

THE PILOT

PUBLISHED EACH FRIDAY BY THE PILOT, INCORPORATED SOUTHERN PINES, NORTH CAROLINA

1941 JAMES BOYD 1944
Publisher

KATHARINE BOYD - EDITOR
DAN S. RAY - GENERAL MANAGER
THOMAS G. JOHNSTON, ASS'T EDITOR
BERT PREMO - ADVERTISING
CHARLES MACAULEY - CITY EDITOR

*S/SGT. DANIEL S. RAY, III

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
ONE YEAR \$3.00
SIX MONTHS \$1.50
THREE MONTHS .75

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

"DON'T QUOTE ME!"

A newspaper is an organ of the public. It serves the public and in a way it belongs to the public, yet very few people realize that such relationship, to be effective must be a two-way proposition. If the paper is to do a good job for the public, the public, in its turn, must try to do a good job for the paper; the cooperation must be mutual.

In the obvious fields, the public depends on its newspaper for certain very definite aids. The columns are open for the placing of advertisements of every type, from the purely commercial notices of goods for sale, through the "classified", the "lost and found", the notices of church sales or charity bazaars. Information as to coming events: concerts, races, movie programs, baseball games, enable the reader to make his plans in advance and to miss nothing of the entertainment life of his community. Town and county tax lists must be printed in the paper; the bank publishes its account of financial soundness for all to read. The letter column of a paper is always open as a public forum wherein readers may express their views, and their pet grievances, or enthusiasms or may put forward some idea for town improvement. From a political angle, a newspaper offers, next to personal contact, the best medium for candidates and public to get to know each other.

These are only some of the more obvious of the services performed by a good newspaper. Added to them, should be the greatest service of all: keeping the public abreast of the news. A good paper should keep its readers informed of events as they happen and should offer, for their guidance or their rejection, constructive editorial guidance on the issues of the day.

In all these fields, the public plays an important part. This is, of course, obvious in the matter of advertising, but, actually, it is quite as true in the business of news gathering and reporting. And it is here that, too often the essential two-way cooperation fails.

How does a reporter get the news? Few people stop, to think. There are, of course, certain events that he automatically covers: things like ball-games or Chamber of Commerce meetings that he knows are going to happen. He attends them and gets his own story. But the newsy happenings, the items that make a paper colorful and up-to-the minute are not the planned affairs. Once in a dog's age, a reporter has the luck to be at the right corner when the two cars crash, or to meet the town "character", high and happy, on his picturesque gambol down the street, or he has a hunch that a certain expression on a certain man's face means something, and, following his hunch, gets his story. But those are the lucky times. In between are the hundred times when he was not there and therefore has to depend on someone else for his report. These are the times when the public's cooperation is essential to the furnishing of news. And this is the part of a paper which, nine times out of ten, the public not only does not understand, but is completely unsympathetic to.

The number of times a newspaper man hears the phrase: "Why don't you have more news in your paper?" is only equalled by the number of times he is told, in tones of anguish: "For heavens' sake, don't quote me!" If a reporter is present at some news-worthy occurrence, he can write his own account of it, but if he gets it through someone else, it is essential to good reporting that he quote his source. Suppose our Postmaster, for instance, to choose one who does understand this principle and is a prize cooperator, has some interesting news to tell about a new post office, perhaps, to be opened in a neighboring town, or even something interestingly new about our own office; he tells it to the reporter. If the reporter simply retells it in his own words, without quotation, it loses much of its force. The interesting thing is that the news is official, not something just picked up; it is being told by one who knows what he is talking about. In the same way, if Wilbur Currie, for example, tells a Pilot reporter some interesting items about the county, they become twice as valuable as news by the fact that they come from an authority on county affairs. Good reporting combined with public cooperation makes a story that is authentic and that is colorful because it has behind it the personalities of these well-known men. But if the "Don't quote me" phrase is tacked onto them, the stories lose half their point. It is here that the public so often fails the newspaper. When asked by a reporter to tell his tale, the eyewitness or the authority, nine times out of ten, simply quits. This attitude is only too understandable, but if it were universal it would mean that many papers would be almost nothing but cut and dried re-hashes of things that people already knew or could find out for themselves. To be really good, a paper must have the active cooperation of its readers, as well as the staff of the paper, must be willing to take a chance, occasionally, to stick their necks out, to have the courage of their convictions. If they want to get the news, they must be willing also, to give it.

stance, to choose one who does understand this principle and is a prize cooperator, has some interesting news to tell about a new post office, perhaps, to be opened in a neighboring town, or even something interestingly new about our own office; he tells it to the reporter. If the reporter simply retells it in his own words, without quotation, it loses much of its force. The interesting thing is that the news is official, not something just picked up; it is being told by one who knows what he is talking about. In the same way, if Wilbur Currie, for example, tells a Pilot reporter some interesting items about the county, they become twice as valuable as news by the fact that they come from an authority on county affairs. Good reporting combined with public cooperation makes a story that is authentic and that is colorful because it has behind it the personalities of these well-known men. But if the "Don't quote me" phrase is tacked onto them, the stories lose half their point. It is here that the public so often fails the newspaper. When asked by a reporter to tell his tale, the eyewitness or the authority, nine times out of ten, simply quits. This attitude is only too understandable, but if it were universal it would mean that many papers would be almost nothing but cut and dried re-hashes of things that people already knew or could find out for themselves. To be really good, a paper must have the active cooperation of its readers, as well as the staff of the paper, must be willing to take a chance, occasionally, to stick their necks out, to have the courage of their convictions. If they want to get the news, they must be willing also, to give it.

When I opened my copy of the Pilot last week I was moodily complaining that nobody ever writes to me, however hard I try to rouse the Sandhills into a passion of correspondence. Then I tore open the Pilot—and there was Windham L. Clarke's friendly reply to my comments on art as reflected upon billboard advertising. It cheered me up so that I forgot to pay for a three cent stamp which Mrs. Danowski, our obliging postmistress had just handed out to me.

Now I feel that I have a collaborator; what an advertising com-bination Clarke and Irwin will become, once we get our heads together. Windham, of course, will furnish the art and the ideas, and I...well, I'll have to think up something that will be useful to the enterprise. My partner's suggestions have put my original so far in the background that they don't seem to be plans at all.

His dream of Cleopatra's barge, scooting along a billboard Nile, might do something better for us than merely to point out the mileage to Southern Pines, Miami and Havana. The Serpent of the Nile might have a 89 foot crown on her head, sparkling with the legend:

REVIVE YOUR SPINES AT SOUTHERN PINES!!! Maybe we should go in exclusively for mechanical billboards. I have a vision of a Frankenstein giant, twice as big as the presidential portraits which Gutzon Borglum used to hack out of solid granitic cliffs. The monster would have four arms on a central hub, windmill fashion, and in each hand, when the wind blew, he would wave realistic pictures of the Southern Pines postoffice, the Moore County Hospital, the ABC store next to the police station and the Seaboard train steaming in with a full load of golfers. Legend (in red light, please):

DON'T GO BEYOND ABERDEEN!

IF YOU'VE SEEN SOUTHERN PINES YOU'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!!! Expanding our business, going in for state-wide advertising, how's this for a smash-hit eye knocker at our northern border? You've seen those endless chain gadget stores they have in shooting galleries, something that makes a long line of rabbits move along, forever pursued by an image that looks a little like a dog. This device would be 1,001 times larger than shooting gallery size and the rabbits — or maybe dinosaurs — always running southward, frantically. The dog would be furnished with a radio recording device so that he would bark at intervals, day and night:

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY FROM VIRGINIA!

THEY'RE GOING TO SOUTHERN PINES!!!

HAPPY RABBITS!!! BOW WOW!!!!

The partnership of Clarke & Irwin is formed. The partnership of Clark & Irwin is dissolved. These structural wonders would cost quite a lot of millions. But that wouldn't discourage me. I could go up to Washington and lobby for it. However, I mustn't get myself involved. I've been thinking so much of what could be done with pickles, nylon hose, pepsi-drinks and bubble gum that I'm running quite a temperature. I'm not sleeping well. If I keep on working with these imaginative ideas they'll have to tie me down under pads.

I think I'll taper off by giving easy language lessons to Mr. Molotov. Something that will teach him how to say "I agree."

Dresses made of aluminum yarn will be on the market soon, manufacturer reports. Yarn is made of fine aluminum with a plastic covering.

Congress as soon as they recon-vene. We must use the moral and physical power which we now possess to prevent a race of atomic armaments in which the whole world would go down in flames. We must, in fine, set our faces resolutely toward the light, in the direction shown us by this new line of hope. It is time, now, to demonstrate our sincerity and our moral purpose to use this great force for the benefit of the world.

Sand Box

BY WALLACE IRWIN

When I opened my copy of the Pilot last week I was moodily complaining that nobody ever writes to me, however hard I try to rouse the Sandhills into a passion of correspondence. Then I tore open the Pilot—and there was Windham L. Clarke's friendly reply to my comments on art as reflected upon billboard advertising. It cheered me up so that I forgot to pay for a three cent stamp which Mrs. Danowski, our obliging postmistress had just handed out to me.

Now I feel that I have a collaborator; what an advertising com-bination Clarke and Irwin will become, once we get our heads together. Windham, of course, will furnish the art and the ideas, and I...well, I'll have to think up something that will be useful to the enterprise. My partner's suggestions have put my original so far in the background that they don't seem to be plans at all. His dream of Cleopatra's barge, scooting along a billboard Nile, might do something better for us than merely to point out the mileage to Southern Pines, Miami and Havana. The Serpent of the Nile might have a 89 foot crown on her head, sparkling with the legend:

REVIVE YOUR SPINES AT SOUTHERN PINES!!!

Maybe we should go in exclusively for mechanical billboards. I have a vision of a Frankenstein giant, twice as big as the presidential portraits which Gutzon Borglum used to hack out of solid granitic cliffs. The monster would have four arms on a central hub, windmill fashion, and in each hand, when the wind blew, he would wave realistic pictures of the Southern Pines postoffice, the Moore County Hospital, the ABC store next to the police station and the Seaboard train steaming in with a full load of golfers. Legend (in red light, please):

DON'T GO BEYOND ABERDEEN!

IF YOU'VE SEEN SOUTHERN PINES YOU'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!!!

Expanding our business, going in for state-wide advertising, how's this for a smash-hit eye knocker at our northern border? You've seen those endless chain gadget stores they have in shooting galleries, something that makes a long line of rabbits move along, forever pursued by an image that looks a little like a dog. This device would be 1,001 times larger than shooting gallery size and the rabbits — or maybe dinosaurs — always running southward, frantically. The dog would be furnished with a radio recording device so that he would bark at intervals, day and night:

THEY'RE RUNNING AWAY FROM VIRGINIA!

THEY'RE GOING TO SOUTHERN PINES!!!

HAPPY RABBITS!!! BOW WOW!!!!

The partnership of Clarke & Irwin is formed. The partnership of Clark & Irwin is dissolved. These structural wonders would cost quite a lot of millions. But that wouldn't discourage me. I could go up to Washington and lobby for it. However, I mustn't get myself involved. I've been thinking so much of what could be done with pickles, nylon hose, pepsi-drinks and bubble gum that I'm running quite a temperature. I'm not sleeping well. If I keep on working with these imaginative ideas they'll have to tie me down under pads.

I think I'll taper off by giving easy language lessons to Mr. Molotov. Something that will teach him how to say "I agree."

Dresses made of aluminum yarn will be on the market soon, manufacturer reports. Yarn is made of fine aluminum with a plastic covering.

RANDOM REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-TOWN FATHER

On a certain Fourth of July during the long and glorious reign of Mayor Stutz the town fathers faced the dilemma of a civic and moral obligation and the apparent lack of means for its fulfillment. For if the observance of the Fourth as a holiday has a serious purpose it must be that of recharging one's spiritual batteries—best accomplished, no doubt, by reading and pondering on the Declaration of Independence, either alone or in company with one's fellow citizens, and by solemn contemplation of the blessings of liberty. But look around you on any Fourth and what do you see? Instead of staying at home and recharging its spiritual batteries the average family is more likely to be burning up the road in its car in a desperate effort to escape anything resembling serious thought. Or the old man has left the family at home to fulfill the civic and moral obligations of the day and is at the ball park flinging insults and pop bottles at the umpire and ill-mannered remarks at the visiting team or is pursuing a little white ball from hole to hole with a golf club and a stream of sulphurous language which would put to shame any fire-spitting dragon of mythology. Shades of Washington!—what a way to celebrate the nation's birthday.

Fully cognizant of the deplorable state of the nation in this respect the town fathers realized that a definite obligation rested on them to observe the occasion in some fitting way. But how? That was the question. No group of normal human beings could spend the whole day reading the declaration of independence, singing America, even if in different keys, and in solemn contemplation of the blessings of liberty. They would end up by scratching each other's eyes out or by resorting to other violent means of relieving the tension. And so, after prolonged discussion it was agreed that a part of the day should be devoted to golf. At least that would keep us amid surroundings conducive to the contemplation of the blessings of liberty.

But another problem then confronted us. Here we were proposing to celebrate the blessings of liberty with a game which was itself the very opposite of liberty. It forced you to follow a rigidly prescribed course. It bound you hand and foot with an intricate system of rules, regulations, restrictions, prohibitions, and penalties. It even denied you freedom of speech. Either you consented to make exclusive use of a lot of mediaeval terms when speaking of clubs and shots or you forever lost the respect of the golfing fraternity, just as you did with a fox

hunter if you called a hound a "dog" or with a yachtsman if you "tied" instead of moored a boat to the dock.

What could be done about that? Very simple. We would stage a revolution of our own. In a ringing statement we declared our independence of all rules and regulations. We solemnly resolved to strike from this ancient and honorable game its mediaeval shackles, to bring it into conformity with the principles of individual freedom. Attached to the statement were a few simple rules observance of which was, however, optional. The course could be played forwards, backwards, or sideways. A disheartened player was allowed to put the ball in his pocket and walk to the next hole merely estimating the number of shots he might have made it in. If completely demoralized he could play the entire eighteen holes in this way. Instead of the foolish custom of declaring the player with the lowest score the winner, the highest score won. This made for free hitting and e l i m i n a t e d delays usually caused by some fanatic waving his club back and forth over the ball before making a shot—for what purpose I could never figure out. I was told he was "addressing" the ball—presumably with some mystic formula similar to the crap shooter's appeal to his dice.

Since we had no desire to be followed by a gallery the hour for the game had been set at 6 a. m. and promptly at that hour His Honor and the commissioners were on hand at the first tee. I had never had a golf club in my hand I was allowed the honor of teeing off first. The little white sphere was placed in front of me, I was handed a stick with a curiously formed appendage at the lower end and was told to hit the ball. This I did in magnificent form but poor direction, driving it through a window of the club house. This seemingly impossible shot both astonished and alarmed His Honor. He went into a huddle with chief of police Kelly, who had come along as referee, as the result of which my brand of golf was declared a menace to life and property and I was relegated to the ignominious status of official kibitzer. I went home long before the match was ended. I never knew who won but I understand that some of the scores reached astronomical proportions. But we had accomplished our revolutionary purpose. We had brought the ancient and honorable game into conformity with the principles of individual liberty. We had demonstrated that the spirit of golf as played by the town fathers of Southern Pines was not incompatible with the spirit of the glorious Fourth. Next week: Spring Festival.

Bynums Hold Ninth Family Reunion, First Since '41 Ninety-Eight Gather in Dunn's Park At Lakeview

The ninth reunion of the descendants of Joseph and Mary Ann Bynum, pioneer settlers in whose honor the community which now makes up the town of Vass was originally called Bynum, was held in Duncan's Park at Lakeview on Sunday, August 11, with 98 persons attending.

When the annual reunions were begun in 1933, there were eight daughters of the pioneer couple living. Three of the four remaining "Bynum Sisters" were present Sunday. A fifth, Mrs. Minnie Bynum Patterson of Philadelphia Miss., passed away the day before the reunion. Another, Mrs. Lydia Bynum McDonald of Hamlet, has died since the 1941 reunion, the last one held.

Miss Retha Mae Cox of Vass was in charge of registration, and T. R. Moffitt of Sanford gave the invocation. A picnic dinner was served.

A brief memorial service for Mrs. Minnie Bynum Patterson was held, with Dr. T. E. Davis of

Southern Pines offering a prayer. E. B. Keith of Sanford, president of the clan, conducted a business session. J. R. Thomas of Raleigh was elected president and Mrs. S. R. Smith was retained as permanent secretary. The group decided to send a "love gift" to the bereaved family of Mrs. Minnie Bynum Patterson, and the session ended with the singing of the Bynum Song and a benediction by the Rev. T. D. Mullie of Niagara.

Clan members attending were the three sisters, Mrs. Sue B. Cameron of Vass, Mrs. Catherine B. Shaw of Southern Pines, and Mrs. Florence B. Thomas of Raleigh. Friends present included Dr. and Mrs. T. E. Davis and family, Southern Pines, Wayne Brooks, Sanford; the Rev. Troy D. Mullis, Niagara; Miss Frances Reed and Arthur Reed, Southern Pines; Pete Federoff, McDonald; Pa; Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Southern Pines.

S. H. LEA

Painting & Wall Papering

CONTRACTOR
Fayetteville, N. C.
Dial 5954

Southern Pines, N. C. Phone 8742
Pinehurst, N. C. Phone 4933

Moore County Victory Celebration Committee

Thanks All

Who Helped Make Day A Success

The Moore County Victory Celebration Committee wishes to express its grateful thanks to each and every one, who helped to make the first Victory Day Celebration to honor the VETERANS of WORLD WAR II, a success.

Practically everyone, who was asked, gave generously of their time and means. Many without solicitation. Without this freely given help the Committees would have been unable to function. It is impossible to name persons or organizations, but from the general committee members who toiled on it from the beginning to those who could only help in the actual last minute preparations, all did their part.

The idea for the celebration was born at a meeting of Sandhills American Legion Post last March and was originally planned as a local affair, but soon expanded to include all veterans organizations and every civic and public group of Moore County.

The entire County cooperated to the fullest, and showed to all that Moore County can act as a unit and does so when called upon. This county, with its varied population, soil, climate and industrial facilities has tremendous potentialities and by working together—as it did to celebrate Victory Day—can become one of the greatest in North Carolina and thereby provide a decent living and home for its over 2,000 returned veterans.

The one sour note in the whole affair came after the day was ended. Namely:—The sneering, sarcastic, sadistic story of the day's celebration as written by the acting editor of the Southern Pines Pilot. His odious comparisons and remarks about principals in the celebration and speakers—other than himself—were unjustified, uncalled for and ungentlemanly, and the members of the Celebration Committee are apologetic for the ungracious remarks, though they had no knowledge of them until after the paper was published.

VICTORY CELEBRATION COMMITTEE

By D. D. SHIELDS CAMERON, Chairman

A PURE-SURE SERVICED CAR IS A SAFER CAR TO DRIVE!

FREE!
New road maps are back — we have them now, ready for your next trip — with a handy trip-record form in each one! Ask for yours.

Fine Pure Oil lubricants, plus our own "know-how" and equipment equals longer car life and safer driving. Better be safe than sorry—better be sure with Pure-Sure lubrication—every 1,000 miles! Is your car due?



Be sure with Pure

Johnston's Service Station

N. MAY ST.—U. S. Hwy. No. 1
Southern Pines, N. C.