

# 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.

## Christmas Again

Merry Christmas to all!  
The old words, sending good wishes to friends near and far, and especially, today, to all Pilot readers, carries the same thought: warm thanks, always, for your friendship: may happiness be yours, may good come to you at this Christmas-tide!

Christmas is a celebration that has grown to include the customs of many lands. Even pagan festivals, from ancient times add their touch of gaiety and beauty to the day. The whole combines in our Christmas, the time of reunion with family and friends to which most of us look as the brightest time of the whole year.

As the pattern of Christmas opens up, as the tapestry, with all its interweaving threads, unfolds, how strange and wonderful it is to see how the Bible story shines through, giving to each detail, to every beauty, its inner significance. We draw together, at Christmas, as they were drawn to the stable in Bethlehem, the wise men and the shepherds, rich and poor. We give our gifts, at Christmas, as they gave them to the Baby in the straw. At Christmas our hearts go out to those less fortunate, in memory of the stark simplicity of the straw-laid manger, the quiet animals, the family sheltering from the indifference of a busy innkeeper. The holly with which we deck our halls has berries, "red as any blood," sing the carols, and the white berries of the Druid mistletoe are white with the innocence of a little baby.

On the very tops of our Christmas trees, we place a star and as we sing the songs of Christmas and see the little tinsel star shining high, a surge of a sure strong hope fills many a heart, as it did that night in Bethlehem. We sing, as the angel chorus sang, of peace, good will towards men, and once again the magic happens and we know that some day the promise will be fulfilled.

## THE MAGNIFICAT

My soul doth magnify the Lord.—Luke 1:46

The Magnificat is the second of the three canticles that are associated with the festival of Christmas and have long been a part of the liturgy of the Christian church. In the Benedictus, as Zechariah, the aged priest and father of John the Baptist, sang it to celebrate his son's birth, he was uttering the ageless dream that forms in the paternal heart.

The mother of Jesus sang her canticle before the father of John sang his. Zechariah was in the sanctuary busy with the temple ritual; Mary was at home in a then undistinguished town in Galilee. Both of them sang, though Mary's only listener was her startled cousin Elizabeth, much older than she; while Zechariah's words were chanted in the presence of worshippers who attended the first presentation of John at the altar.

We observe also that the burden of Zechariah's song was projected into the future. He was reciting inspired promises about his late-born son. The arrival of a long-hoped-for heir lifted him to the visualization of long-hoped-for conditions among his people, conditions that his son was to bring about. Mary's song on the contrary, was a statement of accomplished fact.

At first she appropriated the announcement of coming motherhood as a blessing to herself. Her lowly condition is, from this time forward, to be elevated by the acclaim of all generations that shall call her blessed. She, of all earth's women, has been selected for the mightiest act of Him "that is great," and in this personal experience she finds reassurance that God's lovingkindness is from generation to generation to all that fear Him.

But it is not a personal appropriation only, extended in her happiness to others who share her pious devotion to God; she makes clear that she is aware of a meaning for all mankind in her private happiness. Her soul magnifies the Lord because He has already "scattered those who were haughty in the thoughts of their hearts" (Weymouth translation). This is the humbling of the earth's proud. "He has cast monarchs down from their thrones." This is the disestablishment of the earth's powerful. "The rich he hath sent empty away." This is the dispossession of the earth's rich. To these acts against the aristocracies of the world's wisdom, power, and riches, she adds the benefits He has conferred upon those of low estate. These He hath exalted; and "the hungry He has satisfied with choice gifts."

This, if we use the language of our own times, is the formula for revolution; or, if that sounds brusque, we may say it describes an overturning of the established order. Unhappily the idea of revolution—or overturning—is today accompanied with thoughts of violence, of expropriation, liquidation and even of global conflict. However, it need not necessarily be so. The

### Welcome Gifts

Southern Pines has had two Christmas gifts pop out of the stocking: a bus station and a new fast streamliner train added to its transportation facilities. Both come through the interested work of some of our citizens and both are very welcome.

The Silver Comet, that is to stop here on its trip down from New York, will add greatly to the traveler's convenience. It should make things a lot easier for business people, and those who crave to get down for their good night's sleep under the pines instead of spending it on the Pullman will take advantage of this way of attaining that, to many, blissful end. Since the Diesels banished the lovely, long, mournful whoo-ooing through the night one of the jays of train-riding has gone. They say the clackety-clack of the rail points will soon be a thing of the past, too, and then there will be no temptation at all towards a night ride. The Silver Comet's day run will surely be welcomed by many, and it is good news that it will no longer flash through town, in disdainful splendor before the longing eyes of our people, but will, at least once a day, stop politely for our convenience.

As we welcome this addition to our transportation facilities, we suggest this is a good moment for the people of this town to voice their gratitude to the Seaboard Railroad for this last of their many considerate actions toward our town. The road has been, we feel, extremely thoughtful of Southern Pines and the Sandhills. First they put up the signals at the crossings, apparently waiving the fact that we, on our part, have never fulfilled our end of the bargain; next they put in the handsome and efficient overhead signal, in order that our fine shrubbery along the track might be spared. And now, in answer to many pleas, they have agreed to stop the streamliner. It should be noted that the road has been most reluctant to do this, for they do not feel that it can be an economically practical operation because of the high cost of stopping and starting the Silver Comet on this, the highest grade on the whole line. In agreeing to do it, the S.A.L. is doing us a very real favor. The Pilot is glad to voice the thanks of our townspeople in return.

As for the bus station, this is a really big Christmas present for the town. The need for it has long been critical. Whether or not it can be a paying project remains problematical, and those who are attempting to fill this need are making the experiment as a public service. They deserve our gratitude and support.

So we relish with pride and give thanks for those two Christmas gifts. They are the packages popping out of the top of the stocking. As we dig further down we find Knollwood Lake, the lovely Garden Club planting, the purchase of the community center, the Bishop plant: those finer Carolina welcome additions to our town.

history of the human struggle has been, more often than not perhaps, attended by excess and horror. And yet revolution has quite as often—though less obviously—been the result of the birth of a baby. Somewhere in the world there may be born today a child upon whom will turn the destiny of the race. Mary sang to her solitary listener that exactly that had taken place. The promise of the child she had conceived was the realization of an overturning in human destiny.

There is no point in recalling how civilization turned a corner with the birth of Christ. That the straight line marked out by this revolutionary episode has not always been followed, and that it is necessary again and again for revolutions to occur to keep us in the way of Christ, subtracts nothing from the actual truth of Mary's daring claim. History is the record of the turning and overturning of man's pride, power and affluence, and the rise of the dispossessed and impoverished who in their turn grow proud and strong and rich and, in their turn, also are cast down.

This is no effort to discover a philosophy of history in the Magnificat of the expectant mother in Nazareth. It is simply to observe that she sang more wisely than she knew; and to point out that what we see going on in our times is the thing she saw going on in hers. What is the end of it?

This we do not know; but it may be interesting to point out the way in which the Benedictus of Zechariah and the Magnificat of Mary supplement each other. The Benedictus pre-serves for us the unrealized but unforgotten dream of men for a better world. As John is the symbol of the constant shattering of that dream in the world of human sin and folly, so the stout affirmations of Mary's song are reassurance that pride and power and arrogant wealth do not hold the destiny of man in their soft hands forever.

To be sure, the Son of Mary was, like the son of Zechariah, the victim of executioners who were carrying out the orders of proud, powerful, rich men. But as the dead John's followers became the nucleus of the fellowship of the living Jesus, so the followers of the crucified Christ became the nucleus of the living fellowship that still nurtures the impulse and energies of world-revolution. This revolution is in the name and under the will of Him, as Mary put it, "who hath done great things, and holy is His name," and that is what saves it from the excesses of terror and destruction into which so much of man's overturning has descended.

Thus the Benedictus and the Magnificat are the twin songs of hope and fulfillment. Without them man cannot truly live.

—Greensboro Daily News

## No. 35 — Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?



Every time we have run one of these old pictures showing a crowd, somebody has popped up who was there, and can tell us about it. The figures in this ancient fish fry, or barbecue, or whatever, are small and we can't recognize a

soul—nor do we recognize just which section of local pine woods was the scene. We hope, however, somebody in the picture will remember all about it, and let us know.

## Grains of Sand

Space prevented our telling you much last week about the entertainment program at the Sandhills Kiwanis Ladies Night. . . . Wit was rampant. . . . When it was over we acted from laughing. . . . We herewith note that there is no need, ever, to go outside our county for hired entertainment.

Much of it was impromptu, as when Mistress of Ceremonies Jeanne Pollock called on various impromptu citizens for two-minute speeches. . . . Norris Hodgkins was appointed timer and sat, watch in hand, as the following were called up:

The Rev. Adam Weir Craig of the Village Chapel, Pinehurst, had to speak on "What Chance Does a Short-Tempered, Lousy Golfer Have of Getting Into Heaven?" . . . Dr. Craig's considered verdict: none whatsoever.

Dr. Harold Peck, who had to give counsel on "How to Keep From Getting Bald" . . . His advice — not to do any of the things he did, as none of them worked.

Leland McKeithen, speaking on "What Length of Skirt is Most Interesting and/or Flattering?" . . . Barrister McKeithen produced some of his most polished oratory, which boiled down to: any length which shows women's legs, as opposed to men's (this after an "initiation" event in which wives of neophyte Kiwanians had to pick out their mates from a display of bare extremities).

Dr. C. C. McLean, veterinarian, and new father, who had to describe how to change a baby's dia-

per, meanwhile keeping both hands in his pockets. Dr. McLean met this challenge nobly, as indeed, it appeared, he had met the crisis described—"after all, I'd dipped many a dog!" She had yelled some though—"seemed like she needed a muzzle. I took a diaper out of the drawer, and I took another one and stuck it in her mouth—then I poured on something Parke Davis had given us—is my time up?" Much to his relief, it was.

Then there was Talbot Johnson's speech, which got so rudely interrupted just as he was getting wound up, complete with gestures, on the "North Carolina Constitution and its Amendments, and How It Relates to the U. S. Constitution" . . . He had even brought along a great legal tome, from which (it was feared) he planned to read. . . . Just as he began moving into his subject in finest courtroom style, up popped Jeanne Pollock at the back of the room to state firmly, "I object!" . . . People stared, and at her own table a friend, fearing for her sanity, tried to pull her down into her seat.

But she marched to the speakers table, declaring, "They told us there were to be no speeches," while Talbot stammered in dismay. . . . She jockeyed him briskly out of his place at the microphone, and he joined in the general mirth.

It was a grand act preliminary to the ladies' entertainment pro-

gram. . . . Don't tell a soul but we have a feeling Talbot was in on it all the time.

Also at the Kiwanis event, the Rev. Mr. Craig referred, in somewhat reproachful fashion, to our esteemed Pinehurst contemporary, The Outlook, which he accused of "slanting the news" . . . We didn't know what he meant, and from where we sat we could see Editor Nelson Hyde looking slightly puzzled too. . . . In his "Hit Or Miss" column this week Mr. Hyde notes that he spent several troubled days and nights pondering and finally concluded this referred to a story in which some golfers recently "discovered" the Village Chapel spire was askew.

It may have been an optical delusion—anyway the church authorities have authorized a survey, to see if they have a leaning



Merry Christmas  
TURNER'S STUDIO  
Southern Pines, N. C.

## The Public Speaking

OLD PICTURE NO. 34

To the Pilot.  
Re your picture No. 34 in the December 12, 1952 issue of the Pilot—this house was built in 1910 for C. P. Hayward and was long his home.

It was located on Massachusetts avenue at Weymouth road where the Winkelman house now stands. It was cut in half and moved in 1934 by Mr. E. W. Reinecke to its present location of Morganton road and Ridge street. Mr. Reinecke lived in it with his family until 1938 or 1939 when it was purchased by my father, Mr. James H. Schwartz. We occupied the house until 1950 when, upon the death of my mother the house became mine. I sold it in August of 1950 to Mr. and Mrs. Graham Culbreth, who now reside in the house.

Instead of the side entrance as shown, the "front" door is now in the center of the porch and there have been some changes made in the interior of the picture to the right, which is now the living room.

Yours very truly,  
FRANCES E. SCHWARTZ

A NEGLECTED GROUP  
To the Pilot.

To you, as to all members of the incoming Legislature and to the editors of the State, I write of a group most worthy but sadly neglected and therefore in great need, our retired public school teachers.

In the work done in the school-room for our children lies their worthiness, which no one with any powers of observation or ability to appraise highest values would question.

That they have been neglected will be recognized by all who stop to consider. Some of them began "at \$25 per month. . . only four months" school term. Many of them retired before the present raise in salaries became effective. Now in these days of such high cost of living, their pensions are pitifully inadequate. Of two nearby neighbors, one taught 44 years in our public schools and now receives less than \$40 per month, the other taught 29 years and now receives less

than \$35 per month. Two sisters I know well who taught respectively 27 and 26 years now receive \$34 and \$24. Citizens of other towns and cities speak of similar cases they know. There are about 2,000 in the state.

Their need is sometimes if not often especially acute. Three of four mentioned above have had to undergo serious operations since retiring, and the fourth has had to spend a large part of the last months in the hospital. The two sisters sold their home last year and went to live with a relative in another state, a move all can easily understand.

As a retired minister whose annuities, considerably larger than their pensions, seemed ample when finally fixed in 1940 and fairly adequate at retirement in 1945 but now prove rather meager, I understand something of the need of these retired teachers. This effort in their behalf I am making entirely on my own and without knowledge of a single one of them.

Can the people of North Carolina allow such neglect of this group to continue longer? You men and women of the press so potent in marshaling public opinion and you members of the Legislature charged with the responsibility of direct action realize, of course, how much lies with you. It seems to me that the pensions of these teachers should be raised at least to \$50 per month for those who taught 20 years or more, with proper adjustments for those of shorter teaching time. Surely they should have in retirement \$600 a year, when Superior Court judges are retired with nearly as much (\$555) per month. Other state employees eligible should also be included. The overall cost to the State would be the best I can learn, considerably less than \$500,000 per annum. The first of last August our papers reported the surplus in the general fund as \$35,000,000.

Is not this a cause in which all can join readily and heartily? I would be glad for an expression of your views on the matter.

Very earnestly,  
W. E. GOODE  
Scotland Neck.

Tower on their hands. And Editor Hyde comes forth with the neat retort—"Dear Reverend: We were not slanting the news. We were newswriting the slant."

He set us right, too, on another matter, for which we thank him. We said Mrs. W. A. Way was the third woman to be awarded the Kiwanis Builders Cup. She is the fourth. Others have been Mrs. T. A. Cheatham of Pinehurst and Miss Birdella Bair and Mrs. Audrey K. Kennedy of Southern Pines.

Social Note: Mr. Smokey Gordon-Mann has as his guests his nieces Misses Sniffles and Katinka Devins, who will remain through the Christmas and New Year holiday season.

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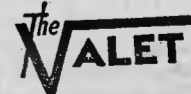
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