

# THE PILOT

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## We Must All Join This Fight

The opening of the annual Cancer Society drive reminds us that a great continuing battle is going on, financed by these campaign funds, in which all of us and our families have a vital stake.

The battle is a quiet one, waged far out of our sight, but with an intensity that is bringing constant small gains. It may take years before these will bring anything that can be called victory but none of us doubts that the victory will be won—some day.

We see the signs in occasional announcements within their laboratories—something new which sheds another small ray of light on the nature of cancer, its behavior and control. To make these seemingly small inroads on the enemy's province takes a constant outpouring of funds. In North Carolina these are being employed at the Bowman Grey Medical school in Winston-Salem. There are others all over the country, where scientists are putting in long hours, months and years of careful work.

Already, discoveries which have been made under this program can help ward off or cure certain types of cancer, if detected in time—and methods of early detection are one of the main objects of the research. The educational program, also financed by the Cancer society, is another important phase, for how can it help to know how to detect cancer in time, if the people do not know how to avail themselves of this knowledge?

We cannot overestimate the importance of the work which is being done in this field, and we consider the amounts of money asked to finance it ridiculously small in proportion. In Moore county, the goal of the April campaign is only \$2,750; in Southern Pines just \$700, a puny sum.

Yet because the cancer fight makes no great light nor loud noise, and the results are slow in coming, the campaign is in danger of failing.

No, you cannot see the drama of the cancer fight; it makes no stirring appeal; its armies march to no stirring music and no bright flags fly. Yet the drama is there, in laboratory and test-tube and the concentration of specialized knowledge, and in the potentialities of lives saved and suffering spared.

Each of us must do his part to help.

## A Gift To Be Treasured

The gift by the BPO Does of a beautiful drinking fountain, installed on the town park, is a happy one which will be appreciated and enjoyed for many years to come.

Many who pause for a refreshing drink from the fountain in future years will do so without knowing whence came the gift nor inquiring into the spirit behind it. They will know only that they were thirsty and a fountain was there. So it is incumbent on all of us, now seeing the fountain start off on its useful career, to say our thanks for ourselves and also for others to come.

The fountain serves also as a reminder of pleasant things which have been done for the town in the past, and others which yet need to be done—things possible only through the generosity of town organizations such as the Does, which make our town a more gracious and happy place to live.

Many organizations come and go in every town. Some disappear without a trace. Some lead lives of selfish pleasure. Others fill needs of their times which, while useful then, leave little for future generations to cherish. In Southern Pines we have been singularly fortunate in the civic spirit evidenced by groups such as the Does, who give us something for tomorrow as well as today.

Their gift to the town, and the spirit behind it, are both to be treasured.

## The Resignation of Tolar

Governor Scott had no choice in accepting the resignation of Tony Tolar as commander of the State Highway Patrol, and Tolar himself should have been the first to realize that, and restrained his bitter tongue.

It is a hard thing to be cast down from a high place, but the bitterness felt by Tolar cannot be nearly so great as that which the Governor must be experiencing, in having given a man a splendid opportunity and seeing him miff it in full view of the whole state.

It may be true, as Tolar said, that "political influences were at work" and certain people were "out to get him," but no political influence made him break laws the agency he headed was set up to enforce. In racing through a 35-mile-an-hour zone at 60 miles an hour in Fayetteville, with an alibi poorer even than the average citizen puts up in such a case, he was laying himself wide open. If he felt himself a source of political controversy, that, if nothing else, should have led him to tread his path of duty with most wary step, making Caesar's wife seem the personification of abandon.

There is nothing wrong with a political appointment per se. In making such an appointment, the person doing so is in effect saying, "You and I are on the same side, as has been proved, and I am confident you can handle this

job in a way to reflect credit on us both." However, once the appointment is made, it is up to the appointee to prove his fitness. He cannot expect to be wretches or carried along.

Governor Scott has had many appointments to make, as have other Governors before him. Many have reflected to his shining credit, while others have depended on the strength of the Administration to make up for their shortcomings. These apparently have not realized that that strength arises mainly from the type of service they give to the Administration and the people.

Granted that Tony Tolar did much that was good during his brief service as State Highway Patrol commander, this post almost more than any other in the state government depends for its value on the confidence of public and personnel. In this he let us down.

## From the Land of Leprechauns

Southern Pines will have distinguished visitors next week, whom we welcome with all our hearts, and to whom we extend our most sincere wishes for a happy stay in the Sandhills.

While this resort community is used to celebrities, it is seldom that we are honored by a visit from the ruling figure of a foreign power. To Sir Basil Brooke prime minister of Northern Ireland, and Lady Cynthia we offer our best hospitality.

They come to us as friends, visiting among friends, expecting no red velvet carpets rolled out before them but a natural and simple friendly greeting, with the opportunity to learn more about us while they are here. They have expressed interest in our rural life, our sports, our organizations and institutions—and Lady Cynthia even wants to see a bee farm. Above all, they want to rest and enjoy themselves and it will be our pleasure here in the Sandhills to let them do it.

Whether or not we agree with their politics at home, as long as it is friendly toward us, is of no concern at the moment. As a matter of fact, they will be here while our own politics are running high and they may see some things which will look mighty strange to them. We'd love to have them attend an old-fashioned political rally and give us their reaction—with the full flavor of their Irish wit!

They will beyond doubt see much to amuse them, much to exasperate them and much to interest them. We think, too, they will find much to like and to give them happy memories of the Sandhills to take home.

## An Excellent Choice

The choice of Mrs. P. P. McCain as dean of women at Flora Macdonald college causes us both sadness and gladness—sadness that we will be losing her as a mainspring of local activities, and gladness that her real talents and abilities will be used in a position for which they are so well suited.

We can think of no better commendation for any girls' college than having Mrs. McCain as dean. School faculties can look after girls' minds, but girls are made up of emotion, spirit and spirituality as well, and these are as important in the development of girl into woman—maybe more so. It is here that a dean of women finds her real opportunity.

Subjecting young women of college age to the influence of a woman like Mrs. McCain is worth far more than any college could charge, or any parent ever pay. As badly as we need her here, we know she will find her best field there and we yield her to the girls of Flora Macdonald without any misgivings, foreseeing deep satisfactions on both sides.

## The White Cane: A New Law

It is against the law now in North Carolina for anybody but a blind man to carry a white walking cane. This may seem to be arbitrary regimentation, interference with the liberties of the people, more governmental infringement, regulation, Statism, etc. Also it seems to be a very sensible idea.

President E. N. Pope of the Raleigh Lions' Club, which makes work with the blind a major project, points out that in these days of heavy traffic in the streets it makes it possible for a blind man to gain the attention of motorists. When a blind person carrying a white cane tipped with red crosses the street traffic must stop to let him by.

Of course, this is a governmental interference with the ancient liberty of all Americans to carry any kind of cane they want to—and of any color. Increasingly, however, Americans in and out of Lions' clubs realize that some liberties must be limited if the happiness and security of all the people is to be preserved. The white cane for the blind is an excellent example of those regulations in modern life which are the regulation of the liberties of some in order that the happiness and welfare of all can be more certainly preserved.

—Raleigh News and Observer

## Constant Vigilance

If the reader ever wonders about where the people who have accidents on North Carolina highways come from, a recent release from the Department of Motor Vehicles provides the answer.

The statistics in this release indicate that approximately three-fourths of the drivers involved have accidents within 25 miles of home. Approximately one-seventh of these drivers are from other sections of the State, and fewer than one-tenth of the drivers involved in accidents are from outside North Carolina.

It is not, then, the strange road or the unfamiliar highway. Perhaps the way is so well known that the driver takes chances without realizing it.

All of which indicates that constant vigilance, at home and at a distance, is necessary for safety on the highways. —Durham Morning Herald

# Grains of Sand

**People Are Nice:** A letter came this week to Mrs. Audrey K. Kennedy, president of the St. Joseph of the Pines Guild, which made her sad—and happy, too. It was from Mrs. Dean Bedford, of Providence, R. I., and contained a check "in memory of William E. Baker from his godson, Dean Bedford, Jr., Mr. Bedford and me" . . . Mr. Baker, a longtime winter resident of Pinehurst died at St. Joseph's Easter Monday.

The letter said, "I know what a wonderful winter the hospital and Sisters gave him and am sure he would want you to have something you need. . . He wrote me Easter Sunday and told me how happy he was, and how glad of the care he was getting" . . . The check was for \$50.

Friends of the Everett Allens, who formerly lived in Pinehurst, have been interested in seeing pictures of the whole Allen family in the April 15 Colliers, in a full-page ad of the New York Stock Exchange boosting the idea of family budgeting for investments. . . Mr. Allen, formerly a member of the Berkshire Hotel staff, is vice president of the N. C. Hotel association, and lives in Raleigh.

**On the Memo Pad:** Speech by Mrs. Gladys Tillet, scheduled for the American Legion auxiliary's meeting last week, had to be postponed on account of numerous local conflicts that night. . . Now that she's stepped down from the vice presidency of the National Democratic committee to give full-time support to the candidacy of Senator Frank Graham, we're even more anxious to hear her.

Nice to see Alice Baxter home again. . . She's been working two and a half years as advertising artist at Efford's, in Charlotte. . . She's back with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Todd Baxter, for a time and is working at Hayes Book shop.

Prettiest Easter corsage we saw around town—the one worn by Lou Culbreth, made for her by her seven-year-old son. . . Complete with ribbons and daffodil.

When Western Union decided it would go in for singing telegrams again, it didn't consult Mrs. Nellie Mann, who manages the local office, and if it wants her to do any singing over the phone it is due for a surprise.

"I just don't believe I can do that," she admitted reluctantly this week. Mrs. George Little, who helps her at WU, allowed as how she might try, though both sounded something less than enthusiastic.

Western Union, however, has cause to appreciate Mrs. Mann's efforts of the past though perhaps they don't know it. When her sons Delmar and Drennan were little, and "Happy Birthday" had to be sung over the phone, they were happy to perform this chore at mamma's behest, receiving as reward an ice cream cone paid for by mamma, not by Western Union.

Delmar and Drennan, however, have gone and grown up, as little boys will. They are off getting an education and probably wouldn't sing over the phone even if they were here. There are limits to what a grown man will do for an ice cream cone.

Looks like, if Western Union wants telegrams sung at Southern Pines, it will have to hire Lily Pons for the job.

**Bob Poole,** MBS disc jockey, tossed a quip at Pinehurst the other day over his afternoon program heard over WEEB. Between a couple of his musical numbers Poole spoke of the golf mecca of Pinehurst, and after another turntable selection came up with this one: "They have a law on the books that prohibits dogs from barking at night at Pinehurst. I'll bet even the folks at Pinehurst didn't know that! Wonder if the dogs there can read."

But the folks in Southern Pines didn't know it either—if it's so. Is it? Who can tell us?

Incidentally, Poole is from North Carolina himself. Hails from Stoneville, where they probably have some queer laws too.

**Ann Vann,** 12-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Vann of Manly, effected a strange family arrangement of cats and rabbits last week, which looked for a while as though it would save at least one baby bunny's life.

A mother rabbit of the Vann menagerie (and some day we'll tell you about THAT!) produced a litter of a dozen the other day, which were four more than she could accommodate at meals. It

looked like certain extinction for four unlucky ones until Ann took one and placed it gently with a new litter of kittens. Afraid of what the mother cat might do, she ran off, scared to look until her father went in with her. They found the baby rabbit had made itself right at home, with the mother cat purring happily and extending the hospitality of the buffet.

The rest of the baby rabbits however, perished with the peach blossoms when the freeze came Thursday night, so the cat family's adopted baby was returned to its own mother. Alas, it had a poor reception; fatal, in fact. Rabbits are quare critters.

**Madeline Prim,** Chamber of Commerce secretary, never knows what is coming up next or what she'll be called on to do. Last week for example she assisted in locating (1) a country store; (2) picnic scene with green grass and babbling brook; (3) horse farm; (4) bicycle path; and various other bits of scenery and greenery.

Instigators of the strange quests were **Bill Hartley,** writer, and **Ike Verne,** photographer, of the Red Book staff, who had brought a family of mother, father and assorted children to photograph against various scenes for illustration purposes. The illustrations

## What They're Saying

### LET'S KEEP THE MYSTERY

Chatham County folks tell us that people still come from far and near to see "the devil's tramping ground," that mysterious patch of earth where no living thing will grow in the circle allegedly trod by the prince of darkness.

And, at our latest report there has been no certain or incontrovertible explanation for the strange formation that draws the curious.

We mention this because "The Devil's Tramping Ground" is the title of a new book by John Harden, student of North Carolina folklore. The Chatham county location is one of 20 "mysteries" dealt with in the volume.

There's no doubt but what most of us like a mystery—and we wouldn't want to live in a world from which all mystery had been removed. In the modern world, all of us—but young people, particularly—are accustomed to looking for and finding a scientific factual explanation for everything. Scientific explanations are fine, but something important is lost when myth and poetry, which are the ingredients of most "mysteries," are completely discounted.

We are perfectly happy in not solving or having solved for us the mystery of the devil's tramping ground. And we'll continue to get a kick out of going there once in a while and giving our practical modern mind over to such fantasies as the legends about the spot may inspire.

—Sanford Herald

### PEST OF WOODPECKERS

"Rain comes in through woodpecker holes in the old wooden shingles, wasps also enter through the holes, and the interior of the steeple is plastered with mud-daubers' nests," Charles W. Shields tells the Chapel Hill Weekly in explaining some of the difficulties the Presbyterians of that community are meeting with in their attempt to correct a church spire which is leaning so far to the right as to suggest collapse.

Birds and such are hard on the Chapel Hill churches—pigeons made a tremendous pest of themselves with the Methodists until they were ejected and the tallest steeple in the village closed to them.

Wasps for years were wont to take over at the Episcopal church and, like death in their fondness for shining marks, made bald-headed members of the vestry particularly unhappy.

This is the first time mud-daubers have been reported; but the activity is due to the woodpeckers of which our scouts report an epidemic in Orange County's most classic shades.

Even at the risk of being thought somewhat irreverent, we are going to express the hope that the woodpeckers will confine their pecking to the church steeples in the main and anyhow leave Editor Louis Graves' attic alone. We don't think he would enjoy either wasps or mud-daubers if flying squirrels, as they sometimes do, took advantage of the woodpecker holes, he would be positively annoyed.

—Greensboro News

had to be in color, and were supposed to be made in late summer. The story? Nobody knew, exactly, but that was all right. Getting the illustrations was the thing.

Madeline did her best for them listing a whole array of like spots. Just which ones they selected, we'll have to watch Red Book to find out.

## HOW TO HAVE THE TIME OF YOUR WIFE

—is to get her out of the habit of spending a day or more each week on the family washing and remain the charming companion you found her to be during courtship days.

A gal just can't sparkle with personality after an all out struggle with the family laundry bundle. She cannot exude charm with a soap suds hangover and the weary look that comes from swinging a weighty electric iron for hours on end.

Your wife's time is worth a lot more than the comparatively small cost of a complete laundry service. No matter what shiny new facilities you may present her with for lightening the washday load, none can compare with the convenience of modern laundry service, to say nothing of the finer quality of professional laundry work.

Do you realize that just 1 day each week spent on washing and ironing adds up to 52 days a year, nearly two months of your wife's time doing the family washing?

Make up your mind to have the time of your wife by insisting that she send the family washing to the laundry and devote the time saved to better living for you, your family and herself.

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