

# THE PILOT

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"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep it as good a paper as Nelson Hyde has made it. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Where there seems to be an occasion to use our influence for the public good we will try to do it. And we will treat everybody alike."—James Boyd, May 23, 1941.

## Our Concert Series

The presentation of the Duke University ensemble in a chamber music concert at the Southern Pines auditorium tonight represents a real achievement for our community, one which deserves the support of every citizen and which will repay a thousandfold in pleasure for the support which it receives.

It is important, of course, as a single concert, on its own merits, and would be anywhere. However, the achievement lies in the fact that it marks the opening of our first real concert series here. The Sandhills Music association, less than a year old, is going steadily forward in its announced course of bringing good music to the Sandhills, not just once but again and again. That it has undertaken this course shows confidence in the understanding, appreciation and support such a venture will receive here.

The Sandhills Music association earned its laurels last spring with the presentation of the N. C. Symphony, and could very easily have quit right there. Its members, however, took the excellent reception accorded the Symphony as a sign that good music is appreciated and wanted here. They have laid plans now for a winter filled with music, climaxing with the return of the Symphony in April.

Securing such attractions, assuring an audience each time, is a tremendous job which the Association members have tackled, with selfless enthusiasm and energy, for our enjoyment. Besides giving all of us the rich, rare treat of hearing good music right here at home, they are providing an attraction which will enhance the proud reputation of the Sandhills as a cultural center. We are a small town but have never thought of ourselves as "small-townish" in this way, and indeed our record shows that we are not. Yet if we, as a community, fail to cooperate in the fullest degree, the Association faces an insurmountable handicap.

In most places, small and large, such series are made possible only through the closed membership plan. Season tickets distributed before the first concert is ever booked give the association the financial resources with which to work, and determine the number and quality of the concerts. No single tickets are sold thereafter.

In consideration of the nature of the Sandhills resorts, with people coming and going throughout the winter season, the Sandhills Music association is having to dispense with this financial security. It is important to the transient guest to be able to buy a ticket when he is here. It can also be a weakness by which the whole structure will fall down, unless those of us who can buy season tickets do so, and give our full support throughout the concert series.

So admirable is the purpose of the Association, so fine the concerts they will bring us and so important is the success of the whole venture, that each of us should feel a personal stake.

Once we have the "concert habit" well established here, it will be one we will wish never to give up.

## Moore County Hospital Grows To Meet Our Needs

The Pilot, with deep pride, salutes the opening of the Moore County Hospital memorial wing and Negro annex, greatly expanding the facilities of our hospital and giving to Moore county one of the finest and most complete hospitals in the state.

It has not been so very many years since our hospital was just a dream in the minds of some of our people. It could have stayed a dream, but it did not—they implemented their wishes with action of the most resolute sort. At the time the Moore County hospital was opened in 1929 it was one of the best of its kind, adequate to the needs of that time. It has grown to meet the increasing needs brought by the years, not only in size but in facilities and services rendered.

Many of our people come from large cities in other states and even though they have been generous toward it, perhaps they do not realize what an achievement we have in this, a large modern hospital, well staffed, in a predominantly agricultural county rated as one of North Carolina's smaller ones—and certainly not one of the richest. Our own people realize it, though, and so do those of other counties which for many years have been without hospitals, and which have used that of Moore county in increasing numbers.

The demands have grown even as some of these other counties have established their own hospitals. Montgomery county has a new hospital now, and Richmond county has voted a large bond issue and is building one. We congratulate these counties, and we congratulate the whole state of North Carolina on the increase in hospital use and facilities which the past two decades have brought. This to our mind is one of the greatest advances any state can make, and we are proud to be a part of one

of the counties which has for 20 years been in its vanguard.

The Moore County hospital has been built on contributions from people in all walks of life, the poor as well as the rich, white and colored. It is designed to serve each and every one of them, to bring to every family the benefits of modern medical science within the scope of a general hospital, and in this way to better the lot not only of the present generation but of generations to come.

## Candidates for Mayflower Cup

The annual list of books eligible for the Mayflower Cup reminds us again how full is the flow of writing of all sorts in North Carolina today.

Forty-six volumes are candidates this year. A few, of course, stand out, and cause us to ponder the difficulties facing the judges. How compare, for instance, Max Steele's strange and tender novel *Debby* with Manly Wellman's virile and factual biography of Wade Hampton, *Giant in Gray*? How measure the worth of *The Southern Part of Heaven* by William Meade Prince, against *The Formation of North Carolina Counties 1663-1943*, by D. L. Corbitt?

Manly Wellman of Pinebluff is this year the only Moore County author on the list. He is also the only one with two books listed. Besides *Giant in Gray*, he is represented by the juvenile tale with Moore County locale, *The Raiders of Beaver Lake*.

While hoping one of his books will win, and feeling that *Giant in Gray* has indeed an excellent chance, we cannot feel that among such variety the Mayflower Cup can be considered definitive.

Perhaps some day, separate awards will be established for novels, biography, poetry, juveniles and others. Only thus can some semblance of justice be done the crop of Tarheel writers publishing so ably today.

## Illiterate Drivers

A Raleigh license examiner, quoted in the News and Observer this week, expresses concern over something he is doing every day—licensing auto drivers who cannot read or write.

We are concerned over this too, and also at the high percentage of such drivers given in his estimate—three out of 10 in Raleigh, and as high as seven out of 10 in some other parts of the state.

It seems the law requires the passing of the same simple tests for all—an oral reading of test questions with an average of 70, a vision test and road examination, and knowledge of the meaning of road signs by shape.

William C. Poe, the license examiner quoted, tells of a typical illiterate driver who passed all these tests perfectly, paid his fee, secured his license, then drove straight from the testing place the wrong way down a one-way street, smacking another car right in the front bumper. He could not read the one-way sign.

There are many, many signs important to drivers which are not identifiable by size and shape, and many circumstances arise in connection with driving cars and trucks which require a knowledge of both reading and writing. There are many adults in the state, still in the prime of life, who grew up in the days before a compulsory school attendance law. Aside from the danger on the highways of the drivers who cannot read or write, it is shocking to know that we have so many illiterates and that there is no compulsory way to reach them now.

There is apparently no law in the making, or even contemplated, to make even the simplest literacy an essential for driving a car. We feel that there certainly should be one. Anyone with intelligence enough to pass the road tests and to handle a car under today's traffic conditions could repair this lack within a very short time, if he has the will to do so. And if he has not, and will not make this effort, we cannot feel he has intelligence enough to be behind the wheel of a car.

## "Most Boring" Classics

As one would expect, there has been only a limited agreement with the results of the poll conducted by The Pleasures Of Publishing, house organ of the Columbia University Press, to determine the 10 most boring classics.

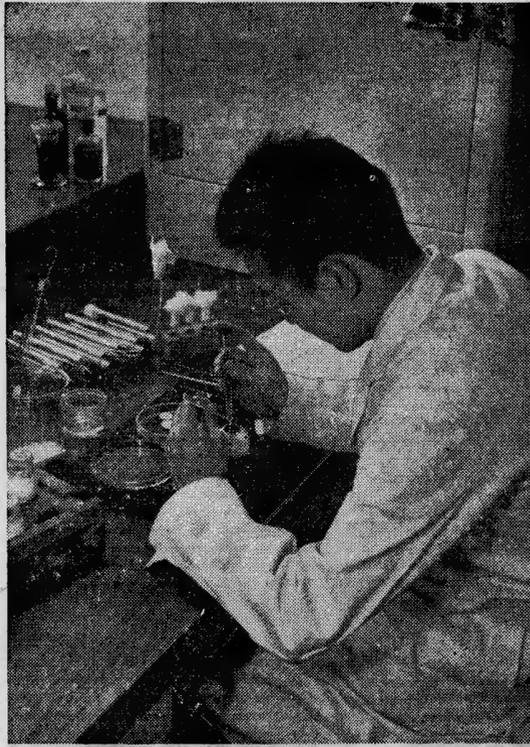
Each of the books included on the list has its defenders. Some feel rather strongly about them. The fact that these books have staunch friends, who can point out superior qualities indicates why they deserve to be considered classics.

The Enoch Pratt Free library of Baltimore conducted a poll on the poll among 100 Marylanders. The result was disagreement with the Columbia poll and also disagreement among themselves. The same result would be the case in Southern Pines or any other community.

Reading is so intensely a personal matter that one who reads for pleasure may not be expected to find delight in a book or story or article which might appeal to his neighbor, who also reads for pleasure. One enjoys one thing, another another. Polls to determine the most entertaining or the most boring will not prove much beyond the fact that tastes in reading differ.

Yet one would hesitate to make enjoyment in reading the sole criterion for selecting a book. Certainly, an informal reader keeps abreast of books on topics outside the field of his particular pleasure. Some of the classics have such an important place in the history of literature that they deserve to be read in order that the reader may become acquainted with these particular contributions to the culture and the civilization of which we are part.

## Scientific Weapon in Anti-Influenza Fight



A member of an international team of scientists at the World Influenza Center, set up by the World Health Organization (WHO) in London, inoculates an egg with influenza virus in the first step of a laboratory identification and classification. The Center was established by WHO, a United Nations Specialized Agency to coordinate and aid in studies of influenza throughout the world.

## Grains of Sand

Driving over to Carthage Saturday evening, just as he reached the airport *Garland Pierce* observed a strange sight: headlights approaching across the field, over the trees.

Thinking perhaps a plane had gotten lost, he left the highway and drove over to the field, to shine his own lights on it if necessary. Calmly landing in the dark was a Piedmont plane. No, it wasn't lost, it was just bringing golfers to Mid Pines.

The golfers would have been kinda lost, though, without *Garland*. They had planned to call a taxi—they did not anticipate finding the airport building closed, no one there to greet them. Good Samaritan *Pierce* turned around and took them to the hotel, later continuing his journey to Carthage—or the golfers would have had to get out on the highway and try to thumb a ride.

Their distress though, would have come a long way from equaling that of a young Fort Bragg flier who was the subject of a story in the Moore County News last week. Seems he was just lost, and circled the town of Carthage, cutting his motors occasionally to shout, "Please help me, I'm lost." His dismal cries caught the ears of several Carthage citizens, and *Ernest Muse* and a Negro boy, *Henry Thompson*, came to the rescue. *Henry* signalled with his flashlight to show they had heard, then they jumped into *Muse's* car to lead the way to the airport. *Henry* waved the flashlight all along the way and the airplane came in to a nice landing.

Just as all the folks got their summer things put away, along came autumn weather last week which broke all records for heat at this time of year.

On the Pinehurst No. 2 course, golfers in the North & South Open sweated it out at 85 degrees — which some declared to be "ideal golfing weather"; and players in the Southern Pines-Red Springs Homecoming game, well toggled out for fall, perspired their way from touchdown to touchdown.

Mopping their brows, people asked each other the question usually heard in July—"Hot enough for you?" Then came the weekend—and folks had to pull the blankets out again. Yes, folks, in case you're wondering—it's November.

In the Mailbag: From Edina, Minn. . . "We enjoy reading The Pilot each week and hope to open our home and join in the activities in early January". . . We're looking forward to your arrival, Mrs. Gordon H. Clark; in the meantime, keep on reading The Pilot!

Greasy Doorknobs. . . (From the Moore County News). . . Another figure of speech had me stymied until it was explained to me. It was about the noon hour which we folks up in Ritter's call dinner

time. One of my neighbors spoke up and said: "I believe I will go over and see Silas. His folks have got greasy door knobs."

It was several hours later before I could find anybody who could explain to me that what he meant was that Silas had just killed "haws".

And now it comes out printed on the inside of a match book cover, as the advertisement of an insurance firm. . . Very appropriate, too! Anyway, we have been asked to reprint it here, and are happy to do so as our contribution to the cause of safety this week:

"See your insurance man first—then sing while you drive!

"At 45 miles per hour, sing 'Highways are Happy Ways.'

"At 55 miles, sing 'I'm But a Stranger Here, Heaven is My Home.'

"At 65 miles, sing 'Nearer My God to Thee.'

"At 75 miles, sing, 'When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll be There.'

"At 85 miles, sing 'Lord, I'm Coming Home.'"

Just by signing their names, two Sandhills people have become owners of trucks.

True, the trucks aren't very big. They are scale model miniatures, and probably won't carry a pay load—but then, the upkeep won't be anything either.

Floyd R. Medlin, of Pinehurst, and Mrs. E. J. Harrington, Lakeview, were two of the 75,000 people who visited the N. C. Motor Carriers' booth at the State Fair at Raleigh, signing their names on cards for a "lucky drawing." They were two of the 37 whose names were drawn for the prizes — handsome, perfect miniature trucks, examples of beautiful craftsmanship.

The trucks will be sent to the winners shortly, according to announcement received this week from Jeff B. Wilson, director of information of the N. C. Motor Carriers' association.

"To the Pilot. "In your issue of October 20 I noticed an item that 'the second printing press ever sent to the Massachusetts Colony was sent in 1660, 40 years after the first one was sent.'

"As that colony was first settled in 1632, it is evident that the first press was sent out 12 years before there was anyone there.

"That puzzles me, so I am asking your help to clear the matter up.

"P. P. PELTON." That sort of puzzles us, too. We thank our friend Mr. Pelton for calling it to our attention. But isn't he wrong about there being no one there before 1632? Our guess is that the Indians were getting out a little paper—which may be why they took to fire-water so readily when the white people finally came. They needed it to drown out their journalistic woes.

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