

THE PILOT

Published each Friday by
THE PILOT, Incorporated
 Southern Pines, N. C.

JAMES BOYD, Publisher
CARL G. THOMPSON, JR., Editor
CHARLES MACAULEY Advertising
 Dan S. Ray, Mary Thompson, Helen K. Butler, Hesia Cameron Smith, Charles Cullingford, Associates

Subscription Rates:
 One Year \$2.00
 Six Months \$1.00
 Three Months .50

Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C., as second class mail matter.

THE PILOT welcomes contributions to its news columns, but reserves the right to distinguish between news and advertising. Final deadline for news items and advertising is noon Thursday of each week. Cards of thanks are public notices and, as such, will be charged for at regular advertising rates. Expressions of opinion are also welcome, but each communication must be signed, although the writer's name will be withheld upon request. Letters should be kept to 300 words or be subject to editing. No anonymous contributions will be considered. To give personal items, other news, or for further information, telephone 7271.

UNSUNG HEROES OF THE ATLANTIC

Many feted heroes of war are accidents of fate, so there are many, many brave soldiers who fight and die heroes but remain unsung and unpraised as far as the public is concerned. America's here-worship tends to be limited to those who accomplish, somehow, the spectacular. This is unfortunate, because there are many heroes today who are not among our armed forces, some of them in factories, some in fields, some on the seas. The Atlantic ocean now covers many of the latter group.

"Losses of merchant ships since December 7 now total 308," said a news commentator the evening this was written. And every crew member of those ships and every ship that puts out to sea in the Atlantic in these times is worthy of the name here. There has been no accurate compilation of the number of lives lost in the merchant marine, but the total would probably be startling. Yet, we who clamor for more gasoline, for instance, have given little thought to the cost in lives of sailors that is involved in shipping this gasoline in tankers. Instead of recognizing as heroes those men who take even greater risks than many of our soldiers and navy men, too many of us are inclined to feel that we are making the great sacrifice by conserving the use of motor fuel.

In this war, not the armed forces alone will produce heroes. Total war means total effort of every citizen, and the contributions of all who are performing duties necessary to the war effort should be recognized. Certainly, this means that the crews manning the merchant marines in the Atlantic are facing today not only the greatest risk but the greatest task of the war.

At this point of the war, when the urgent need is for getting supplies to the battlefield with greater and greater speed, the burden of the war is growing heavier upon the backs and spirit of these unsung heroes of the Atlantic.

ADDING HORROR TO HORRORS

You'd think the real world itself is filled with sufficient horror to satisfy the most sanguine of adults and children. But the horrors of the present world dwindle in face of the imagined horrors developed by so-called "comic artists" and presented in hundreds of magazines for children as "funnies."

We can remember the day when "funnies" were harmless little things about Bobby Make-Believe, Happy Hooligan, always The Jiggs, always; the Katzenjammer Kids, and a few of the old timers. Now, it seems, only a few real funnies remain—Blondie and Dagwood—Skeezix, who amazingly enough is growing up—and Freckles and his Friends, who also have matured with the years.

"Surely somewhere along the line of comic-strip drawing in the last decade, a Mr. Hyde of humor has crept into the ink pots of many cartoonists," comments the Christian Science Monitor. "He has transformed laughable, refreshing exploits of their characters into morbid, distasteful episodes of mystic heroes and murderous creatures of the underworld and stratosphere."

To ban such comics from children would probably not solve

the problem. (Witness the old Diamond Dick and Dime Novel age). But the concerted efforts of education and protest among adults would help to take some off the market. Some attention to children's enjoyment of real humor also would be helpful. America must keep its humor as alive as its democracy. The "funnies" of today read and look too much like a Nazi book of conquest.

DEATH OF JACK COURSEY CALLED "DISTINCT SHOCK"

It's been some years since Jack Coursey lived here in Southern Pines. But he was well known here, and his wife came from the town. Since leaving here, Jack Coursey had done well for himself at Fayetteville. The Fayetteville Observer notes that Jack Coursey was doing an important job well. Editorially, the Fayetteville paper observed:

JACK COURSEY

"Untimely and unexpected death of Jack Coursey comes as a distinct shock to the many residents of Fayetteville who knew and admired a diligent and modest young man, who had built himself a reputation for friendliness and business ability.

"As a key man on the little railroad which connects Fort Bragg with the major lines Coursey suddenly found himself confronted with great responsibilities and duties. The little line suddenly became one of the most important links, mile for mile, in the Nation. Over it moved a big percentage of the materials which went into the building of Fort Bragg and over it moved myriads of troop trains, taking men to the big training center and taking them away to the more active defense of their country. Over it moved a big percentage of the huge volume of supplies necessary to the maintenance of Fort Bragg.

"In this big movement of men and materials there was more than a strain on the rails and the engines. There was a strain on the men who kept the trains rolling.

"Under such conditions a man can assume a responsibility or dodge it. Jack Coursey assumed it. He worked early and he worked late. The road functioned, the supplies moved in, the troops moved out.

"But they moved on something more than steam and rails. They moved—like they are moving all over the country—on the determination of men to keep them moving at any cost to themselves. "Jack Coursey was such a one."

YOUTHS WILL LEND YOUTHFUL CONFIDENCE

In this war it is difficult to hit upon a happy medium between optimism and pessimism. Certainly the events of the past few days do not lend to over-optimism yet they should not result in a dour pessimism. A quiet, determined and fighting confidence in our physical and spiritual strength is our great need today.

And this is the sort of feeling you get when you learn that a fifth registration day for male citizens has been set. On this day—June 30, 1942—all young men who became 20 on January 1 and since or who will be 18 on June 13 or before will present themselves for registration under the Selective Training and Service Act.

When these young men have registered, the nation will have a listed supply of manpower ranging from 18 to 65 years of age, available for fighting forces and for the home front forces.

All of the young men who will register next Tuesday were born between January, 1922, and July, 1924. They were youngsters without care when the crash of '29 came. They were not quite 'teen age when, in the depth of a world-wide depression, a virtual unknown named Adolph Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. They were in adolescence when Hitler began his country-by-country aggression. They were just beginning to understand the meaning of events in the world and still unable to influence these events when Britain and France declared war on Germany, making this world conflict official.

And now, even before they become of legal age, they are being called upon to prepare themselves to engage in a struggle, the outcome of which will effect them and their lives far more, probably, than any of us who watched the turmoil in its making and were unable to halt it.

Not everybody with a dollar to spare can shoot a gun straight—but everybody can shoot straight to the bank and buy War Bonds. Buy your 10% every pay day.

HERE'S A PINER MOVEMENT WE CAN ALL USE ON THE AXIS!



GRAINS OF SAND

They were talking about the work being done on the golf course, to get the grass growing again. Mayor Duncan Matthews pulled it sometime back when a large turf breaking machine was being run over the greens and fairways. Joe de Berry, talking with Howard Burns the other night commented the same thing. "The way to get Bermuda grass to grow is to make it think you're trying to kill it!"

And don't these Victory Gardeners know that!

How many people have ever noticed that "Dunc" McCrimmon, the Aberdeen Legion's new commander, looks like the late Will Rogers?

Leon Seymour's Mid-South Motors company last week turned in an accumulation of 10,000 pounds of scrap, about 4,000 pounds of which were scrap rubber and the rest old batteries. Since the salvage campaign began some months ago, this concern has turned back for use about 250,000 pounds of scrap iron, Rubber and other salvage.

And Leon's bemoaning the days when they used to burn the old rubber scrap that came in!

A. Montesanti's got a couple of big, green tanks sitting on the porch of the old building across the street from THE PILOT. They look like watermelons—but not from our garden!

Claude Hayes, who originally hailed from Indiana, declares the heat here is nothing like the over-heat, still heat of his native mid-west. Which is some consolation.

The little brown Irish terrier, belonging to the Mann family, was faithfully trailing Arthur Newcomb. He was asked, "Is this your dog?" He glanced around, "No," he replied, "but he thinks I'm his."

"Who-Cares" Department: Although there are six "Smiths" listed in the Southern Pines telephone directory, there is only one "Jones"—Miss Ethel Jones.

W. H. McUeill has a most fluid nickname—by which he is always known—"Whisky."

Up on West Illinois avenue, at the corner of the entrance into Millen Park, is a large, round bare spot of ground, composed of hard clay and sand, with very little growth. Our best conjecture and circumstantial evidence, as well as some historical support from The Pilot historian, Charlie Macauley, convinces us that this spot is a remnant of one of the sand greens of the old Piney Woods golf course—long out of existence.

Wonder how they got by calling them sand "greens," anyway. There was nothing green about them. But always plenty of sand.

Following the golf matches at the local course last Sunday, the Sandpipers entertained at a fish fry, selecting an excellent day for playing and eating in daylight, June 21—the longest day of the year.

And what seemed to be the hottest!

MISS NELLE SIMONS WRITES ARTICLE FOR DESTINY

An article on "World Dominion: The Ultimate Aim" written by Miss Nelle Simons, formerly of Southern Pines, appears in the June issue of "Destiny," a magazine of religion, published at Haverhill, Mass. Miss Simons left here last year to accept a position with Destiny Publishers at Haverhill.

The Passing Years

BY CHARLES MACAULEY

1941

New move for Southern Pines Community building. Project given impetus at joint meeting of Rotary and Jay-Cees.

Miss Edith Poate weds R. N. Hassell Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Buster Doyle entertained at a farewell party on Monday night honoring Robert Dorn, who left on Wednesday for Fort Bragg.

Mrs. M. N. Sugg and daughter, Miss Maureen Sugg, spent the weekend at Myrtle Beach.

1937

To celebrate opening of the Hoffman project.

Mrs. I. F. Chandler is attending the Carolina Florist Convention at Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Potts have returned from a business trip to New York.

E. E. Porter dies.

1932

Cliff Johnson dislocates his right arm while sliding for home plate in the West End-Southern Pines ball game.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stuart left Wednesday on a motor trip through western North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Ruggles will spend this week-end in Raleigh with their son, Edward Ruggles.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Betterley and daughter Barbara have returned from a short trip to Vermont.

1927

The first shipment of structural steel for the Pine Needles Inn arrives.

The loose boards on the overhead bridge in the southern part of town, makes you think a storm is approaching when cars go over it.

Mrs. Frank Pottle and daughter, Dorothy, injured in an automobile accident near Jefferson Highlands, N. H.

Harry Day who was proprietor of Woodland Lodge last year dies at Littleton, N. H.

1922

G. R. Wittie's new Sears-Roebuck ready cut house, located on the corner of Illinois avenue and Leak street, has received the finishing touches.

1912

Mr. Huttenhauer's handsome place, Edgeview, on the ridge overlooking the town and its environs, and his 15 acre peach orchard, one of the most profitable pieces of property in this vicinity has been sold.

Work is going on rapidly on the enlargement of Jefferson Inn. When done, will be one of the most attractive hotels in town or hereabouts. Mr. Reynolds is spending the summer here.

1907

D. A. Pease dies.
 Mrs. H. T. Gates dies.
 Road to Pinehurst. Money in hand, work will soon begin. The Executive

Committee is J. N. Powell, Leonard Tufts, and A. S. Newcomb. G. A. Kimball is treasurer.

New school house. Ground has been broken for the new school house and it is understood that its erection will be pushed to an early completion as is compatible with good work.

About \$30.00 worth of pyrotechnics have been ordered for the display of fireworks on the evening of the 4th, probably on the tennis court.

1902

Wm. Roberson, colored, who was arrested last Saturday by Deputy Sheriff Tyson, charged with burning the buildings of W. F. Campbell and Alex Evans, was tried before Squire Shaw, the result being a committal to jail at Carthage for trial at the next court.

Peaches have been bringing \$2.50 per crate.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED

Marriage licenses have been issued from the office of the Register of Deeds of Moore County to Thomas Newton Bridges of Sanford and Alma Elaine Williams of Carthage; Stanley Yesh of Southern Pines and Frances Killian of Route 3, Bronson, Mich.

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