

# THE PILOT

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## ARMISTICE DAY

Goin' to put on that golden crown,  
Down by the riverside,  
Ain't goin' study war no more.

## TAPS

Not long ago the body of a Moore County boy was brought home from the foreign land, where he had died, to lie beside his forefathers under the pines and gnarled oaks of his native soil.

In the little church where he had worshipped were gathered his family and relatives and a host of friends. His teachers were there. The voices that sang sweetly in the choir were the voices of the girls of his school; the pallbearers carrying the coffin were the boys of the senior class, his classmates.

As the service ended they lined up at the church door, the eight classmates. Tall and short and medium sized, their dark suits pressed, their shoes shined except for the powder of white dust. Their hair was thick and wavy; brown hair, blond hair, soft chestnut hair. They all stood very still and straight, their boyish faces solemn and far-away.

Then the coffin was there, the bright flag enveloping it tenderly, proudly. Like a bright sword, it lay between them, and they took hold of it and carried it like a gay garland of flowers, like a flashing banner, out of the dark church door, down the worn wooden steps. The sun touched the stars and the red and white of the flag; it touched the blond heads and the dark heads of the bearers.

Behind the coffin walked the honor guard. He was a sergeant, middle-aged, with crisp grey hair, his figure very straight and broad. On his breast were the ribbons of many campaigns and decorations for valor in the field.

In the cemetery, the shade was deep. Old gravestones, mossy, lichen stained, stood in the grey sandy soil. They were clustered in family groups. Many of the inscriptions were illegible, but there were new stones, always, to identify the clan.

The small body of mourners in black clothes by the grave, sat stiffly while the minister spoke, and all through the grave yard the people stood, many by their family monuments. There were very old people there who looked about them with a proprietary air: this was their home; it should be well-kept and honored. Many mothers were there with babies in their arms, and knee babies beside them. They frowned across at the little noisy boys, scuffling their bare feet among the acorns, then looked quickly toward the grave. They thought: if that were our boy there. . . . and perhaps some thought: will we be sitting like that, like two stones, ten or twelve years from now? And their eyes filled with tears.

The flower-girls, his classmates, who had sung for him stood near by. Lips parted, eyes big and dark they leaned together and looked at the minister and the flowers. The soft pine-laden breeze lifted their long curls, and the little ribbons in their hair. Their short dresses fluttered around them.

As the minister ended his final prayer, the sergeant stepped forward and, starting at one end of the coffin, lifted the flag and folded it intricately back and forth many times, till it was a small square pack. Then he took three short steps forward and held out the folded flag to the boy's mother. She lifted her head as if against a great weight and looked at him. He waited, then laid the flag in her lap between her hands. Stepping back, he saluted stiffly. The mother's face did not change. Bowed beneath the heavy weight she gazed ahead. The flowers were placed to cover the coffin. Then, gathering about her, the father holding her arm, they led her away.

Across the seas, in many lands, are the graves of American boys. The lines of white crosses stretch endlessly across green turf, along white coral strands, while the blue sea itself is a shining coverlet for many and many a beloved form. On November 11th, the anniversary of the first Armistice Day, planes will drone and dive in salute above them, the flags will stand at half mast in their honor and all over the world people will be thinking of them and of the boy in the Moore County graveyard, one with his brothers again on that day. People will think of them, on that day, with love, and with gratitude. And they will think of them, too, with a wild desperate urgency. There will be a sense of guilt in that feeling, and doubt and fear, but there will be a determination stronger than the doubt and fear.

Just as the young boys took up the flag-covered coffin of their friend carrying it like an accolade to its resting-place under the pines, so shall the people take up the cause for which he and his comrades fought and fell. In humbleness of spirit before their great sacrifice, yet with strength renewed by the memory of their courage, their people will vow to make an end to war, and will dedicate themselves again to work for peace in one world, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

## The Public Speaking

### A MESSAGE

"Thy testimonies are my meditations"

Because I have "tasted," and seen, "how gracious the Lord is," and have "proven the power of His arm," beyond any further doubt, I humbly submit the enclosed. If it conveys the thought I have in mind, which is to help one or two others to set the Light, well and good.

Several times I have been asked rather personal questions about "will power." To which I have replied that I had absolutely none. I was simply enabled, by the grace of God, to believe, and commit to memory, every word of the "GREAT SERMON," and to shift the burden of proof onto the shoulders of the Man who preached it. From my inmost soul, I believe that this same "POWER," that lifted me out of "the deep mire," is working in and through me until the purpose for which my life has been spared has come to pass. And because of this belief, I try continually to place myself in line with the Living God, and His Son, Jesus Christ, even as a child, by holding a piece of glass at a given position, can direct the heat of the sun upon an object until it becomes a flame of fire.

### TO ALL THAT CALL

Sometime after the Armistice of 1918, I happened to be in New York the very day that David Lloyd-George, arrived from London to receive the great City's tremendous ovation.

Now, I'm not much of a hand to go out of my way to see people, but, because I had read so much and so often about the man who had carried so lightly the heavy burden of leading Great Britain, during the war, I wanted to see him. So I stood on the curbing of lower Broadway, with thousands upon thousands of others, just to get a glimpse of him.

I stood there for goodness knows how long, and, as my feet were aching sore, I was about to give up my place in the front line, when, all of a sudden, I heard a thunderous shout of 'HERE HE COMES.'

In an instant, everything else was forgotten. I forgot all about my aching feet, as an indescribable trembling crept over me. Almost before I could get a hold on myself, he appeared directly opposite me.

Involuntarily, my deep admiration for the man burst past my lips in one tremendous shout of "OH DAVID!"

Above all the clamor and noise and confusion, such as only Broadway turns loose on a celebrity, that call reached his ears. He turned immediately to me, and, by his actually returning my visible hand (palm turned out) salute, I knew he recognized me as the man who had called his name.

### EVEN ME

Early one morning, recently, long before the sun had risen, the above incident flashed across my

mind as I read of another man who was on His victorious way to a glorious reception. As he passed through a small town, "nigh onto Jericho, a certain blind man sat by the wayside begging: And hearing the multitude pass by, he asked what it meant. And they told him: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." And he cried, saying, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me" . . . . And Jesus said . . . "thy faith hath saved thee."

If any have 'tried the broken cisterns' and found "the waters failed," and "who are any ways afflicted, or distressed, in mind, body, or estate," why not try calling on "this same Jesus." He heard me, mind you, Me; even ME.

—A BELIEVER.

## LEADS CHORUS



For the second time, Director Charlie Picquet, pictured above is leading his Sandhills Chorus in the Rose Maiden Cantata to be given here November 21.

## Chorus Rehearsals Of Rose Maiden Going Splendidly

Large Group of Singers Under Director Picquet Prepares For Concert

With only about three weeks to go, the Rose-Maiden chorus, under the direction of Charlie Picquet, settled down to business Tuesday night and made the rafters ring in their rehearsal at the Community Center.

The group, of some sixty singers, has been meeting Tuesday nights, with a surprisingly good attendance which testifies to the enthusiasm of the participants and the good management of the director. Answering to their names on Tuesday night, in true schoolboy and girl fashion, they immediately got to work, a few minutes after eight, on the opening chorus.

The exacting harmonies and range were negotiated with almost professional skill by the group, singing in good pitch throughout. It was clear to see that Manager Picquet has held to his usual standard of emphasis on enunciation; every word was understandable. The tempo was vigorous, and never lagged.

The three other choruses sung that night, "Mid the waving rose-trees," "Tis the wedding morning," and "Too lovely were thy roses" were equally well rendered. The pitch never dropped; there was no slurring and no delayed opening; rests and tempo were followed with the utmost faithfulness. The tone quality was especially good in the soprano voices. The range was often extremely high, and was attained with ease and precision. All the voices in the group were good, some of them truly outstanding, with a naturalness of tone that was delightful.

Soloists in the cantata are: Burney McCotter, of Southern Pines, (tenor), Mrs. Page Choate, also of Southern Pines, and Mrs. Charles Picquet, (sopranos) of Pinehurst, Paul Peck, (baritone), of Pinehurst, Miss Helen Fields and Miss Mary Campbell, both of Pinehurst, Miss Jean Olive and Mrs. T. K. Gunter of Southern Pines.

The Rose Maiden cantata was composed by Frederick H. Cowen, with words translated from the German by R. E. Francillon. It is to be sung at the Southern Pines High School on the evening of November 21st. This will be the second time of its performance in Southern Pines under the direction of Charlie Picquet. The proceeds of the concert will go to the Council of Social Agencies. KLB

A new anti-malaria drug said to be better than quinine and atabrine will be available soon. Called aralen and taken only once per week, it stops a malaria attack in twenty-four hours.

# CARTHAGE NEWS

## Rotary Holds Informal Meeting

At last week's meeting of the Rotary Club, the business discussed concerned chiefly the matter of finding a new project and was mainly in lighter vein. Speaker "Chub" Seawell, whose ability as a raconteur, is well known in these parts, entertained the club with jokes and stories for fifteen minutes, after which he spoke very briefly but seriously on "One Should Be Natural."

Wilton Brown introduced the speaker, Joe Allen, who in turn introduced the speaker, Tom Henson, who in turn introduced the speaker, Eddie Burns, who in turn, introduced H. F. Seawell, Jr. Much fun was had by all at this schoolboy prank of "pass it on."

Tobaccoists were honor guests at this meeting. They were introduced by George D. Carter, known as the Daddy of the Carthage Tobacco Market. Those present were Messrs. Brayton of Liggett Meyers; Underhill of Export; Utley of Imperial; Lee Nolan of Taylor; Small, of Piedmont Leaf; Messrs. Johnson, Branch and Nelson of Independent; Messrs. Carter and Smith, of Reynolds; Bailey of American; Hugh P. Smothers, of Smothers Bros. Warehouse; W. M. Carter, O. P. Littleton, Dan Carter, of McConnell Warehouse.

## With the Churches

The Rev. John Cline left this week to attend the annual Methodist North Carolina Conference which began on November 7, in Henderson. The appointments for next year will be read Sunday. As Mr. Cline goes to conference, the hopes of the entire town go with him that he may be returned to this field again by the bishop.

On Monday, a number of Methodists attended the zone meeting in Troy of the Women's Society of Christian Service. They were Rev. and Mrs. John Cline, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Poole, Mrs. John Baker, Sr., Mrs. Emma Cole, Miss Kate Bryan, Mrs. Beulah Phillips, and Mrs. George Carter.

At a congregational meeting recently of Carthage Presbyterians it was voted to change the call of the pastor, Rev. William Sidney Golden. At present, he is pastor of the Carthage, Eureka, and Priest Hill Presbyterian churches. It was decided to call Mr. Golden as a full time pastor of the Carthage church. This action will of course, be subject to whatever decision Presbytery may make.

The pipe organ for the church, which was ordered during the war, is not yet obtainable.

The Robbins Baptist Church held a joint communion and Baptismal Candlelight service on last Sunday night at the Carthage Baptist Church. Rev. Reed Harris, pastor of the Robbins Church, gave the invocation. As pastor of the Carthage church, Rev. Otis Hagler administered the Ordinance of Baptism, for which there were eleven candidates. After the baptismal service the congregation observed the Lord's Supper. The church was filled to its capacity.

During the week a supper was served at the Baptist church to between forty and fifty teachers and workers of the Sunday School. Superintendent Joe Allen of the Sunday School made plans for the work of the com-

ing month and for the Thanksgiving offering, which will go to Baptist orphans in North Carolina. The supper committee was made up of Mrs. A. W. Lambert, chairman, Mrs. Ed Frye, and Mrs. R. B. Moore. In line with the progress of the times, the Baptist brethren also are anticipating the purchase of a pipe organ with much enthusiasm. Delivery has been promised in about twenty months.

Thursday night of this week a training class for teachers in Sunday School will be held at the pastorium with Mr. and Mrs. Hagler at 7:30.

## Personals

Mrs. Graham of Little Rock, S. C., mother of J. L. McGraw, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. McGraw this week.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul Fried of Scranton, Pa., are spending a fortnight with Mrs. Fried's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert F. Seawell, Jr.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles W. Worth have returned from their wedding trip, and are staying with Mrs. Alonzo Blue for the present.

## Moore County Scout Officials To Meet

The Annual Meeting of Moore County's Boy Scouts leaders will be held at the Carthage Hotel, on Tuesday, November 12th, at 7:30 p. m. Scoutmasters, Assistants, Troop Committeemen, and members of the District Committee will be present. Hugh G. Isley, President of the Oconeechee Council, will be the principal speaker. The Chairmen of the various Operating Committees will present their reports.

One of the items of business to be taken care of is the election of officers. A. L. Burney of Southern Pines has been named chairman of a Nominating Committee to report at this meeting. Every registered Scouter in the District has the privilege of voting at this meeting.

The present officers of the Moore County District Scout organization are Paul Butler, Southern Pines, Chairman; F. B. Monroe, West End, Vice-Chairman; N. L. Hodgkins, Southern Pines, District Commissioner; A. L. Burney, Southern Pines, Organization and Extension; I. C. Sledge, Pinehurst, Advancement; N. L. Hodgkins, Southern Pines, Finance; Dr. McMillan, Southern Pines, Health and Safety; George Dunlap, Southern Pines, Camping and Activities.

## LOCAL EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

George B. Marshall, in charge of the U. S. Employment Service in Carthage, announces that, effective Nov. 6th, service to Southern Pines by the Employment Service and the U. C. Commission will be given on Thursdays of each week, at the Southern Pines Fire Station. Two hours each Thursday afternoon, from 1:30 to 3:30, the U. S. Employment representative will be on hand for the convenience of the residents of Southern Pines.

Young grass contains three times as much protein as that cut in late summer, some kinds having 40 per cent protein on a dry-weight basis.

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