

# THE PILOT

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ERN PINES, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS  
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MEMBER  
NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION  
AND  
N. C. PRESS ASSOCIATION

## WELCOME, FORESTERS

We are happy indeed to wel-  
come to Southern Pines next  
week personnel of the N. C. For-  
est Service in the Central Caro-  
lina counties, who will be at-  
tending their annual training  
session over a two-day period.

We like foresters. We like the  
kind of men who decide to be  
foresters in the first place, choos-  
ing a rugged, tough, outdoor pro-  
fession for their life's work and  
fitting themselves for it with rig-  
orous training.

We like the Forest Service,  
with its interlocking roles of  
guardian of our forest wealth,  
enforcer of law and order, fight-  
er of fires, teacher of the young  
and of all others who need to  
learn about trees and their care  
and protection.

We are happy to have in The  
Pilot this week the splendid ar-  
ticle written by District Forester  
Pippin, telling of his depart-  
ment's work, and we hope that  
every Pilot reader will read it  
all.

It's a great thing the state and  
the individual counties are doing  
in maintaining the Forest Ser-  
vice, and as far as we have been  
able to determine it is in the  
hands of a splendid and capable  
group of men. In general they  
lead a pretty lonesome sort of  
life and we like to see them come  
together to learn, to work, to  
fraternize and enjoy themselves  
together.

They are valuable friends, ren-  
dering valuable service. We don't  
know any group we'd rather have  
here, nor to whom we would ex-  
tend a warmer welcome.

## HEROES OR HEELS?

Only history can tell if the Dix-  
iecrats, in forming the States'  
Rights party, are making a grand  
gesture in the tradition of the  
noble Southland, or whether they  
are, with villainish stubbornness  
in maintaining their stand, cut-  
ting the throat of the party which  
is the only one which has ever  
meant anything down here.

Some fine people, of the best  
the South produces, are heading  
and have pushed this movement  
—no Huey Long nor "Humman"  
Talmadges but men and women  
who believe in the South and her  
ability to care for her own prob-  
lems in time.

Yet Margaret Mitchell's "Gone  
With the Wind" portrays as  
graphically as anything we know  
what happened once before when  
Southerners chose to make a  
great gesture, with their land,  
and homes and very lives at  
stake. There is beauty to it yet,  
but the desolate beauty of a  
cause most disastrously lost; one  
which even a moderately intelli-  
gently realist, if he could out-  
talk the romanticists, could have  
shown to be lost in advance.

As for cutting the throat of the  
Democratic party, it appears ob-  
vious that votes for Thurmond  
will not merely detract strength  
from Truman, but add it to  
Dewey, so that an honest vote  
for the Republican ticket would  
be a better thing.

Statements by the States  
Rights that they are not aban-  
doning the Democratic party but  
"forming a new party within its  
framework" make little sense as  
this cannot be done. When the  
two tug different ways it cannot  
be said that they are the same  
party, in any sense of the word.

It might be well for the States  
Rights to remember, as the  
Charlotte Observer so recently  
and specifically pointed out, that  
the civil rights program cannot  
be made law without being sub-  
mitted first to the states for their  
approval; that congressional  
rights in that direction  
are limited by the constitution;  
that in abandoning their own  
party they are going no place at  
all, as the Republican platform  
is even more drastic.

Some have said it is as well  
for this "too, too solid" South  
to split, and be so no more; but  
not in a cause lost in advance. If  
the Democratic party stays in,  
the South still has a chance to  
make its voice heard in many im-  
portant ways. If not, it's goodbye.

## KEEP FLIES OUT

Now that we have been cleansed,  
purified and freed of the  
worst of our insect pests with  
DDT, both sprayed and "fogged",  
let's stay that way.

This means, first of all, cover-  
ing up our garbage cans. Prob-  
ably one-fourth of Southern  
Pines residents put their trash  
and garbage out in grocery car-  
tons, bushel baskets, orange  
crates and other open containers.  
Dogs make merry with many of  
these, and insects are busy with  
them all the time.

It is hardly fair to those who  
use covered containers for health  
and safety, to have their neigh-  
bors fail to do so.

We respectfully ask the town  
board: Is there, or could there  
not be, a city ordinance making  
the use of covered containers  
compulsory?

Of course the dogs sometimes  
pry the lids off the covered cans,  
but such handicaps to free entry  
all over town would certainly  
discourage them, and they might  
find a good many they could not  
pry off. Insects are worse than  
the dogs, especially at this time  
of year when melon rinds and  
the leavings of summer fruits and  
vegetables form a large part of  
the refuse.

What DDT can do was miracu-  
lously exemplified by the sudden  
disappearance of the peach gnats,  
at the height of the peach season.  
One day we were all scratching.  
The next day—peace and comfort!  
The absence of flies also, as a re-  
sult of the spraying and fogging,  
has made life really worth living  
here again.

We know these villains now for  
what they are. That they make  
us slap and scratch is the least  
of their evils. They carry the in-  
sidious virus not only of polio,  
but many other diseases. Death,  
disablement and disfigurement  
are all in their grim cargo, and  
the Four Horsemen of the Apoc-  
alypse would hang their heads in  
shame at the record of evil chalk-  
ed up by a swarm of flies.

Let's keep the flies and other  
pests out—and let's be "fogged"  
again every summer, epidemic or  
no epidemic. It's worth every  
cent it costs.

## The Public Speaking

TO THE VOTERS

To the Pilot,  
Southern Pines.  
Dear Editor,

We would appreciate your  
publication in The Pilot of the  
following expression of the posi-  
tion of the Southern Pines school  
board in regard to the coming  
county-wide school bond election.  
It is addressed to the voters of  
the Southern Pines School Dis-  
trict.

The Southern Pines School  
Board would like to express to  
you its gratitude for your favor-  
able vote in its recent bond elec-  
tion. We feel that your vote was  
an indication of your desire for  
good school buildings in the  
county. We think that with the  
completion of our new elemen-  
tary building and the prospect of  
the new auditorium, cafeteria,  
and gymnasium our most urgent  
needs will be met. We have, how-  
ever, other pressing needs, in-  
cluding a gymnasium for West  
Southern Pines and a high school  
building in Southern Pines. It has  
been our feeling that any county-  
wide bond issue which pretend-  
ed to care for all of the schools  
should include these needs.

Recently when the county-  
wide issue was first proposed,  
we requested that our additional  
needs be met. The total request  
for the three school units in the  
county was above the legal limit  
of the amount of bonds that  
could be issued. As a result, some  
compromise had to be reached.  
It was apparent that the opening  
of the new mill in Aberdeen  
would create a most critical sit-  
uation. In addition, the Aberdeen  
Negro School has long been un-  
safe for school children.

After carefully studying the  
various proposals and recognizing  
these two needs as necessary  
at the present time, your Board  
suggested that all schools in the  
county other than Aberdeen  
withdraw their requests for the  
time being. The Pinehurst Board  
of Trustees, Moore County Board  
of Education, and the Board of  
County Commissioners agreed to  
this suggestion.

Consequently a county-wide  
election has been called for Au-  
gust 24 at which time you will be  
asked to vote on a \$375,000 bond  
election for Aberdeen School  
District. We feel that such an  
election is necessary and that it  
deserves the support of the peo-  
ple of the Southern Pines School  
District.

Board of Trustees  
Southern Pines School District  
DR. G. G. HERR, Chairman  
N. L. HODGKINS  
JOHN HOWARTH  
L. L. WOOLLEY  
MRS. LOUISE MILLIKEN  
P. J. WEAVER, Superintendent

# Flight to Switzerland

Mrs. James Boyd, editor of The  
Pilot, writes more of her Euro-  
pean observations. Since arriving  
in Switzerland she has visited a  
camp for displaced children and  
other places of interest, and  
promises us an early letter tel-  
ling of them.

Brissago, Ticino  
Switzerland  
July 22

There is the same atmosphere  
in all airport terminals. I noticed  
it at home, and in Europe it is just  
the same. Dramatic suspense en-  
velopes them. Passengers' names  
are taken, checked, and re-check-  
ed; earnest-eyed girls in uniform  
usher them here and there; time  
is apparently of the essence.

It was the same in the London  
airport. There was the same  
tenseness, the same hurry; every-  
body looked at watches, checked  
them with the big clock. A stout  
lady rushed up to the usher and  
inquired anxiously "Have I time  
to go to the ladies' room?"

The girl consulted her watch:  
"Yes, madame," she replied:  
"Just." Causing me to ponder on  
the meaning of that "just."

The lady disappeared on the  
run, to emerge in record time,  
breathless and slightly disarray-  
ed. She joined the rest of us,  
perched on the edge of her chair,  
and then gradually relaxed as the  
minutes ticked by.

The drama continues. Blue-  
coated officials stride past,  
frowning at sheafs of papers;  
they signal back and forth the  
length of the room. Suddenly the  
loudspeaker starts to squawk  
"Cwa-cwa-cwa-shlup!" Everyone  
looks, nothing happens.

If all this is intended to reas-  
sure the passengers, to impress  
them with the efficiency of the  
airlines, it is a failure. The air  
grows more and more tense.

Suddenly the speaker comes  
through clear. Everyone sits erect  
and starts to grab bags and pa-  
pers. The speaker says, very  
clearly: "This is a test call  
only; please do not pay any at-  
tention. Thank you."

The tension breaks in a ripple  
of laughter, which turns to roars  
as the squawking voice continues:  
"one, two, three, four, Monday,  
Tuesday, Wednesday,  
Thursday, Friday, Sat-  
urday, Sunday," chants the  
cheerful red-faced Briton beside  
me, and grins happily about him.

When, a moment later, the speak-  
er starts squawking again as un-  
intelligibly as before, a guffaw  
sweeps the room. Inefficiency has  
done a better job of reassurance  
than all the briskness and drama-  
tic stir.

Finally something really does  
get going; we hear the big mo-  
tors warming up outside and it  
isn't long before we are off. A  
mighty quick start. The pale,  
pretty (in a sharp-faced sort of  
way) girl beside me says: "They  
all have their own style of going  
up, don't they? This pilot's the  
quickest yet."

"Do you fly much?" I asked.  
"I've been back and forth  
some," she says. "My husband's  
doing a cure in Switzerland."

It turned out that he was a  
paratrooper and injured in the  
chest. He has been in and out of  
the cure, at a sanitarium up in  
the high Alps several times, but  
this time she thinks may be the  
last; the doctors have been very  
optimistic. I wonder about her:  
not very well-dressed, very deli-  
cate-looking. He's not been able  
to work, of course. And these  
cures are very expensive. Her  
thin face shows deep lines of  
strain and anxiety when it is in-  
repose. When she talks her eyes  
are bright and her smile cheerful.  
How many there must be like  
that.

London has faded below in a  
smudge of smoke; now we are  
out over the patchwork fields of  
Southern England. The plane  
bumps a good deal and we can  
feel the pilot taking her up.

The stewardess passes around  
a flight bulletin from Captain  
Barker, at the controls. It says  
that it is now 2:25 our time and  
13:25 Greenwich time; that we  
are headed for Geneva, (good  
news, if hardly surprising). The  
weather is termed fair but  
cloudy; in 30 minutes we should  
pass over Soissons in France, and  
we are now about to cross the  
Channel five miles east of Hast-  
ings. The aircraft is a Viking and  
we are flying at 9,000 feet.

Before I finish reading the bul-  
letin, there is the Channel com-  
ing into view below us. So that is  
Hastings, and we are crossing  
just about where William the  
Conqueror did, going the reverse  
way, of course, and at consider-  
ably greater speed. And comfort.  
There isn't even a bump as we  
soar out over the blue-green  
waves, neatly curling below us  
like the ocean on old maps. Less  
than ten minutes from the white  
cliffs to the sandy beach of Nor-  
mandy.

Up we go again and get only

a fleeting glimpse of the rosier,  
less regularly built French vil-  
lages, before the clouds come be-  
tween, and, for the rest of the  
way we ride over a silver fleece.

And so it goes for another hour  
and a half, when we start slowly  
to descend. Green fields below,  
low foothills, pine-trees like a  
mossy cloak; then rocky crags  
ahead and a river, the Rhone. We  
wind along it, with a comfortable  
distance from mountains on both  
sides. Before we know it there  
is the blue Lake of Geneva be-  
low.

Out over it in a long wide  
curve, one wing dropped well  
down so we can see the water  
and the little boats and then,  
lonely and solemn on the shore,  
the white buildings of the League  
of Nations. This is the first time  
that the complete realization that  
I am in Europe where so much  
has happened really sweeps over  
me. I look at the marble build-  
ings and feel a great surge of  
wishing: "Don't let all that be in  
vain: let us succeed this time."

We land with the same dash  
with which we went up. "He's a  
one!" says my girl friend with  
a grin. Efficiently, as from long  
practice, she gathers up her  
things, explaining to me about  
the customs and so forth. But it  
is easy and no time before I am  
out with my bags, looking for my  
friend. There she is calmly hav-  
ing a cup of tea while she waits  
for the plane to come in.

We load the bags in her big open  
Buick runabout and head out of  
town and up the beautiful road  
running along the side of the  
lake.

It was hot in Geneva and good  
to get moving in the cool soft air.  
The towns along the lakeside are  
almost continuous, with villas  
and lovely gardens along the  
water, and the towns themselves  
so pretty and clean, so like pic-  
tures, one cannot realize they are  
towns where people live and  
carry on their daily business.

We pull up at a simple shop  
front with cakes and pastries  
in the window. "My grandmother  
used to take me here to tea," my  
friend says. We go in and, pass-  
ing through the shop, come out  
in a garden by the water.

Little tables stand among the  
tall rosebushes. We choose one  
next the water where we can  
catch the breeze and watch the  
swans nearby. Then tea comes  
and delicate flaky tarts with wild  
strawberries. It would be heav-  
enly at any time, but after the  
English fare it is beyond words.

The afternoon continues with  
the drive up through the Valais,  
as this canton of Switzerland is  
called. It is one of the loveliest  
parts. The river winds through  
it, the hills rise steeply, covered  
with vineyards. The hills are so  
steep that every little piece of  
ground, planted in vines or other  
crops, has to be shored up with  
walls around it. The effect is in-  
describably charming; the nearest  
possible patchwork of grey walls  
and changing greens, rising in  
graceful curves up into the sky,  
to culminate often, in an old  
grey-stone farmhouse, or round  
tower or little church with its  
square bell-tower soaring.

So on to Sion where we spent  
the night, my first night in Swit-  
zerland, to wake next morning to  
the sound of bells in the old  
church on the hill, and the farth-  
er-off, softer bells of the brown  
Swiss cows grazing high up on  
the mountainside.

## In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files:  
TEN YEARS AGO

C. B. Deane is certified by  
state board of elections as winner  
of congressional nomination, af-  
ter investigation of irregularities  
in vote producing majority for  
W. O. Burgin.

First alarm in two months calls  
out Southern Pines fire depart-  
ment to brush fire near dwelling  
being built for Hugh Sicard.

Southern Pines Junior Cham-  
ber of Commerce members, pros-  
pective members and Boy Scout  
Troop No. 4 were guests of Paul  
Butler at a watermelon feast at  
his home, to eat watermelons he  
grew himself.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Tom Kelly sells three building  
lots in Knollwood to Mr. Capps,  
one to S. B. Murdock, officials of  
the Seaboard Air Line, both of  
whom express great confidence  
in the Sandhills' future.

Peaches are selling at depress-  
ed prices on account of the un-  
usually large crops in Georgia and  
Arkansas.

Pinebluff citizens pledge \$500  
for development of John Mc-  
Queen's lake, with possibility  
that it will be developed as a  
state fish hatchery according to  
plan promoted by Alex Fields.

## Grains of Sand

At the entrance to Mrs. Lena  
Sweazy's home on North May  
street is an unusual step, at the  
head of a flight of steps leading  
down to the street. It is of an un-  
usual and handsome stone, and  
bears an unusual inscription:  
"Drink deep, nor taste, not of the  
Pierian spring."

Undoubtedly many have stop-  
ped to read, and wonder. One  
such inquired of us, about the  
step, but we had no answers.

We have them now, though,  
from Mrs. Sweazy herself. The  
stone was carved by her hus-  
band, Victor Sweazy, who plan-  
ned to use it as a mantel in their  
home. He never got around to  
putting it in, and it stayed in  
their garage for about 10 years,  
until his death in 1940; then Mrs.  
Sweazy, who was fond of it de-  
cided to use it as a step.

It is made of Indiana lime-  
stone, the same as that used in  
the trim of the Church of Wide  
Fellowship. Mr. Sweazy, who be-  
fore his retirement had worked  
for a stone quarrying concern in  
Pennsylvania, carved the date on  
the cornerstone of the church  
with tools he had kept from those  
days. After the church was fin-  
ished in 1927, a remnant or two  
of the stone were left, and he  
brought this one home.

For the inscription he selected  
a favorite quotation (from Hor-  
ace, we think), of which Mrs.  
Sweazy gives a free interpreta-  
tion: "A little learning is a dan-  
gerous thing."

"Our Episcopal prayerbook,  
backed up by secular World Al-  
manac, says Easter, 1949, comes  
on April 17. Other dates all a  
year off. You see, we read your  
colyum! DHA-MB."

You are absolutely right! And  
it isn't our Catholic prayerbook  
says anything different. It turns  
out those tables were just too  
complicated for our simple wits.  
We had the right dates, wrong  
years, and we're happy now for  
three reasons: (1) late Easter next  
year; (2) we've now learned to  
read the tables; (3) we have  
found that people not only read  
our "colyum" but check up on it.

So thanks, Dorothy Avery and  
Margaret Bishop! Come out from  
behind those initials.

One of our good friends had a  
birthday last Friday, and also  
someone we'd like to have for a  
friend. . . On August 6 of the  
same year, Clyde Council of the  
Pilot staff and Ogden Nash, of  
poetic fame, were busy being  
born. . . Their stars gave puck-  
ish wit to both. . . And we can  
expect to see Clyde's ads break  
forth into rhyme (if not rhythm)  
most any time. . . Wonder if Og-  
den can spell!

Grains of Sand's own movie  
notes: "Walls of Jericho," at the  
Carolina Wednesday and Thurs-  
day, is from the novel by Paul  
Wellman, whose parents and sev-  
eral brothers live at Pinebluff. .  
It's an extremely talented fam-  
ily, full of accomplishments. . .  
Paul has never lived here, though  
he came to visit last spring, after  
his novel appeared. . . He was  
here for a rest before returning  
to his California home, so we  
didn't get to see him. . . Next  
time better luck, we hope! . . .  
He's written a fine, tough book,  
of a newspaperman in a midwest  
town. . . It should make an ex-  
cellent picture.

And here's a movie you won't  
see in the theatre ads, but Dis-  
trict Forester Pippin tells us the  
public will be welcome. . . A 15-  
minute Technicolor film of last  
summer's disastrous Bar Harbor  
fire will be shown at the public  
relations meeting of the N. C.  
Forest Service training course  
here next week. . . It will be  
shown about 11:30 a. m. Tues-  
day, at the American Legion hut  
. . . Forest Service photographers  
just happened to be nearby when  
the fire began. . . They filmed it  
all, in its drama and terrible  
beauty.

## Changes Noted At Sandhill Citizen

Ottis Layton, a member of the  
staff of the Sandhill Citizen at  
Aberdeen for the past 10 months,  
has gone to Maxton as editor of  
the Scottish Chieftain, one of a  
chain of weekly papers of Robe-  
son and Scotland counties pub-  
lished at Lumberton by Dugald  
Coxe.

Another change is noted at the  
Citizen office. Miss Gladys Rowe  
has succeeded Miss Mildred Gar-  
ner as society editor until her re-  
turn to WCUNC, Greensboro,  
week to enter on her new job at  
the Colonial Mills rayon plant.



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