

THE PILOT

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FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE

THE PILOT is happy this week to present to its readers a message from an old friend who was back in the Sandhills from the Nation's capitol for a brief visit and who, for old times' sake, complied with a request that he be guest editorial writer. For good measure he threw in a few Grains of Sand, also.

His former associates on THE PILOT are always glad to welcome Nelson Hyde, one of the best newspaper men who ever hit the Sandhills, and we feel that a message from him will be of especial interest to his many friends throughout the paper's territory.

KEEP IT "AS IS"

By Nelson C. Hyde

When this reporter was editor of THE PILOT his most unwelcome visitors were the old timers who used to live in the Sandhills and were back to tell us how things have changed and how something ought to be done about it. It was nice to have them back but we always felt that if they wanted to see the section develop in accordance with their hopes and plans, they should have stayed here and done something about it themselves.

Well, here we are back on a visit and doing the same thing and if you feel as we used to you don't have to read any farther.

All we have in mind is that in the post-war era, Southern Pines must be up on its toes. Not for growth—we've always been of that school that doesn't want to see it outgrow its breeches. The town is largely made up of folks who came down here to visit and stayed on because they loved the place "as is."

We think that those are two big words: "as is." In the jabberwocky of Washington they're spelled "status quo," but we're not in Washington.

Of course the war has upset the equilibrium of every community in the country. The "as is" we're talking about is the "as is" of pre-war days when "we all lived together in a cozy little cot hard by a nest of roses in a fairy garden spot."

When we say Southern Pines must be up on its toes, we don't mean in the Chamber of Commerce sense. We mean exactly the opposite. It's this old timer's advice—welcome or no—to let Southern Pines grow like Topsy, normally, systematically, yes, friendly. There'll be a natural temptation to stimulate growth in competition with other communities. Competition in everything will be rife after the war. Resist it. Keep what you have, or you'll kill the thing you love.

Perhaps there's a selfish motive in our plea. But we want to come back here some day and find the Southern Pines we left—the same old trees, the same old snake fences, the same old Patch—even the trains running right down Broad street. And we think a lot of other old timers feel the same way about it.

They want it "as is."

POLIO AND COOPERATION

As the fall approaches the decrease in the polio epidemic predicted by the health authorities has started. This is the usual course of the disease. Commencing in the hot months, it tapers off as the summer wanes. The first frost usually marks the end of an epidemic.

Throughout most of the State the bans have been lifted and Monday was back to school day for thousands of young North Carolinians. Unfortunately, two new

cases have developed in Moore County recently and the quarantine was extended through this week.

North Carolina has been this year the hardest hit of any state. While a few counties in New York have had as high a number of cases as some of ours, the area affected has not been as great.

As North Carolinians we may congratulate ourselves upon the way the epidemic has been handled. There has been none of the panic and none of the careless overconfidence that is sometimes a regrettable feature of such a crisis. On the part of the State medical authorities, action was prompt and wise. Acceptance of the help of specialists and nurses sent by the New Haven Hospital and the Yale School of Medicine showed judgment. This unit worked in the closest cooperation with a staff of local physicians. At Hickory, where the main center is located, the most modern methods of therapy are used, administered by experts in their field. The people of North Carolina owe a deep debt of gratitude to these northern doctors and nurses and to those who were responsible for their coming. Their help, given so generously and so quickly, has been of inestimable value.

To forestall panic great care has been taken to keep the public fully informed and the press and radio have cooperated with fine control. There have been no scare headlines or melodramatic eloquence, just facts reported carefully, quietly.

The people did their part. Restrictions on gatherings were complied with without a murmur, the people agreeing with health and school authorities that the protection of the children should be the first and only consideration.

To be strongly commended also are the polio committees for their work of the past in keeping before the public the most up-to-date information concerning the disease and efforts to combat it. An informed public is an intelligent one.

Due to all these factors, to the cooperation of all these people, this epidemic of a very grave and very alarming disease was met and handled calmly, wisely, skillfully. Without efforts of all concerned it might well have had a far more serious effect on the health and bodies of our children.

COOPERATION, the keynote of efficiency, the keynote of democracy. Without it we can do little; with it we can accomplish almost the impossible. Yet unless we have the individual's best effort, the best work of which each one is capable, the sum total is lacking. Cooperation is no good if the tools for cooperation are weak. It is only when, as in the fight against infantile paralysis, when scientists, doctors, nurses, a Sister Kenny or a Dr. George Draper, give the best that is in them, each individual working for a common end, that the best is attained and the end eventually won.

A form of government that suppresses individual development and individual effort cannot be successful. Nor can one which upholds the one at the expense of the other. Just as the former breeds a generation of sheep at the mercy of any demagogic shepherd, so the latter with its emphasis on the glories of rugged individualism paves the way for cut-throat competition, for intolerance, hatred and, eventually, war. It is only when, as in democracy, the best of the two are combined that the miracles occur. It is only through cooperation that mankind shall survive. —KLB

Now and Then

BY A. S. NEWCOMB

He was a cute little chap with wavy brown hair, mouth turned up at the corners, and big blue eyes the color of a cloudless sky. When he came into the office, he was clutching his mother's forefinger, and while she conversed with my associate he waited with noticeable patience unusual in one of his age.

After some time, thinking that he must be getting restive and like most boys would soon give annoying evidence of his uneasiness, I said, "Wouldn't you like to get up in my lap?" He responded promptly with an expression that lighted up his pallid countenance like a ray of sunshine through a rift in a cumulous cloud. His mother relinquished her hold, with some hesitancy, I thought, and as I lifted him to my knees, I de-

tected something unusual about him, a mysterious air that both puzzled and attracted me.

We became buddies at once: I told him stories and he regaled me with Mother Goose rhymes and expatiated on the remarkable qualities of his wonderful puppy.

"How old is he?" I asked. "Six weeks, Mummie says, and his fur is just as soft. He lets me rub my face on it, and sometimes he sleeps in my lap."

How big? I inquired. He turned his face to mine, and with a most pathetic expression said "just a little bitty fellah".

"Is he that long?" I asked, spreading his hands apart about six inches. "Yes, I guess so", he replied with that same peculiar expression.

Then in a most appealing tone he said "I like you". "Well, I like you too," I told him "I never had any children, and I'd like to have a boy just like you".

Again that peculiar expression. Then his mother, her business concluded, said "Come Johnnie, it's time to go". Putting his arms around my neck and cuddling his head up under my chin, he whispered audibly, "I'd like to stay a little longer". "Well Dear," she said, "we'll have to leave now, but perhaps we can come again sometime if the gentleman will let us". "All right", he assented cheerfully, taking her proffered hand but getting down with obvious disinclination, "I'd like to. I like him".

Then his mother paused to explain that he had no playmates and few adults ever tried to entertain him, but he makes the best of it, entertains himself, never complains, is always cheerful, kindly and thoughtful and never makes any trouble for anybody.

As they started out, he thanked me and said he was coming again. "Yes, do, soon" I replied, "you're a good boy". Whereupon his mother hesitated, swallowed hard and said, "Yes, he is a good boy and he's all I have. His father died before he was born. He IS a good boy and always has been since the day he was born—blind!"

The Passing Years

BY CHARLES MACAULEY

Third Week of September 1943

E. C. Stevens accepts County Chairmanship of Third War Loan drive.

Display rooms of Backer's Gardens will occupy quarters in the show rooms vacated by Brooks in the Citizens Bank Building.

H. S. Knowles left Tuesday evening for two weeks vacation in St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dr. Clement Byrd now partner and manager of Southern Pines Pharmacy.

1939

Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Johnson buy Hepburn house on New York Avenue.

Marvin A. Ray forms retailing organization for proprietors of Niagara Dairy, Osco Farms and Royalton Pines Dairy.

Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Kelsey returned on Wednesday after spending the summer in Holderness, N. H.

1934

The BcBrayer building opens, rebuilt, refurbished after disastrous February fire. Finest A & P store in the Carolinas; Sandhill Drug Company organized by E. E. Merrill and J. T. Overton also have store.

1929

J. D. Callery of Pittsburg leases the John Y. Boyd house for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goldsmith have as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Bob Goldsmith and children and Mrs. Wallace Goldsmith.

Calvin Edson dies.

1926

Mrs. Decia Welch and family have moved from Aberdeen to Southern Pines and are occupying a cottage on north May Street.

George Richardson, Elmer Davis, Arthur Olmstead, Robert Farmer, James Silver, J. T. Dillehay, Frederick Cole and Earl Merrill have gone to the University at Chapel Hill.

1920

Mr. Platt, the new superintendent of the Southern Pines school, has arrived in town.

"Grapes wanted. We will pay \$3.00 per bushel for Scuppernon Grapes, delivered at the Seaboard depot in Southern Pines. Garrett

& Co. A. Montesanti, local agent." Adv.

1914

In many sections the "buy a bale" idea is becoming contagious and appears very promising. "Coming to Southern Pines. C. E. Haraden's big 10 ct. vaudeville Show under canvas. Week of September 21st.

1909

The Bank opens. After being closed forty-eight days the Citizens Bank and Trust Company resumes business, and everybody is happy.

P. A. Stebbins dies.

1904

N. F. Wilson has bought the F. B. Johnson house on Indiana Avenue, and it is reported that James Boyd of Harrisburg, Pa., has bought Brodnax property at the head of Vermont Avenue.

S. W. Stevens dies in Cairo, N. Y.

1899

The new banking enterprise of Mess. Charles T. Geyer & Sons has commodious quarters in the rooms back of the postoffice.

Prof. H. C. Schultz, the principal of our public school, and Miss Alice Van Deman, the teacher of the intermediate department, have arrived.

Grains of Sand

THE PILOT's gone metropolitan on us—added a seventh column. We haven't been able to figure out whether the new one is on the right, on the left, or down the middle. We hope the latter.

Frank Buchan says just because he's had his hair clipped short doesn't mean he thinks the Democrats are going to have a close shave. Says he's just sick of seeing so many grey locks when he looks in the mirror.

Tough, being kept out of school these extra weeks, eh, Kids?

*That's quite a job they've done to the old Woolnough brick yard.

Place hasn't changed a bit in the three years we've been away. Doc Bretsch is still going fishin' and Ralph Chandler's down at the beach.

We'll know the war's over when we see the first announcement of steeplechase races out on the Midland Road. Save us a seat—anywhere but on a horse.

Financial Note: Struthers Burt is readying a new book which is good news to Claude Hayes.

N. C. H.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATOR c. t. a.

Having qualified as Administrator c. t. a. of the estate of A. A. Buchan, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Southern Pines, N. C., on or before the 19th day of August, 1945, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 19th day of August, 1944. P. FRANK BUCHAN, Administrator c. t. a. OF THE ESTATE OF A. A. BUCHAN, DECEASED. A25-S29

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