

**THE PILOT**

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**A DOUBLE BLOW**

Among the many war uses of pulpwood War Bonds shouldn't be overlooked. While they don't have the direct destructive power of gun powder made of pulpwood, nor the life-saving quality of blood plasma packed in pulpwood containers, they are essential to winning the war.

Buying War Bonds and cutting pulpwood are similar in at least two respects: One, they are primarily responsibilities of civilians on the Home Front and, two, they are necessary to back the men on the fighting front.

Actually farmers and woodsmen in this area can do double duty for Uncle Sam and the man overseas this month.

They can cut a few cords of pulpwood and put their earnings in War Bonds. This will give Hitler and Tojo a double blow at a time when both of them are toppling.

**IF WE WOULD WIN**

In the early days of our entry into the war, the collection of paintings in the Metropolitan Museum in New York was taken down and placed for safety far from the coast. It seemed then more than likely that New York and other ports would be bombed. Recently, the paintings were brought back and restored to the walls of the Museum.

Among them was one of a young man, Francesco d'Este, painted by Roger van der Weyden. The young man was an Italian, and as his portrait was being hung again on the walls of an American museum, it is more than probable that his beautiful home, the Villa d'Este, was being freed from the oppressor by the friendly hands of American troops.

The villa was built on the slopes of the Alban hills. From high terraces it looked over the tops of cypress trees to where, across the Campagna, the dome of St. Peter's cut the sky. The d'Estes were one of the great families of mediaeval Italy. They were the fascists of those days, tyrannical, grasping, hard, but they had a belief in beauty and it may have been that which saved them from the vulgarity and viciousness of 20th century fascism. It may have been that which made them great. For theirs was not a retrogressive rule. Under them and the other lords of the period, Italy forged ahead. Her universities, her cities were famous; her scholars, her artists, her workmen, her merchants were known all over the world, and from all over men flocked to Italy to study and admire.

Men have come to Italy again and, if the Villa is still standing, there may have been many men there a few days ago, crouching among the black cypresses and marble balustrades to aim their tommy-guns at other men fighting fiercely in the struggle before Rome. The outcome there, as everywhere, will decide whether beauty, the beauty of art and scholarship, of books and paintings and music, is to go on in the light of a free world. It cannot ever cease, any more than the world can stop turning. But it can be forced to hide; it can be starved and bruised and battered, as the masterpieces of architecture are being battered in this war. By now the Villa d'Este itself may be a shapeless heap of rubble, its cypresses ragged trunks, its fountains forever silent.

In our concern over the tragedy of destruction caused by bombs and fire, in our agony over the loss of the youth of the world, we must not lose sight of the far greater loss which would occur if the fighting turned against our cause. In fact, if we would win this war, we must not lose sight of that cause itself. For we must resolve, now, that when at the end of the war the paintings go back on the walls,

this time they shall stay there. When the little towns of France are rebuilt, the slums of London transformed to decent dwelling-places, when there are gardens again in Holland and when, once again, the Victory stands, wings raised, in Paris. . . this time it must be for good.

The only thing that makes these days endurable is the implication of the struggle. If the outcome shall be life and more abundant life, then it is worth all that it is going to cost.

**Now and Then**

BY A. S. NEWCOMB

"The Ripe old age of 70." Just what does that overworked cliché mean? It may be complimentary, implying that one who has survived the biblical allotment of three-score-years-and-ten knows best how to enjoy in tranquility the fruits of the tree of life when they have ripened to the degree that makes them sweetest and most pleasing to the taste. Or it may carry the connotation that a septuagenarian, having passed the age of development, can therefore only decay, and is therefore ready to be plucked by the hand of Time.

For my part, I don't care what it means. It applies to me and I like it. Except for bereavements that must come to all, the seventh decade of my perilous journey through this mundane existence has been the pleasantest, most peaceful and most satisfactory of all. And, too, what with battling germs and viruses, dodging traffic, surviving cock-tail parties, seven-course dinners and all the other ever threatening vicissitudes of life, I feel that living to be 70 is an accomplishment of which one may justly be proud. It takes a long time and involves a lot of trouble.

When I look back through the kaleidoscope of memory to view the changing patterns of years gone by, I am supremely thankful to have been permitted to live through what I believe to have been a period of social evanescence, the beginning of a new era that will go down in history along with the advent of Christianity and the Renaissance as the dawn of a better world day.

My father, born in 1831, could remember clearly conditions as they were and events that occurred in 1844. His memory and mine, therefore, span a full century, and as he traveled extensively and kept a journal, I have first hand recollection of many things and happenings not described or recounted in books, long since generally forgotten. A frequent admonition recurs often to my mind. "Son", he would say, "as you grow on to manhood, older men will tell you that you will never see such wonderful new inventions, improvements and progress as they have seen, but don't you believe it. I was told the same thing, and you will see more than I have". And he was right. He never saw an airplane or a submarine, an oil burning furnace or an air conditioner, an electric range or an electric refrigerator, a subway or a Greyhound bus, a "movie" or a radio.

When he removed to Biddeford, Maine, sometime in the 1850s, employees of the Pepperell Manufacturing Company there, including many children of tender age, worked from 4:30 a. m. to 7 p. m. with half-hour out for breakfast and an hour out at noon, 72 hours a week. I worked there myself in the 1890s from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., going in before sunrise and quitting after dark seven months in the year with but one hour's respite in daylight from the noise and grime and lint-laden air. How we stood it I don't know. I don't know what the length of the work week is there now but it is probably not over 48 hours. Machines were meticulously cared for but the health and welfare of workers was a matter of utter indifference to employers. Machines cost money but "help" was plentiful. Day laborers were paid \$1.00 a day; \$15.00 a week was top wages for skilled workers. If an operative was injured or worked himself sick, that was just his hard luck. Hospitalization was only for the rich and well-to-do. There were no safety appliance laws, no workmen's compensation laws.

Retail stores kept open from 7 in the morning to 10:30 at night and clerks were expected to be on their feet all that time. I remember that when a bill was introduced in the Massachusetts legislature to compel department store owners to provide seats for their clerks, the howl of protest that went up from store and factory owners reverberated all over New England and was echoed from far corners of the country.

Nobody could go to a store and buy a ready made meal. Most bread was made at home. Even in large cities the majority of housewives "put up" their own jams and jellies and made their own condiments or

went without. Life expectancy was 45 years; infant mortality was terrific. But pshaw! what's the use of citing facts? Anybody who has reached the age of discretion with eyes in his head and is not nursing a grouch or a torpid liver has only to look about him to see convincing evidence that despite wars, famines and pestilences the world has been and is growing better.

Mere intimation that after all these zillions of years that Nature's superior creature has been crawling about on this ball of mud and angle worms he has not succeeded and cannot succeed in bettering his habit is an insult to mankind. So, if anybody tells you that the world is not growing better, don't you believe it. I have been told the same thing many times.

**The Passing Years**

BY CHARLES MACAULEY

**THIRD WEEK OF JUNE 1943**

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Spurgin open the Carolina Cafe in the former Bowling Alley.

James Boyd speaks at Asheville rally.

Mrs. Clarence H. Edson and Miss Erma Fisher left Wednesday for New York City.

**1939**

Capt. F. M. Dwight reelected head of Sandhill Post No. 134, American Legion.

Mrs. H. E. Thrower has returned from Bladenboro where she visited for several days.

**1934**

Wiley residence burglarized by jewelry thief. Leaps from second story window with haul when surprised by Mrs. Wiley. Valuable gems taken.

Nine counties visible from new tower here. CCC to erect 85-foot forest fire observatory station near Mt. Hope Cemetery.

**1929**

Southern Pines sells \$20,000 bond issue. Proceeds to be used for extending water mains on May and East Broad Streets.

The third Annual Convention of the Sandhill Firemen's Association was held in Southern Pines on Wednesday. Thirteen towns represented.

**1926**

Southern Pines Board of Commissioners has notified all local sign owners that signs extending over the parkways must be removed.

Employees of the State Highway Department have demolished signs on Route 50 (now U. S. 1) between Rockingham and Raleigh.

**1921**

Walter Lewis of Bethlehem, brother of Harry Lewis of the Public Market, has bought the Goldsmith property, on the corner of May Street and Pennsylvania Avenue.

Mrs. Lamm and Mrs. Lash have gone to Jefferson, Me., for a few weeks' vacation.

**1914**

New plans for the Highland Pines Inn show an addition of 17 rooms, each with a bath and closet, on the three floors.

Mrs. Isabella I. Warburton dies in Windsor Locks, Ct.

**1908**

Board of Commissioners sets tax rate to be 20 mills on the dollar, to be divided as follows: old bond, 3 mills; new bond, 3 1-2 mills; school, 4 mills; special for interest on school house notes, 1 1-2 mills; general fund, 10 mills; poll tax \$2.00.

**1904**

Mrs. A. S. Ruggles and Mrs. G. H. Locey returned on Saturday from Raleigh, where they attended as delegates the State Convention of the Ladies' Aid Society.

C. L. Hayes and Master Ray were the guests of W. D. Loruhn at Niagara Sunday.

**1899**

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stuart are making a visit to Wilmington and enjoying the sea breezes.

Lightning last week struck in many places, and some narrow escapes from death are reported. Hail did considerable damage to the fruit interests.

BUY YOUR COPY OF MR. HUGH DAVE MacWHIRR. On sale at Hayes' Sandhills Book Shop, or The Pilot

**Dr. J. I. Neal**  
**VETERINARIAN**  
 Southern Pines, N. C.

**Rationing Pointers**

**MEATS, FATS**  
 Red Stamps A8 through W8 are good indefinitely. Waste kitchen fats exchanged for two points and four cents a pound.

**PROCESSED FOODS**  
 Blue stamps A8 through V8 are good indefinitely.

**SUGAR**  
 Sugar stamps 30 and 31 are good for five pounds indefinitely. Sugar stamp 40 is good for five pounds of canning sugar through February 28, next year.  
 Sugar stamp 32 becomes good for five pounds June 16.

**SHOES**  
 Airplane stamps 1 and 2, good indefinitely.

**GASOLINE**  
 A-10 coupons now valid and will expire August 8.  
 Rationing rules now require that every car owner write his license number and state in advance on all gasoline coupons in his possession.

**RENT CONTROL**  
 All persons renting, or offering for rent, any living quarters whatsoever must register each dwelling unit with rent control office in their rent area. In counties not under rent control, persons who feel that they are being overcharged for rents may submit complaints to OPA on complaint forms which are available at the local War Price and Rationing Board.

**TO SELL PULPWOOD ON CORD MEASURE**

Effective September 6, all pulpwood sold in North Carolina must be measured by the cord and in no other way. C. D. Baucom, superintendent of the Weights and Measures division of the State Department of Agriculture has announced.

Baucom said that during the past two years—largely because of a farm and mill labor shortage—there has been no definite standard of measurement for pulpwood, pointing out that it has been sold in various types of units, by cord, and by weight.

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**A. S. Newcomb**  
**Real Estate - Insurance**  
 Early in the year of nineteen-four I left my home on Maine's fair shore And came to live in the Old North State "Where the weak grow strong and the strong grow great."  
 I must have grown strong for I haven't grown great But I don't mind that and it's now too late. But of all the places to live I know, I'd rather live here and just grow and grow.  
 —DEAN OF SANDHILL AGENTS.

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Our fighting men are fighting for our way of life, for everything we treasure as American. You can put your dollars in that fight —BY INVESTING IN WAR BONDS. Buy War Bonds and keep them. If a volunteer salesman of War Bonds drops in at your house, give him the welcome he deserves. Sign up for as much in War Bonds as you can. You'll always be glad you did.

**COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO., ABERDEEN, N. C.**



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