

# Grains of Sand

So now Christmas is a memory... We're sure our town was never prettier at any Christmas than the one just past, thanks to the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary club and others responsible for the beautiful lighting. . . Now comes the job of getting all those lights back down again, the bulbs taken out and packed away till next year.

Selections of the judges for the display prizes pleased us mightily. . . We'd have picked the same ones, if we were judging. . . There were others also which were mighty pretty. . . And seems that somewhere there should be a classification for the hotels, who always do a beautiful decoration job. . . We didn't have time to get around to all the hotels, but we remember happily the beautiful tree and lights seen through the big luminous windows at the Hollywood. . . And Bunny Harrington's old-fashioned Christmas tree at the Southland, a real New Hampshire spruce shipped down here for a southern Christmas according to immemorial Southland custom. . . It was decorated also in old-fashioned style, with ornaments from long ago, each one different, delicately lovely.

Today's mass-produced tree ornaments have their own streamlined beauty, but there was true artistry in their making long ago. . . When they were imported from Germany, each one a skilled craftsman's work of art.

Of today's ornaments, we like the "something new" which has been added in the past year or two. . . The "bubble-lights" which ripple busily in candle-shaped holders. . . Bright and lively bits of color, fascinating to watch. . . We heard, too, of the small silver bells which keep up a constant tiny jingling when plugged in. . . But we aren't sure we think so much of those. . . We love a beautiful Christmas tree. . . But aren't sure we want it to jingle!

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Cook, of Jacksonville, on the arrival of an extra special Christmas gift. . . A daughter, Linda Gayle, born Christmas day.

Clyde was formerly a policeman here, and is now chief in the Onslow County town. . . Doing fine, too, we hear. . . Recently at his request the FBI held a police school at Jacksonville, for the police department and also for military officers of nearby Camp Lejeune. . . Special agents of the FBI conducted the school, and receiving certificates were Chief Cook and all his men, Mayor Herbert Eastwood (who is from Lakeview) the Camp Lejeune provost marshal and a number of Marine non-coms.

Mrs. Howard Macon, the former Della Freeman, of Pinehurst, writes interestingly to her aunt, Mrs. Bertha G. Fields, of Pinehurst, from Nogoya base, Japan, where Warrant Officer Macon is stationed. . . A recent letter, part of which follows, could be called "Acres of Pearls":

"We went to Mikomoto's Pearl Farm last Saturday. Went to Futami Saturday afternoon and spent the night at a Japanese hotel which was right on the coast and a resort town, and the cleanest place I've seen in Japan. The hotel was very nice and spotlessly clean but everything Japanese style. We exchanged our shoes at the entrance for house-shoes, ate off the small tables sitting on a cushion, and slept on the floor mats, quite a novelty but I wouldn't want to live that way all the time.

"We took our food but they will cook anything a person takes along.

"We caught the train the next day and went to the Pearl Farm which was about an hour and a half ride. Mikomoto is 92 years

old and he was there to greet us and is very active for his age. Everybody was given an oyster and of course excitedly waited to see what was inside. The oysters that were opened before mine had the pearl in sight but when he opened mine he dug around and I thought it would be my luck to get one that didn't have a pearl, but out came the nicest one of all, a fairly large one with just a small flaw and Howard was next in line and his was real nice, though a shade smaller.

"There were several Australians on the tour and one of the men got three small pearls, but I heard him say on the train that he threw one of his away, it was so small. Can you imagine throwing a pearl away?

"The Mother-of-Pearl is imported from the Mississippi river in the States. That is ground into small pieces about the size of a small pea, a piece of tissue is taken from an oyster and two pieces of that with the round ball of Mother-of-Pearl is inserted in an oyster and it takes three to four years to grow.

"From there we went in the room where holes are bored in the pearls, also where they are sorted for size, color and quality. Never saw so many pearls. They had big dishes of them, all sizes and colors, some very beautiful. I always thought yellow, blue and black pearls were artificial but I saw them there and the yellow ones were gorgeous. The black pearls are very rare. Color is determined by the condition of the oyster.

"Mikomoto flies the American flag at his farm. During the war the Japanese officials sent him a sword to commit hari-kari as he didn't go along with their beliefs."

W/O Macon is with the Force at Nagoya Base.

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## In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files:

### TEN YEARS AGO

A new 10-room elementary school building, with auditorium, is approved for Southern Pines by the county commissioners, work to start in July, 1941.

Moore County Boy Scouts to become part of Occaneechee Council, according to information received by Rev. Thomas Williams, local scout leader.

John Howarth takes office as president of Sandhills Kiwanis club, succeeding Judge J. Vance Rowe.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO

Chamber of Commerce Banquet will "B" a good one, says Pilot, B-cause Buthan, Burt and Betty are in charge.

Frank Shamburger is inducted into office as Kiwanis Club president, succeeding Murdoch Johnson.

Struthers Burt in front-page letter scores those who defile highways with roadside signs.



# Here it is!

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## The Air Academy

The idea that Southern Pines and the Sandhills might be the site of an air force academy opens surprising vistas. There is no imagining the changes that would occur here. Everything would have to become twenty times bigger and better. The population of the town would jump ahead, with corresponding prosperity.

An occurrence which would so completely alter the character of a community cannot be contemplated without much concern by its citizens. Whether it be joyful concern in the happy anticipation of great and good things to come or whether the concern be tinged with some apprehension of possible drawbacks along with the expected advantages, the concern remains. Everyone is vitally involved and vitally interested.

There is no way of judging accurately how the people feel, for the move was made so hastily that there was no chance to find out, but it is highly probable that there is general enthusiasm. Many have long advocated the Sandhills as the ideal location for a college or school and this sort of "industry" brings many advantages with it. There will be grave problems, of course: we experienced some of them during the war years when we were an army town, in the sudden terrific strain on facilities of every sort, but the advantages: in business, in the type of people who will be added to our community and in many other respects, should far outweigh the difficulties. As a member of the group which sent the invitation put it: "This will be the biggest thing ever. . ."

Because there are so many unknown factors and the decision will be made by qualified experts on its merits and on the basis of many considerations, including, one hopes, the taxpayers' pocketbooks, it is perhaps futile to speculate on whether or not our town will be chosen. However, if a new site on the eastern seaboard is to be considered, surely this would be a good one.

The Camp Mackall tract is probably what the Chamber of Commerce had in mind. It is already owned by the government and the air strip when built was considered one of the finest in the country. Its facilities for parachute training are well known. Also, it is the hub of a network whose spokes run out to a number of towns, both civil and military, of top calibre. The climate for flying, though not in a class with the southwest, is certainly by far the best in the east.

Those who started this idea with so much enthusiasm will undoubtedly get strong backing from most of their fellow-townsmen, while even those who are luke-warm will give it their support. Our people are patriotic and they are hospitable. If the air force chooses Southern Pines and the Sandhills for its academy site, the welcome signs will be hung out all over.

There is not a doubt that the town will do everything in its power to cooperate with the air force in this undertaking and to make its personnel welcome members of our community.

## Carolina Hotel

It is an impressive sensation to look across, at our neighbor, Pinehurst, and think of those fifty years of the Carolina's existence. The great hotel in the pines has weathered several crises in the life of the country, and through them all has held hospitable doors wide to those who came.

They came for many reasons, probably, but it is likely that the main one was the desire for relaxation and rest. To get away from the cares of home and business, to live graciously in an atmosphere of good cheer, of healthy outdoor sport and pleasant companionship. . . to eat good food, nicely served, to stroll under the pines or sit lazily out on the lawn in the sunshine, to get a ride out to the golf course every day and then back again to relax once more in a friendly atmosphere. That is the sort of thing the Carolina has meant to a vast number of people. There must, surely, be a considerable sense of satisfaction in the hearts of the Tufts family as they look back over these fifty years of Carolina living.

The Carolina has numbered among its guests a good many of the Big People of this nation and a few others. They have been of all sorts: statesmen, movie stars, famous golfers, renowned game hunters, leading doctors, lawyers, bankers. The leaders of the press have chosen it for a few of their conventions, as have, of course, the state's judges, dentists, automobile men and a host of other business groups. As a result of these conventions, the hotel has rendered service to this and that community. It has made the number of Sandhills or Pinehurst who first became known through their advertising worth

nasium was at... enthusiasm. This building, which has been needed for so long, will fill a place in the life of the school and the community which is an important one.

Not only from a physical but from a character standpoint, a gym is a necessary asset of any good school, the lessons learned there through the give and take of sports, the subordination of self to team work, the sense of honor that can be inculcated through emphasis on good sportsmanship, the strengthening of self-reliance and courage. . . these are just a few of the qualities learned on the floor of a gym. From a physical standpoint, especially if exercises as well as sports are carried on and if all the pupils take their turns on the floor, the good to the whole physical side of a town's growing youth is inestimable.

There is no doubt, however, that if it is the wrong sort of "gym," a good deal of harm instead of good will result. A spirit of intense athleticism that overemphasizes competition and rivalry, taking all the fun out of playing a game and turning it into a deadly serious business, can have bad effects, both on those who take part and those who watch them. The jealousies, the favoritism, the hero-worship so undermining to the youthful ego, which are found in some school and university athletics, have ruined more than one promising youngster.

But this sort of thing is a danger that all good teachers and coaches, such as we have here, are well aware of and constantly guard against. They know, better than anyone else, that it can undermine the character not only of the athletes themselves but of the whole school: scholarship and morale suffer as the great majority, who are not star athletes or even moderately good players, find themselves relegated to the role of permanent spectators, their interests overlooked in the emphasis on sport.

The fact that Southern Pines has chosen to build not only a new gym, but the auditorium and cafeteria, and the elementary school as well, shows that our people have a well-rounded school program in mind. Our town is indeed fortunate, and this newspaper believes our people are well aware of the fact, that it has been able to build such fine school buildings. Building for youth is building for the future, remembering all the while that any building, no matter how fine, is valuable only because of what goes on inside of it.

## For New Years and Always

The late President Hyde of Bowdoin College, gave these ideals that are fitting for the New Year resolution.

To weigh the material in the scales of the personal and measure life by the standard of love. . . to prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, learning for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do. . . to choose in each case what is good on the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved. . . to put my whole self into all that I do and encourage no single desire at the expense of myself as a whole. . . to crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one. . . to treat others as I would be treated and myself as I would my best friend. . . to lend no oil to the foolish, but let my light shine freely for all. . . to make no gain by another's loss, to buy no pleasure with another's pain. . . to harbor no thought of another which I would be unwilling that others should know. . . to say nothing unkind to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others. . . to take no pride in weaker mens failings and bear no malice toward those who do wrong. . . to worship God in all that is good and true and beautiful. . . to serve Christ wherever a sad heart can be made happy or a wrong will set right. . . and to recognize God's coming kingdom in every institution and person that helps men love one another.

## Happier Than The Average

"I think I am happier than the average person. . . I believe everyone should live every day the best way he knows how, and under the circumstances take things as they come along, neither worrying about what has happened or what is going to happen, because what people worry about may never come to pass."

The speaker of those words is not, as one might think, a normal, healthy and successful man, perhaps addressing reporters from a comfortable swivel chair behind a large executive's desk. The speaker of those words is Fred Snite, Jr., whose life has been sustained for the past 13 years only by virtue of an iron lung. When a man who could not breathe without a machine to perform the work of paralyzed muscles, takes that attitude toward life, it sort of puts the rest of us to shame.

For our part, we're going to clip the words of this man who lives always within a few minutes of possible extinction and put them away where we can find them on occasions when we think we have something to complain about.

—Sanford Herald

## A Go Forward Item

North Carolina has a ratio of one library book for every four persons in the State. This contrasts with the national average of one book per person.

The State has made great strides in the development of public libraries, but it has a long way to go.

Even the legislature's request for \$500,000 to aid local libraries does not contemplate raising the ratio to more than one-half book per person. But that would be progress.

We suggest the thought that this is a "Go Forward" item which should not be neglected.