

Honeymooners Find 7th Heaven (and Southern Ham) in Sandhills

Southern Pines was a real honeymoon town weekend before last when the town and many citizens were hosts to a pair of swell kids, Jack and Charlotte Kyne, married just two weeks, winners of a "honeymoon in Southern Pines" as the prize on a radio program.

The Kynes, aged 21 and 22, had never even heard of Southern Pines until Saturday morning, February 5, when a phone call apprised them of the fact that they had been chosen as the "honeymoon couple" over 1,600 others.

Between the time their Piedmont plane circled to a landing at Knollwood field at 3:30 p. m. Friday, and 5 p. m. Monday when they were borne aloft for the long flight back to Cincinnati, they learned plenty about Southern Pines—and seemed to like what they learned.

The departure was late, as flights had been delayed by rough, snowy weather across the mountains. They were heading straight back into winter, from a spot where friends made during their three days' stay waved them goodbye without coats on, in sunny warmth which that day had touched 80 degrees.

The hospitality they found had been warm, too. The town had taken the young couple right to its heart. They had "sand in their shoes" and their dream was to come back—some day.

"A wonderful, wonderful honeymoon," they said in parting. As a matter of fact, the community enjoyed their honeymoon right along with them.

The first information concerning their impending arrival came from Ed Best, Piedmont Airlines representative, who told us about the program on Station WCPO, Cincinnati, which would bring the honeymooners here, by Piedmont plane. Arrangements had been made with Highland Pines Inn, where Manager Charles Stitzer was to be their host for three days.

As soon as the word got around, the Chamber of Commerce directors decided it would be a fine thing to see that they had a big time while here, and one after another the members and others popped up to offer to help.

It was all spontaneous, as no word has yet come from the Cincinnati station and as a matter of fact nobody—not even Jack and Charlotte—knows for sure who sponsored the contest program.

All they knew was that people wrote letters nominating a young couple for the prize—a couple who for some reason or other had had no honeymoon, and ought to have one.

And here's their story, as we heard it later:

Jack and Charlotte had not planned to be married last month. They were engaged. Jack's mother became ill and, fearful of her condition, said she wanted to see them married right away. They had been buying their furniture, and had no money for a honeymoon. They were married on a Saturday, and had Sunday off from work. They spent it at their three-room apartment, where they were painting the walls and sanding and finishing their floors. The furniture was all piled in the middle of the floor. The bed had come without sidepieces and even the springs and mattress were flat on the floor.

Such was their honeymoon—until their best man, Robert McMahon, who is engaged to marry Charlotte's sister, wrote the letter to the radio station which won them the prize.

Mayor C. N. Page, Chamber of Commerce President Hoke Pollock and Manager Tom White, Ed East, WEEB announcer Ed Cox and Pilot Reporter Valerie Nicholson, meeting the plane Friday, saw emerge from the door at the top of the landing steps a slim young pair, who looked about them with interest and with shyness.

The girl, wearing a black coat was dark and lovely. The handsome fair-haired husband was very boyish. They looked young, a little uncertain—thrilled and happy!

After greetings all around were on the air, via Ed Cox's nipsent mike. Yes, they were lighted to be here. No, they never been here before. Yes, were real honeymooners. No, had no idea what had been ned for them—

"Do you like gymkhanas?" asked, and the girl answered, "I don't know, I never ed any." Which brought a —but in a minute it was t laugh at Ed himself, as he to the car awaiting them vited them to step into their olet coupe.

Chevrolets are fine cars, just so happened that Wal Topping, of the Cherry Sales, had come to meet the one of the most sumptuous on wheels today, a new O-

Highland Pines Is Honeymoon Heaven



Jack and Charlotte in front of the Highland Pines Inn, their "honeymoon home" while in Southern Pines. (Photo by Humphrey)

mobile convertible—cherry red, and with its top down looking like an ad out of Holiday magazine. Major Topping and Manager White whisked them into it, and off they went to check in at the Highland Pines Inn.

After greeting Host Stitzer and leaving their luggage there, they were off on an hour's sightseeing. They saw Stonybrook stables, where they had a preview of the new race track; Mile-Away Farm, where Mrs. W. O. Moss greeted them hospitably and invited them to come back and ride (though they never found time to do it); Notre Dame academy, and, going back through Knollwood for a glimpse at Pinehurst, were interested in the Pine Needles course and St. Joseph of the Pines hospital. Charlotte is a nurse at the Children's hospital in Cincinnati, and also a good Catholic, so she was especially interested there.

At Pinehurst they saw the Carolina hotel, Liscombe Lodge (General Marshall's home) and had a good tourist-eye view in a whirlwind tour.

Back to Highland Pines to dinner—then off they went on their first glimpse of night life in the Sandhills. They had this at Pine Valley Inn, where, in company with Tom White and Miss Grace McKenzie, they met the proprietors George and Mable Mascal.

Walter No... Fred Lees... favorite pie... do more... On the stroke of... for some... ham, and... an ar... rices.

Satur... Valerie... White... called... unt—in... L. T.

occasion, as the Nicholson jalopy had gone to Morehead City with the basketball teams and team followers.

The hunt had already left the Winkelman farm, north of town, by the time they reached there, but they had no difficulty in spotting the stream of station wagons, jeeps and jeepsters flying off across the landscape and trailing it to the first meeting place, a large field behind the Fair-El Motor court. Here the cars stopped, everyone jumped out and ran to the crossroads and then across the fields came the exciting sound of hounds' voices and the hounds and horses came into view. The riders in their pink and black coats made a bright picture in the morning sun as they stopped for a brief rest beneath the trees. Greetings were given all around to the "honeymoon couple" and MFH Ozelle Moss told them, "We have some honeymooners with us, too!" We didn't find out who they were, for in a few minutes, with a flourish of the horn, the hunt was off again, and so was the line of cars.

At the next meeting place, in the Mile-Away pasture, the hunt was just a streak of motion through the distant trees, trailing a deepening harmony of canine music. Again, the watchers sprang into their cars and tore after the leader, along Youngs road, past the Pickridge gate toward the Olive dairy farm. It seemed a long time before the hunt came through again, a flow of dramatic movement with the hounds plainly evidencing their mounting excitement in their speed and cry.

"It's beautiful," said Charlotte and Jack, who were seeing their first hunt.

Told by another hunt-follower "That's all" (it wasn't—they missed the kill) the party drove on

back to town, and out to Vernon Valley farm.

The master, Vernon G. Cardy, who was on the hunt, had left instructions that the hospitality of the place was to be accorded the visitors. As all who have been there know, this hospitality has well earned its fame, and M. and Mme. Paul, with Mr. Wood and Mr. Hartley at the stables, did the honors with a flourish.

The beauties of the house drew many an exclamation, and at the stables horses who had proved their sterling value in many a great show thrust out soft noses for a caress.

In the "horseshoe room" at the house, over a special Canadian drink fashioned by M. Paul with true Gallic touch, this gallant majordomo gave sage advice to the young couple: "For true married bliss make this a rule—never say anything which cannot be unsaid! Remember, what goes wrong is always the husband's fault. He should cultivate the virtue of

(Continued on Page 14)

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST

Under and by virtue of the power and authority contained in that certain Deed of Trust executed by E. N. Jackson, single, Robert B. Reed and his wife, Barbara D. Reed, to Julia C. Smith, trustee, dated September 5, 1946, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Moore County in Book of Mortgages and Deeds of Trust 78 at page 137, the payment of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust having been assumed by L. H. Cherry, Jr., and wife, Lavenia S. Cherry and J. K. Mason, Jr., and wife, Alice I. Mason, as evidenced by an assumption certificate dated December 12, 1946; and thereafter the payment of said indebtedness secured by said deed of trust having been assumed by J. K. Mason, Jr., and wife Alice I. Mason, as evidenced by an assumption certificate dated February 1, 1949; and default having been made in the payment of the indebtedness secured by the said Deed of Trust as therein provided, and the holder of the note evidencing said indebtedness having demanded foreclosure and the said

Julius C. Smith, trustee, having declined to act as trustee under the provisions of said Deed of Trust and having resigned as trustee by instrument duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Moore County, North Carolina, and the holder of the note evidencing the indebtedness secured by the said Deed of Trust having substituted and appointed W. A. Leland McKeithen as trustee in and under the said Deed of Trust in the place and stead of and with the titles, rights and powers, duties, and estates of the said Julius C. Smith by instrument duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Moore County, North Carolina, all as provided by law and the terms of said Deed of Trust the undersigned substituted trustee will on Monday,

MARCH 7, 1949 at 12:00 o'clock noon, at the courthouse door at Carthage, North Carolina, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash the following described tract of land lying and being in the county of Moore, state of North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows:

Those two certain lots in the town or village of Pinebluff, Moore County, N. C., known and designated as lots Nos. 13 & 14 in Block G & 3, and fronting on Philadelphia Avenue and Walnut Street in said town as shown on a map of the Town of Pinebluff, Moore County, N. C., and on which lot is located a brick building and known formerly as the J. W. Butler Store Building, said lots being described as follows:

Beginning at an iron stake at the intersection of Walnut Street and Philadelphia Avenue, and runs with Walnut Street N. 19 30 East 120 feet to an iron pin; thence S. 68 E. 120 feet to an iron stake; thence S. 19-30 W. 120 feet to an iron stake in the edge of Philadelphia Avenue; thence as Philadelphia Avenue N. 68 W. 120 feet to the place of beginning. See Deed Book 147 page 48 et al.

The successful bidder at said sale will be required to deposit 10% of his bid at the time of sale as evidence of good faith in bidding.

This 2nd day of February, 1949. W. A. Leland McKeithen, Trustee

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Honeymooners At Blue Mirror



"Southern Pines honeymoon?" asks WSTS Charlotte's smile at Jack tells the story. (Photo by Eldon Thompson)