

THE PILOT

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The Christmas Spirit

A group of men were observed on Broad Street last week, standing around one of the big trees in the center planting. There were nine of them and every now and then someone else would saunter over from the curb. It was a varied crew: two electricians, several of our leading business men, an official of the Chamber of Commerce, one or two commissioners, two members of the police-force. They looked up at the tree or else all put their heads together, like a football team going into a huddle. What were they doing? Putting up Christmas lights.

Why were they doing it? There were doubtless a few different reasons mixed up in it. A cynic might claim that these men were busied about the tree stringing lights for purely commercial reasons. They were drumming up trade, putting up decorations so that people would be persuaded to stay at home to do their Christmas shopping. It was, in other words, just a business proposition. Maybe so; maybe there was a little of that in it.

Somebody else might claim that all this to-do was simply the American way of wanting to be in the swim. All other towns were decorating for Christmas; we mustn't be different from the rest. In fact, we ought to try to be better than the rest. Maybe there was something of that in it, too.

Various other motives may have entered into it, of course, but we submit that none of them were very important. Our theory is quite different. It is simply that the spirit of Christmas gets into people.

We believe that the desire to drum up trade, to persuade the folks to "buy at home," or the competitive urge to put on a bigger and better whoopla than any other town, that these impulses have very little to do with what was in the hearts of the men grouped about the tree.

The desire of our people to make our town pretty is simply the fundamental instinct to get ready for Christmas. Not just the Christmas of fun and gayety, family reunions and holiday parties. The Christmas spirit is a deeper thing than that. It is a compelling urge, as the time draws nigh, to acknowledge and affirm, with lights and music and all the glory that we can muster, the existence of the Spirit of Love that is the hope of the world.

Was that in the men's hearts as they worked over the tree? Is it in our hearts as we get ready for Christmas? "Prepare the way!" the prophet cried. Is that, perhaps, what we are doing?

A Good Builder

Every year the Sandhills Kiwanis Club presents the Builder's Cup to the citizen of Moore County who, in their estimation, has done outstanding work for the community. It seems to us that seldom has the award been more deserved than by this year's recipient, William D. Campbell.

So thoroughly has this man entered into the aims and interests of his chosen home that it seems incongruous to speak of him as a newcomer. Yet in point of fact, compared with the great majority of us, that is what he is. But, in point of assimilation, in point of the place that he holds in the affection and the respect of the community, there are few old-timers who surpass him. This in itself makes the choice of Bill Campbell for this award all the more fitting. For perhaps there is nothing that so clearly speaks for a man's character, as his ability to enter into the lives of those around him, to give understanding sympathy to their personal problems and enthusiastic support in the general interest. When, as in this case, this quality is combined with modesty, it is doubly commendable as well, perhaps, as being doubly effective.

This year's Kiwanis Builder has chosen to concentrate his efforts in one line, to build one house and build it well. Scouting has been his chosen field. Yet this work with the coming citizens of our county, reaches out into the future, so that what is done here and now may strongly influence what happens then. As such, it may well be as important as anything a man could do.

In an adjacent column we print the words of Eugene Stevens who made the award in the name of the Kiwanis Club. The Pilot is generally inclined to agree with what this leading citizen and town commissioner has to say, but never more so than now. In choosing William D. Campbell as the 1949 Builder, the Kiwanians have done well.

Save the Holly

This year the holly in our woods is more beautiful than we can remember. It is laden with such a profusion of berries that the stout smooth branches are bent under their own weight. Everywhere among the dark gleaming leaves the bright bits of crimson, like sparks of fire, flame out.

Because the holly is so beautiful this year, the temptation to gather it is going to be greater than ever. It is a temptation that should be severely curbed, except for the most careful pruning. For holly is one of the most easily destroyed of decorative trees. Careless cutting,

the practice, so frequent, of hacking off the ends of branches or even the whole tops of trees means, if not death to the tree, at least such a maiming that it will never grow to maturity.

The cutting of holly has become so wholesale, in some parts of the county that landowners are obliged to hire guards at Christmas time to patrol their woods and warn off trespassers. Even so, many get by and great destruction is done.

The town authorities try to confine the holly sellers to boys who take some care where they cut and how, but the task of controlling the sellers is a difficult one. Purchasers could help a great deal in the following ways:

When buying holly, it is suggested that the purchaser ask where the holly has been cut, and that he refuse to buy branches which have been broken off or slashed instead of being cleanly trimmed with a clipper. Furthermore, if purchasers would also refuse to buy the tops of trees it would have a powerful effect. Such purchaser cooperation at Christmas time is the best way to assure future decorations for our homes and to preserve this great natural beauty in our woods.

The Clan: Un-American Activity

Yesterday, December 15th, was Bill of Rights Day.

It would be satisfying to be able to record some great advance in the struggle for freedom in celebration of that day when one of the greatest advances took place. Instead, North Carolinians find themselves obliged to take note of something of a very different nature; in fact, of a big step backwards in this advance: the establishment of the Ku Klux Klan in Charlotte.

It is said to be the first such encroachment of the Klan into our state since its abolition, long ago. Let us hope that it will be the last, and, if North Carolinians in general react to this event as a good many people in and about Charlotte seem to be doing, it is a fair guess that the Klan's sojourn in our midst will not be long.

Perhaps the most forthright statement about the matter was made by Charlotte's chief of police, and as he is undoubtedly the man who may have to cope with it, it is good to know that he is fully prepared. This official did not mince words. He said, in effect, that if the hooded gentlemen try any monkey-shines, they will have plenty of reason to regret it. He did not propose to turn over enforcement of the law to anyone, thank you, and if anyone disagreed with that stand, he was quite ready to prove his point.

That is the way this Klan business and any other subversive activity must be handled, and it is especially satisfactory to find an official doing the handling and without having to be prodded by a group of Citizens To Enforce The Law or Uphold The Constitution or Defend Liberty, or similar flag-wavers.

On second thought, though the advent of the Klan is a sign that things are not well in our state, still the statement of Charlotte's chief somewhat compensates for it. We may have crackpots and hoodlums and bitter malcontents on the fringes of our society, but we may congratulate ourselves that we also have steady, stout-hearted, sensible people to deal with them. Certainly the vast majority know the Klan for what it is and will have no truck with it.

In the Bill of Rights Americans pledged that freedom should not be interfered with. "Congress shall pass no law" abridging a man's right to free speech, a free press, free religion and so forth. That pledge was not concerned with "loyalty" or "Americanism." If our people will concentrate on eradicating those who, like the Klan, threaten our liberties with their fanaticism and intolerance, instead of worrying so much about "loyalty," the future of the freedom we cherish would be a safer thing.

Cleared for Action

The Pilot published in the December 2nd issue a letter which must have been of great interest to many readers. It was from T. McKean Downs of Bryn Mawr, Pa., and was evoked by an editorial which appeared in these columns the week before and with which Dr. Downs took strong exception. The editorial dealt with the dismissal of Admiral Denfeld and the question of civilian control of the military.

Dr. Downs, who is a retired officer, speaks with the authority that comes from close contact with the armed services and long study of their problems. What he has to say must have great weight, spoken, as it clearly is, with the utmost sincerity. His letter constituted an interesting and telling addition to all that has been said and written on one side of the recent controversy.

However, there is the other side. The "inaccuracies, ignorance and prejudice," for which Dr. Downs reproaches The Pilot, are shared, it would seem, by a good many people and many of those who spoke at the Congressional hearings or wrote of the question command general respect; their words, we submit, cannot be lightly dismissed. Since the publication of the editorial, also, the Pilot has received much commendation, some of it also from retired officers. A sentence from one letter stresses this point: "No man should be authorized to command discipline who cannot take discipline himself." This ex-officer apparently differed from our correspondent in believing that there had been at least an attempt at insubordination.

Letters such as that of Dr. Downs are always fervently welcomed by an editor, even when they are, as this one was; severely critical. Perhaps editors are like some dogs who would rather be licked than not be noticed. This editor does not admit to the licking but confesses to a certain deep satisfaction in having aroused to action such a doxy warrior.

"To Bill Campbell, The Builder's Cup For Unselfish Service" . . . by E. C. Stevens

Tribute Spoken By Town Commissioner At Kiwanis Dinner

President Hawley, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Kiwanis Builders Cup was authorized in 1926, to be awarded from time to time to a man or woman of Moore County who, by unselfish, personal service, without hope of personal gain, has outstandingly contributed to the upbuilding of the Sandhills section.

This Club feels that we have such a person with us tonight.

Bill Campbell has been a scout nearly all his life and he practices its teachings every day. As a youth, he attained the rank of Eagle Scout; as a man, he has been awarded the Silver Beaver—two of the highest awards in Scouting.

In the past three or four years he has had about all the important offices in Scouting anyone could have in so short a time. To name a few; District Chairman for Moore County, Vice President of the Occaneechee Council (12 Counties), Member of the Southeastern Regional Committee in Atlanta, (and now I see he has been appointed Co-Chairman for the State), and Occaneechee representative on the National Council. I would like to predict that, if he wants it, he will be the National head of the Boy Scouts of America some day.

I don't believe all these titles mean too much to Bill Campbell—except, that the jobs and the titles are merely labels for the opportunity for him to continue and enlarge his exceptionally unselfish, personal service.

When he first came to Moore County, he began his Scout work

for the children of the County in a humble capacity. His tremendous ability for unceasing work, his untiring capacity for proper executive organization, and his winning ways in getting adults to work for Scouting in one way or another will never be easily evaluated. All this has revitalized Scouting in the County, which in turn has resulted in the mental, moral, spiritual and physical upbuilding of many hundreds of boys, and grown ups, both white and colored. That number is growing rapidly each year. His progressive interest and action in Scout Camps alone would make an outstanding citizen.

Every time Bill gets a new job, he throws himself into that particular work wholeheartedly and without stint. Fortunately for Moore County, he takes the time to do these good works; and I would like to call your particular attention to the fact that he could spend his time playing golf, riding, socializing around, being a gentleman of leisure, and in other ways being a delightful but most ineffectual member of our community; but not so Bill.

As a matter of fact, I don't see how his gracious wife puts up with all his activities, because—after all—he is her husband and the father of their child, and she could expect him to devote some of his time to the Family. Just this past seven days, I happen to know, he spent Saturday and Sunday in Charlotte, Wednesday in Durham, Thursday in Raleigh—all on business of Moore County Scouting. And this is about a normal week's work. In addition to this, he keeps office hours at the Scout office every morning he is in Southern Pines.

In spite of his honors and labors, Bill is no publicity hound. Those of you who really know

him will agree with me that his main object in life is to promote the welfare of the children of Moore County, North Carolina, and all of the United States through Scouting, and to get that job done efficiently, thoroughly and effectively.

Bill, we love you for all you have done for Moore County children and adults, and I am delighted to hand you this Kiwanis Builders Award.
EUGENE C. STEVENS

frightens local citizens out of their wits by swooping his plane low over treetops, and dropped flaming torches which set fire to several fields. He was said to have been saluting some friends, and the torches were a signal that he planned to dine with them that evening.

In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files:

TEN YEARS AGO

W. D. Matthews as "Major Blows" presides over successful Amateur Night held by Rotary club for benefit of Christmas Basket fund.

Dr. Clement R. Monroe is awarded Kiwanis Builders cup for year 1939.

Struthers Burt is elected president of the State Literary and Historical association.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Charles W. Picquet, already vice president of the National Theatre Owners association, is elected president of the new Theatre Owners Association of North and South Carolina.

Dr. William C. Mudgett is elected chairman of the medical staff of the Moore County hospital.

An unidentified youthful pilot

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EYES
OUGHT TO SEE WELL AND BE COMFORTABLE. MANY SCHOOL CHILDREN AS WELL AS GROWN-UPS NEED GLASSES. OFTEN GLASSES ALREADY IN USE NEED CHANGING.
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Grains of Sand

Behind many a classified ad is a story. . . . And from the little ads, smallest items in the paper, spring many an interesting tale. . . . We on The Pilot are always pleased when our ads bring results that make everybody happy.

Just last week, for instance, Mrs. Elliott (Elizabeth Padgett) Shearn, librarian at the Southern Pines school, put in an ad concerning which she felt rather hopeless. . . . She had lost her diamond ring on Broad street. . . . We agreed with her that her only chance would be its having been found by an honest person. . . . What's more an honest person who reads The Pilot. (There ARE some!)

Exactly such a person showed up with the ring almost as soon as The Pilot hit the streets. . . . Mary B. Drake, colored practical nurse at the home of Mrs. A. I. Sherman. . . . Who had found the ring just where it fell, and consulted the ads for its owner.

Then last week Mrs. Malcolm Kemp had her valuable dog returned, after he had wandered far from home. . . . Madeline Prim found out from Mrs. Kemp's ad who owned the handsome English setter who was calling on her pet pooch of the same breed. . . . he wasn't lost, just romantic.

And through a classified ad of a couple of weeks back, Bill Henderson found exactly the person he wanted to bake pies, make soup and sandwiches and "lend an air" to his new William and Mary shop, across from Moore County hospital. . . . "I don't know why I didn't think of her before," said Bill, happily employing Mrs. Currie, for many years dietitian at the hospital, noted cook and an old friend. . . . She will give that homemade touch to refreshments served at the William and Mary, one of the most unusual and attractive shops we've ever seen anywhere.

We were over there Saturday night, three days before the shop was scheduled to open. . . . Proprietor Bill and cute wife Mary, trying their best to unpack things and get all their new stock in place, couldn't get anywhere for people dropping in. . . . After a while they just gave up and had fun along with the rest of us.

Everybody who goes in there is struck at once with the beauty and unusualness of the color scheme. . . . It was E. J. Austin's idea and Bill and Mary very wisely let him have his way. . . . Result, something beautiful, really different and—in keeping with the Williamsburg-style shop E. J. has so artfully conceived for them.

The walls are a deep tawny gold. . . . Woodwork, designated as "Williamsburg blue" but looking more grey-green to us. . . . And cabinet interiors and other touches of a deep crushed-raspberry hue. . . . Sounds funny? All right,

go look. The shop itself represents a miscellany. . . . We'd hardly know how to classify it. . . . Designed principally for service to patients and visitors at the hospital, it has a welcome also for the general public. . . . With its soda fountain and snack bar, magazines, newspapers, gifts, drug sundries, greeting cards and a variety of other things. . . . We prophesy for it an excellent future as a Sandhills rendezvous.

December marks the first anniversary of the stationing here of Highway Patrolmen J. P. Rhyne and Wesley Parrish. . . . We hesitate to say that they have become popular, or have made many friends here. . . . As we understand that's one sure way of getting patrolmen moved. . . . Having a lot of friends is supposed to place obstacles in the way of their efficiency, and it may with some, but we think not with Jim and Wes. Let us say instead that, with their courteous and friendly ways, they have given folks an entirely new concept of highway patrolmen. . . . That they have done their duty well, and with a smile. . . . And that living as they do in the heart of our community, they have exercised a good influence probably far beyond their own knowledge.

Jim is an old-timer. . . . Was stationed here a number of years ago, and since then at Winston-Salem. . . . Wes came to his first job when he arrived here last December fresh from patrol school. . . . They make a good team.

The Journalistic World: Nice to see mention of Glen Round's new books in the New York Times book section this week. . . . With an illustration from Aesop's Fables (that astonished-looking rooster) and a comment that the book is illustrated with "great style and imagination". . . . Fine writeup of John D. McConnell, Southern Pines' gift to the ranks of senatorial assistants, in Monday's News and Observer, revealing that all three McConnell boys played varsity on the Davidson football team and made Phi Beta Kappa. . . . The others are Joseph M. McConnell, new NBC president, and E. Riggs McConnell, formerly of Southern Pines, now with the Justice department in Washington. . . . While John is the able administrative assistant to Senator Frank P. Graham (another Phi Beta Kappa). . . . And in Colliers this week, an unusual short story called "The Rise of Carthage, all about a dream village called Carthage, and its newspaper. . . . The N&O lifted Pilot Editor Katharine Boyd's article, "Fixin' to Burn Over," from the November 18 issue. . . . A fine poetic piece (now, KLB, don't cut this, please!) Written with a nostalgic touch, delicate yet sharp, which brings alive a lost scene of the past with its sights and sounds and smells.