

THE PILOT

Southern Pines

North Carolina

"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. Wherever 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.

Traffic: No. 1 Child Killer

With schools about to open it's in order to point out that traffic in recent years has become the No. 1 killer of school-aged youngsters, surpassing in threat any disease or other kind of accident.

In North Carolina every fourth person killed on the highways last year was a child or teenager, according to records of the Department of Motor Vehicles.

A complexity of factors, acting together, produce a traffic accident. The factors themselves have been endlessly publicized by safety authorities: disregard of traffic laws, carelessness, discourtesy. Therefore, one of the most difficult barriers confronting greater traffic safety is public apathy—the failure of people to recognize that traffic protection is a mutual responsibility for all.

It becomes a question of unremitting importance as school opens and streets and highways are crowded with youngsters. Under such conditions there can be

no tolerance of the careless, indifferent driver. Nor can there be any let-up in safety instruction for youngsters in the home and in their classrooms.

A responsibility for parents is constant safety education in the home, teaching youngsters safe practices in walking to and from school and when in traffic.

For teachers, it's a continuation and re-emphasis of parental safety instructions, carried out faithfully through the school day.

And for motorists, it's a sober realization that children are unpredictable, requiring a deliberate reduction of speed in school and residential areas and a constant awareness that children are near.

If parents and the schools fulfill their duties by drilling safety habits as a sixth sense into our youngsters and if motorists learn to protect children, there's little doubt that in time we can bring this killer under control.

And the time to start is now.

Money Can't Buy Such Advertising

Hosting travelers and visitors—a matter of prime importance in the Sandhills—is the subject of an editorial reprinted on this page. Most of the points are not new (a Host School has been conducted in Southern Pines and we have frequently pointed out the importance of an informed, cooperative and interested attitude toward strangers), yet we think they bear repeating as much as our hotels, clubs, motels and other facilities will bear their annual refurbishing in anticipation of the travelers' influx in the Fall.

In a recent publication, the Travel Council of North Carolina points out that the state paid \$10,849 for a full-color, one-page advertisement in the June issue of Holiday magazine, to attract the attention of upward of three million Holiday readers. Yet on another page of that same issue was an excerpt from a letter of Holiday's food editor who was touring the nation "not only tasting and testing but also shrewdly observing the American scene"—a letter that related the spontaneous hospitality of a Tar Heel motel operator and his wife on a morning

during one of last winter's unfortunate sleet storms.

This food editor, who is evidently a very particular sort of person about food, was charmed with the hot, strong coffee, fresh-baked biscuits and honey that were served to him and his wife, gratis, by the motel operator's wife, while the motel man removed a half-inch of ice from his car's windshield and otherwise made the travelers feel that life was worth living that morning in, as the editor put it, "a small town in North Carolina that looked as dismal as a labor camp in Irkutsk."

The letter, points out the Travel Council Bulletin, cost North Carolina nothing in money: "More and more it is apparent that one of North Carolina's greatest travel assets is the friendliness of its people. It can't be emphasized enough that friendliness to guests pays dividends over and over in word-of-mouth advertising that money can't buy."

There is a lesson here for all of us in the Sandhills, one of North Carolina's top recreation and vacation areas.

Anybody for Indian Excavating?

Hobbies are wonderful—diverse and improbable beyond belief. Nothing delights us more than finding somebody putting under the influence of some odd enthusiasm. And this is no reflection on conventional hobbies which are wonderful, too. The interest, the caring, the taking pains, the being wrapped up in something—that's what counts.

Hobbies have all kinds of repercussions. Somebody, fussing with something, may discover a real value, may add to human knowledge. Hobbies have terrific entertainment and educational values. Did you ever see anything nicer than some old fellow who has a real knowledge of some subject—birds or horses or local history—expounding his lore to a bunch of youngsters. This is the opposite of the way the world ends, which we have heard so much about lately. This is the way the world prospers and thrives—through the passing down of knowledge, enthusiasm and joy.

Take this archeology business, for instance. How many of The Pilot's several

thousand readers are interested in archeology? Yet we think it's important news, and we've handled it prominently, that an officer at Fort Bragg is making excavations of an Indian burial mound near the Cape Fear River and is enthusiastic about having persons in this area joining the Archeological Society of North Carolina (before the officer wrote The Pilot a letter, spurred by his enthusiasm, we didn't know there was such an organization).

A group including persons from Moore County has had one meeting and has scheduled another in September. Who can say to what this amateur interest will lead? But it is certain that it will lead to more happiness, a more satisfactory life for the people concerned.

Questions, questions—by these does mankind advance. The questioning man is the caring man, the man who keeps civilization alive. And hobbyists invariably are questioners. It's a cast of mind that holds good, that bears fruit, in the ordinary affairs of life.

H. Cloyd Philpott

The Pilot joins in mourning the sudden and unexpected death of North Carolina's lieutenant governor, H. Cloyd Philpott of Lexington.

He was part and parcel of the best in the state—that segment of the state's leaders and citizenry who look to the future, not the past, and who recognize the inevitability of change.

Expected to be a candidate for governor in 1964, Cloyd Philpott no doubt was looking forward to his years of greatest service to his state, when he was struck down. Those who looked forward with him are grieved and shocked. The immemorial frailty of existence is brought home in this tragic death of a man apparently in the prime of life.

The lieutenant governor left a legacy of what might be called "Good Tar Heelism": independence of thought and action, permeated by a conscience awake to human needs. Witness his espousal of better education, his support for a state minimum wage law (though many of his industrialist associates oppose it) and a generally open-minded, fair approach to the problems of his time in a changing South.

His career in public service—to his city, county and state—remains an inspiration and challenge to officials and private citizenry.

Momentous Decisions

Momentous decisions are being made by thousands of North Carolinians these days—not the sort of decisions you will see reported in the news, but nevertheless decisions that will affect the quality of Tar Heel life for decades to come.

The decisions? They are whether a young person will return to school this year, or whether he will drop out, to continue working or take a job that, for the moment, appears more attractive than the effort, discipline and lack of income that school offers.

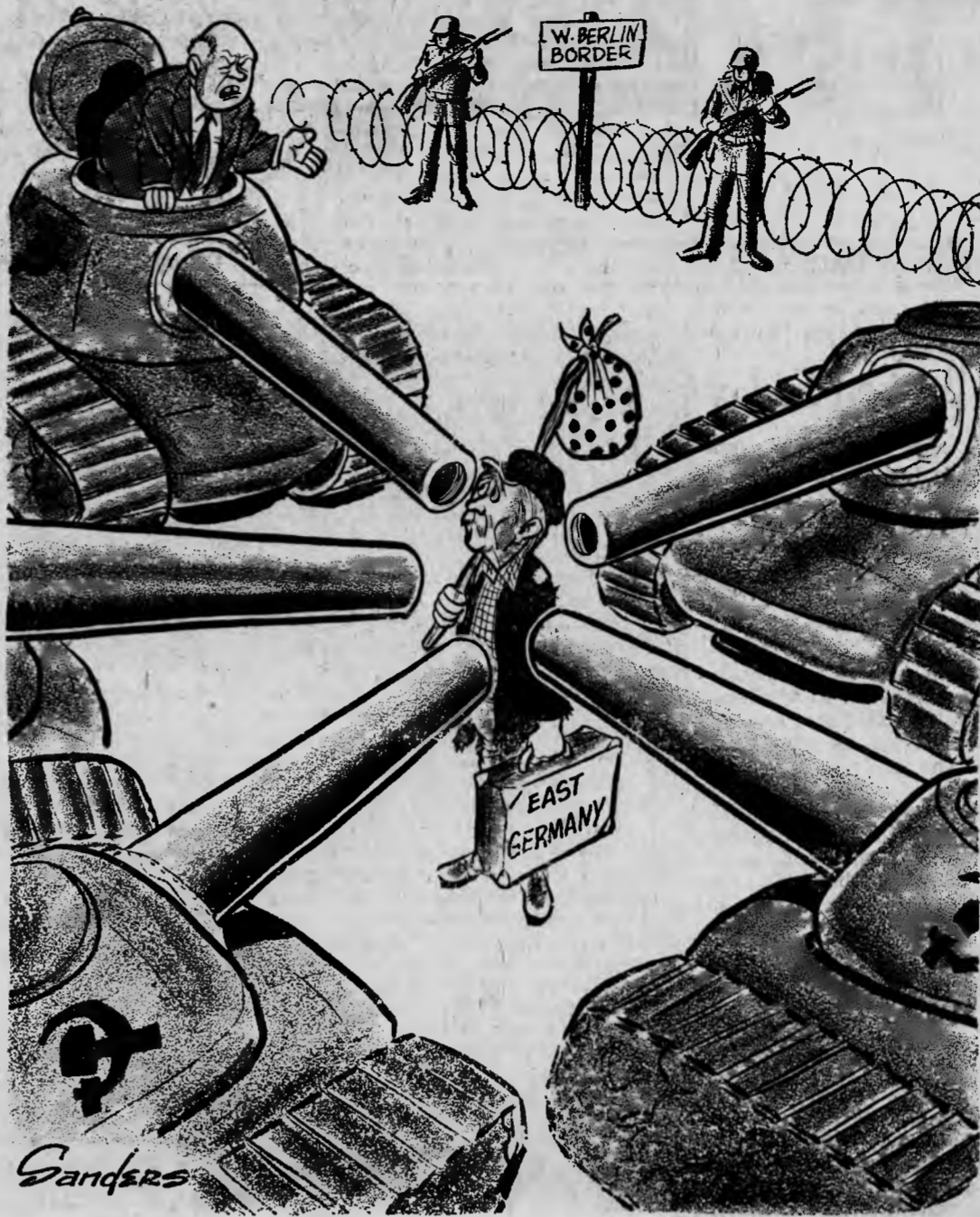
Parents, friends and everyone close to young people about to make a decision on dropping out of school would do them and the state the biggest favor possible if they encourage them to continue their education.

"There are fewer and fewer worthwhile opportunities for the unskilled and poorly educated in our increasingly technological society," points out State Labor Commissioner Frank Crane. His advice to young people is: "Go back to school and stay until you graduate."

We have never yet heard anyone, in any walk of life, complain that he had too much education. Yet we have heard persons who left school too early expressing bitter regrets in later years.

Momentous decisions, indeed!

"This Maneuver Is Only Aimed At Keeping Out Those Capitalist Spies!"



COURTESY, COMFORT, GOOD FOOD

How To Boost Tourist Industry

From The Asheville Times

Tourism is North Carolina's third largest industry and leading figures in it are doing their utmost to make it bigger and better. Hargrove Bowles, Jr., director of the state's Department of Conservation and Development, has been stressing the vital importance of good food, first class accommodations and superior attractions. He urges that all those in this industry do all they can to help build a better North Carolina image to improve the travel business.

Poor cooking in public eating places in some spots in the state is reported to have hurt North Carolina's travel business. The N. C. Travel Council is endeavoring to make a frontal attack on this problem through the Host School program.

Advertising is not a cure-all in the tourist business. Without it, good accommodations are at a considerable disadvantage in a highly competitive industry, but advertising is no substitute for accommodations, food and attractions that are as good or better at prices competitive with other resorts. Both people and conventions are going where they will find, or think they will find, the best bargain. When and where we offer that and advertise it adequately, says Mr. Bowles, we are going to get business.

In this connection we must never forget the vital importance of the little things in dealing with the touring public, like common courtesy. We have a priceless asset in the natural friendliness of Tar Heels. Add adequate facilities and easy-to-get basic information to this friendliness and we have an unbeatable combination.

Lament for the Vanished Washline

Of all the things there used to be that have gone out in this age of technology and easy-come, easy-go, one of the most missed by many survivors of a simpler time is the sight of the clothes that used to hang on the line in the back yard, drying. The clothesline and the display of the weekly wash used to be universal, just as beating rugs, the regular visit of the ice man, the street sprinkling wagon, and beans and brownbread of Saturday night used to be universal.

About all we have left of the old, old customs is going for the mail. This is, obviously, the best possible way of getting mail—right from the postoffice—and one hopes it will not be superseded. In cities, where mail is delivered by carriers, the post-office loses its social and community character. Perhaps some of the deficit might be eliminated if city people could go for their own mail, and if there were counters

There has been much emphasis on the so-called "smokestack industry" in North Carolina but few people have realized that the travel industry is one of the best devices for attracting manufacturing industry. The Asheville area has demonstrated the effectiveness of that formula for many years now. Get people to visit our vacation attractions, and you may be sure they will find industrial and retirement living attractions here, too.

Mr. Bowles sums the situation up this way:

A View from the Hayfield

(From The Chapel Hill Weekly)

A great traveling breeze lofts proudly along from hill to hill, deeply but unhurriedly stirring the upper branches of tall old trees.

At the edge of the field there is no breeze. The air is a little sultry under the grey sky. But at the top of the hill the moving air is almost visible, like a gusty guest of honor moving coolly through a crowd, branches swirling around like eddies of admirers.

The baler comes by, chugging and clanking, crumpling mown hay into its maw with great sabre teeth and miraculously dropping a neat oblong of pressed grass in its wake every so often. The man on the tractor pulling the baler looks from the trail of hay entering the metal mouth to the ground ahead and back to the baler, then quickly up at the sky, which is gently implying rather than forcefully threatening rain.

The baler makes a grinding noise and the man slows the trac-

"The basic purpose of the state advertising program is to create and maintain a true image of North Carolina throughout the nation. To marvelous scenery, we are adding comfortable quarters and conveniences, and we are implementing the natural friendliness of our people and their instinctive courtesy to visitors by providing them with the essential information about their state—and their industry—to enable them to make their courtesy more useful to newcomers and profitable to themselves."

tor for a moment until the machine gets its innards realigned, then slips it into gear again. He waves, briefly, not as friend to friend—he is a stranger—or as farmer to farmer, but simply as human to human in a hayfield, man on tractor to man standing nearby. The baler moves on, disgorging giant bricks of hay.

Behind the baler comes another tractor, very slowly, drawing an old truckbed rolling on the truck's original rear wheels. Two men stand on the truckbed and stack the bales of hay a third man, wearing thick gloves and smoking a cigar, lifts from the ground and hands up as the rig creeps past. The tractor is driven one-handed by a fat man with his right arm in a sling. They stop a hundred yards away while the baler makes another circuit of the field. The driver leans on his steering wheel, the two young men on the truckbed lean on the high stack of bales, and the man with the cigar sits on a bale on the ground. They talk, but the breeze carries their words away across the County.

The baler comes by again. The tractor starts its plodding way among the dropped hay bales. One of the young men jumps down and walks ahead. As they pass, he waves. Then the driver waves. Then the man with the cigar waves, a brief flagging of the arm. The fourth man does not wave, and one wonders why.

The whole entourage draws off toward the other end of the long field, the sounds of motors growing fainter. The high breeze bounds along, brushing branches out of its way, and the sky grows greyer. In the distance, the green, undulant hills look exactly like the surface of Earth.

EXPERIENCE

We should be careful to get out of an experience only the wisdom that is in it—and stop there; lest we be like the cat that sits down on a hot stove-lid. She will never sit down on a hot stove-lid again—and that is well; but also she will never sit down on a cold one anymore.

—The Vineyard Gazette

—MARK TWAIN

Grains of Sand

General Hartel

A name in the news lately has been familiar to a number of Sandhills residents. Brig. Gen. F. O. Hartel, who commands U. S. troops in Berlin, lived in Pinehurst, occupying the house now owned by Brig. Gen. Albert L. Sneed, in 1945-46, while General Hartel, then a lieutenant colonel, was at Fort Bragg.

General Hartel, his wife and three daughters are remembered with interest and affection by a number of Sandhills people, some of whom have kept in touch with them through the years. Mr. and Mrs. E. G. B. Riley of Knollwood called the matter of General Hartel's residence here to our attention.

Kays Gary, Charlotte Observer staff writer who has been in Berlin recently, mentioned General Hartel in one of his columns.

Homesick

The Pilot has a note from Alice Anne Gamble of Memphis, Tenn., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Gamble who moved with their family from Southern Pines to Memphis early this year. Alice Anne is a student at Mercer University, Macon, Ga., entering, if we are not mistaken, her junior year.

"Having been away from Southern Pines for two years, being in school and now being permanently away because of moving to Tennessee, I realize how much I miss it," she writes.

Alice Anne enclosed a five-stanza poem she had written, "Ode to Southern Pines," which expresses her sentiments on the matter.

We haven't room for the whole poem, but the last stanza sums up its message:

"No, you'll never know till you've been away, Where you heart desires to ever stay.

It's this little place amidst the trees, With a warm heart and a cooling breeze:

Southern Pines." The Gambles' address is 3654 Walnut Grove Rd., Memphis 11, Tenn.

Thanks, Alice Anne, for your letter and we hope you'll be able to get back for a visit some time.

Hopeful Example

A news story datelined Dunn says that general insecticide spraying in the town has been curtailed "because of complaints of asthma sufferers that it has made their condition worse."

Oh, happy Dunn! Breathing good clean air again! Would that the same could be said of Southern Pines!

What Is It?

August is the month traditionally producing stories of strange creatures and so forth—a slow time in the news, inspiring some reporter to stir up interest with a tall tale. Witness the "Loch Ness Monster" stories that used to come out of Scotland regularly about this time of year.

So, down near Whiteville now they have a "rab-cat"—a nine-inch-long animal with the head and front quarters of a cat and the tail and back quarters of a rabbit.

The animal's front feet have cat claws, its back feet have rabbit-type paws. It hops like a rabbit and sits up like one. It was wild but was caught and caged and seems about to be domesticated.

The Hamlet News-Messenger ran a photo of it, borrowed from a Lumberton paper which got the story from Whiteville, and it is the strangest looking thing we've ever seen.

Any Pilot reader ever hear of such a phenomenon?

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