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THE OLD SHAW PLACE

There are two very fine books in existence giving the history and showing photographs of old North Carolina homes. It is significant that in those books there is not one house mentioned representative of the early Scottish settlers of Moore County. There are a few log cabins and there are a great many fine town houses, and a few fine country ones, but there is no example of the sturdy, well-built, gracefully proportioned house of these parts.

There are of course not many of them still in existence, but there is one right at the edge of Southern Pines, and it is this house which was the subject of the interesting meeting last week.

The Old Shaw Place stands at the southern end of town, behind towering sycamores and a few old cedars, ivy twines over it and honeysuckle nearly smothers it and, in the summer, old-fashioned rose bushes bloom in the yard. Inside, the wide pine boards are mellow and the small rooms are graced by two lovely carved pine mantles. Many people, well-known in these parts, lived there or played in the yard as children, or some of their kin did. The Shaw and Ray families know it best for it was home to many of them, but to the Buchans, McKeithens, Blues, Camerons, Campbells and other Scots families of Moore County, it is an old friend.

The idea of buying this old house and restoring it and preserving it is a stirring one. It should appeal strongly to those who have the history of this county in their blood, and to all who are proud of America's past and Moore County's past. It should appeal, as well, to all who are lovers of old things; collectors, historians. There is an opportunity, here, to recreate something beautiful and fine and of enduring value. It will be an attraction to visitors, but, much more important, it will be an inspiration to all who call Moore County home.

WILL IT WORK?

How easily do the Russians scare: that is, today, the \$64.00 question.

In the answer to that question lies, if we are to believe our politicians and writers, the fate of the world. Yet only last month marked the beginning of the United Nations Organization, the body upon which, it had been said, the hope of that same world rested.

There is no blinking the fact that the outlook for internationalism looks very black. When such an eminent authority as Walter Lippmann can write some thousand words on our foreign policy without once mentioning UNO, as he did in his recent "USS Missouri," there is ample excuse for pessimism. Every thoughtful person must be profoundly discouraged over the present trend.

How inconsistent it is! We have it hammered into us that the Russian conception of world affairs is medieval, pre-Tzar, yet, when Churchill tells us that the Russians only respect force we promptly take up this medieval pre-Tzar policy ourselves, and send the USS Missouri, bearing the innocuous body of the Turkish ambassador's corpse in her state cabin, to say "Boo!" at the Kremlin. This is supposed to strike such terror into Russian hearts that they will promptly abandon their territorial ambitions and once more subside behind their steppes.

While we do this our reporters plead to be allowed to enter Russia and our statesmen assure her that we really are entirely friendly, and just want her to stop spreading communism around.

In falling for the "you scare me and, by gum, I'll scare you"

policy, at the suggestion of Churchill, our government has dealt the internationalists a mean wallop. For though this attitude may work now, so long as we have the bomb and Russia, presumably, hasn't, what will happen afterwards? Supposing that Russia quits threatening all these places for a time and that UNO has a chance to really start functioning; what will happen? We must not forget that, so far, UNO has headed more and more toward being a Britis-American block aimed against Russia. It may be Russia's fault that this is so, but there has been little, thus far, to make Russia feel comfortable in UNO. She has been consistently outvoted, with Britain and America lining up against her, time after time. We have the bomb; Russia has not; the British and American Joint Chiefs of Staff have never been disbanded. Many will say: thank God, they haven't. Yes; perhaps but if we were Russians how would we feel about it? How would we feel about UNO's truly international character?

There is one thing that would do more than anything else to help in the present disastrous state of affairs. That is, if Britain would make one single slight gesture toward giving up one of the many key-points which she holds. If she would suggest the internationalizing of Malta, or Gibraltar, the Suez Canal, or even Hong Kong; if she would offer to turn one of these strategic points over to UNO, a way might be opened to peace.

For this, surely, is the way toward unity: To take the strategic bases of the world, including, of course, the Dardenelles, the Panama Canal, the Pacific bases, out of the hands of individual nations; and put them into the hands of the overall, world organization.

The sending of warships may work a temporary settlement, but until we convince our medieval and suspicious team-mates that we are not so medieval as they and that there is something behind the guns on those warships than a desire to reinforce the status quo, to keep communism in its place and save the British empire, the truce will only be temporary.

We must keep before our eyes and the eyes of the world our belief in the possibility of world government through UNO. This is our only hope. Russia's goal, the communism of the world, is an idea; to fight an idea you need another, greater idea. Peace with justice and freedom is that idea. And it is that, instead of the threat of power, which we should be sending around the world today.

The Public Speaking

The following contribution from one of our older colored preachers was brought to The Pilot by his wife, Rosetta Holman McLean. We print it, certain that many of us share the confusion of which Brother McLean speaks. There is a great deal of truth and wisdom in these words, written simply but with deepest faith.

Dear Editor:

Please find space enough in your paper, for these remarks. This comes from West Southern Pines.

The Negro has religion, he know everything, he has been everywhere, he is got everything. But after all, it don't seem like that they have sense enough to live together and treat each other right.

I was in a city a few days ago, and me and my wife boarded a subway train going down town. Only white peoples were in this coach, and there was only one vacant seat, and course I permitted my wife to sit down.

And there was one white lady, that was so full of sympathy, that she got up and ask me to sit down and rest my feet. I am still wondering: when shall we make a race. A little education, and little piece of land. And some second-handed furniture and a second hand car turns the most of our peoples half crazy. And most of the time, they are living on something that some dead person worked out before they died.

The nations of the world, now, is in one of the most tumults that it never witness before. It time for everybody to wake up, and try to use some good sense, at everything they start. You may get up in the morning, and turn on the radiq, and there, you

services. But when you turn on GOD's true word, you don't get no services.

So the confusion of the nations today, comes because of disobedience. Because people will not submit thereselves to the STANDARD OF GOD'S WORD. (Signed) Bro. McLain (A preacher for 25 Yrs.)

Oyez! Oyez! (Day In Court)

Every Monday at nine-thirty the Courthouse bell in Carthage tolls deep-throatedly and latecomers drift in through the big swinging doors, taking seats with those already seated in the high ceiled courtroom.

The law enforcers these last two Mondays had "light days." The Recorded Court was sitting and the majority of cases were for drunken driving. But the other cases covered everything from pistol pointing to pocketing another man's pocketbook.

Judge J. Vance Rowe presided. Soon after he comes in from the back the Court is ordered to stand. Then follows the age-old and almost unintelligible ritual of the Court Clerk calling out: "Oyez! Oyez! mumble, mumble, mumble. Be seated!" The Court has been called to order and is ready for business.

"WEAVING AND SPEEDING . . ." was Officer Kennedy's description of Robert Washburn's driving when told by Solicitor McKeithen to "go ahead and tell the Court just how you saw him, and all about it." "He come over the hill, weaving and speeding." "Did he give you any trouble at all?" "No, sir. Very nice." "Ever been up before that you know of?" "No, sir." "All right." And that was that—quick and simple. Net result: Found guilty as charged. 60 days on the Road, sentence suspended upon payment of \$50 fine and Court costs. Driver's license revoked for a period of twelve months.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY with a deadly weapon, to wit—a plank, was the next case called. Linnie Ritter had wielded the plank and done "serious injury on the body of L. T. Brown," then entered a plea of nolo contendere. Attorney Herb Seawell, for the defendant, arose and said: "Your Honor, I believe this is a family matter. I've talked to the son-in-law. He's willing to pay everything; coming to a total of around \$300."

States Attorney McKeithen arose and stated: "I have talked to Mr. Brown. This is agreeable to him. But he does want some strict penalty imposed, and suspended during good behavior, so it can be held over Ritter."

The Court found him guilty as charged. Sentence: 60 days on the Road, suspended in accordance with agreement between State at request of prosecuting witness and defendant upon payment of \$200 to L. T. Brown." Added was the catch: "be of good behavior and not violate the law for two years." No planks, no nothin' . . . for two years.

"JUST GOES CRAZY when he gets a drink in him" was the reason given for Negro ex-sailor Jennings Caldwell's failure to show up at his own trial. And it was presumed he still had a drink in him. His elderly, ebony, respectable-looking mother came in his place, made a much better impression. Seawell, attorney for the defendant, said by way of extenuating circumstances: "He said he was just plumb drunk and didn't know what he was doing."

State's attorney McKeithen spiked further plea for clemency by reading the charges against ex-sailor Caldwell: "drunk and disorderly, cursing, attempting to break and enter, resisting arrest. . . a multitude of charges." When he gets caught up with his drinking, and the Court catches up with him, Caldwell will be one sad ex-sailor.

"I DID, TOO, stick out my hand" said Walter Brown to James Kennedy, "but I sure jerked it back when you ran into me!" Brown was charged with failure to give proper hand signal; Kennedy charged with "driving in a careless and reckless manner, at a greater rate of speed than allowed by law."

ning in the air. No one badly hurt. Two passengers well shaken—one in truck, one in passenger car.

Highlight of the lengthy and heated cross-examining came when farmer Brown's wife took the stand. Attorney Boyette, attempted to confuse Mrs. Brown about whether or not Brown made the proper signal when he turned. Snapped Mrs. Brown: "I could see his hand sticking out there just as plain as I can see you. Hit was certainly out there, a-plenty, too!" Then, asked if she knew whether the rear view mirror was working or not, Mrs. Brown succinctly summed the matter up: "I gues it were," she said. "Works every time you look in it." Asked earlier if she was sitting close to Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown snortingly replied: "We don't often sit so close together no more."

Judge Rowe ably sifted the conflicting testimony with: "I'm satisfied beyond any doubt Kennedy was speeding. But I don't know any reason in the world why a man would try to pass like that if he saw a hand out."

Judgment: Kennedy—Guilty. 60 days on Road, suspended on payment of \$25 and costs. Brown—Not Guilty.

PISTOL POINTER Charlie McNeil ran afoul of some "strange liquor" that some soldiers had forced on him. Taxi driver McNeil, from Pinehurst, was up on two charges. "Operating a vehicle while under the influence of intoxicating liquors, or narcotic drugs," and carrying on his person "a deadly weapon, drawing same, and threatening to shoot John D. Butler", of Southern Pines, also colored.

Charlie McNeil is a well known taxi driver in the Pinehurst-Southern Pines territory and has evidently never run amuck. This time, his luck quit him dead.

Brown, employed at Resort Airlines, saw the car ahead of him zig-zagging down the road. He and McNeil were driving up W. Pennsylvania toward West Southern Pines. McNeil stopped and Brown stopped behind him, but McNeil's car rolled back into him. They started up and the same thing happened a second time. Being near a school, with school children playing outside, Brown got out and asked McNeil "you drunk, crazy, or what?" McNeil told Brown where he could go "So I just retched in and took his glasses off his face." This further irked taxi driver McNeil who felt down on the floor boards and came up with a big pistol in hand, said "I ought to blow you down." Brown backed on off and departed. He came back with the Law and McNeil was still there.

Clincher for the defense was Attorney Seawell's argument: "I don't want to put him (McNeil) on the stand as he'll tell the truth and the Court will find him guilty." The Court did—on both counts. \$50 on each, driver's license revoked for twelve months, pistol to be destroyed.

FISH FRY CARRIES ON in spite of terrific blow—the loss of ten fifths of Old Quaker that ran afoul of the Sheriff. The fish fry was at the "Nub Jones Cabin" at the head of lake on Jackson Springs Road, only Old Quaker never got there. Schenley Black Label did—at \$10 a fifth.

J. D. Lee, alias "Dinah", was totter of the spirits, which he claimed he had not bought alone, but with the eager aid of five others. These five others included some too prominent men in the Sandhills, who must be worrying and wondering just how much will now come out; Lee's case being appealed to the Superior Court. The rub comes from the fact that these bottles of Old Quaker left the Pinehurst ABC store via under-the-counter sales instead of the regular over-the-counter method. This is a practice well known, but until now hard to prove. The date but not the price stickers had ben torn off, pegging the place of sale.

Judge Rowe found Lee "guilty on all counts. Looks like about 6 months in jail, sentence suspended upon payment of \$100 fine and costs; car in which liquor was found to be sold at public auction, unless proof is established that owner (Lee's wife) did not know use to which car was being put.

"WHERE IS JELLYFISH!" thundered J. Talbot Johnson, able defense counsel for Herbert Worthy, colored, of Pinehurst. This came as the climax to the case where Worthy, defendant, was accused of picking up and pocketing the pocketbook of Pete Williams, who had driven down from Norfolk to attend a funeral.

Pete, however, didn't get out of the car when he got there He "was too tired." When he did get out, his pocketbook was no longer with him. George Smith, pall bearer, who rode in the car with Worthy and Williams, testified to seeing a black pocketbook lying on back seat as they were getting out on return from the funeral and said "Any of you ladies or gentlemen leave your pocketbook?" Worthy accepted it gracefully saying "Oh yes; thank you a thousand, boy." A few seconds later up drove another taxi with Williams, thoroughly revived, wanting to know had anyone seen his pocketbook. It was pointed out Worthy had picked one up, but the one Worthy showed as having picked up was, according to Smith, tan instead of black. How "Jellyfish" got into the case your reporter could never quite make out, as the action got a little too rapid for clear note taking. Defense attorney Johnson came, like a bolt out of the blue, with the surprise theory that "Jellyfish" and George Smith were in cahoots and had the pocketbook between them. Judge Rowe side-

stepped like a practiced broken-field runner and bound the case over to the Superior Court, as the pocketbook had a claimed \$60, whereas the limit for the Recorder's Court is \$50. And so ended another day.

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