

THE PILOT
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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SOUTH-
 ERN PINES, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS
 MAIL MATTER.

MEMBER
 NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
 AND
 N. C. PRESS ASSOCIATION

TOWN SIGNS

The Garden Club ladies who proposed to the town board that they plant and otherwise beautify the entrances to Southern Pines, replacing the present billboards with more attractive signs, spoke not only in the interests of good taste, but with a sound sense of good business for the town.

For a town like ours, the two are in many ways the same.

We need signs and want them—signs large enough to be easily visible, clear enough to be read at a glance. We certainly don't want anyone passing up our town because they don't know when they are here.

This can surely be done in an attractive manner, in keeping with the town and with the times.

We appreciate the position of the town board, which delayed decision on the matter to sound out public sentiment, and has handed it now to a committee for study and recommendation. Business interests here are closely involved, and there must be mutual understanding.

Yet public sentiment has been shown before—not only in regard to the signs, but all down the years, in the planting of trees and shrubbery which have made this a charming town; in the new business buildings, far above the aesthetic level of the average small-town "Main street"; the promotion of the beautifying of the railroad station, the loveliness of our cemetery and of a host of other things of which we are justifiably proud.

If these represent the true tastes of the town, then the billboards certainly do not. They are ordinary, crass and devoid of an iota of charm. They are also out of date, and give as bad an impression as a 1930 hat on the head of a lady otherwise modernly styled and charmingly mannered.

We have found no one who really likes the billboards. They do like the fact that the name of Southern Pines is presented clearly and unmistakably. Some are dubious about adventuring into a new style of sign, for fear this clarity may be sacrificed.

Yet in the years since the billboards were erected, new and smarter ways have been found of delivering messages by signboard and in general, advertising is not only better looking but more effective.

We'd bet that even the outdoor advertising concern which has kept up the town billboards all these years is surprised that no change has been made. No doubt it has changed many others up and down the highways in deference to modern trends and improved tastes, for sponsors who have found this a way to better business.

We hold no brief for the highway billboard, a curse of American civilization. Good sign-making is a different thing—an old art, which has improved with the times, and can show the taste and character of the sign's owner as well as deliver his message to the public.

LET'S ALL HELP

The sponsoring by the John Boyd post, VFW, of the raising of money for the Memorial Field floodlights, and by the BPO Does, the Chamber of Commerce and others of raising funds for the school band uniforms, strikes us as typical of something fine and healthy in this community.

When the folks want something badly enough, by gum, they get out and work for it. They don't sit around and wait for a Fairy Godmother, or moan because one does not show up.

Of course, a Fairy Godmother would be wonderful to have, and if one should come along in a mood for largesse, The Pilot would be in the forefront of those saying "Welcome!"

Yet it appears to us that the more practical method has it all over storybook magic.

It is certainly one way of finding out what is really wanted, and assuring that it will be appreciated, once secured.

Raising the funds, involving

long-range planning and much cooperation, will bind the organizations more closely together, giving them strength, solidarity and a real sense of achievement. They will have earned a respected place in the annals of the town. Their members will have won a closer companionship. They will know the deep, true meaning of community service.

Events put on to help raise the funds—such as the VFW's film show of Tuesday night, the chicken fry held by the Elks and Does and the Chamber of Commerce barbecue Wednesday at Mile-Away Farm—give the townspeople opportunity to meet and mingle in mutual enjoyment.

Then, when the floodlights and uniforms are finally bought and paid for, they will be matters for real community pride. Practically everyone will have that satisfying sense of ownership as he says to himself, "I helped with that."

Yes, not only are the projects themselves important, but their by-products are of equal importance, tending to make this in every way a finer, friendlier community.

So, as the events come along which are to pay for these and other community benefits, let us all do our share as far as we are able. Buy a ticket—or tickets for your whole family. You can be sure that you are getting, and also giving, far more than your money's worth.

A WORD OF THANKS

With another proud football season in the past for the Blue and White, and basketball practice due to start up next week, The Pilot wants to express its thanks to one of the world's most unusual sports reporters, who writes unusual sports stories—for an unusual purpose.

Thanks to June Phillips, whose capacity is entirely unofficial both with the school and the paper, The Pilot has been enabled to have coverage of all our high school football and basketball games for the past five years. He has worked as hard as if his pay were \$5 an inch on space rates, instead of nothing at all. He has attended almost every game, "scouted" other teams, been to many and many a practice bout and helped the players in reliable ways which they have learned to respect.

Coaches and teams count on him as an unwavering friend—and so does The Pilot.

His copy is practically never edited, though sometimes its technicalities make it rough going for the layman, and details of the crowd, personalities and color are seldom present.

Mr. Phillips, a busy businessman with youth and sports as his hobby, writes for the players and their real fans, not for the general public except incidentally. By portraying the games in their technical aspects he gives each team member a birdseye view which can hardly be obtained in the thick of play.

He follows the lead of the coaches in seeking never to star a single player. The team as a whole is the star, with each contributing to the picture in his own essential way. It is this spirit which makes our high school teams something special, and which means that our players are learning much more than just to play a game.

June isn't going to thank us for this editorial, as he likes to do his work as anonymously as possible. It was with great difficulty that we persuaded him to let us initial his stories, inconspicuously, at the end.

Yet for his excellent and consistent help, and the vision which lies behind his work, we are bound to speak for ourselves and many others in saying: Thank you, June.

With the approach of the Christmas season, we again have the privilege of performing the most Christian of services—merciful aid to the helpless and ill, in the course of our own Christmas joy.

Christmas is the time when we realize again the eternal truth—that happiness comes from doing for others, not through a selfish reaching out to fulfill only our own desires.

The Christmas seals we have learned to know so well down through the years embody, in their bright tiny shapes, all the deep, true meaning of Christmas. They mean that for a penny, or a dollar, or whatever you can afford, you can give very real help to those needing it desperately.

They offer also that even rarer opportunity—help for troubles which may never come because you did your part to stop them. The money brought in by Christmas seals has always been well and wisely spent in Moore

county, by devoted workers who for many years have led in this great cause. The sum total of the help given by the Moore County Tuberculosis association to young and old, white and colored, can be measured only by heavenly accountants. It goes far beyond the actual money expended.

Tuberculosis strikes with perverse unreason any home, any individual. The youngest and fairest are often its prey. It disrupts family living, causes untold distress and heartbreak besides many actual lives.

During the years of the annual Christmas Seal sale the toll taken by the dread White Plague has perceptibly lessened, and with your help at this Christmastime, and every Christmas, will continue to do so.

Let every card you send, every letter and parcel during this Christmastide bear the little seal of the Tuberculosis association—a sign of the real Christmas spirit.



Getting Nowhere—Fast!

Grains of Sand

Now with Thanksgiving day in the past, the Christmas season rushes upon us. . . . With that incomparable lift of the heart which comes at only this time of year.

Patch's windows have broken out with red and green, and on the Connecticut Avenue side a whole windowful of dolls and cuddly animals smiles at you through a tearing snowstorm. . . . Christmas gifts show up in franjean's window, and Tots' Toggery and Hayes have fulfilled Christmas trees. . . . Christmas is bustin' out all over in the Five-and-Ten windows, with wrappings, cards and shiny ornaments for your Christmas tree. . . . And so it goes all down Broad street, as if magic had touched our stores overnight.

They make good window shopping. . . . And good shopping too. Why not resolve to do all your Christmas buying here this year?

Your merchants are your friends. . . . They have laid in splendid stocks for your shopping pleasure. . . . In many cases they know the people you are buying for, and can help with suggestions for gifts to please them.

There is every reason in the world to shop at home. . . . And the best one is that you can find just the right things here for everyone on your list.

Personally, we find it much more fun to shop at home. . . . Every buying expedition is a visit with friends. . . . We can run in and out of the stores when we have a minute to spare, without lost motion, or wasted time. . . . And if we need to do a little changing, or exchanging, before

In Bygone Days

TEN YEARS AGO
 From the Pilot files:
 Rotary club is host to Rotarians of Laurinburg, Troy and Wadesboro at an inter-city group meeting held at the Southern Pines Country club.

Announcement is made of the opening of the new feminine sportswear shop, "franjean's," on West Broad street.
 Highland Pines Inn opens for 26th season, with M. H. Turner as manager, assisted by W. E. Flynn.

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 File missing.

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or after Christmas. . . . It can be done with a minimum of effort.

While we're on the subject of stores (and we could stay right on them forever, they are so attractive now) we'd like to wish a happy birthday to franjean's, which is 10 years old this week. . . . When we first came to The Pilot we kept thinking that lower-case name was a typographical error. . . . And would change it on proof, to give it a capital F. . . . Then were told, "No, no, they like it that way". . . . And now, so do we. . . . And other things about franjean's, too.

We were pretty mad at our old friend the Charlotte Observer for not giving us the dope on the Christmas Festival ball, after it happened. . . . We wanted to see just what went on, and write a story around it with Southern Pines' own Festival Princess, Janet Menzel, as the heroine. . . . But not a word did we see, nor could we get on the phone by presstime that week.

We wrote to the Observer and queried tartly, "How come?". . . . And received a reply telling us that everything went into a late edition, which does not come out this way. . . . Anyway, we asked Janet about it and she said she and Bobby Harrington, her escort, had a marvelous time.
 That makes two young ladies who have been Festival Princesses. . . . Louise Milliken last year. Janet this. . . . Wonder who'll be next? Just take a look at this year's junior class. . . . See if you can pick the prettiest in advance.

We wondered a little about the Festival last year. . . . Hoping it would not draw too many of our Christmas shoppers to the big city. . . . Now we have decided not to worry. . . . Even if our people want to go that far (which we don't believe they do) they are putting the date up so early that most people haven't even begun to think about Christmas. . . . November 17 this year officially opened Charlotte's Christmas shopping season. . . . While most folks weren't thinking ahead any farther than their Thanksgiving turkey and football game.

The Sanford Herald not long ago had a story about a Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Clark from Southern Pines. . . . Who were driving to Wilson one Sunday morning and stopped at the Highway Grill, at Sanford, for a coke and gas. . . . One put her pocketbook on the running board of the car while she had her drink. . . . And forgot it as they drove away.

Coming back that evening they went by the Grill to try to trace the missing pocketbook. . . . But it wasn't missing at all. . . . It was lying right there on the ground where it had fallen in the morning, and where it had apparently been all day. . . . With \$30 still inside, and change scattered all about. Talk about luck!

We don't know Mrs. Hill. . . . But we know three Mrs. Clarks (one with an e). . . . Was it you, Lila, Mack or Louise? And is the story true?

To the writer of an anonymous letter; We appreciate your feelings about this. You are right, we cannot publish the letter without some indication of its source. We wish very much you would come by and talk to us. Won't you, please?

The Public Speaking
 A FINE IDEA

Editor, The Pilot.

I have been reading for the past months the discussion about the park given to the city which is now in ruins. Only once have I seen any argument against keeping it as city property and reconstructing it as it once was. Everybody seems to want it, but then the money angle arises and as the city treasury is already heavily burdened with other worthy projects, actual progress is never made.

I have a suggestion which if carried out will reconstruct the park and yet not cost the town or its citizens one thin dime.

We all remember how communities, not so long ago, when they wanted something they turned to and built it (remember the post office at Manly?). I fail to see why we could not do the same thing. Start with a committee to draw the plans of just what is to be done to the park so that it will once again be a place of beauty. From this committee's work, we, the townspeople go to work. The stores all close up on Wednesday so every person is available to do their part on this day. When I say person, every person is included: Boy Scouts, business men, women, boys and girls. All of us clean our yards—why not a park? Each could furnish his own tools right from the ones that we have around the house. Of course it would not take 4,000 every Wednesday but the number could be cut up into the different sections of town. In that way one person would not have to work more than once or twice a month. It should not talk long to clean up the park with such a large number of people.

I do not believe this little work would hurt any of us. It may even

do us good to think that we can do what we want even if we do not have the money.

This is a challenge! If the people who wrote and those who talked about doing something about the park really meant what they said, then they can get it done by being the first to start such a movement. Mrs. Boyd, I suggest you be the first in a long line to show your faith in something you have been fighting for. I will certainly be the second.

Citizen Anonymous

At Local Churches

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
 New York avenue at South Ashe Bible school, 9:30 a. m. Worship, 11 a. m. Youth choir 6 p. m. Training unions, 7 p. m. Worship, 8 p. m.
 Scout Troop 224, Tues., 7:30 p. m., faculty meeting, Wed., 7 p. m.; prayer circle, Wed., 7:40 p. m.; choir practice Wed. 8 p. m.
 Missionary meeting, first Tuesdays, 8 p. m. Businessmen's supper, second Thursdays, 7 p. m.

EMMANUEL CHURCH
 (Episcopal)
 East Massachusetts Avenue
 Rev. F. C. Brown, B. A., B. D. Church school, 9:45 a. m. First Sunday, Holy Communion, 11 a. m. Other Sundays, Holy Communion, 8 a. m. Morning prayer, 11 a. m. Wednesdays, Holy Communion, 10 a. m.

CHURCH OF WIDE FELLOWSHIP
 (Congregational)
 N. Bennett at New Hampshire
 Rev. Tucker G. Humphries
 Sunday school, 9:45 a. m. Worship, 11 a. m. Story-Telling hour for children 8 to 12, 6:30 p. m. Teen Age group, 7:15 p. m. Fellowship Forum, 8 p. m. Circle meetings, second Thursdays. Missionary meeting, third Thursdays. Women's society, fourth Thursdays.

ROMAN CATHOLIC
 St. Anthony of Padua
 (Cor. Ashe & Vermont)
 Rev. Herbert A. Harkins, pastor
 Rev. C. F. Hill, assistant
 Sunday Masses 8 and 10:30 am, Weekdays 8 a. m. Confessions are heard on Saturday, and the eve of Holy Days between 5:30-6:30, 7:30-8:00.
 Women's Discussion club Wednesday. Men's Discussion club Thursday, 7:30 p. m. at the rectory.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY
 East New Hampshire
 Service and Sunday school 11 a. m. Service Wednesday, 8 p. m. Reading room open Wednesdays and Saturdays 3-5 p. m.

BROWNSON MEMORIAL CHURCH
 (Presbyterian)
 South May at Indiana
 Rev. Thompson E. Davis, Th. D. Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Worship service, 11 a. m. Women's auxiliary, 8 p. m. Monday following third Sunday.

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Citizen Anonymous

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Mid Pines
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