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PERSHING
The flag of the Southern Pines post office, as did all others in the land, flew at half mast Monday of last week during the hours of the funeral service of General Pershing.

In every city, town and village "Black Jack" was honored and sorrowed as few, if any, military men have ever been before. Everywhere, among the great and among the plain, reminiscences of this great American general were told and retold.

Our own reminiscence is a small one. It has to do with a teen-ager let out of school with the rest of the students to watch a parade of Army men down a wide street in Richmond, Va. These were men newly returned from France. It was a very hot day. The march was an informal one. The lines were uneven and ranks were broken from time to time as the men stopped to drink lemonade from stands hastily set up for the purpose.

But there was nothing informal about the man who rode at their head. He was handsome, trim, every inch a soldier. The memory of him has remained a vivid one though many others, which should have stood out far more, have faded and died.

It is only of late years that many of us have found out how much all of us truly owe to Pershing—brilliant soldier, great leader and American to the core. This is a man no future historians will ever "debunk." Many of our troubles of the past few years would have been averted had others in power listened to him, maintained his policies.

He believed in occupation of a conquered land until not only the winning of the war, but the shape of the peace, was assured. They overruled him on that after World War I. Though he is dead, his spirit commands us again and it is in obedience to that command that the B-29's are flying into Berlin, and will keep flying, until the Russian blockade is loosened.

In Arlington cemetery today, the Unknown Soldier and the Known Soldier lie side by side.

GRACELESS GARB
While it is true that "clothes do not make the man," it is a recognized fact that neatness of attire and neatness of living go hand in hand, with no clear way of determining whether one dresses in orderly fashion because one is orderly within or whether the mental and moral order are assisted by the outward appearance of it.

In any case, we find ourselves looking forward to the time when young people again appreciate the value and charm of tidiness, and deplore the current fashion which puts a premium on a sloppy look.

Our teen ager came home not long ago, wearing her customary uniform of unevenly-rolled blue jeans and a long-tailed, flapping shirt. We heaved a sigh of relief when she said she had come home to change.

What she did was change that flapping shirt for another, and left again looking just the way she did before, as far as our dull adult eyes could see.

The young girls in their sloppy jeans, or that odd get-up of long shirts and short shorts, the boys ganged around the street corner with too-tight dungarees and flop-tailed shirts, somehow just don't look very cute to us. We understand that they look very cute to each other, and that seems to be the important thing. However, haven't they always, no matter what they wore?

Without wishing in any way to be an old crow cawing doom, and knowing in any case that mere parents are helpless against the dictates of youthful fashion, we nevertheless find ourselves wondering: is there some connection between these careless and unlovely garments, and the careless and unlovely manners we're struggling with so often today?

Surely one notices the difference at once, when some rare occasion inspires our young to dress in their best. As if by magic they become invested again with the charm of youth we all adore, and their manners take on a graciousness no less appealing because it is unaccustomed.

The blackberry is gaining in popularity, reports the U. S. Department of Agriculture, which has just issued a new bulletin called "Growing Erect and Trailing Blackberries."

With fewer animals on farms and consumer demand very strong, prices of most livestock products are at or near record levels.

It takes about 84 gallons of water to make one Lee Pres-Shaped hat.

The Public Speaking
Dear Pilot,
For nearly three years I have tried to keep quiet about the lack of mail delivery because I have felt that a newcomer should not be critical of an otherwise perfect town. Hence nothing has pleased me as much as your very well-written editorial on the subject.

When I first heard that there was no delivery I could hardly believe my ears. I was told that people preferred to come after it. Since then I have asked many and have found only one man who says Yes, he prefers to go after his mail twice a day. (But when he was gone for a couple of months his wife did not like the situation.) It seems like a hardship when you go into the post-office on a cold, rainy day and see an old lady gathering up the mail for several friends who are perhaps frailer than she; when you watch the tired young mothers lugging one or two children, and often leaving one outside in a buggy while she waits in line; when you have to slip and slide down the hill as we did for two weeks in February when the car was snow-bound; and especially when you have the mumps and know that you will not get any mail unless some kind friend offers to bring it.

I have nothing but praise for the post-office itself. They gave me a large box and I enjoy my contacts with the pleasant and efficient force. But they would have easier work if it were not for the large General Delivery. And delivering the mail would create several new jobs for energetic young men.

Please keep up your crusade and the town will rise up and call you blessed.

KATHERINE N. McCOLL

FOR HOSPITAL
The Pilot Southern Pines. Dear Editor,
We feel that it will be of interest to you that the Carthage Jaycees are entering vigorously in the fight against polio and in the campaign to raise funds for the hospital now under construction in Greensboro. Fogging of the town by the ground method has been completed and results, it is hoped, will be good.

Wide publicity is being given to our auction sale to be held at the Court House square on Friday, July 30, with all proceeds going to the Greensboro hospital. This is a means by which everyone can actively participate in this drive.

Yours very truly,
DAN ROBERTS, President,
Carthage Junior Chamber of Commerce

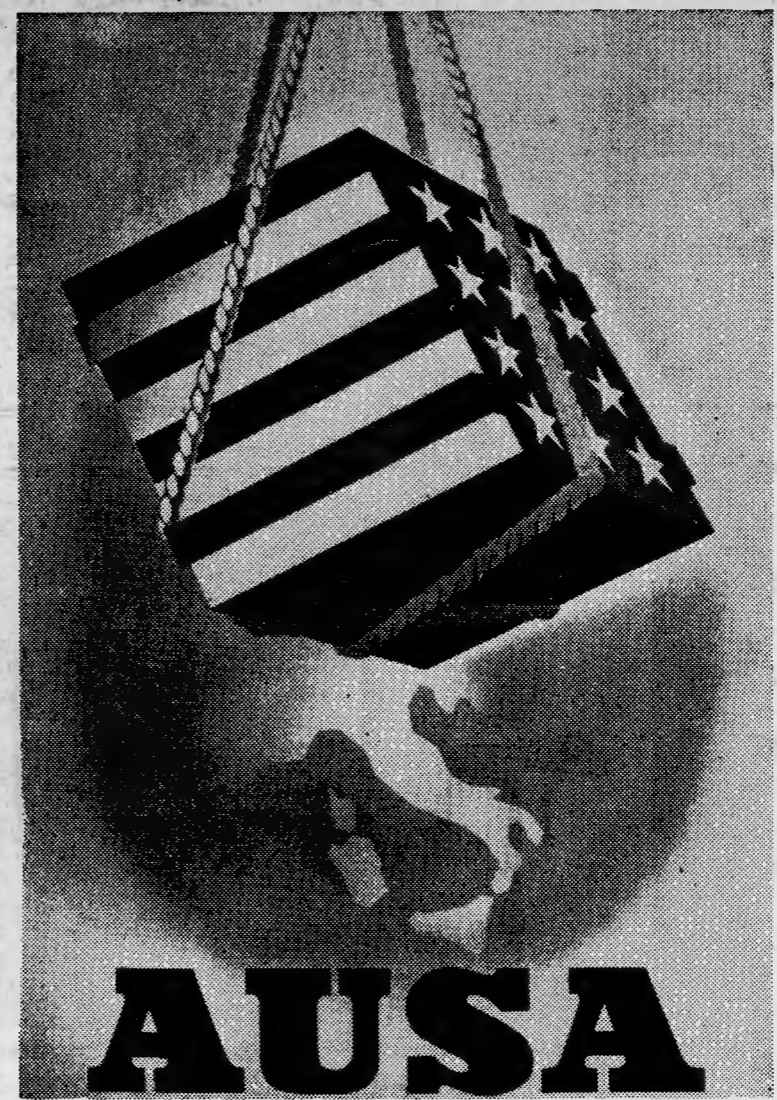
A TRIBUTE
To the Pilot.
Struthers Burt's beautiful tribute to Claude upon his 50th anniversary, and Claude's reply are classics. I feel insignificant in offering my tribute to one who was my friend for over 40 years.

"There was only one Claude Hayes," was the tribute frequently heard last week in Southern Pines. Claude was original in all ways. He was taller than most men; he was six feet two inches, and his carriage and the swing of his arms and erect posture were all Claude Hayes.

He was one of the builders of Southern Pines. He had great vision and foresight. With Dr. Swett, Dr. Gladmon, Dr. Ferguson, Robert E. Wiley and Dr. Mudgett he really strove to make this town what it is. It was a tiny village when he came here, and with the initiative of the group I mentioned, it developed into the fast growing village and center of activity of Moore county that we now live in. As a town commissioner, a member of the schoolboard and a founder of the Country Club, he was always a leader in everything that would promote the welfare of this community. He was a keystone man, always among the advocates and pressure men in forwarding what was best for Southern Pines.

There was a lighter side to this kindly man. The late Frank Buchanan frequently said "It is worth going a hundred miles to see Claude Hayes umpire a game of baseball," and could he umpire! Alone, unaided and unassisted, Claude would stand behind the pitcher, and call strikes and balls, umpire the bases and could call foul and fair balls accurately. He was the umpire absolutely. His decisions were given with an air of authority and a finality that brooked no questioning. In solitary grandeur, he ruled. He was sought to officiate in games in Fayetteville, Raeford, Laurinburg, and many towns far distant because they knew he was fair and could not be swayed or influenced.

He was an understanding man, gentle, kindly and friendly, with



This poster, typifying American aid to Europe, was chosen in a contest sponsored by the Italian government, and is being used in Italy to keep the people mindful of their benefits under ERP. It illustrates the dramatic impact of aid from the USA—"AUSA," in the Italian rendition—in the fight to maintain economic and political stability on the continent. (Courtesy Christian Science Monitor)

Grains of Sand

The Carthage Jaycees' auction sale this evening strikes us as one of the finest things ever planned in this county . . . Articles contributed for the auction will be sold for dollars to help build the new Central Carolina Polio hospital at Greensboro . . . Everyone should take part, and gladly, too . . . Are Jaycees all over the affected area doing this sort of thing? . . . If so, our hat is off to them . . . It was the Jaycees at High Point who set out to raise \$9,000 for the polio hospital in one day last week . . . And wound up with something over \$25,000 in the kitty . . . The way they did this was novel, to say the least . . . And it probably broke a few laws, but we are absolutely sure nobody kicked.

They had "Stop" signs out at all roads and highways coming into town . . . And when the cars stopped they were "held up" by Jaycees who good-naturedly relieved the occupants of a considerable portion of their cash . . . No firearms were used . . . Only little blue china household utensils of the sort generally found under the bed in country homes . . . The lids were tied on the collectors' heads . . . The utensils were for the cash . . . Signs proclaimed, "We want a potful of money!"

Directly ahead of a Southern Pines driver, a big bus filled with passengers was stopped . . . The collector boarded the bus, and collected from everybody on it. "Folding money" was clipped to the handle of the potties . . . Coins clinked inside them . . . When they were full they were taken to a central stand where a Jaycee with microphone held forth . . . "Spotting" drivers, sending his happy highwaymen from one car to another, cajoling, kidding and loosening those wallets.

Let's all loosen up at the auction sale, folks . . . You'll never be called on for a better cause . . .

a tender heart, but this was never on display. It showed mostly in his many charities, in which Mrs. Hayes shared. She was always a sympathetic, constant and loyal companion. Many a child, a little boy or little girl, was sent to the doctor for medical attention or to the dentist for complete dental attention. His charities, and those of Mrs. Hayes, numerous as they were, were not limited to race, nationality, or religion. He was a most unselfish man. He was a home man, a civic leader second to none, a great Mason, a devout Episcopalian, a real Christian.

Many a Christmas basket with a complete wardrobe of clothes for a little girl or boy, found its way from the Hayes home for those who needed it, and many of the recipients never knew from whence the gift came.

In all activities, which were for the welfare of the community and its people, he was a leader. He was a loyal staunch friend, a champion of the underdog all ways. He will be missed. We will not see his like again. "There was only one Claude Hayes!"

GEORGE G. HERR

Is it true that one of the lady parishioners of the Carthage Presbyterian church, a confirmed Johnsonite, asked her pastor (before the primary) to pray in church for Johnson's victory? . . . He didn't . . . Maybe he should have.

Recent news indicates that Hawaii and Alaska are running neck and neck in the race for statehood . . . Hawaii sent Sen. Guy Cordon of Oregon enough fresh pineapple to supply the restaurant tables of the Capitol . . . Alaska's "plug" was several hundred pounds of salmon . . . It must mean something to the world at large to realize that while territories are trying desperately to become members of this commonwealth of states, the countries adjacent to Russia are trying frantically to avoid being coerced into becoming members of the Soviet Union.

We hate to say goodbye to the crepe myrtle blooms on the trees beside the Belvedere hotel. They are fading now, after providing a marvelously beautiful show of color for the past month—one of the town's loveliest summer sights.

AUCTION SALE

Word of the Jaycees' auction sale tonight (Friday) did not reach The Pilot in time for us to give it the full measure of publicity we should have liked. However, we hope it will take only one mention in the press to get everybody in this community, and from every rural route, to Carthage between 6 and 8 o'clock this evening, to add their dollars to the building fund of the Central Carolina Polio hospital at Greensboro.

This new hospital, financed by contributions from all the counties it will serve, will be another great step toward making this state one of the best prepared in the land for looking after its polio victims in the best possible fashion.

It is hard to imagine a more worthy or appealing call. The Jaycees have planned this as a countywide event. For those who like to get something tangible in return for their money, there will be articles of all sorts on sale. For all who take part there will be the knowledge that their dollars are paying for something whose value cannot be measured in money.

MT. HOPE

We are glad to note the purchase of additional acreage by the town board for future expansion of Mt. Hope cemetery, so that never within foreseeable years will Southern Pines come up against that problem which has many towns and cities baffled: where shall we lay our dead in beauty and decency?

With a large addition already terraced and many plots marked out, the newer part can await the need, with no hurry about its development. That it will some day be needed is certain; that it would later cost a good deal more is almost as sure.

And now, with pride in our beautiful cemetery, so beautifully designed, the older part with its ancient crumbling stones fitting in with placid harmony alongside the new, it is not too early to bespeak a cherished thought.

Could not the designing of the new acreage include a large open space for an Easter sunrise service? Many places have theirs ours would be but one of hundreds; yet it would have a very special meaning here.

Easter is our time, in this springtime village; a time when visitors are here from many places. We provide them everything in the way of flowering loveliness, entertainment, hospitality. Except for the regular services of our churches we give them nothing significant of Easter.

In our cemetery, Mt. Hope, lie buried not only the forefathers of pioneer families living here today, but many whose ties are all far distant—people who came to the Sandhills for a year, or 20 years; who called them home but have no relations here ever to visit or put a flower on their graves.

People who came to Pinehurst as well as Southern Pines to spend their declining years in this gentle air are buried at Mt. Hope. As those who once knew them go on, there are in many cases none left who ever called them by their names.

Easter could be a time for a communal act of respect to these honored dead, to show that they are not forgotten: that in death, as in life, they belong to us, their adopted neighbors and friends.

And those of us who feel reasonably sure that some day we shall lie there will be heartened by the knowledge that, each Easter in this place of hallowed beauty, prayers will be said, the loved old songs be sung and the Christian truth of the Resurrection be proclaimed.

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