

# THE PILOT

Published Each Friday by THE PILOT, INCORPORATED Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD, Publisher—1944

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Subscription Rates:  
One Year \$4.00 6 Months \$2.00 3 Months \$1.00

Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C., as second class mail matter

Member National Editorial Association and N. C. Press Association

"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 Last Lap

As the state swings into the last lap of the gubernatorial campaign, a good deal is being whispered about, and not only whispered, as to dark and dire facts that will soon be revealed. It should be noted that those whispers are, to date, coming just about exclusively from one side of the political fence, that occupied by the Olive forces.

North Carolina had one bloody bout of smear campaigning. Then, as now, the smears came from one side of the fence. The system worked that time, to our shame be it said, and that could happen again, but somehow we do not think it will. The memories of that other campaign are not happy ones.

A smear campaign is a campaign of weakness; it is a confession that it's the only way you can win. Because a man can't win on his own merits, he has to do it by tearing down the other fellow. It is a destructive, as opposed to a constructive campaign.

That's the sort of campaign that Judge Olive has been waging against William Umstead. From the Olive headquarters come a fusillade of digs and barbs, rumors, and accusations, with the constant innuendo that more dirt is to follow. From the Umstead headquarters, on the other hand, come clear and factual accounts of what the candidate stands for, what he has done already and what he hopes to do if he gets elected. His opponent is hardly ever mentioned.

There's no doubt which of the two kinds of tactics is the more dignified or sincere, or straight forward and decent; there is no doubt which is the more commendable, and, to our mind, no doubt which are the more effective tactics in this campaign. Umstead has been our man from the first, but he has grown in stature with us because he has not stooped to below-the-belt fighting. He has let his opponent waste his energy thinking up smears against him while he has gone quietly and earnestly about the business of doing a good honest job to the best of his ability.

In his way of carrying on his campaign for the office of governor Bill Umstead has shown, unmistakably, what sort of man he is and what sort of governor he will make. We believe that's the kind of governor this state wants.

## Watch That Zoning Plan

Last week at the town board meeting a report was made of action taken previously that, while perhaps acceptable in itself, opens up disturbing possibilities. It had been decided, at a special meeting held May 5, to allow a restaurant to open in the former Elks clubhouse on May street.

In many ways this building lends itself admirably to such a purpose and we are not aware that the clubhouse, a bustling place when the Elks had it, ever proved in any way objectionable in the neighborhood; nevertheless this part of town, from one end of May street to the other, has always been restricted for residential purposes. This would be the first time that business had been granted a foothold along this main route, and surely a move of this sort, to break restrictions long in effect, should not be taken without considerable study. It seems, also, as if the property owners, who bought their homes in a residential section, should be consulted before such a change is made.

There is a way provided for just such cases, but in this matter it was apparently not followed. We have a zoning board and a board of adjustment. Ordinarily matters like this are referred to one or the other and if citizens object to any ruling they may appeal their case. As we understand it, the board may grant permits at their discretion in restricted areas and the objections of the citizens are not necessarily binding on the board, but, actually, a public protest of any strength would seldom be over-ruled.

In this case, of issuing a permit for the restaurant on May street, the town did not follow the accepted procedure. We imagine this was simply due to the fact that, as the building had been used in a semi-public capacity, as a clubhouse, the "residential" label appeared to have been already lifted and it was not thought necessary, therefore, to go through the usual channels.

This may be all right, but we incline to think that a matter of such importance should not be passed over so lightly. It would create a precedent for allowing business establishments on May street and that is something that needs considerable thought. The beauty of this tree-bordered avenue is one of the town's major assets. It evokes constant comment from our visitors; passing motorists remember Southern Pines, they tell us, because it is different from other towns. The route, instead of being lined with restaurants, signs, shops, and garages, is

attractive with planted parkways and charming homes. They say: "It makes you want to come back and stay." That is an asset of advertising value we should be very slow to change.

The restaurant that is considering this location would, we feel sure, do credit to the town and be a welcome addition. That is not the point; or even whether or not May street shall be opened to business, though about this angle we feel strongly. The point is that matters affecting the zoning restrictions of the town, should proceed according to the accepted method with the people given ample opportunity to make their wishes felt.

## Faithful Service

The resignation from the school board of its chairman for many years, Dr. George G. Herr, takes from this position of responsibility one who has ever given it his best efforts. There have been few to hold official position in Southern Pines whose record for earnest endeavor could surpass that of Dr. Herr. We feel that he deserves the thanks of this entire community for his long and faithful service.

Dr. Herr has seen many changes come to our schools and has helped materially in bringing them about. He has seen changes in superintendents, in curricula; the increase in athletics and extra-curricular activities has come about during his term in office; the fine new buildings are a tribute to his efforts and interest as leader of the board. Always he has placed the needs of the schools uppermost and has fought many a battle to awaken interest and to secure needed appropriations. Those who have worked with him, both members of the board and teachers, have appreciated his never-failing cooperation.

But beyond all that have been the children themselves. Dr. Herr's interest in them has been constant and untiring. He has followed their progress through school and their careers after graduation with enthusiasm and sympathetic understanding. Their needs have always come first with him, and close behind have come the needs and problems of the teachers.

Our children come first, in this town, with all of us, as is the case, we imagine, in most towns. Dr. Herr's work for them and his understanding of them and their needs has given him an abiding place in the hearts of his fellow-townsmen.

## Time To Calm Down

The incident of the Kojie prison camp and the capture and subsequent release of General Dodd has thrown the country into a case of the jitters. It is probably temporary and not serious, but it is symptomatic of the state of nerves we are in. The wave of criticism that has hit the Defense Department comes as the aftermath, springing largely from nervous reaction: things should never have gotten into such a state, General Dodd should never have let himself be caught, and so on. The army is called stupid and the general idiotic and the climax is the charge it must all be a plot of the Kremlin.

It is time, now, to settle down and take a calm view of things. We agree with the critics that the way the army handled the release of Dodd was inept beyond words. But here was a matter that wasn't in the books. None of those manuals they go by told what to do if your general got into a POW camp and couldn't get out. There was no way to look up what Washington or Grant or Lee or Pershing or even Von Clausewitz or Napoleon had done in similar cases because there had been no similar cases. All of them had, apparently, kept at a safe distance, or if they hadn't, they never told. When General Dodd got caught, the army had to act all new, making it up as they went along, and do it fast, with their man, for all they knew, in mortal danger. It may have occurred to some of those harried officers, too, that behind one general's peril was the vast smoldering international bonfire. Would his death, if it occurred, be the spark to set it off? Perhaps we shouldn't blame them too much for getting rattled.

Yes, it looks as if a good many people had been stupid, as the critics are saying, but it's time we let it pass and went on to more important matters. We would be a lot stupider than those we criticize if we allowed their blunders to stampede us into irretrievable errors of judgment and action, and that could happen. It's time to calm down.

## Town Signs Again

It appears that this may be the time to accomplish something definite in the way of improving the sign situation at the entrances to the town. Long a subject of criticism by large segments of the population, the signs, the town board has now discovered, cost a goodly sum to keep up, paid to an advertising company every year. They are coming around to the opinion, also, that they are not suitable to this sort of town. They represent the commercial type of advertising, now going into the discard all over the country in progressive communities.

So there is a move to make a change in signs. This is not a new move: our readers will recognize, in fact, that the title of this editorial has grown to be almost a perennial with The Pilot, so often has it appeared in these columns, but now it looks as if something were going to be done.

With the "Finer Carolina" plan under way through several projects, one of which is the planting and beautifying of Southern Pines, this is the prime moment, it appears to us, to capitalize on the wishes of many people and get the signs changed. Reasonably large signs, instead of gigantic billboards, attractively designed, these are, we submit, what this town needs to show the way to its attractions and hold out a hospitable hand to our visiting public.

## No. 5—Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?



Here's a snappy scene of Southern Pines around the turn of the century—a Sandhills Cadillac with hay-burning motor. Who of our local old-timers remembers such scenes as this? And can they tell us—is that really Broad street which the vehicle is cruising? Someone might even recognize the gentleman at the steering wheel, or whatever you'd call it.

## The Public Speaking

Mrs. J. S. Reynolds identified Old Picture No. 4, published in last week's Pilot, as Jefferson Inn in its early days. Jefferson Inn, of course, still exists, in greatly enlarged and improved form, and is now, as it became when owned by Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, one of the best known resort hotels in the east. It is now owned and operated by Mrs. Oscar Holtzclaw.

The original building, a cottage with a store in front, was built by Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds in 1898. Three years later they had it pushed back from the street, bought the Hayes building next door and added it, gave the Inn its present name and took a few boarders. Later (about 1910) they added the dining room and Annex, and turned it into a real hotel.

Charles Macauley, in the letter below, identifies the building, and gives additional information on Pembroke Lodge and its companion Ivy Lodge (Picture No. 2):

To the Pilot:  
In answer to a letter asking for additional details relating to Ivy Lodge and Pembroke Lodge, and at the same time inquiring why I did not contribute an article on the story of Ivy Lodge so incorrectly identified in letters to the Pilot, my reply must be that I assumed that Mrs. R. F. Barkmer, daughter of the late Dr. H. E. Foss, would give the story of her father's house.

For the same reason I am not contributing anything about the Jefferson Inn, pictured in last week's Pilot, as the builders, owners and longtime proprietors of that hotel, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Reynolds, know far more of its story than I do.

However, to give publicity in the Pilot, and to separate the two houses involved as a matter of historical record, I have to note that Pembroke Lodge (of which house the Pilot has, or did have, a plate) and Ivy Lodge were built by Chatfield and Messer—who, by the way, were our earliest funeral directors—the former, for Dr. C. H. Hildreth of Pembroke, N. H., in 1900, and the latter for E. M. Fulton, in 1898. It had several owners before Dr. Foss, who acquired the house in 1906 and lived there until his death November 30, 1920. Owing to a fire in April 1916 which destroyed the upper portion of the house, its exterior appearance is somewhat different from that appearing in the old plate.

Pembroke Lodge, purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson in 1932, is located on the northeast corner of Connecticut avenue and Bennett street, and was given by Dr. Hildreth to his daughter by adoption, Miss Angie Gordon, and by her advertised as a boarding house from 1902 to 1909, when upon her marriage to the late George Malonzo the house was leased to other proprietors.

CHARLES MACAULEY

## GREEN PASTURES

May 14, 1952  
To the Pilot:  
I read with interest and no little pleasure your editorial "The Passing Horse" in the May 9th edition.

Mr. Charles Yeomans and you, I fear, have no belief in a hereafter for the iron horse. That "cortege going north," which Mr. Yeomans gazed upon, was no trek to oblivion; it was rather transportation to a loftier plane. I have no doubt those eight or ten "horses" were en route to an open hearth furnace at some steel mill—a crematory as it were; from whence they would be poured as pure and molten steel, later to be transformed into plates, sheets, bars, pipe or tubes.

It is possible those same "horses" could be re-born to live

as part of a new Diesel assembly. Would it be too fanciful to suppose they even may return to the Seaboard tracks to glide swiftly with a modern grace and beauty to and from The Sandhills? Could not the scene of which Mr. Yeomans wrote so eloquently—even though sadly—be but advancement toward an ultimate reincarnation that would transform the "horses" into spaceships, left to zoom about in the far reaches beyond our atmosphere, or to prescribe a regular orbit beyond the pull of gravity. But what is more important, is being completely removed from the stupid motorist, who looks for conquest at every grade crossing?

This would be paradise enough for any iron horse, but to have all the outer regions in which to cavort would be green pastures indeed. The scrap yard is no limbo but just a port of call for metal on its way to greater service! Jack's Grill and his food normally is conducive to more cheerful thoughts—Mr. Yeomans must really have been deeply grieved. I hope I have given him some consolation.

Sincerely,  
EDWIN A. REGAN  
New York City.

## LIKED FORUM

To the Pilot:  
Like Oliver Twist who had the temerity to ask for more, in regard to the recent Forum on Korea—"May we please have some more?"

MERTA UNDERHILL

## SUPPORTED SCHOOLS

To the Pilot:  
May I commend you on last week's editorial urging grass-root participation in the coming election. Wholesale disclosures of mismanagement and unethical practices in high places alert us all to the need of GOOD government. Now is indeed the time to do more than talk!

It is fitting to reward with our ballots those who have served us faithfully and well; to place a high premium on honesty and conscientious service. "Let him who is to be elected be proved" is an accurate and trustworthy gauge for judging office seekers.

Being a teacher, my primary interest is the school—the welfare of its children encompassing the welfare of its teachers. In this connection, I feel extremely grateful to Cliff Blue for his loyal support in every battle waged for the betterment of the school program. His voting record in each session of the legislature proved him to be a very real friend of education. The teachers of Moore county, as well as all the teachers of North Carolina, owe a debt of gratitude to him and to other men of his caliber.

In this category, I place Bill Umstead, who lent his very able assistance to the cause of education in the days of its darkest needs.

These two candidates helped me personally in a drive for better conditions in the public schools of North Carolina at a time when it was extremely unpopular for political figures to do so.

Believing that "a friend in need is a friend indeed," my loyalty prompts me to recommend William B. Umstead for Governor and Clifton H. Blue for Representative. Sincerely yours,  
RUTH W. SWISHER.

## PIANOS

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## GRAINS of SAND

A miniature tornado hit Carthage Saturday, May 10, blowing down a number of trees in the western residential section and causing damage to several homes.

Large trees falling over on the C. J. Sinclair residence and that of Miss Bess Stewart caused some damage. A number of oaks were blown down on the hillside behind the elementary school.

While Carthage was the hardest hit, trees were blown over in Southern Pines and several other communities of Moore. A hail-storm hit Cameron. "We had no great damage but a multitude of minor trouble," reported R. L. Chandler, district manager of the Carolina Power and Light company. "Our crews stayed busy and the power wasn't off anywhere for very long."

It was a weekend of sharp winds and tornado-like squalls all over the state.

Noting that the Maternal Welfare Committee was using the same baby picture on their posters as appeared last year, Lock McLean of the Pilot printing staff had a suggestion: "Don't you think," said he, "that babies ought to be changed at least once a year?"

You may have something there, Lock. Anyway, what's good for the babies would be good for the Pilot.

The Red Cross Bloodmobile collected 131 pints on its visit to Southern Pines last week—not much of a showing but better than had been anticipated in view of the small registration.

It compared poorly with the record collection of 307 pints made here last February 22, and Red Cross leaders said, "We hope to see much more public interest when the

Bloodmobile comes again next fall." Plans are already being made for a return visit, as it is felt certain the need will remain great in view of the many men now in military hospitals.

Twenty-two of Wednesday's donors were from USAFA-GOS.

Sixty volunteer workers assisted with the blood collection at the school gym and in efforts to recruit more donors during the noon period and late afternoon. Two radio programs sent forth appeals.

The Red Cross appealed last week for aid for the John Clarks, a worthy Negro family living on the J. H. Suttentfield place at Pinebluff, whose home and furnishings have been completely destroyed by fire.

Latest information was that a wood cook stove was badly needed for this family. In their temporary quarters, they were cooking for eight people on a small trash burner. They also need bedding.

Mr. Suttentfield has bought them some essential furnishings and is planning to rebuild their house, but that is about as far as he can go. The Red Cross is endeavoring to take care of other needs. Anyone with a wood cook-stove or bedding to donate should check with the chapter office here. If still needed, they will be picked up and delivered to the Clarks.

Dick Chapman of Pinehurst sailed for England last week aboard the Queen Mary, taking with him the British Amateur golf cup which he will defend at Prestwick, Scotland, May 26-31.

Chapman said he had spent three hours a day the past week practicing 50-yard trap shots over a bunker at Pinehurst. He said his last three rounds brought him scores of 66, 65, 67.

The veteran shotmaker said he expected the toughest opposition in his drive to repeat from Billy Maxwell of Odessa, Tex., the collegian who holds the U. S. title. Harvie Ward, former U. S. intercollegiate king; Joe Carr, open and Amateur Irish champion, and Ronnie White, whom Chapman described as the "finest golfer in Great Britain today."

We share the pleasure of Sam Ragan, columnist of the Raleigh News and Observer, in learning of the organization of the Society for the Suppression of the Word "Know-How". . . In Sam's column we read, "Why 'know-how' when we have the perfectly satisfactory monosyllabic 'skill'? If we let 'know-how' hang around, before long an appointment will be a 'see-when,' a destination a 'go-where' and an explanation a 'tell-why'."

Also, we might add, curiosity will become "see-what". . . Selection will be "choose-which". . . And "Have a drink" will be "Say-when"—or maybe it is already.

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