

The idea is big. But, as I see it from East Setauket, not big enough. Why stop at 25 x 12? Art is long, as the poet says, and there is no reason why it shouldn't be high wide and handsome as well. As a citizen of Southern Pines and an absentee member of the Moore County Historical Society, I propose something impressive, something that will hit the tourist in the eye. Something astronomical; proportions, say, 250 x 90. It should be constructed of matched pine boards and cut into such a figure of beauty that the front page of the New York Daily News will publish it free of charge. What's the matter with a replica of the Taj Mahal, done in red and gold? Then Windham, the boy artist, could paint a portrait of the Sultan of Morocco thumbing his way to Miami and indicating the mileage.

From the above remarks my reader, if I have one left, may gain the impression that I like advertising signs. Now let me whisper a dainty secret. I don't like 'em, in any shape or form.

Billboards, which are the curse of California and Long Island, arouse in me an insane desire to grab an axe and have at 'em. The proposed aesthetic backdrop to be planted 8 miles south of South Hill, Va., might have its practical uses. It might give the tourist some valuable information. But what's the matter with road maps? Most tourists can read. Or if road maps are inadequate, as they often are, why couldn't our united chambers of commerce issue descriptive pamphlets, to be passed out to wayside gas stations? Certainly they would cost less than the Billboard Beautiful now in contemplation.

But why make all this holler about one solitary billboard, you ask. But ah, my friends! No billboard ever lives in gloomy solitude. In less time than seat he meets a lady billboard, then they multiply like tent worms, and like tent worms they will desecrate a whole countryside in a season of fertility. Unlike tent-worms, they stick to one spot and spawn and spawn until what once was Paradise begins to look like any approach to Los Angeles.

The ladies of Honolulu once rose up in arms. I'm sorry they didn't do this again, shortly before the Pearl Harbor episode. But this time they struck effectively. In congress assembled they demanded that every billboard on the island should come down; small For Sale and For Rent signs excepted. They declared a boycott on all goods advertised on boardings. Result; the boardings went down and the palmy views of Oahu were no longer blotted out by howls for beans, beer and Buicks. With one exception. The Durham bull of North Carolina still held his ground. I just hate myself for having to say that.

Printed advertising is a deft matter. You don't have to stop your car to read it. Here's a classified ad. Tish just tore out of the N. Y. Times: "Cook: Rare excellence, for the discriminating gourmet; superior colored; unquestioned integrity; superior ref." Line will please form to the left.

P. S.—Because I'm coming back in the Fall and hate to be treated like a leper, let me add that I've always pointed with pride to our Chamber of Commerce. It has done wonders for our community. I'm not snooting Master Windham Clark, either. Artists take commissions where they find them. At least, Michaelangelo did. But most of his paint jobs were indoors.

On the Land

EGGSACTLY same as one year ago were July egg prices. Wholesale prices to farmers July 6, '45 for Grade A large were 44 cents, same grade on July 20, '45 was 46 cents per dozen. While in '46 eggs of same size and grade brought 43 cents on July 6 and 45 cents July 19. This in spite of the fact that egg producers now pay \$25-\$30 more per ton for chicken feed. However, an egg price rise is expected in late fall and early winter. Reason: fewer hens in N. C. laying flocks this year, plus the greater demand for the same supply.

MORE AND BETTER grades of meat will we Tarheelers get if the recent meeting in Fayetteville of the N. C. Meat Processors and Dealers do as they aim. They are presenting the factual picture of the meat situation here in N. C. to all the Congressional District representatives in Washington in order to expedite "more and better grades of meat for the people of the State".

CLUCK CLUCK DIPLOMAS will be given by four three-day poultry training schools to all hatcherymen, their assistants and or field men who pass the tests. This training will qualify hatchery personnel for flock-testing and blood-testing work and to discuss poultry problems. Schools will be held as follows: July 31-Aug. 2 at Greenville. Aug. 5-7 at Asheville. Aug. 7-9 Statesville. Aug. 12-14 at Raleigh. Contact Veterinary Division of the Dept. of Agriculture at Raleigh.

MOST POPULAR CHICKS in our North State are the New Hampshire Reds, one of the newest breeds. The constitute about 42.3 per cent of the hatchery supply flocks. The Barred Rock is next.

HIGHER N EVER are the crops of both corn and wheat, which are expected to break all records. Conditions in most corn growing

areas have ranged from "favorable to ideal." State corn yield is estimated at 23 bushels per acre. N. C. wheat soars to the unprecedented 23 bushels per acre yield.

CHINEE LEAF not so hot, according to a recent release from Foreign Crops and Markets, which states: "The leaf (Chinese) is expected to be of low quality, owing to deterioration of seed, shortage of fertilizers, and lack of proper attention." Yet during the '35-39 period production of

flue-cured leaf in China averaged about 150,000,000 pounds.

WANTED

Large Farms, or City Property suitable to subdivide. Write and describe, or phone Sanford 587.

Goldston Brothers
AUCTIONEERS - SANFORD, N. C.

Summer Clearance Sale

Beginning

Friday, August 2nd through

Thursday, August 8th

ALL SALES FINAL

Mrs. Hayes Shop

Southern Pines, N. C.

NOTICE!

TO OUR PATRONS

We Are Closing From August 5th

To August 10th

PROMPT MODERATE

DRY CLEANING SERVICE

VALET

D. C. JENSEN

Telephone 5651

Southern Pines

JACK'S GRILL

Temptingly Different

OPEN AGAIN

THURSDAY, AUGUST 1st

Breakfast 7:30 to 11:00

Lunch 11:30 to 2:30

Dinner 5:00 to 9:00

A LA CARTE ALL DAY

Closed Every Wednesday

O. R. CONRAD

Broad Street

Southern Pines