

# THE PILOT

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## EDUCATION

## THE REMEDY

The findings of the Gallup Poll this past month are disturbing. To think that a fairly large proportion of our people do not know that the Japs hold the Philippines, or what a reciprocal trade treaty is, or that two thirds of us think that Lend-Lease is a one-way affair, and that one third think that we once belonged to the League of Nations, this comes as a decided shock. We hardly like to add the deplorable fact that apparently a great many people have never heard, to recognize it for what it is, of the Bill of Rights.

This ignorance is further exemplified in the crooked thinking shown in another poll last week. In it people were asked their opinions about post-war international government. A great majority was in favor of it; also they agreed that force must play a part in it: there must be an international police. To that extent we have learned something from the fiasco of 1919. But only to that extent. For most of the people polled said that the international force must not be allowed to be bigger than the armed forces of the United States. Which is tantamount to saying that it is all right to have a policeman in town as long as he is a little bit of a man, much smaller than any potential criminal. Obviously if every country took this attitude the international conception of peace and order would be licked before it started.

Education is the remedy. We have, graduating from our county schools alone this year, almost three hundred children. A small proportion of them will go to college; the majority has completed the formal part of their education. Most of the schools attempt some form of current events. It may be called, as here in Southern Pines, "War Geography", or perhaps simply "Government", but, whatever the name, such classes purport to give to the student the fundamentals of history and the international set-up. Judging by last week's polls it would seem that the results of all this study are not satisfactory. Something must be wrong.

The blame rests on two groups: the educators and the parents of the children. To attempt to evaluate the degree of blame of the educators is to wade, and ultimately to drown in the bog of our educational system. The arguments between the believers in fundamental learning as opposed to vocational training; between those who think that learning a smattering of everything, from Spanish to interior decorating, is more important than mastering a few basic subjects—these debates, and all the others, are never-ending. And, actually, the main body of blame rests not with the educators but with the parents. It is the parents who are the voters, who elect the men who appoint the educators. It is their lack of interest in the education of their children which allows the shockingly low pay to our teachers, the over-crowding which makes impossible good teaching. This situation will continue to exist until the citizens of the country take enough interest in their children's education to elect the right people to office, to insist on their concerning themselves with this problem and, further, on the appointment to local school boards of qualified members who, well educated themselves, have such a keen interest in their job that they will study the problems, visit other schools, talk to educators, insist on the highest standards obtainable and help to make them possible.

It will be observed that no mention is made of the students themselves. Quite rightly. The young people who go to our schools are the finest material a

teacher could ask for. Their average mentality is good, their health excellent, in point of view they are full of ambition, looking toward life with touching expectation of high hopes to be fulfilled.

This year, as last, our graduating classes look out on a world torn by strife. That they have carried on through their senior year with unabated enthusiasm and diligence is a tribute to their character. As they step forward bravely to take up the burden that life has become for all of us now, we wish them good luck. They have little cause for confidence in us, heaven knows; but, for what it may be worth, we pledge them our unwavering support.

## THE WAR FUND DRIVE

The results of the Red Cross War Fund Drive, tabulated in the news section, should bring satisfaction to the people of Moore County. Almost every town exceeded its quota.

That, of course, is only right and fitting. But it is something to be quietly proud of.

Included in that pride should be the men and women who made this result possible, who gave their time and energy to raising the fund. They worked hard and they worked intelligently, with perseverance and with imagination. They are to be congratulated. May the Moore County Red Cross always have the good fortune to find such leaders in this, one of the hardest of its tasks.

## The Passing Years

BY CHARLES MACAULEY

## FIRST WEEK OF JUNE 1943

Twenty-eight members of the class of 1943 of the Southern Pines High School received their diplomas Thursday night.

First Baptist Church of West Southern Pines destroyed by fire.

In an unprecedented action the leading merchants of Southern Pines agreed to close their places of business every Wednesday for the next three months.

John Frank Stevens dies.

## 1939

Southern Pines High School graduates record class of 38.

James Schwartz buys Reinecke residence.

Dr. John Berry dies.

## 1934

Twenty-nine graduate from Southern Pines High School.

Mrs. Flaschlander sailed from Baltimore on the "City of Baltimore" for Hamburg on Saturday to be gone two months. Miss Wally will manage the Park View during her absence.

Mrs. Mary R. McNeill dies.

## 1929

Sixteen graduated at Southern Pines High School. Helen M. Barkmer, Neil C. Cameron, Stuart Cameron, Mary E. Chandler, Ella L. Chatfield, George R. Chatfield, Mary L. Currie, Lockie G. Hall, Margaret E. Olmstead, Helen E. Packard, Gilbert J. Renegar, Bernice I. Reynolds, Dorothy B. Richardson, Margaret E. Wilson, Junius L. Windham, James L. Williamson, Jr.

## 1926

The first peaches, Mayflowers, came from Sugg's orchard. 75 cents for a large basket, 35 cents for the smaller packages.

Bruce H. Lewis of Brevard, N. C. opens law office in Southern Pines.

## 1921

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kaylor and Mrs. Wesley Viall spent Sunday in Raleigh, guests of Mr. Kaylor's parents.

The Wolf Cubs were organized some weeks ago by E. E. Bickford. This is an organization for boys under the scout age, that is under twelve years of age.

## 1914

Hot weather. On Thursday the mercury reached 99 on Mr. Junge's porch and 97 at the home of Mr. C. B. Grout. The weather forecasters do not give much encouragement that the dry spell will be broken for several days. On Thursday afternoon some of the firemen wet the streets from the hydrants in the business section. The swish of the water had a cheerful sound.

## 1908

Board of Commissioners elect G. S. Burleigh Water Superintendent at a salary of \$200 a year; C. C. Ste-

vick Tax Collector and Dr. Edwin Gladmon Health Officer.

## 1904

The prospects for a fine fruit season have never been better. This makes the fourth successive fruit year enjoyed by this section. About 30,000 crates of fruit were shipped from Southern Pines' station last season.

Southern Pines graded schools closed on Friday. The enrollment for the year was one hundred and the average attendance about eighty.

## 1899

Clark J. Brown, Esq., President of the Fayetteville and Albemarle Railroad, has been attending to business in Fayetteville this week.

I. N. Parker, colored, for riding his bicycle over the six mile limit was fined \$1.00 and cost before Mayor Brown last Wednesday, the total being \$5.75.

## Now and Then

BY A. S. NEWCOMB

I was a Yankee born and a Yankee bred

BUT when I die, I'll be a Tarheel dead.

Forty years! Great Scott, tempo certainly does fugit! When I alighted from a train at Southern Pines January 4th, 1904, in the midst of a howling storm, I had no more idea of establishing residence in North Carolina than a cat has of crutches or Himmler has of heaven. I put up at the Piney Woods Inn, which burned in 1910, and after a fidgety night enlivened by pounding radiators that sounded like an ack-ack bombardment, I shuffled about the town in two inches of snow and two feet of galoshes wondering why in heck anybody would want to live in such a place.

The thing that struck me most forcefully was the lack of pines, for the only specimens of the pinus palustris standing here then were decrepit old remnants of the forest primeval that were left behind as useless when their sturdy brothers were ruthlessly fed into the insatiable maws of sawmills and planers. Virtually all the longleaf pine here now have grown from seed or from transplanted saplings in the last four decades.

When I returned to the hotel, I said to the proprietor, Charles St. John, "Where are your pines? Trot out your pines. Is this called Southern Pines because its people pine for pines?"

But the next day the sun beamed bright and balmy and despite the paucity of pines the air was laden with their redolence. As time passed, the bracing atmosphere and the friendly spirit of the residents with their pleasant "Howdys" and "Maw-nin' Suhs" had their effect, and before I knew it I found myself liking the Sandhills. My mother, wife and sisters who were with me were similarly affected, so we hired a cottage. When spring came with its cool nights, effusion of flowers and multitude of feathered songsters, the feminine members of my household concluded that this was a good place to spend winters and I decided to make it home. So I built a house at Lakeview, have lived in the Sandhills ever since and expect to live here till I die. And I've had a bang-up good time.

It was primitive here 40 years ago, extremely so. In its booklet Southern Pines boasted "more painted houses than any other town of its size in the state". And most of them were screened! Elsewhere, even in many of the larger cities of the South, screens were generally looked upon as superfluous affectation of social climbers striving to be swank. Ice was \$1.00 per cwt. when you could get it, which was now and then. Electric refrigerators were unheard of. We kept our milk and butter, along with other perishables, in the well. A local man who kept a cow supplied us with butter, good and wholesome but fresh and white as drifted snow. In a spirit of helpfulness and, I must admit, a modicum of selfishness, for I like good butter, I suggested with all the tact at my command that he salt and color it. "T'd be glad to, suh," he said, "I can salt it but I don't know how to color it." "Why, buy some butter coloring at any drug store," I suggested. The next week our butter, salt as brine, was the color of milk chocolate. But it beat oleo-margarine at that. And that recalls an invocation:

"Blessings on thee, Margarine; Hear me this vow rehearse.

I take thee, dearest Margarine, For butter or for worse."

Fortunately for me, it was no task to adjust myself to "them quare southern rations". I "jest took natcherly" to corn pone, possum meat, hog jowls and crowders, Brunswick stew, layer cake, possum pie and innumerable other local delicacies. I even like a bait of chitterlings and boiled

peanuts now and then. And scuppernongs too, yum, yum! To stand under a vine and regale oneself with that most luscious of all grapes cooled by the early morning dew just as the great red orb of day illumines the eastern horizon is an experience in gustation never to be forgotten. At least, that's what they tell me. I never tried it myself. I prefer bed in the morning.

In the fall of 1904 I sold our old home at Biddeford (retaining one at Biddeford Pool for summer occupancy) packed its contents in a freight car, shook the mud of Maine from my feet and said good-bye to northern winters. The freight agent told me the car would not arrive at Lakeview in less than a month. I spent two days crating and loading there and three days uncrating and unloading here, but the car arrived in three weeks, record time. Some fifteen years ago the family of a woman to whom I had sold a house at Knollwood went to bed in their home in Massachusetts Sunday night and the next Thursday slept in the same bed at Knollwood. A truck driver had brought all her furnishings and placed them as indicated on blue prints in three days. Some different from my three weeks. The world shod do move.

After having lived here four or five years, I used to try to imagine what the Sandhills would be like fifty years from then. It has long since passed my most extravagant anticipation. What it will be fifty years hence neither I nor anybody else can tell. But the climate will undoubtedly be the same.

## CHAUFFEURS' LICENSES

All North Carolina chauffeurs' licenses are issued for one year and expire at midnight June, 30, 1944. Therefore, it is urged by the Director, Ronald Hocutt of the Highway Safety Division, that applications be made prior to that date to avoid possible delay in truck and bus operations in the present emergency.

Examiners have been accepting applications since May 22nd.

The law requires all applicants for chauffeurs' licenses, who carry public passengers, to be twenty-one (21) years old, and those who haul public property to be eighteen (18) years old.

The fee for chauffeur's license is two dollars (\$2.00).

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