

THE PILOT

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KATHARINE BOYD Editor
VALERIE NICHOLSON Asst. Editor
DAN S. RAY General Manager
C. G. COUNCIL Advertising

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"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep this a good paper. 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.

The Railroad Has A Heart

We are thankful that the Seaboard has seen fit to spare our trees, and feel we can express the unbounded joy of the community in the averting of this tragedy.

The quick reaction of the citizens when they heard last week that the magnolias and longleaf pines on two Broad Street blocks must go, showed beyond doubt how the whole community felt. According to C. I. Morton, Seaboard superintendent, plans to avoid the tree-cutting were already under way by the time the phone calls and telegrams started arriving. However, if there had been no citizen reaction, it might have been a different story.

There is no town along the Seaboard which has planted for beauty for a half century or more, as has Southern Pines. Everyone here is proud of the Broad street trees. To remove them would deface a town which has become known far and wide for its charm.

This is well known to the Seaboard, and some other way will be found, Mr. Morton has assured us, to instal the automatic signals and high-voltage wires. Why then, some citizens want to know, was no other plan devised from the first?

The answer is that the railroad must go to much trouble and expense to follow an alternate plan. Their long-range improvement program did not call for handling one town differently from others. They own the right of way, and by law may use it for railroad purposes any time. Progress, while bringing many benefits, can sometimes be cruel, but a railroad can seldom stop to worry about that.

If, to their original announcement, there had been no citizen reaction—if no one here had cared, and showed they cared—the Seaboard would have been perfectly justified in going ahead.

And if we ever cease to care for the civic beauties, and to let the world know we care, we deserve just exactly what we'll get.

In changing its plan to cooperate with the residents of Southern Pines, the Seaboard has shown that even a railroad has a heart, combined with a brain—a brain which can appreciate such values as good will and loyal friends.

A Lake and Park Of Our Own

The acceptance of the gift of Knollwood lake and the surrounding area, to be developed as a municipal recreation park, marks a milestone in Southern Pines' progress and foreshadows the fulfilment of an age-old civic dream.

Many citizens, we know, voted for the municipal recreation program in the hopes that it would some day produce a swimming pool or lake for the town, and an outdoor recreation spot for young and old within our own city limits. The recent city-planning survey made here showed we had far from enough park space, in proportion to the size of the town.

The use of Aberdeen lake and other fine recreation places of the area has been a privilege we have appreciated, and no doubt will continue to make use of. However, there is nothing like having such a place of our very own. If properly developed, it should be a civic asset beyond measure.

The town should be extremely grateful to E. H. Mills for his gift, and everyone should consider how best to make use of it. Town funds are limited; they will provide the minimum essentials, but they cannot be expected to carry the whole load. Such a park should have the benefit of the civic pride and work of all the local organizations, each contributing what it can for the benefit and pleasure of all.

The planting of the park, the building of outdoor grills and picnic places and perhaps the installing of playground equipment, night lighting and other things as the need is felt, should be the responsibility of various groups of the town. It is apt to take quite a time, and the job may never be entirely done. However, there is pleasure to be reaped in the giving, as well as of the enjoying, of all manner of improvements as the years go along.

For The Whole Community

The town board had a busy meeting last week, and we'd like to call attention to some of the matters which came up. It accepted the gift of a lake and park

area, and made plans for their development into a real outdoor recreation center. This will take time, work and money but it should give us a lovely place one day not too far off.

It heard a progress report on the fluoridating of the city water, a dental health measure with especial benefits for children. Specifications for equipment are being worked out, and bids will soon be let.

It heard a request for an additional fire truck—a long-felt need, waiting only on available funds. The purchase is being seriously studied now. Calls out of town are one big reason a new truck is needed.

It promised cooperation in the renewal of the long effort to get a streamliner train to stop here.

It heard a report on the threatened cutting of the Broad Street trees, which called for action and some time spent later to preserve the town's beauty for all who call Southern Pines home.

These are typical of the things, little and big, a town administration must look after all the time. They are typical also of the fact that almost everything the town board does is for the whole community.

In checking the benefits received from living in Southern Pines, though not actually within the city limits, those protesting against inclusion in fact as well as in name may well overlook such items. Running a town costs money. It costs more today than ever before. The community is definitely growing. Also, demands for services are constantly greater—and there's no question about it, people here not only want service but they are used to the best and that's the kind they want.

There's a question about how long any of us can get it, as the non-taxpaying areas grow beyond the power of those within the narrow city limits to pay.

The New Season Is Here

Things have taken on a decidedly livelier air in the past week or two. "The season" has begun, there's no doubt about it, and Southern Pines and Pinehurst are assuming once again their unique positions as North Carolina winter resorts.

We're becoming more and more a year-round community and we brag about it—yet the fact remains there are many who know us only as a winter resort, and it is for this our town has won a nationwide fame. Year-round business and pursuits are normal and wholesome. We couldn't do without them, and we want more of them. But if they were all we had, we'd be just another town—another listing in the Postal Guide, another dot on a road map and another statistic on a business chart.

We're growing—and this, too, is good, and bad. Growth brings benefits, also headaches. We can grow and still remain a resort, if we value that phase of our civic life—and we do. Camden and Aiken, for example, are both considerably larger than Southern Pines. Change is inevitable—it has come to all resorts, as to other towns, in the war and postwar years, and it is in the way we adapt to change that our fate lies for good or ill.

It is in our resort features that we are unique, and we hope the autumn will never come that does not bring this quickening, this return of activity, the reopening of the resort hotels and businesses and the greetings from the friends whom we last saw in spring.

Still A Volunteer

General George Marshall has retired as Defense Secretary of the United States, but he makes it plain in his letter to President Truman that he considers himself, although over seventy, still to be ready to serve his country. It is not necessary to review his career in detail here. But that career from beginning to end exemplifies the highest ideals of the professional soldier in a non-militaristic State.

It was fortunate for all people around the globe who have faith in democratic ideals that General Marshall's devotion to their service was matched by a wide range of native abilities which made him an outstanding world figure in a strange variety of roles. His plans for postwar reconstruction were as soundly conceived as his plans for winning the global war. As Defense Secretary, he became a political administrator, ranking with the best in the history of the Western World. If the political atmosphere irked him he gave no sign, and within the short space of a year he got the whole nation backing a Pentagon set-up that had been in a furore of dissension before he returned from retirement to a limited term as Secretary.

The succession of his deputy, Robert A. Lovett, insures the same kind of administration in all the fields, domestic and international, in which Defense Department activities have become so deeply involved. While Canadians will share the free world's regret that the passage of years removes General Marshall from the "active list," we also share its pleasure in knowing that his wisdom and ability will be available to help us meet any new crises of the immediate future.

—Toronto Globe and Mail

Grains of Sand

We just knew it—we were going to get a great big horse laugh for our "bull" of last week, in the story on the city limits meeting; and we really did. We must admit it—we had to laugh, too, till the tears ran out of our eyes.

How it happened we don't know, but our fine phrasing which reported the meeting to have been held in a "calm investigative spirit" came out "calf investigative spirit—a wonderful, imaginative change. We could never have thought of it by ourself, in a million years, and it's given folks so much pleasure we wouldn't change it now, if we could.

An editor we knew once always said he let things like that get by on purpose, once in a while, just to see if folks really read the paper. Well, we're not pulling any such alibi—but if we needed to know, we found out all right.

Most folks asked, "Did that mean they were shooting the bull at that meeting—or only just a little bull?"

And a good friend who wrote a note poking fun then wrote another, taking it back, and adding, bless his heart, "The Pilot is a darn good little paper and I wouldn't miss it for anything. I frequently mail copies to my friends up north." (Wonder what they thought about the calf investigative spirit?)

And he sent a clever poem out of Frank Colby's column, which we'll brazenly snitch so you may share our enjoyment:

The title is, "When The Slip Gets By":

The typographical error is a slippery thing, and sly;
You can hunt until you are dizzy,
but it will somehow get by.

Till the forms get off the press it is strange how still it keeps,
It shrinks into a corner and it never stirs or peeps.

The typographical error, too small for human eyes,
Till the ink is on the paper, when it grows to mountain size.

The boss he stares with horror,
then he grabs his hair and groans;

The proofreader drops his head upon his hands and moans.
The remainder of the issue may be clean as clean may be,
But that typographical error is the only thing you see.

A young serviceman of our acquaintance writes, "Please be sure and see that my Pilot gets in the mail. I like to read the Armed Forces column and see what I'm doing."

Actually, the important thing about our Armed Forces column, we're finding out, is that the boys in service like to know what's happening to their friends. Thus, Eimer Renegar in Korea will read about Scotty Burns going to Europe; Tommy Grey in Puerto Rico can read about Shag Mattocks in Japan; and vice versa. That's the big reason we count on each family to let us know what their young 'uns in uniform are doing—so we can spread the news around the world.

That's a privilege the small-town paper has today which the journalistic giants don't—imagine the New York Times or Philadelphia Bulletin trying to keep up with all the servicemen in their area! But we bet they wish they could.

Some of our news, of course, comes through the armed services' public relations offices. Many units have well-organized PRO's and their job of keeping the home-town folks informed is an important one.

We've handled armed-service news for years, 'way back to the beginning of World War 2, and have never had but one kick, as far as we can remember. A wife called up the other day and laid us out for publishing the news of her officer husband's promotion. We should have called her first, she thought, to get her permission—which, she indicated plainly, she would not have given. She just didn't like having his name in the paper.

News that comes to us direct from the armed services, however, we regard as ours; and it's sent to us because they want us to use it.

Also, a man serving overseas is not just somebody's husband, or somebody's son, he belongs in a sense to all of us—we're directly interested in him, and he is in us too; that's why he's there.

Baseball was the big topic of conversation here, as probably everywhere in the country, until the World Series ended in New York last week. Seems like this year it was more than ever the center of attention, as the dramatic upsurge of the Giants in the playoff for the National League pennant moved the games from the sports pages to the front

pages, and Joe DiMaggio's big comeback kept them there.

Television, too, played a big part for the first time. Far from quelling interest in the game, the fact that so many practically had bleacher seats kept it in the forefront of interest and conversation.

Everywhere it was the same thing. We went into Hayes and there was Dr. G. G. Herr, talking about Joe DiMaggio. We heard Bannie Fobes ask, "But how do you bat into a double play?" We don't know either—we don't know much about baseball anyway; but we knew more by the time he finished explaining.

A television set was moved into the Coffee Shop just in time to catch the last few games. We don't know how Chick Holliday made any money those days, as people sat long after they had finished lunch, their eyes glued to the set.

We're proud of Tom Wicker, now a published novelist—you ought to be able by now to get his book off the 25-cent rack at your favorite bookshop or drugstore. Make no mistake about it, those 25-cent books contain some of the best stories being published today, both in reprints and the work of new writers.

"Get Out of Town" is the name of his book, and the author's name is not Tom Wicker but Paul Connolly. Tom's reserving his own name for publication of more serious work later, at \$3.75 per copy.

The new novel, published by Gold Medal Books, is the same one Tom was working on in his spare time when he was manager of the Chamber of Commerce here during 1948. He was then a precocious lad of 21, already a Navy veteran and Carolina graduate. The managership here was his first job after graduation.

The book was then tentatively titled "Copper Hard"—not the metal copper, but a rookie policeman in a small Southern town, who was the hero. He still is, we understand, though the book has been changed a lot in other ways.

We read part of it, and found it fine, brisk, hard-hitting stuff, filled with suspense. In fact, we've been in a breathless state ever since, as the part we read was a real cliff-hanger. There was the hero by a deserted road, with a murdered woman—killed by someone else—in his car. He tried to start the car, it wouldn't start, and here came two patrolmen asking if they could help.

If he's taken out that part, we'll kill him. We can't hold our breath forever.

MENUS FOR WEEK School Cafeteria

October 22-26 (Subject to minor changes) MONDAY

Sliced Corned Beef Sandwich
Mustard or Catsup
Buttered Potatoes
Tossed Green Salad
Milk

TUESDAY
Scalloped Ham and Potatoes
Buttered Green Beans
Fruited Cherry Jello
Cheese Biscuit, Margarine
Milk

WEDNESDAY
Ham-Seasoned Lima Beans
Buttered Cabbage, Carrot Sticks
Peaches and Whipped Cream
Brown Bread, Margarine
Milk

THURSDAY
Melted Cheese Sandwich
Pickle Chips-Half Deviled Egg
Harvard Beets
Hot Buttered Raisin-Apple Sauce
Milk

FRIDAY
Tuna Fish Salad
Buttered English Peas
Raw Celery Sticks
Chocolate Pudding
Brown Bread, Butter
Milk

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