

THE PILOT

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"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep this a good paper. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Where there seems to be an occasion to use our influence for the public good we will try to do it. And we will treat everybody alike."
—James Boyd, May 23, 1941.

Ambassadors of Good Will

Welcome signs were hung out here over the past weekend for the visit of Mr. Puang, governor of a province of the Asiatic nation of Thailand. Mr. Puang came from the land of temple bells and white elephants, lotus flowers and rice fields, to the land of the long leaf pine. It must have been quite a change yet he appeared to enjoy being here and certainly he fitted into our life in the friendliest way imaginable.

The gentleman from Thailand (Siam, in the old geography books), chose to come to Southern Pines, on his six months trip into the western world, because of his friendship with Lewis Pate. While Mr. Puang visits here, Lewis is in his country, teaching school in Songkhla, Mr. Puang's home. Lewis is there on a Fulbright scholarship, while Mr. Puang makes his western tour under the auspices of the U. S. State Department. Both are engaged in the same mission: that of getting acquainted with other parts of the world, getting to know people, carrying friendship and understanding with them and bringing it back when they return, each to his own home. Lewis has learned that white elephants are rare in Thailand, but the people are charming, friendly, intelligent and, above all, freedom-loving. In fact, Thai means "free" and this nation is the only Asiatic land that has never suffered foreign domination of any sort. Mr. Puang, on his side, as he told us, finds America not in the least like the Hollywood version which, too often, is the only idea of this country that foreigners have.

This appears to us to be about the most practical internationalism that could possibly be devised. We have all known about it, of course, ever since the Fulbright plan of international exchange of students and professors was established, but probably few of us have observed the functioning of the plan at such close range or with its exchange feature so dramatically exemplified.

We feel that we may congratulate ourselves on the splendid impression made by our ambassador of goodwill to Thailand. Our town has been honored to have been chosen to participate actively in the Tate-Puang grand change act, for it is acts such as these that will help to establish peace in the world. That Southern Pines may now consider itself a link in the chain of international friendship and understanding that is being gradually forged across the world is something to be proud of.

Neighbors Every Day

At Christmas time every year the Moore County Welfare department follows the plan of many similar agencies: it sends a list of needy families to the civic organizations interested in providing Christmas cheer. These, in turn, enlist the efforts and funds of the community and, as the result of hard work and generous giving, many families who would not otherwise be remembered at this time, receive a basket of good things to eat and toys or clothing for the children.

This year there were 43 names on the list received by the VFW, the agency in charge of Christmas giving here. It is good to know that every family was taken care of, with generous supplies of friendly gifts and food.

Many of the families on the Welfare department list are in the "extremely needy" classification. There is little doubt that without such giving their Christmases would have been sad ones, but it is a question if, included in their gratitude for the bountiful Christmas gift, there is not some slight wonderment. They go through the year, out on their meagre farms or in their shanties, tucked away on a back street, eking out a hard existence with the help of welfare funds, and these funds are, as a rule, very, very slim. Apart from an occasional visit from a field worker or health department nurse, nobody pays attention to them so long as they don't make any trouble, then, all of a sudden, they find themselves thought about and helped, "Love thy neighbor as thyself" comes miraculously to life with themselves as the suddenly remembered neighbor. It must be a surprising, not to say bewildering, experience.

Better, of course, to remember our neighbors once a year than not at all and infinitely important that at Christmastime we share our bounty with those less fortunate, but it sometimes seems as if the Christmas spirit ought to have greater staying powers. It is true that the taxes we begrudge to the government help to make the way a little easier for these unfortunates, but what would really help is more personal continued interest in them and their problems. It would help them directly and, indirectly, such show of interest would build up the morale of our welfare and health departments, making them feel that their work was recognized as it should be, as important to the community. Too often such departments function seemingly in a vacuum: so long as they don't ask for too much money, so long as they jog along quietly without any fuss, nobody bothers about them.

The pleasant complacent feeling of a good job well done at Christmas time should not blind us to the realization that Christmas comes but once a year but these our neighbors are nearby every day, year in and year out.

A Good Librarian

Southern Pines loses a most valuable public servant in the retirement of Miss Amy Churchill from the post of librarian of the town library. Her devotion to the work and the faithfulness with which she has fulfilled her duties has been outstanding.

The reason for Miss Churchill's retirement lies in the increasing weight of the work itself. Truth to tell, she has literally worked herself out of a job. During the four years that she has held the post, the circulation of books from the library has increased steadily, with more and more people using the library. While this would be due in part to the rise in population of Southern Pines and the surrounding area that draws on the library, a good part, we feel, can be attributed to the ability and interest of the librarian. Miss Churchill's report shows 5,000 more books circulated this past year than in 1949, her first year as librarian.

Miss Churchill is not a trained librarian; no detailed courses in library administration or reader interest lie behind her proved worth in this field, but she knows books. She knows them and she loves them and wants others to love them, too, and enjoy them and profit from them. That she knows people as well as books is shown by her skill in fitting the books to the reader and in the way she keeps in touch with the various shut-ins of our town and does their choosing for them. Furthermore, she keeps up with the new books as well as knowing the old ones so well. We cannot, also, forget mention of the apple-pie order in which the library was kept, so that it has been an esthetic and house-keeping pleasure, as well as a literary one, to enter that attractive building.

Friendly hands, under the direction of the county librarian, Mrs. Dorothy Avery, are filling in the gap between Miss Churchill and her successor, now being sought. They may rest assured, we believe, that, in the interim, users of the library will cooperate in every way possible to lighten their efforts during this awkward time. To Miss Churchill, the departing librarian, we feel the town will wish to join in a heartfelt "thank you and good luck!"

Like Topsy, Towns Grow

Down in Rockingham, they are wrestling with the town limits problem. Rockingham is growing fast, as are a good many other towns in this state, and the town government and taxpayers think it is time to extend the limits and take in some of the outlying territory. However, the state law that a majority of the property owners to be affected must be in favor of the move before it can be made has the town stymied. Those outside don't want to come in.

A Rockingham citizen, Mr. Scott Thomas, has apparently gotten irked by the situation. A strong believer in extending the limits, he has decided to take the bull by the horns in a big way and has brought an injunction against the town government forbidding it to furnish water and fire department services to non-residents.

A good many towns, including Southern Pines, are in the same situation as Rockingham. The arguments pro and con extension of town limits seem to parallel each other in all localities. People living in town and paying sizeable taxes feel they are paying for services enjoyed by many living on the outskirts. Though, in our town, the water rates are double for non-residents and the fire department is, we believe, recompensed for out-of-town services whenever there is a fire, nevertheless the burden for maintenance and initial costs falls, of course, upon the town taxpayers. Even though some out-of-towners own business property in town, a good many do not and there is little doubt that they enjoy services beyond the amount of their contribution.

The case for the non-resident is a good one, too. They chose to live outside town because they wanted to own more land, a piece of woods, perhaps, or space for a garden. In other words, they wanted to live in the country. And a good many are not desirous of having garbage collections, though not many would like to do without water or fire protection. But the fact is, that anyone who buys a place on the edge of town must do it with the realization that the town is going to grow and some day he's bound to get into this town limits wrestling-match, for better or worse.

The case of Rockingham is arousing much comment and it is a fair guess that Mr. Thomas' injunction hearing will be the focus of attention of every growing town in the state.

Christmas Over

That Playwright Kaufmann should have been put off the air because he made that remark about "one commercial without a Silent Night in it," or words to that effect, seems pretty silly, to say the least. And how was the radio company to know, when the complaints came in, how many other people may have let out a cheer for the man who had the courage to speak out, even jokingly, against the endless use of that beautiful carol in the tiresome and sometimes irreverent commercializing of the Christmas spirit?

The lack of feeling about these things is troublesome. What sadder sight is there, for instance, than that, seen in many a yard this past week, of a Christmas tree thrown out on the trash heap? Whisks of tarnished tinsel cling to its branches, whose needles, dry and faded, cover the ground. Its proud top, so lately crowned with the flashing star, sags down, bowed in lonely misery.

We ought to do better by our trees. To have all that radiant beauty end up in the trash can seems altogether wrong, and those looking for hidden meanings might well see here a cynical symbol of the end of the Christmas spirit. A gay bonfire on Old Christmas would be the thing, but how is that possible in this civilized day and age!

So the Christmas tree goes out with the trash and, up in the big city, the man who voiced a good-natured protest against the exploitation of the loveliest of Christmas songs, goes off the air. Not much we can do to give our trees a fitting end, but at least we hope Mr. Kaufmann and his talent for merriment will not be lost to us because of such a foolish misinterpretation of a well-meant action.

No. 38 — Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?



On the back of this ancient copperplate of Southern Pines 40 or 50 years ago we find the penciled notation; "Johnson's Pharmacy." We must admit this is a new one on us, nor do we recognize the building. Either it does not exist any more, or it is completely disguised in a re-

modeled version.

Wonder if some of our "Old Timers" won't fill us in on this old-time drugstore—where it was, when it existed, who was the proprietor, etc.

life insurance, fire insurance, property insurance, liability insurance, earthquake insurance, tornado insurance, unemployment compensation, and old age insurance.

My business is so governed that it is no easy matter to find out who owns it. I am inspected, expected, suspected, disrespected, rejected, dejected, examined, re-examined, informed, required, summoned, and compelled until I provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race.

Simply because I refuse to donate to something or other, I am boycotted, talked about, lied about, held up, laid down, and robbed until I am almost ruined. I can tell you honestly, that except for a miracle, that happened, I could not enclose this check. The wolf that comes to my door, nowadays, just had pups in my kitchen, I sold them and HERE IS THE MONEY.

Grains of Sand

We're happy to have information to pass on to our readers this week concerning our Old Picture No. 37 in our January 2 issue, showing the Red Cross float in an Armistice Day parade of the early 1920s.

The battlefield scene on the truck, we learn, features Dr. J. S. Milliken in his World War I uniform, just as he had looked when he came back from the wars not so long before; a young veteran named Morris, or Morrison, as the casualty, and as Red Cross nurses, Miss Dorothy Stutz, Miss Betty Lee and Miss Ada Crosby.

They were volunteer members of Southern Pines' very young and new Red Cross chapter. Miss Crosby was the sister of Mr. Liddy, the photographer, who lived here for many years and was back for a visit just last month. For the identifications we are indebted to Mrs. Garland Pierce, the former Dorothy Stutz, one of several persons who have recognized themselves in the series of old cuts.

No. 38, of course, wasn't nearly so old as most of the pictures in the series. It will take a real old-timer to help us on this week's picture above.

Many families have individual ways of observing Christmas which, through annual repetition, become traditions. With added pleasure and meaning through the years.

One New England family we heard of, through their relatives here, consists of a father, mother and three children two, four and six years old. Since the birth of the first child it has been the custom of the parents on Christmas Eve to set up the traditional tree, and at the same time, on the mantel, the Christmas scene, with the Manger on the right-hand end, the three Wise Men on the left.

Beginning Christmas morning, the three Wise Men are moved a little each day—approximately one-twelfth of the distance toward the Manger and the Holy Child.

This brings them all together on "Old Christmas," Twelfth Night—or, in the old form by which it is called by this family, Kings Day. On this day the children receive their real Christmas gifts, as distinguished from the goodies and "stocking gifts" of December 25.

This beautiful tradition accomplishes several things. It teaches the true Christmas story in clear and simple fashion even the tiniest children can understand. They learn patience in waiting, the meaning of Christmas giving. Last but by no means least it relieves the confusion of Christmas day.

Does anyone else have a Christmas custom, interesting and different, they will let us share with our readers? We'd be happy to do so.

News of Southern Pines friends continues to drift in as Christmas card messages are re-read. One that brought pleased anticipation was the card from Elizabeth Whittall, writing from Nassau. "This will be the last Christmas greeting with palm trees on it," she says, and goes on to tell that her husband, Guy, is retiring from his position with the Shell Oil company within a few months, and is to establish the Whittall hearth and home in the United States. Though Guy is English, he has lived here a good deal and the children, Penny and Vreeland, grew up here and have been going to school and college in America during these last years when their parents were running the oil business in Bermuda and Nassau.

Guy and Elizabeth plan to leave before long and make a leisurely trip up by car from Florida, dropping in to see friends en route. Southern Pines, says Elizabeth, will be a goal. Let's hope they

come soon and stay a long time. It will take time to catch up with the many, many friends Elizabeth has here, not to mention learn the changes since she lived here during the war!

Speaking of changes, we heard the other day from Stan and Ruth Burke about their troubles finding the way when they were here last winter. Seems they were invited to dinner at the Harry Vales', and asked if dinner could be early as they had to make it a short evening. So the Vales stepped up the dinner hour, then waited another hour while their guests were driving round and round through the pinewoods looking for the familiar entrance drive, now tucked away behind the new Dahman cottages and Charlie Picquet's home. It wasn't until the Burkes gave up and went to the Stevens' and telephoned, to ask where in H. . . the Vales were, that they got their bearings and finally arrived for a belated meal.

Another Christmas card greeter who never fails to remember friends is Catherine Pierson Dittman now, for several years, of Denver, Col.

Catherine sends sketches of a lovely cabin in the Rockies and always a month-by-month calendar, each month with its strengthening and uplifting messages of quotations from the great thinkers of the ages. Does your good, that does, and we're always especially grateful to Catherine and her warm and lasting remembrance.

Eisenhower, as might have been expected, led the list of "most admired living men" conducted last month by the American Institute of Public Opinion (Gallup poll).

New names in the top 10 were Adlai Stevenson, in fifth place, and Bishop Fulton J. Sheen of the Catholic church in eighth.

Also, it may surprise some folks to learn, fourth place was occupied by Harry S. Truman, down just one notch from the position he has held for the past three years.

The entire list of 10 held some surprises for us, and maybe for you too. The question asked was, "What man living anywhere in the world do you most admire?" The leaders: 1, Eisenhower; 2, MacArthur; 3, Winston Churchill; 4, Harry S. Truman; 5, Adlai Stevenson; 6, Pope Pius; 7, Herbert Hoover; 8, Bishop Sheen; 9, Albert Einstein; 10, Robert A. Taft.

In 1951 Eisenhower was also the leader, followed by MacArthur, Truman and Churchill.

In 1950 MacArthur led, with Eisenhower, Truman and Churchill coming next.

Happy birthday next week, Martha Aden! There'll be a candle in the window for you next Friday night. Don't forget.

Contributed—a sad complaint: Dear Sirs:

In reply to your request to send a check, I wish to inform you that the present condition of my bank account makes it almost impossible. My shattered financial condition is due to Federal laws, State laws, County laws, brother-in-laws, sister-in-laws, and out-laws.

Through these laws, I am compelled to pay a business tax, head tax, school tax, gas tax, and light tax, water tax, income tax, food tax, furniture tax and excise tax. I am required to get a business license, car license, operator's license, not to mention a marriage license, plus a dog license.

I am also required to contribute to every society and organization which the genius of man is capable of bringing to life. To women's relief, the unemployed relief, and the gold-diggers' re-

lief and charitable institutions in the city, including the Salvation Army, Community Chest, Red Cross, Purple Cross, double-cross, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Cub Scouts, as well as a way station for wayward girls.

For my own safety, I am required to carry health insurance,

Drs. Neal and McLean
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