

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 another town asset.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Without doubt 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.

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!"

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 lolling trailer hooked on behind.

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.

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.

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 carryings-on 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.

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.

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.

Grains of Sand

In the Mailbag: A much appreciated Easter greeting from the Gurny family, at Whitehall. Thanks, Gurnys! We hope you had the happiest Easter of your whole lives.

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 complaint 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.

Dogs do have a way of running out into the street without looking and, no matter how smart they are, don't pay much attention to traffic lights. We've noticed time and again how considerate most motorists are in watching out for them, and have appreciated it.

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 aristocratic dachshund of the Calvin Burkhead home.

Children and dogs act in much the same way when crossing a street. They plunge ahead, unaware of menace, and forgetting to look. Whenever a dog is killed by a speeding driver, it could just as easily have been a child.

The overwhelming success of the garden tour last week, also of the opening of the Beckwith Gardens on Easter Sunday, should fire up our pride in the beauties we have here in our home community.

With only some posters and some newspaper stories for publicity, the garden tour brought hundreds of people from all corners of the state, and from other states. The Fairmont Garden club came en masse.

One Rockingham lady, visiting Paint Hill Farm, restored antebellum rustic home, said she had not realized before the potentialities of beauty in the old. "We let our old home go and built a new modern one," she said, "I'm sorry now we did!"

drawn especially by a desire to see the Shaw House. A lady in the group was wearing an especially lovely camellia. When one of the hostesses on the tour expressed admiration for it, she took it off and gave it to the hostess.

Wearer of the camellia turned out to be Mrs. Kemp, whose husband is a noted grower of camellias and authority on them, a judge at camellia shows throughout the state.

While opinion was unanimous on the whole beauty of the tour, it was divided as to the prettiest garden, with most agreeing, however, that Mrs. Audrey K. Kennedy's was a fitting climax. Placed last on the list of a dozen, it combined in one, perfect, peaceful scene the outstanding charms of all.

Robert Youngman, of Youngstown, Ohio, played his ball from a bunker near the fourth green of the Pinehurst No. 3 course the other day. Ball struck against the rim of the cup, bounced high in the air and came down on Mr. Youngman's head.

The Public Speaking

To the Pilot:

Those residents of Southern Pines who were fortunate enough last Sunday to hear Arch Coleman's radio program, "The Editor," on a local station, were invited to speak their minds on a question of importance to all of us: whether or not to encourage the establishment of industry in this vicinity.

This is not a new question. It has been heard many times before. What is unique about its present appearance is that it seems some constructive action might be taken on it this time.

Of course, it would be ill-advised to permit anything to destroy the unique charm of our village, which has attracted many thousands of visitors in years past and will, we hope, continue to do so in the future.

However, there are many small industries, clean and worthy, which should, after the approval of a competent local committee, be invited to locate here.

Every year we lose a goodly portion of one of our most priceless assets—the group of boys and girls who complete high school or college training, and are forced to seek a livelihood elsewhere because of a local scarcity of jobs.

The circumstances indicate that we in Southern Pines should adopt a middle course between a wholly industrial area and an uncompromising resort town. Only in this way can we have a well-balanced community. Sincerely, RUSSELL E. POWELL.

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