

THE PILOT
 PUBLISHED EACH FRIDAY BY
THE PILOT, INCORPORATED
 SOUTHERN PINES, NORTH CAROLINA

1941 **JAMES BOYD** 1944
 PUBLISHER

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 C. G. COUNCIL . . . ADVERTISING

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ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

MEMBER
 NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
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where it is strongest, in the Congress in Washington. When a patient is suffering from "nerves" there is one unfailing prescription: give him something concrete to do. It would seem that it is time, now, for Congress to stop investigating and get to work on the thousand and one really important things that are being allowed to drag along, to the tremendous satisfaction of all enemies of democracy.

This is the real need today: the need for our government to stop being scared and go to work to make this country such a good country, such a strong country and such a true democracy that no communist will dare show his face in it.

THE BIG FOURTH

We are looking forward with pleasure to the countywide Fourth of July celebration, to be held at Carthage Monday as a high mark of the coming holiday.

It's a good thing these Carthage Jaycees are doing, in bringing the Moore County neighbors together for a day of carefree pleasure in traditional holiday style. The forecast of events is an enticing one, from the beauty contest, the parade with floats, the baseball game and on down the schedule to the Grand ball at the high school gym—something for everyone, of every age.

The Jaycees have made a good name for themselves for sponsoring good clean events filled with hearty fun, and we feel sure this one will top them all.

It's a holiday in the true American style, to celebrate a day as American as the Stars and Stripes themselves. Let's all go to Carthage Monday and enjoy ourselves, glad to get together, glad to be free—glad that, in celebrating a national event of the first order we are not regimented into doing so, clicking our heels and saluting in unison as must be done in some lands today.

CITY MANAGER

Citizens of Sanford went to the polls Tuesday of last week to vote their town into the ever-growing ranks of those having the city manager form of government. While the number voting was not large (437) the vote of 255 to 182 in favor of the more modern form of municipal government was a decisive one.

While larger cities the nation over have for many years now been changing to a managership from a mayorality, as a simple matter of good business, it has been only recently that the smaller towns have been following their example. Though a growing town can muddle along for a while without actually being forced into a change, it is more and more apparent that what is good business for a big town is the same for a smaller one, and just as important in proportion.

It is even more important for a town at the "in-between" stage to investigate the desirability of the change before things get too unwieldy, and much time, money and resources are lost.

Many Southern Pines citizens are speaking today in favor of the change, and Mayor Page at the town caucus expressed himself as feeling the matter should certainly be studied, and the city manager form be adopted if it should in truth be found more efficient for us than the form of government we now have.

In fact, what Southern Pines has today is a sort of cross between mayorality and managership. It may be this is what we need, suitable to our present stage of development. Or it may not. This cannot be told without some specialized study.

It may be that the time is at hand for that study to be made, and for questions to be asked of towns who have made the change as to why they did so, how they did so and if they are more satisfied now.

THE QUICK OR THE DEAD

Several instances have come to our attention lately of small towns which have hoisted themselves by their own bootstraps, through concerted action of their citizens thus giving the best evidence of their faith in their community.

In fact, in making the small town a better, cleaner and more attractive place to live, offering far more of what is termed "a good life" than most of them ever did before, they have done a service for the whole nation.

A case in point occurred in North Carolina just the other day, when tiny Macclesfield, in Edgecombe county, won an honor plaque and \$2,000 award from Better Homes and Gardens magazine as the community in the whole United States which had done the most to improve itself during the past year. Far beyond the actual benefits of the town's face-lifting campaign, beyond even the new community building they will build with the money and the national honor achieved, we believe the neigh-

A Sandhills Message Goes to Europe

There is a little bit of the Sandhills making a good-will tour of Europe this summer. Not a personal bit, no resident or former resident, but something that is much more a piece of the Sandhills than that. The story goes back to some 20 years ago, when Marshall Bartholomew, director of the Yale Glee club, was paying one of his then frequent visits to the James Boyd family.

The visits were partly because of friendship and partly on business. At that time, and, of course, always ever since he started to be seriously interested in American music, the Yale director has been looking for folk tunes, Negro spirituals, work songs and any sort of music native to America. On the occasion in question, the Boyds took him to the small Negro church, out in the country several miles beyond Jackson Springs, where, it was reported, many of the old songs were still sung. The group was in the company of Roger Derby, and Mr. and Mrs. John Tuckerman, and at the little unpainted church, stuck up on its brick piles, they were welcomed and given seats of honor by the deacon, Tip Leake, then in his 92nd year.

Deacon Leake was one of the choir and at that Sunday service, after the minister had preached and had led his congregation in a chant of the Psalms, line by line, a chant whose strange minor harmonies seemed to have come straight from the jungles of Africa, the choir sang some spirituals, several of them of unmistakably early origin. One in particular caught Bartholomew's ear: "Little lamb, little lamb, little innocent lamb . . . I'm going to serve God till I die," was the refrain.

Arrangements were made for Deacon Leake and his choir to come to Southern Pines, and there, in the Boyd library, the men sang the song and others, too, and the Yale director wrote them down.

And this is the piece of the Sandhills that is now bringing cheer and the touching faith and beauty of Negro music to Europe

borly cooperation it all took will yield in the end, the finest return.

Last week's Saturday evening Post told also of five small towns in Illinois who found themselves "dying on their feet," deserted by their youth for lack of opportunity, boring all their inhabitants for lack of anything to do and half-starving them for lack of business.

The step-by-step story of how these towns performed a self-diagnosis, surveyed their needs and pitched in with a will to fill them, is an inspiring one, with a lesson in it for all of the smaller communities.

For true it is today that they must choose to be among the quick, or among the dead; and the choice is their own, no one else's.

In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files:

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A light crop of peaches is starting to move, netting the growers about \$2.50 for large sizes and \$2 for smaller sizes. R. B. Etheridge, head of the state inspection bureau, said not more than half the Sandhills fruit will pass inspection for Number 1 grade.

Piano pupils of Mrs. E. Ellsworth Giles gave a recital at the Civic club, assisted by Miss Anna Wilson, soprano. Those playing selections were Misses Barbara Betterley, Eleanor Barron, Mary Jane Woodward and Carolyn Spears.

Girl Scouts of Southern Pines had a week of camp at Camp Lanuk-Si, in Lee county, accompanied by their troop leader, Mrs. James Boyd, and the council chairman, Mrs. James Swett. Boy Scouts of the Walter Hines Page council start camping there this week.

TEN YEARS AGO

Philip J. Weaver, member of the Southern Pines High School faculty, is unanimously elected superintendent of schools at a meeting of the school board, succeeding Frank W. Webster, who resigned to become managing director of the N. C. Tuberculosis association.

The Carthage Jaycees are planning their first countywide July Fourth celebration, with Lieutenant Gov. Wilkins P. Horton of Pittsboro as speaker.

Page Memorial Methodist church at Aberdeen celebrates its 25th anniversary.

John H. Stephenson is elected alternate delegate to the national convention of the American Legion, at the department convention held at Raleigh this week.

Vass Cotton mills resume full operation after being on a curtailment schedule for several weeks. It is averaging 25,000 pounds of cotton per week.

this summer. The Yale Glee club, with Director Bartholomew, flew to England last Tuesday. They will make a six weeks' tour of England, France, Germany and Scandinavia, and on every program of the concerts they will give is listed: "Little lamb, little lamb, little innocent lamb," the spiritual of old Tip Leake and his Jackson Springs choir.

Mrs. Boyd and her daughter Nancy heard the song sung at a rehearsal of the Glee club last week, when they were visiting the Bartholomews in New Haven. It has been arranged by Bartholomew, with simple yet delightful harmonies, emphasizing the rhythm, which is never lost or allowed to drop. The Boyds were told that it was one of the most popular songs on the club's program and that the men loved to

hear it again, wrote Katharine Boyd, recalled the meeting long ago in the library at Weymouth, and old Tip Leake's quavering voice carrying the tune. After he had sung it once or twice, a dictaphone was brought in and he sang into the mouthpiece, without much comprehension of what he was doing or why. The record was turned back for him and his friends to hear, and the surprise and delight on their faces was a joy to see. At one point, the record had gotten a little off time and there was an echo accompanying the singer. Deacon Leake listened, then: "Who that?" he said. "Ha! Somebody's helping!"

The Pilot believes there could be no better ambassador of good-will and hope to Europe than the Yale Glee club singing Tip Leake's Sandhills spiritual.

Grains of Sand

Weather is a perennially interesting subject and always makes news . . . Surveys of newspaper readers have shown that, whereas one type of reader will read one thing and another type something else, the weather story is the one EVERYBODY reads.

And that's funny, since what the weather did is the one thing EVERYBODY knows . . . Which all goes to confirm our theory that people read newspapers not so much to inform themselves, as to confirm what they already knew.

Writing about the weather is fun for a news reporter, too . . . Only it's a pleasure more for writers on dailies than on weeklies, unless there is some unusual phenomenon, such as a destructive storm or record snowfall, to write about.

You can't write up the weather news until the last minute, as anything else may happen any time . . . Then when that last minute comes, you're too busy to do it.

Try writing up a heat wave, then on press day it blows up cold . . . Or a rainy spell, and by the time the deadline comes the sun is out.

All of which leads up to: Summer began officially at 1:03 p. m. Tuesday of last week, and, with the temperature at 94, believe us, we knew it.

Edith Burwell was in to get extra copies of the paper, with the article about "Pant-ettes" — that clever garment she designed and so successfully marketed . . . and to give a lot of credit to her fifty-fifty partner, Adeline Evans.

Adeline headed up the production end of their business and, as the story told, made up some 5,000 of their patented baby-garments herself, before they sold the manufacturing rights . . . She also does all the bookkeeping and business-managing.

Whereas the B&E company (as they christened their partnership) can now sit back and take it easy, things were not always thus . . . Those girls worked plenty hard, according to their separate talents.

They're two smart, attractive young women . . . And they've done a clever job.

A strange antic of nature is the appearance of small green tomatoes on a potato vine . . . Something we've seen several times in our life without ever hearing an adequate explanation.

The latest person to show us this phenomenon is C. R. Faris, of 125 East Maine, who found two little tomatoes on a potato vine in his garden last week . . . He cut one open, to find it much like a tomato inside as well as out.

We read somewhere once a discussion of this curiosity, in which it was said that the small green objects are some sort of sport growth, not really tomatoes, no matter how much they seem so. And never grow to be big, red and edible.

The article did not do much to end our confusion . . . We wonder if some of our readers can't explain it better.

We bet next time J. W. Neal puts an ad in the paper, he lets his wife know . . . Especially when he sends it in from New York City.

We published one in The Pilot last week which came from him by mail . . . Seeking a houseworker for a New York home, with ideal conditions described . . . No doubt to help out a friend there who was having trouble finding satisfactory help . . . He gave his home phone number here, saying "Telephone for interview."

He was not back from his business trip north when the paper came out with the ad . . . And the next day poor Mrs. Neal found herself besieged . . . She told the callers she didn't know a thing about it . . . Three checked back

with the telephone company, who thought we must have made a mistake in the number and referred the callers back to us . . . So pretty soon we were all going around in circles . . . Finally the thing got straightened out and Mrs. Neal began telling the callers they'd have to wait till her husband got home.

At least we found out Pilot Ads Get Results!

You never know what's coming up in an ad department . . . The most curious thing of all happened about a month ago, and we're still pretty hot about it . . . The victim was K. F. Smith, of Salisbury, owner of a carnival which was about to play a week at West End under sponsorship of the American Legion post there (and afterward played for a week near Southern Pines.)

He came in to put an ad in The Pilot and also ordered some posters . . . Mrs. Smith wrote a little news story, and we all wished him luck on his show . . . Within two hours, another man came by, who spoke with seeming authority in saying the plans had changed, hold everything.

Friday morning after The Pilot came out, Mr. Smith arrived looking for his posters, and to pick up a paper with the ad . . . No posters, no ad.

We've never been able to find out who pulled that mean trick . . . Mean to the carnival folks, mean to us and mean to the Legionnaires.

Happy birthday, Barbara Harrington! (Even is we're five days late . . . And happy birthday today to Patricia Gordon-Mann, a charming young lady of six.

Birthday greetings, too, to Ellen Bushby, who will reach the advanced old age of two on Sunday . . . And to Brenda Jean Hackney, whose fourth birthday we will all celebrate, as it comes on a national holiday . . . July 4.

Another Independence Day baby was H. S. Knowles . . . What year, we're not telling . . . He's reached an age to be proud of and we're wishing him many happy returns.

We were congratulating Guye and Edith Womble on their 15th wedding anniversary Wednesday night at the Rotarians' chicken fry at Mile-Away . . . And just about forgot our own, which came along the next day . . . The Mutual Celebrant, however, remembered in time for us to dine by candlelight at Dante's, which was selected for the occasion by our spaghetti-loving offspring.

The Offspring? Well, naturally, she played a major part . . . Children should always be in on wedding anniversary celebrations . . . They have more to celebrate than anyone else.

The Rotarians can be mighty proud of that fine chicken fry last week, which gave some 300 people a good time, and made a bunch of money for the school band, too . . . Just how much, we are unable to report until the club meets again and those energetic ticket salesmen turn in their reports to Chairman Russell Lorenson.

They can be proud of another event of last week . . . The Boy Scout court of honor, at which three Southern Pines boys won Eagle badges . . . Two of them members of the Senior Scout outfit of the Rotary club sponsors . . . Both sons of Rotarians.

Southern Pines is less than 60 miles from one of the finest state parks in the country . . . Wonder how many have ever been to Morrow Mountain, at Albemarle? . . . It's a wonderful wooded wilderness with a real mountain in it . . . With camp sites, picnic tables, outdoor fireplaces, pavilions and a huge modern outdoor swimming pool.

To camp out for the night, you

must have a permit, secured by writing the Office of Conservation and Development in Raleigh . . . Without the permit, when it's gate-locking time at Morrow Mountain (9 o'clock—we think), out you go.

"I'm sorry Clyde Cook is leaving the force," one parent said last week. "He was always so good with the kids. When we took our young ones to school he was generally on duty at the highway corner, and there was always a bunch of them around him, laughing and kidding. You could see they looked on him as their friend."

"The day is gone when kids were scared of policemen. Parents used to be at fault there—they'd say, 'The cop'll get you if you don't behave.' We know better now—we like our youngsters to respect the cops, but be friends with them too."

"What d'ya mean, putting in the paper about Billy Warner getting on the dean's list, up at Harvard?" our friend Clyde demanded indignantly. "Billy's a nice boy, and smart, too, and I wouldn't write things like that about him."

Turned out that when Clyde went to State, umpteen years ago, the dean's list was different from what it is now—or maybe the dean had two lists. The one Clyde got on, it seems, indicated a larger number of demerits than the dean approved.

Glass windows were known 1,600 years ago.

Starting its 15th year the Rural Electrification Administration finds that the unelectrified farms are now less than 30 per cent compared with nearly 90 per cent in 1935.

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