

# SOUTHERN PINES LOOKS FOR GOOD WINTER SEASON

## Improved Business Due To Armament Program a Favorite Sign

(Continued from page one)

ing of the steeplechase course on Midland Road has probably done more than anything else to bring horses to Southern Pines. In addition, the gymkhana and hunter trial events held at the Country Club have proven very popular with the younger riders and are one of the chief means of entertainment for visitors here during the winter. The horse show ring is now being put in shape for the opening gymkhana early in December. James and Jackson Boyd also maintain a private pack of fox hounds and hunts are held three times each week during the winter months.

### Other Popular Sports

Deer hunting is another of the principal sports that has become important during recent years. The season for the shooting of this game will remain open until January 1st and to date is estimated that at least one hundred and fifty bucks have been killed. The wardens also report an abundance of quail and turkey this year. The season for shooting of birds opened on November 28th and will continue until February 15th.

The calendar of sports just off the press lists a number of interesting golf tournaments at the Southern Pines Country Club and the Pine Needles. The principal event is the 13th Annual Women's Mid-South Championship to be played at the Southern Pines Country Club March 17th, 18th and 19th Estelle Lawson Page, former women's national champion, is the defending champion in this year's competition.

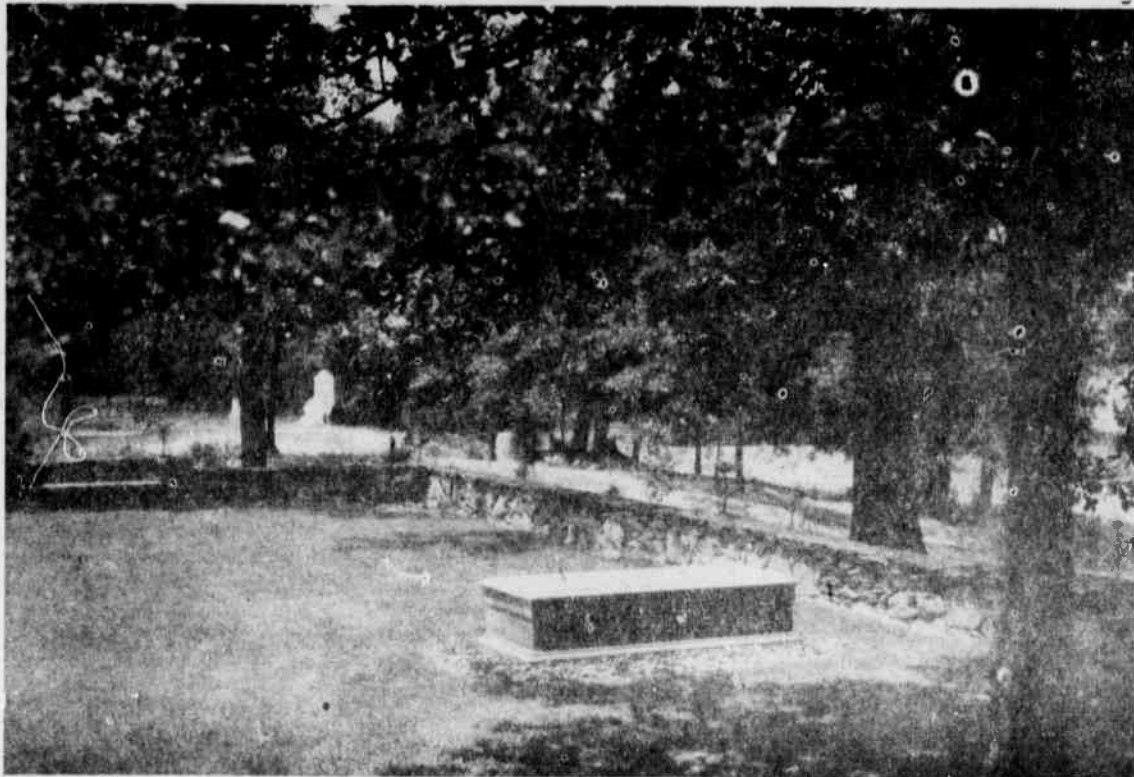
Another golf event of interest to be played at the Pine Needles Club is the annual Mixed-Foursome Tournament on December 25th. It will be a medal play foursome under handicap, each pair playing alternate strokes.

The Pine Dodgers, an organization of women golfers, will hold weekly tournaments throughout the season on each Tuesday at the Southern Pines Country Club. The Sandpipers, captained by Emmett Golden, has listed a number of weekly tournaments on its calendar. The opening tournament will be played next Sunday, the 8th. It is to be an 18-hole medal Sweepstake event.

Southern Pines has a variety of hotels ranging from the most luxurious to the more modest home-like places, all of which will meet the requirements of anyone. Most of them are far enough away from the business section to avoid the noise of downtown, yet close enough to make the stores and shops accessible.

The section can also be proud of having one of the finest airports in the Southeast. The east and west runway is 3,500 feet in length and 500 feet in width. The north and south runway is 3,000 feet in length and 500 feet in width. There is also a cross section of better than 1,200 feet in length. The field is rated by army flyers, who have been stationed here on several occasions for war maneuvers, as being large enough to land the largest ship flying the airways. A new hangar 80'x80' with 18-foot doors has recently been completed to meet the demand for additional storage space, giving the airport three hangars in all.

## The Grave of Walter Hines Page



The World War Ambassador to Great Britain Lies Buried in Old Bethesda Churchyard.

## A Visit To Old Bethesda

James Boyd Recalls Boyhood Trips With Grandmother To Aberdeen's Ancient Edifice—and the Singing, Particularly the Altos—and the Expounding of Dogma, and Old Levi

By JAMES BOYD

When I was a boy my grandmother used to take me sometimes down to Old Bethesda. The church stood, sombre and abandoned, in an oak grove at the foot of a small farmed valley below a looming hill. Only now and then the congregation, who had long before moved into Aberdeen, came back to hold services there. On such a Sunday, my grandmother would forsake her own church in Southern Pines and drive down to Bethesda.

The wheels of the station wagon sifted the deep sand. The dogwoods and gum trees along the creek went slowly by. Sitting in my hot woolen Sunday suit, I used to try to see beyond the fat back of Levi, our colored coachman, and the two sorrels, to catch glimpses of cottontails and bobwhites crossing the lonely road.

A ruined fence and a tangle of honeysuckle and wild grape stopped among pines at the edge of a small but solemn grove of oaks. There stood the church, a great square box on sparse rock piers. It was not much more than the simplest possible way of providing a house of worship for a large number of people. But there is a good deal to be said for the simplest way of doing anything. It still seems to me to be a sounder building than most of the more elegant churches that now dot our progressive countryside. I turn from their bilious glass and imitation stone to Bethesda's thin, tall windows and restful sides, silvered with weather and almost forgotten paint. Its large simplicity among the oaks gave it a certain meagre and unassuming dignity.

Across the road, among traditional funeral cedars, Scots' names lay scattered on the overgrown graves. Among the briars and the sprouting pines were crude lumps of ferrous rock and later slabs inscribed in fine thin letters that, like the church, echoed the precise and simple dignity of a certain epoch. There was also a small community of terra cotta headstones of Huguenots, exiles of the graveyard. Here and there a later arrival strove to triumph over mortality by dint of heavy lettering and polished granite and by some attempt at neatness about the mound. But for the most part briars and broom grass, pine and sassafras were coming in again. The pioneers were yielding to the outposts of the forest again which they had fought.

mother's formidable and magnificently decorated bulk. Levi drove off among the other carriages and buggies. From around the doors there were greetings, showing, under the flawlessly courteous but detached good manners of our region, a trace of warmth.

For my grandmother, though a Yankee, was, like themselves, a Presbyterian. And a Presbyterian of no mean potency. Reared by her father, the great divine, of iron kennels of the faith, she was apt, like themselves, at theological dialectics and could even, if necessity arose, confound an adversary with awe-inspiring reserves of Greek and Latin. And like themselves, she viewed with emotion, but very clearly, the amiable inconsequentialities of Episcopalian ritual and the unreasoned evangelical ex-

cesses of Methodists and Baptists. While as for Romanists, they occupied a mere but distinctly dreadful limbo of her consciousness. When to this she added the absolute pitch in music and a quick eye for the comic, the congregation of Bethesda could not feel unfriendly toward her.

Inside, the church drew tall solemnity from its plain, age-darkened wood. A simple pulpit reared up in front and, behind, the deep and shadowy slave gallery, long empty, brooded over us. The men sat on the right, the women on the left. There was harsh, true singing in methodical time, with heavy slurred effects by the altos. Our section has always been a great section for altos. I know of no place where an alto is more properly esteemed. In consequence, they are not afraid to bear down strongly and make a hackneyed tune into something better. When a stranger hears the people of our section sing, he feels that they are a little strange and wild, and that the women are strong. He feels the way the English used to feel about the Scots.

After the singing, a point of dogma was expounded with all the restrained passion of a mathematician demonstrating a proposition of Euclid to unbelievers. This was an affair of perhaps an hour—a brief moment, compared with the sinewy souls and bodies of the older members sitting in dark, immobile rows. But already the new age showed itself in the softness of my fibre, I hung on, not by physical or moral power, but by mere unhappy dint of will, while the pew gnawed at me like the fox in the Spartan's vitals.

Afterwards, we stood under the another aspect of godhead, eta trees and the preacher, showing another aspect of godhead, made kind inquiries and passed friendly jokes. Levi's instinct brought the station wagon at the perfect climax of my grandmother's repartee. Then we were on the sandy road again.

(From the Introduction of Bion H. Butler's book, "Old Bethesda.")

## COUNTRY PAPER IS CORNERSTONE OF U. S. FREEDOM

Imagine Awakening Some Morning Without a Free Press, Says Struthers Burt

(Continued from page one)

as they spring up, and are maintained; so long as there are plenty of them; so long as anyone is at liberty to start one; so long as on the whole they are fairly honest and not too many of them subject to some form of local tyranny, we will remain a pretty good country. Imagine not being able to write an indignant, or enthusiastic letter to some local editor, imagine not knowing some local editor well enough to refer to him some needed reform, or some subject for an editorial, or some complaint. Possibly he will pay no attention to you, but again there are the letters. He can't suppress you if your cause is sufficiently just. Imagine, further, having no local medium in which to advertise everything from a pig to your latest importation of ladies' dresses. Imagine being away some place and not knowing who has died, or who has been married, or who has committed larceny, or whether taxes have been raised, or what your local Congressman has been doing.

I live in two places, in Wyoming, in Southern Pines. I subscribe to two local papers, the Jackson Hole Courier and The Pilot. I would be very restless and unhappy without either because when I'm in Wyoming I want to keep in touch with North Carolina, and when I'm in North Carolina, I want to keep in touch with Wyoming. If I didn't subscribe to these two local papers there would be semi-annually great gaps—months long—in my knowledge, and every Spring, and every Fall, I would have to ask a lot of unnecessary questions.

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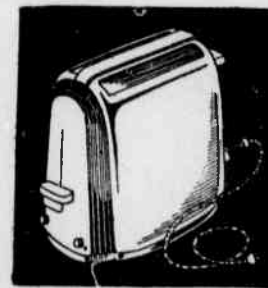


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