

# THE PILOT

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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.

## Your Presence Is Requested

The resolution of the new town council to meet openly at all times, inviting the townspeople to attend all meetings, should be welcomed and heeded.

As a matter of fact, this is an integral part of Plan D, the council-manager form of government, and must be adhered to if the plan is to work as it should. All meetings must be open, and all business must be done in meeting; the council has no power except in meeting, nor has any individual councilman, including the mayor. A minimum of six hours' notice is required before a special meeting is held.

It takes more than a law about open meetings, however, to get the people to attend, and unless interest recently stirred here in political campaigns remains alive, the councilmen are apt to meet most often in solitary glory.

Or they may find with them only someone from the League of Women Voters, which is getting under way here and which has, we understand, the very wise provision that a representative must be present at all such meetings.

The former town board did its best to get people to come, and Mayor Page reiterated the invitation almost every time he had occasion to speak to the people. They stayed away in droves.

Under the old form of government, however, special meetings could be called any time, without notice, also business was often done by the commissioners checking back and forth with each other, without meeting at all. This got a good many people riled, as an important plan or action would spring full-fledged into being, without apparent preliminary warning or discussion.

There was a time the town board would calmly invite the press out of the meeting room, so as to meet in complete privacy. This, however, has not been done in Southern Pines since 1948.

The county commissioners still do this, in absolute controverson of the General Statute which forbids the holding of closed meetings by any governing body. We understand this is a practice in many counties, as in many towns. The people are to blame for this state of affairs. If they are not interested in what goes on, their governing officials can't be too much blamed for feeling that what they do is not the people's business.

The fact that our General Assembly could actually, without even a public hearing, pass a law closing deliberations of its financial subcommittee to the press, and through the press the public, should be a danger signal to all the people of North Carolina. A hearing was held later and the law stayed on the books. The legislators had no fear of public opinion to make them repeal it. They knew their apathetic public all too well.

Yet the fact remains that, if the public stays on the job, the lawmakers do the same—and the contrary is also true.

## Our New Highway Commissioner

It is fitting that Governor Umstead's appointment of Forrest Lockey to the State Highway Commission, serving the newly-created Eighth Highway district, should come at this time when high honor has just been paid the memory of another roadbuilder from Aberdeen, Frank Page.

The unveiling of the Page Memorial plaque April 30 at Raleigh brought forth many tributes to the Sandhills man who served from 1919 to 1929 as North Carolina's first State Highway Commission chairman.

Frank Page organized and instituted the great roadbuilding program which, more than anything else, has lifted North Carolina from its slough of despond and placed it in the forefront of progress in the South.

Aberdeen had a unique distinction in being Page's home town. Now honor has been heaped upon honor as the man who has served that community as mayor for the past 12 years, and has worked in many ways for progress in the Sandhills, is chosen to further Page's program in eight Sandhills counties.

We feel that Frank Page would be happy about this, as he would be proud and gladdened at what has been built on the foundations he laid so surely.

The program is in good hands with Forrest Lockey, hardworking and practical industrialist, able public servant, who has demonstrated time and again his ability to translate vision into reality, despite obstacles which would cause lesser men to quail.

In an account of the unveiling of the Page memorial plaque which appears in The Pilot this week, we read: "Page was a positive dominating figure who stood by his principle that

graft need not touch the highway program of the State. He so conducted himself that the wrong kind of politics would not affect it." We trust Forrest Lockey to see that this principle endures.

## A Fair Compromise

The new measure passed by the General Assembly to which Moore's representative H. Clifton Blue subscribed, permitting small high schools to maintain their independence if the parents or county cooperate, seems to be a fair compromise in a touchy situation.

The new law will prevent consolidation of the high schools of daily attendance between 45 and 60 if the parents, or the county (out of special funds) will pay the third teacher, the State providing the other two. Maintenance costs will also, of course, be borne by the State.

Rep. Blue subscribed in that he had introduced a bill to cover special cases in his county, as had a number of other representatives. However, the statewide measure removed the necessity for the local bills and they were allowed to die.

This will mean the reopening of Farm Life school, consolidated with Carthage last year, and will prevent the consolidation of Highfalls, slated for next fall.

The Moore County commissioners, which were already paying for a third teacher for each of these schools, are reportedly cheerfully assuming this burden again. It is reported also that both these schools expect to pass the danger line (average attendance of 60) without any great difficulty during the coming term.

If they do, we say more power to 'em. If they fail to meet this test within a reasonable time after the fall term gets under way, we can't say we will feel so good about it.

We can't help noting that the State Board of Education, consisting of men well versed in educational problems, and with an overall view of the situation, have classified the high school of below-60 average attendance as "sub-standard." It is considered an absolute minimum for the conduct of a high school providing real benefits, under present-day standards, for its pupils.

The mere thought of the loss of its high school, however, creates such an emotionally overcharged situation within a community that it appears useless to speak of the good of the children, or the benefits of a broader world for them.

Many counties, of course, have been consolidated, with considerable pain here and there, but once it has been done they have gone on to improved standards for all the young people, and would not now go back to the old days and old ways.

We are not sure that, with the board of education there to represent the people, and also give them the best they can in the way of schools, we approve of the General Assembly wading in to change matters over their heads. This was done in regard to girls' basketball tournaments, and now again in the field of school consolidation.

However, in view of the hard fights and ill feeling brought about by the consolidation efforts, we feel that a compromise of some sort had to be worked out, and that this is most likely the best that could be done—for the time being.

## Advertising Rates On Request

The Asheville Citizen has commented editorially this week on receipt of a franked letter (meaning the taxpayers paid to carry it) from Senator Joseph R. McCarthy (R-Wis) offering to 1,700 daily newspapers across the land a "weekly question and answer" column "available at no cost."

Well, The Pilot has received one of these, too, indicating that the franked letters have gone not only to dailies but to all the weeklies in the country, raising their total, and the free-postage load, to an astronomical figure.

The letters are signed, chummily, "Joe McCarthy," and to Joe our answer, like the Citizen's is No, and for the same reasons, as well expressed below:

A good many newspapers have lent themselves to the practice of free political advertising in which a member of Congress may tout himself and his activities in a kind of "letter to the homefolk." Most of these "columns" are written by someone else. They bear no resemblance to journalism. One day they may embarrass the newspapers which publish them.

The second reason is that we resent even the mimeographed implication that a free press would be "interested" in the effusions of McCarthyism, which is an ideological enemy of freedom while posing as a foe of the Communist tyranny. The McCarthy investigative methods are crude, insincere and cowardly, for they are cloaked by senatorial immunity. They have brought the Senate into disrepute. They have shamed the nation abroad. They have inspired a political reign of terror and intellectual intimidation, so that people would rather not speak their minds any more. "In the opinion of many reporters here (Washington), nothing has cut the free flow of information from the best of all sources—the specialists just below the Cabinet level—more than the investigations and the threat of investigations on Capitol Hill" writes James Reston in The New York Times. So McCarthyism, which has yet of its own initiative and originality to identify one subversive, has infused its poison even in a Republican Administration.

No, Senator, on this day when Americans are raising a monument to John Peter Zenger, the little New York printer of 1735 who suffered that America might have freedom of the press, we must decline your offer. Nor do we add "respectfully."

## No. 49 — Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?



When, where, why and who? Judging from the dresses and hair-dos, this picture was made about the year 1926. From the glass doors and brick walls of the background, we judge it was taken at the high school. All the persons portrayed appear to be about 18 years old. From this we deduct that it is a class picture, most likely a commencement picture, even though

the boys and girls are not wearing caps and gowns. Maybe they didn't, 'way back then.

The question is—who are they, and are any of them living here now? They're still young, from where we sit—only about 45 years old, perhaps with children of their own in the high school now.

## Grains of Sand

Lady called up Postmaster Garland Pierce the other day because her mail hadn't arrived.

"It's always here by 1 o'clock," she informed him wrathfully, "and here it is late in the afternoon and I haven't seen that mailman yet."

"Maybe you don't have any mail today," was the postmaster's helpful suggestion.

This just touched off more sparks. "Oh, yes, I do," the lady stated positively. "I know I have mail because my Pilot always comes on Friday, and it isn't here."

"But," said Garland, "this is Thursday."

Long pause. "Oh. Well." End of conversation.

Which reminds us, a few weeks ago—in March, to be exact—we passed the third anniversary of mail delivery service in Southern Pines and its built-up environs. This was a move which encountered considerable opposition as a step toward unwanted big-city ways, and away from the pleasant village custom of everybody's gathering at the post office once or twice a day.

Yet a survey showed it was badly needed, and within a short time all opposition had died—at least, we haven't heard a thing about it since.

The carriers have become familiar and welcome sights about town, and we couldn't possibly do without them now.

In fact, inside of a few months after the service started, Postmaster Pierce had his post office boxes all taken up again, while the carriers were serving hundreds of patrons new and old. The routes have been extended several times since then.

The post office has remained a pleasant place to foregather and pass the time of day. Without the carrier service, though, it would have become impossibly jammed very soon.

Thus do growth and change take place—not without some pains, but soon meeting with acceptance, then liking; then taken for granted as a step in a continuing process.

While April is the month of delicate growth and heart-shaking color in nature, May is the month of nostalgic fragrances.

Privet, roses, magnolia, honeysuckle, clover and sweet grasses load the soft air with their perfumes. They sweep us back to childhood in a breath.

There is no sweeter experience than a walk or a ride through the May dusk when the air is laden with the smell of honeysuckle.

There is another fragrance of May we miss,—that of blackberry blossoms, which we remember as the spiciest, most delicious of all.

Now we are grown, blackberry blossoms don't seem to have any smell at all any more. Are we remembering something that never happened, or is a child's nose sensitive to smells an adult cannot enjoy?

We'd give anything to smell that rich, luscious fragrance again—but it is gone, along with those long lazy May afternoons when we had nothing better to do than to explore the meadows and fields, picking wildflowers, after school.

With Our Students. . .

We received three separate bulletins last week from colleges about our girls in May Day celebrations. One arrived too late for

the paper so we'd like to add Dorothy Saunders' name to this fair dancing troupe. She danced in the May Day event at Queens college, as did Barbara Page at Converse and Billigene Addor, of Addor, at Flora Macdonald.

We haven't heard a word from Guilford but we'll bet most anything that Frances Jo Cameron was in the May Day there, dancing, directing dances, or in the May Court, as she has been for the past couple of years—or maybe even May Queen. Wouldn't surprise us one bit.

Then of course, Peggy Jean Cameron, dance instructor at St. Mary's at Raleigh, was director of the whole program up there. As a faculty member she wasn't eligible for the court, or to be Queen, though she's pretty enough to be—and for substantiation on this we'll refer you to a young man named Bill Mordecai, who plans to marry Peggy Jean, come June.

Here's a use for those old nylon stockings with runs in them you are always throwing away.

The Pilot has received an appeal for such items in behalf of a World War 2 veteran and his family, of Richmond, Va., who use them to make artificial colored corsages. It seems the corsages have a ready sale at \$1.25 each; but they are running out of raw material.

The father contracted spinal meningitis in an army camp, and later suffered a knee injury. The unusual part of the story is this, which comes to us from a friend in Wilson—"He receives nothing from the federal government and doesn't want it. He is only too glad to be back home and have an opportunity to make an honest living."

Father, mother and 11-year-old daughter all work on the corsages in their spare time. The hose which are no longer of any use to you, but will be very useful to them, may be sent to Mrs. L. R. Murphy, 1615 Floyd avenue, Richmond, Va.

## School Cafeteria

May 18-22  
MONDAY

Chili Con Carne  
on Buttered Rice  
Raw carrot sticks  
Cherry shortcake  
Wheat bread, butter  
Milk

TUESDAY

Spaghetti, Meat tomato sauce  
Tossed green salad  
Cheese sticks  
Hot raisin applesauce  
Chocolate pudding  
Dinner rolls, butter  
Milk

WEDNESDAY

Corned beef hash  
Cheeseburger  
Pickle chips  
Garden peas  
Pineapple cabbage slaw  
Gingerbread  
Milk

THURSDAY

Peanut butter sandwich  
Deviled egg salad  
Buttered potatoes  
Green beans  
Milk

FRIDAY

Oven fried fish filets  
Buttered rice  
Chilled canned tomatoes  
Fruit cup  
Wheat bread, butter  
Orange marmalade  
Milk

## Bookmobile Schedule

Monday—Vass near postoffice, 4 to 4:20; Lakeview (Bob Gullege home), 4:30 to 4:50.

Tuesday—West End school, 10 a. m.; Eagle Springs, 10:30; Vine-land school, 10:50 (to collect books); Doubs Chapel route in afternoon.

Wednesday—Cameron school, 10 a. m.; Pinckney school, 10:45; Roselands (H. M. Kirk home), 3:15 p. m.; C. S. Galyean's, 3:40; W. M. Frye service station, 4; Colonial Heights, 4:15 to 5.

Thursday—Carthage library, 11:30 to 12:30; Davis and Wesley Thomas service stations on Highway 15 east, 1:45 and 1:55; White Hill route with various stops including Arthur Gaines home, 2 to 3; across Old Plank Road to US Highway 1; J. R. Marion home, 3:30.

Friday—Robbins library, 11:30 to 2; talc mine office, 2:15; home stops around mine, 2:30 to 3:15; Friends Church on Highway 27, 3:15; K. C. Maness home, 3:30; Melvin Frye home, 3:45; Furman Wicker's, 4:10.

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