## THE PILOT

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#### Too Many Guns

The South has a reputation for belligerency of which it has always been proud. And with a good deal of reason, though whether the reason itself is good is another matter. When it forms the basis for the apparently generally recognized and tolerated custom of gun-owning and carrying, there is room for doubt.

Two stories of crime in our leading universities are filling the papers; in both cases the young men involved carried guns. Perhaps they didn't carry them all the time but they owned revolvers and had them in their rooms. Raymond Hair and Roy Coble were allegedly struggling for possession of the pistol when it went off: Leon Smithey, said to be a mental case, shot his friend, George Bennett, and then himself.

A war lies in our immediate past in which thousands of young men handled guns and became more or less accustomed to taking violent action. It is not unlikely that its aftermath will haunt us for some time to come. That these crimes happen is not surprising. What is worth thinking about, however, is the fact that these young men, and certainly many others of their kind, have guns in the first place. Why should they? Why should two Wake Forest or Chapel Hill students possess revolvers? Somebody must have known about it: why was it allowed?

A woman from a midwest state, coming to the Sandhills to live alone, not long ago, reported that several of the women she met exclaimed over her courage and all added: "But of course you have a gun!" When she said that she didn't, they were almost aghast. When, several years ago, an unfortunate incident occurred in a nearby town and a large crowd assembled in a matter of minutes, it was noticed that almost all the men were armed. Some had shotguns, but a good many had revolvers.

The old fear and its answer, violence, is still haunting Southern society. Those guns are a sorrowful response to it. That is probably inevitable and, in the hands of mature and reasonable people, may do little harm. But when youth is involved, when college undergraduates are allowed to have guns, nothing but trouble

When we come to ask how it happens that a man who was a mental case, recently released from the Fayetteville Veterans Hospital, came to possess a gun, the matter demands an authoritative answer. Where did he get it and from whom? The public has a right to insist that the man who sold or gave it to him should be brought to account.

## Winning the Cold War

During the last few weeks, Congress has been engaged, among a good many other things, in debating various phases of the Marshall Plan and ECA.

Thus far, its opponents have not succeeded in effecting too serious damage, due to vigilance on the part of the plan's supporters. But they have tried. They have done some harm and they will probably do more. Its opponents will keep on trying to sabotage this program for world recovery and peace, and it is up to the public to encourage their representatives in their fight for it.

On the second anniversary of the start of the Marshall Plan, which occurred last week, its author spoke to the people of America. He gave them his estimate of how well his plan was working and of what the future might hold. General Marshall has often said that the present cold war was a contest between two opposed theories of life, and a struggle for the minds of men. In his review of the Marshall Plan to date, he stresses this point again, and speaks words of tremendous import to all Americans.

We quote, below, excerpts from General Marshall's speech.

I never consider the European Recovery Program without recapturing in my mind the tragic state of western Europe in the spring of 1947.... The debates on the question of continuing the program, it seems to me, are confused by a variety of motives. An appraisement of the requirements of the day is befogged by a failure to realize that we are now engaged in a great struggle. . . . Winning this struggle is as vital to the peace and prosperity of the world as any military campaign in history. . . . But your job is only half done. . . . To those who assert that our targets cannot be reached within the short span of two years more, I would say that perfection of accomplishment cannot always be expected. But we have seen a close approach to that perfection in these past two years. . . . Looking again at the spring of 1947, and again considering the situation at this moment, I can only feel that one near-miracle has been accomplished. We must work for, and expect, another miracle. . . . We are engaged in a perilous struggle with an implacable foe; we must carry this battle to the finish.

## What We Have Here

Several letters have been received by this paper relative to the recently printed Chamber of Commerce booklet. While they give it praise, each notes a regrettable omission of one or an-

other town asset. One mentions the library, another the Civic Club, another the school, as not receiving notice in a publication designed to list the town's many fine points.

It should be noted and emphasized that the booklet was gotten up under great pressure. In order to have it ready for the spring season, it was necessary to act in a matter almost of split seconds. Its authors are aware, better perhaps than anyone else, of its short-comings. In fact, the booklet was looked on as more or less of an experiment to see just what sort of publicity was needed.

The booklet was made up, it is said, principally with the idea of answering questions which have been written in to the Chamber of-Commerce relative to Southern Pines. Most of them have had to do with hotel rates, sports facilities and the climate.

It is considered probable that if funds permit a larger and more detailed booklet will be published later on. When this happens, it is to be hoped that all the town's assets will be given the place they deserve. Because that is the sort of publicity needed, but there is another reason, too. There are a good many people here who have, during the years, worked hard and given generously toward building up the cultural life of the town. They would not want, we feel sure, personal publicity, but it is only right that their accomplishments should receive deserved recognition. The Civic Club, the Library, and certainly the schools are town assets made possible through such devoted service.

Other organizations which might be listed for their advertising worth, as civic-minded and of high cultural value, are the Moore County Historical Association, which holds most of its meetings here and has brought many distinguished speakers to town, the Garden Club, sponsor of the amazingly successful tour, and the Music Association which is bringing the state symphony here in May. Towns which can boast of such groups ought to boast.

Then there is the Shaw House, an important tourist attraction and the town's only tearoom. It is unique in this section and we imagine there is nothing to compare with its old world charm or tea delicacies for many miles up and down Route 1. It is the project of the Historical

Doubtless there are other such organizations which deserve recognition. The point is, however, that it would have been impossible to list them all in the Chamber of Commerce booklet, but that sometime they ought to be listed, for their own value and for the encouragement of those who work hard at making them a success.

Meantime, the present brochure ranks as a good start in the right direction.

#### Spring Migration

These are the days when the birds are starting to fly north. You see the flocks overhead circling around, you hear their little high guiding cries: "Hi! Here's a good place! Come on, folks!" And down they come with an excited twittering to settle in the old sycamore. They look like a lot of big fat persimmons clustered all over the branches. If you train the glasses on them you see they are cedar waxwings or swallows or little warblers, fluttering their shadowing wings.

The birds stop here on the way north and so do the human winter visitors. If you drive along route 1, these days, you meet them coming up from Florida. All along the road they come in their little cars with the lolloping trailer hooked on behind. The small arks on wheels sway and bounce and the big luxury jobs grind majestically along, dwarfing everything else on the road. Exasperated drivers, plugging along behind them, poke their car noses out, every now and then, trying for a chance to pass.

Some of these traipse on through town, or draw up at the trailer park between here and Aberdeen, pulling in under the shady pines. They stake out their claims, hook up to nearby water lines, and start getting dinner. The little ones have a gypsy caravan look, but with the big ones it's all solemn: the Grand Moguls of the road, tending strictly to business. Our pine trees are honored by their presence under their branches: so say their lofty stares from the trailer-doorstep.

Both these groups call the Sandhills a good stopping-off place, but beyond that and the fact that both are moving north, there is not much in common between the movers in the air and the ones on the ground. No, perhaps that's wrong: there's a sense of adventure, too, and a sense of accomplishment.

It shows up when both crowds start off again on their trek. The ones in the air start to twitter at the first sign of dawn, and their carryingson get louder and louder, while the branches are full of restless youngsters and their elders hopping about, arranging the line of flight, advising caution to the over-zealous and prodding up the late sleepers. Finally, and it must be at a signal, a few leave the perch and swing around the tree, the clamor growing till at last everyone is set and the whole flock takes to the air. They make a few practice loops, to get the night kinks out of their wings and the direction in their

feathery heads, and off they go. With the trailer people, the excitement is more restrained, and, as most of it takes place indoors, not so arresting to spectators. Sudden spurts of soapy water, gushing forth unexpectedly, a red and dishevelled countenance popping out the door to wave a dishrag in the sun, is about all that is visible till the final moment. Then the activity is terrific. Doors burst open, people dart in and out, stairs fold up, cars back up, stall, grunt, back up again, dust flies, as the hooking up is accomplished. Then with a final leaping into place and banging of doors, they start off, engine purring, trailer bucking over

the rough ground to the main highway again. Do the two crowds look back for a last cheery view at their pleasant resting-place? Do they say: "We'll see you again next year?" Who can doubt it!

## Mrs. Barkley Uses Easter Seals



Cheryl Ann Chisholm, 6, who has had cerebral palsy since birth, presents the first sheet of 1950 Easter Seals to Mrs. Alben Barkley, wife of the Vice-President. The 1950 Easter Seal campaign, which runs from March 9 to April 9, is sponsored in this state by the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults through its state society and local affiliated units.

## Grains of Sand

Wearer of the camellia turned

out to be Mrs. Kemp, whose hus-

band is a noted grower of camel-

lias and authority on them, a

judge at camelia shows throughout

While opinion was unanimous

on the whole beauty of the tour, it

was divided as to the prettiest

garden, with most agreeing, how-

ever, that Mrs. Audrey K. Kenne-

dy's was a fitting climax. Placed

last on the list of a dozen, it com-

Robert Youngman, of Youngs-

town, Ohio, played his ball from a

bunker near the fourth green of

The Public

**Speaking** 

Those residents of Southern

Pines who were fortunate enough

last Sunday to hear Arch Cole-

man's radio program, "The Edi-

question of importance to all of

us: whether or not to encourage

the establishment of industry in

This is not a new question. It

present appearance is that it

might be taken on it this time.

Of course, it would be ill-advis-

cause of a local scarcity of jobs.

The circumstances indicate that

we in Southern Pines should

adopt a middle course between a

compromising resort town. Only

in this way can we have a well-

balanced community. Sincerely,

RUSSELL E. POWELL.

In the Mailbag: A much appre-'drawn especially by a desire to ciated Easter greeting from the see the Shaw House. A lady in Guryn family, at Whitehall, the group was wearing an espe-Thanks, Guryns! We hope you cially lovely camellia. When one had the happiest Easter of your of the hostesses on the tour exwhole lives, and that there will be pressed admiration for it, she took many more of them for you and it off and gave it to the hostess. the other new friends who have come to us from Poland and other lands during this year just past.

You have brought us much that is good—among other things, an added appreciation of what we have here in our own land.

While we are promoting the safety campaign for children this month, let's think about the little dogs too! We all love them and, though we have heard one combined in one perfect, peaceful scene the outstanding charms of plaint about dogs running loose in Southern Pines since we came here to live, we feel that most people here like the dogs to have the freedom of the town. They are well-behaved and friendly, and as far as we can see don't make themselves annoying to the Pinehurst No. 3 course the anyone. (Exceptions: the dogs that other day. Ball struck against turn over the garbage cans!) the rim of the cup, bounced high

Dogs do have a way of running in the air and came down on Mr. out into the street without look-Youngman's head. "Statisticians ing and, no matter how smart they are, don't pay much attention to happening," reported the Pinetraffic lights. We've noticed time hurst Outlook succinctly, "shot and again how considerate most themselves." motorists are in watching out for them, and have appreciated it. Sometimes, though, a sad accident happens-two of us here at The Pilot have lost beloved pets in the past couple of years.

Recently we have heard of several pets being killed by speeders, and it has grieved us mightily. One of them was Tillie von Coughenour, smart and aristocrat- To the Pilot: ic dachshund of the Calvin Burkhead home. There were others A hit-run driver killed Tillie. Of course we know Tillie ought not to have been out in the street, but the thing is that Tillie didn't know that she trusted everybody and vited to speak their minds on a to have been out in the street, but that-she trusted everybody, and that trust was her undoing.

Children and dogs act in much the same way when crossing a this vicinity. street. They plunge ahead, unaware of menace, and forgetting to look. Whenever a dog is killed has been heard many times beby a speeding driver, it could just fore. What is unique about its as easily have been a child. seems some constructive action

Let's watch out for the children and for the dogs too.

The overwhelming success of ed to permit anything to destroy the garden tour last week, also of the unique charm of our village, the opening of the Beckwith Gar- which has attracted many thousdens on Easter Sunday, should ands of visitors in years past and fire up our pride in the beauties will, we hope, continue to do so we have here in our home com-

With only some posters and discouraged. some newspaper stories for publicity, the garden tour brought hundreds of people from all cor-ners of the state, and from other which should, after the approval states. The Fairmont Garden club of a competent local committee, came en masse. One young cou- be invited to locate here. ple was observed taking copious notes. Inquiry elicited the fact portion of one of our most pricethat the wife was a member of the less assets-the group of boys and Kings Mountain Garden club, and girls who complete high school or was going to give a program on college training, and are forced to the Southern Pines gardens to her seek a livelihood elsewhere behome group.

One Rockingham lady, visiting Paint Hill Farm, restored antebellum rustic home, s'aid she had notrealized before the potentialities wholly industrial area and an un-of beauty in the old. "We let our compromising resort town. Only old home go and built a new modern one," she said. "I'm sorry now

A group from Greensboro was

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