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**WHAT WE DO**

The McMahon Bill, providing civilian control of atomic energy is in danger.

It has been approved by all the scientists: also by the President, Bernard Baruch, U. S. delegate to the U. N. Atomic Energy Commission; by the chiefs of Staff and Naval Operations; by the Secretaries of War and Navy, as well as by thousands of leaders in education, industry, government. It was considered for seven months in Senate Committee, during which testimony of hundreds of experts, pro and con, were heard. Baruch has stated that its passage is vitally necessary for bringing about any "successful world control.

The House has now, by the action of its reactionary Military Affairs Committee, virtually rejected the McMahon Bill, by attaching to it crippling amendments in which participation of the military is specified, so worded that their influence might be dominating.

Again and again, in more and more acute form, Americans are being presented this "either-or" of the future. Never, perhaps in the history of the world has a concrete issue so clearly presented a concrete choice between right and wrong, as this of the use to which this force is to be put. Do we want to have that choice made by military men?

When the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Americans were stunned by the surprise, horrified at its dreadfulness, yet quickly resigned to the fact that it had to be done to end the war. Clearly it was worse only in degree to the bombing that had been going on for months. With the invasion of Japan looming fearfully ahead, Americans believed the War Department's statement that the atomic bombing of Hiroshima would save many thousands, or millions, of both Americans and Japanese from death. The case was convincing and was generally accepted: it still is. But then came Nagasaki, just a week later. Americans, bewildered, began to doubt. Why was Nagasaki necessary? Why so soon? The dramatic surrender of Japan swept all doubts away in joy over victory. But, the atomic bombing of Nagasaki has never been explained. It raises its head, now, as the country faces this problem of atomic control.

WHY Nagasaki? And, some Americans think deeper still and ask: why Hiroshima? Would there have been no other way of showing Japan what we had in our power to do? Could we not, after sufficient warning, have dropped the bomb on an uninhabited place and then said: Now, your cities will come next, if you don't give up? The Army would say: No; and perhaps they are right; but we were at war, then, we had to take their word. Now, looking back on it, many question that decision, even, unofficially, some army men.

Soldiers are human beings; as prone to err as any. Because of their restricted life and outlook, they are less fitted than others to guide a country in times of peace. History is full of great generals turned miserable statesmen. It will be a terrible mistake if we leave the control of atomic energy in the hands of men who will inevitably see it as a weapon to command obedience. There is not a shadow of doubt that a race of armaments and another war lie that way. Only if atomic power is controlled and channeled into peaceful pursuits which will raise, everywhere, the level of human life, bringing benefits to all, will the causes that lead to wars be removed. These are the true enemies of mankind and against them atomic energy can, indeed, be a weapon of un-

dreamed of and insuperable power.

Henry Stimson, our great war secretary, knew that, and from his double experience as secretary of war and secretary of state, has pled with America for civilian control.

Shall we use this power for peace, or use it for war: that is the question. And we can paraphrase it and say, indeed: To be or not to be.

The world is watching what we do.

**THE BIG BANG**

There will be a big bang next week. It won't be big guns over Normandy; it won't be bombs dropping on German cities; it won't be V2s killing people in the streets of London or A-bombs on Hiroshima. But it will be a big bang and it will kill plenty of people and injure plenty more. This time the casualty list will be of Americans, exclusively. Of Americans having a good time.

The last Fourth of July that we really celebrated was in 1941. People in other parts of the world were being killed as World War II raged across the nations. But in America there was no war: there was only the Fourth of July. Nine thousand, seven hundred Americans died from accidents last July: 9,700. They weren't all accidents from fire-crackers that exploded before they were supposed to, or rockets that took off in the wrong direction, or pin-wheels that landed in the twirler's hair, turning him into a fearful flaming martyr to patriotism gone mad; but most of them were holiday accidents, due to carelessness, to wild celebrations, to the reckless bravado that has nothing to do with courage or with fun.

Lots of the accidents were caused by fast driving. If that was true then, the danger is doubled now when cars are old and tires worn out. With wartime restrictions off, traffic accidents are mounting alarmingly already: up 44 percent since V-J Day. Conservative estimates base the probable automobile fatalities for this July as between 8,000 and 10,000, with most of them happening around the Fourth. When you add to that the swimming accidents that always happen when folks go to the country on a spree: the girl who thought she could stay up and learned, too late, that she couldn't; the fellow who dove from the top of the rocks onto the one he didn't know was there; and his friend who wouldn't wait that reasonable hour after his chicken and pie a la mode before taking off into the cold bay . . . add all those people and you add a few thousand more unnecessary deaths to the fearful July 4th toll. A few more thousands and deaths and a few more thousand heartbreaks.

Some of those breaking hearts will be hearts which had just begun to beat steadily again. In the dark months of war, they did not hear the guns, perhaps, or shudder to the crash of bombs, but in their hearts they heard. Lying awake in the grey hours before dawn, thinking of their men over there, under the bombs, crouched in the narrow fox-holes, they grew cold and their hearts shook with dread. Now those men are home again, the guns are still, but as if in mockery of that glad escape, the Big Bang takes its toll. Where the Germans' guns failed, Independence Day is liable to be a great success. A lot of the lives lost over the Fourth are sure to be those of returned veterans.

Who can blame them for wanting to celebrate this year? For driving too fast and driving too far, for fooling with rockets and crackers, firing the old M-1 that isn't as clean as might be, or the gimpy little Navy cannon they stole from under the Exec's indulgent eye? No one can blame them, but, thinking what they did, what their lives mean to their country, everyone will want to cry: Boys, play it safe now, just for this weekend! Take it easy; make the Grand Old Fourth a good day for everyone.

In celebrating the Fourth we recognize the coming-of-age of America: we ought to do it in something of a coming-of-age spirit. Under the guidance of a group of men unparalleled in history for their qualities of mind and spirit, our country started to live, and something of their maturity, their independence, their vision and hard, clear-eyed wisdom went into that new life, to become our finest, proudest

**The Pilot Inspects Some Gardens, Muses On Moles, Mules, Figs, Dogs.**

Who has the nicest garden in town?

The Pilot took a stroll around Wednesday afternoon to see if he could decide. Chose Wednesday, thinking gardeners might be out that day, looking over the patch. In other words, the Patch might be looking over the garden. But he wasn't. Gone to the sea-shore.

So here was the Pilot in the garden and the gardener in the sea. Something wrong somewhere, the Pilot thought bitterly. And decided right there, against giving that particular Patch the prize. No, suh . . . not even with tomatoes glowing on the vine and that big yucca like a great white candle. Never was such a big yucca. Made the Pilot think of his palmy days in the South Sea Islands. Grudgingly he conceded that it was mighty effective towering over the pretty little green house.

Nicest garden the Pilot saw that hot afternoon was the one on Joe Notorgiacomo's place. It is on the western slope of the hill below Page Street. A grassy path leads to it, and right down through it to the high bordering hedge, on the far side. There are: tomatoes, cucumbers, squash, beans, peppers. . . the hot ones doing the best. . . appropriately enough, thought the Pilot. Corn waves its sleek fronds there, cabbages squat in neat rows. There are grape vines, with enormous bunches already hanging on them. There is a pear-tree, so heavily laden with fruit it already has to be propped up. Best of all are the figs; five or six big bushes covered with fruit. There were two ripe figs. There were. They are no longer there. One was eaten by a bird and the other by a certain nautical gentleman; upon invitation of the gardener himself. (So!)

There is also a tree full of cherry-red ripe plums, and a thriving mint bed, some watermelon vines, parsley, lettuce and three strangely unattractive-looking stalks, with large triangular leaves.

"What," asked the Pilot, "may those be?"

"Those," said his guide, "are castor-oil plants."

The Pilot, turning slightly green, inquired for whom they were destined; to be told: "For ground moles. They drive them away!" Never before had the Pilot felt so close to ground moles. Clutching his fig in his nautical hand, he beat a hasty retreat.

The nicest street in town on a hot day and, very possibly, on any day, is New Hampshire Avenue between Bennet and Page Streets. Down the center of its soft surface march four huge sycamores. There were five but the town's asphalt got too close to the last one and it is dead. The shade under the trees is a solid coolness. Birds like it; dogs love it; mules choose this street to clop-clop along, their ears clapping in time with their feet. The dogs who lie in the shade have a double delight. They keep cool and they bask sneeringly in the perpetual glare of the white iron dog who sits near the fence under a magnolia tree. A fine street, the Pilot thought, and chose it as a stopping-place for fig eating.

Another garden to catch the nautical eye that afternoon was that of Mr. O. E. Williams on Vermont Avenue. The garden is in the lot back of the Catholic Church. Actually there are three gardens but they all belong to Mr. Williams. He started the first one in February, and has already heritage.

When we celebrate the Fourth, we need to remember those qualities, to make them again our own. Not just to save lives, to make our holiday a "happy thing instead of a tragic one; not just because this terrible waste is such a ghastly travesty of what the Day means to our land. Not just for those prudent and appropriate reasons. We need to bring to life those qualities and celebrate this Day in clear knowledge that we do indeed inherit that great tradition of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We need to prove to ourselves and to the world that life is good, that liberty is not license but opportunity to make life good, and that the pursuit of happiness can be the final good of all.

Then the Fourth will be the happy day it was meant to be: not the Big Bang but the Glorious Fourth.

had beans, tomatoes and corn. And, of course, early peas and potatoes. He harvested about six bushels of potatoes, fine big firm white ones. His corn is a combination Golden Bantam and Country Gentleman, and just grand, his daughter says. And so do his neighbors, for this gardener is very generous with his produce. Mr. Williams plants his second garden about six weeks after his first, and the third will go in in August. The gardener says it works well as a rule. . . if the frost doesn't get the first garden or the drought the second. And, at the end is another possible frost lurking to catch the third. Whew! This gardener, on Vermont Avenue, has about everything that Joe has minus the fruit trees and castor oil beans. No moles, either that the Pilot could see. This year he is trying eggplant for the first time. The purple blossoms are just showing now.

The Pilot enjoyed that garden walk and hopes to take another the next not-so-hot day. And, he thinks (on Monday, with fingers tightly crossed,) "hasn't the weather been just perfect lately?"

**Poultry Suggestions For Month Of July**

late hatched pullets as well as the early pullets, should be vaccinated for fowl pox. There is a tendency for many poultry producers to overlook vaccinating the late hatched pullets. This neglect often costs heavily in lost egg production during the fall and winter. Be sure to vaccinate the pullets by the time they are 16 weeks old. It takes as much as 30 days after vaccination for the birds to become immune to pox. Pox vaccination may be done any time between 8 and 16 weeks of age. It should be done early enough for the birds to get over it and have immunity established before they start laying. An outbreak of pox as a result of neglect to vaccinate the flock can easily cost enough in lost egg production to vaccinate the flock for 15 or 20 years.

USE DDT to control flies in poultry house. Spray the inside walls and ceiling of the poultry houses to control flies. One spraying lasts several weeks.

PROVIDE ARTIFICIAL SHADE for pullets on range. If there is no natural shade on the range provide some shelters for the pullets. These shelters may be made by stretching feed bags over a frame, or by placing bushes on a frame. Keep the feed troughs and water fountains in the shade. Do not expose the feed to the sun, as it kills the vitamins. Temporary shade such as shelter is more satisfactory than trees, grape vines, buildings, etc. on account of diseases and parasites.

WATCH EFFECTS OF new grain on flock. When you start feeding new grain to the flock, start gradually by mixing a little of the new grain with the old and gradually increase the proportion of new grain if no bad effects on the flock are noticed. Be sure the new grain is thoroughly dry before you start feeding it to poultry.

CHECK AGAIN for lice and mites. Don't take chances with lice and mites. Check the birds often for lice and the roosts for the mites during hot weather. Better treat the roosts for mites anyway to prevent them from getting a start even though they are not found on inspection. It is easier to prevent mite infestation than it is to eradicate an infestation.

WATCH FOR LIMBERNECK. Keep the weeds mowed around the chicken lot, and keep watch for any signs of limberneck in the flock. A dead rat, frog, or chicken in the weeds, or under the building may start an outbreak of limberneck at any time. Be sure no feed gets wet, or spoils where the chickens may get to it.

PLANT ALFALFA for chickens. Start now to prepare an alfalfa patch for the chickens. Prepare the land early. Have the soil tested and lime it according to recommendations, and keep the weeds and grass cleared from the land. Get the land in good condition for planting the alfalfa in late summer or early fall. Alfalfa is very good green feed to cut

green for the chickens. When properly cured, it is a valuable feed for poultry in the hay form, or pulverized in a hammer mill.

GROW MORE CEREAL GRAIN for poultry. Plan now to plant enough cereal grains this fall so as to produce at least one bushel of grain for each layer to be kept next year.

Farm and Home Week at State College August 19-24. Make your plans to attend.

**Safety**

EDITOR'S NOTE: The National Safety Council is offering \$200.00 for the best editorial aimed at a reduction of the 4th of July accident toll and the Pilot is offering \$5.00. The following is written by our Carthage correspondent, Ruth Harriss Tyson.

The loss ratio on automobile collision was 118 percent in North Carolina last year. The insurance companies paid out more than they took in, and, in consequence the premium rate had to be raised this year.

"I don't know what has come over the people that they are doing so much reckless driving", said an insurance executive the other day. "They seem to have gone hog wild".

"It's a free country", we often hear people say in regard to this or that. "That's what we fought the war for, wasn't it?"

Free for what? It may be well to ask that question as Independence Day approaches, the day which annually takes a tremendous toll in death by accident on the highways. Free to kill and be killed by our unwillingness to obey the traffic regulations?

Our forefathers proclaimed our independence one hundred seventy years ago on July 4. Since that time, we have delighted to celebrate that glorious date — all too often with staggering casualties.

To be impatient of restraints seems to be our national heritage. Yet surely we must have realized by 1946, that each must give up a little of his personal liberty in order that all may be free. No where is this more clearly shown than in observing traffic regulations. But many do not — if the number of automobile collisions tabulated by the insurance companies means anything.

The next victim might be you.

**Scout Officials Discuss "Five Year" Plan**

The executive board of the Oconeechee Council met Friday, June 21, at 6 p. m. in the S & W Cafeteria, Raleigh, to take action on the proposed council Five Year Plan and the council operating budget for 1947, it is announced today by Hugh C. Isley, Raleigh, president of the council. The Five Year Plan, which has been in the process of development for the past several months, was presented to the board by E. A. Clement, chairman of the planning committee and the 1947 proposed budget was presented by A. W. Pridden, chairman of the council finance committee.

Other matters will be presented to the scout officials by Roy M. Liles, scout executive for the council.

The budget to be considered by the board is being proposed by the budget committee which has representation from each of the eleven districts of the council. The study was made in cooperation with the planning committee of the Five Year Plan and the amount proposed is necessary in order for the objectives for 1947 to be met.

Executive board members from the Moore District are: Paul Butler, Southern Pines, and F. B. Monroe, West End.

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