

**THE PILOT**

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**Good Citizens and Good Friends**

With the question of a second primary unsettled early in the week as this editorial is written, the Pilot can only voice the hope that if the state is forced to have another, we shall not be also forced to endure a period as disagreeable as the last few weeks have been.

It has been a bad time for everybody and a measure of the tension and bitterness created by the over-all campaign has been the echo of it which has reached Moore County. Yet in view of the heat of the general campaign, it has been, perhaps, a sign of the fundamental friendliness of this place that things went pretty smoothly on the whole. Though feeling here ran very high, except in a few instances the warmth of friendship which exists between most citizens of this town exerted a telling effect for calm and justice and good manners.

In Moore County, ugly things cropped up, accusations were made, innuendoes and falsities were spread. But the great thing was that the bitterness did not go far. Friends respected each others' differences of opinion and remained good friends. Out in front of the polls in Southern Pines, the atmosphere, if a bit tense, was friendly. Good feeling was evident in the greetings called across from each little group under their separate pine trees. Members of bitterly opposing factions joked each other good-naturedly and a little mild kidding was the extent of most arguments. The only breach of good manners that occurred was quickly condemned by the chairman of the group and laughed off by the opposition as completely unimportant. A feeling of good sportsmanship prevailed.

We submit that that is the way it ought to be. After all, we are friends, all of us, and we're going to go on being friends. Certainly we are going to have to keep right on living with each other, and, as citizens, we expect to back up the candidates whom the majority of us have elected to office, just as, as good Americans, we always have done.

That being the case, if there is a second primary, let's try to take the campaign in our stride and keep it decent, and, if there isn't, let's forget the past one as quickly as we can. That is the part of wisdom. and the part of good citizens and good friends.

**Tree Conditioning: A Good Idea**

Clearly Southern Pines people are tree-conscious.

Last week a delegation from the Civic Club led by its president, presented a suggestion to the town board that seemed to meet with approval.

The Civic Club ladies proposed that means should be investigated for preserving the trees along town sidewalks from the mutilation of having the tops cut off for the passage of electric wires. They pointed out that the trees had originally been set out by the club and that they therefore felt a special responsibility for them. They suggested that, along the few important blocks on the sidewalk side of Broad street, it might be possible either to run the wires underground or else along property lines in the centers of the blocks.

This looks like a very good idea. It has been done in other towns and in several instances with the perfect cooperation of light and telephone people who have found that, when the wires were run underground, the initial expense was more than made up by the saving in maintenance.

There is no doubt that if the present system of pruning back the tops of the trees goes on, there will come a time when we will lose them. Trees will stand only a certain amount of such drastic cutting; already many of our town trees have a fragile look and are losing branches. It would be a great pity to risk losing them.

The town board appeared sympathetic to the Civic Club members' plea and it is to be hoped that their suggestion will be followed up. Meanwhile, it is worthwhile to give this matter of trees in town some thought. As a starter we print, below, a news story recently published in the Christian Science Monitor, describing the tree situation in the town of Louisville, Kentucky, and the way Louisville's progressive mayor thinks about it, believing it will be of interest to the Pilot's tree-conscious readers. It is entitled:

**LOUISVILLE COOLLY LOOKS AHEAD**

With the arrival of spring, Mayor Charles Farnsley's idea for "air conditioning" the city is getting a trial.

It has been Mr. Farnsley's contention that trees are air conditioning units, and that an abundance of trees will protect a city from the torrid heat and glare of mid-summer.

Accordingly, the city forestry division some weeks ago set out several hundred sugar maples, pin oaks, and scarlet oaks on grass plots flanking portions of 13 streets. The trees are now beginning to bloom.

"Trees make a city cooler, more comfortable, and more beautiful," Mayor Farnsley says. "Trees prevent radiation of heat.

They keep the sidewalks and streets from getting so hot. Brick, stone, and concrete absorb heat and give it out at night. Trees keep the sun off the sidewalk and prevent this radiation.

"Not only that, but the leaves absorb dust and sound. A cleaner, quieter, cooler city—that's what trees contribute."

**Deane and the Brannan Plan**

The Brannan plan was a major whipping boy of the campaign just ended, with candidates accusing other candidates of being for it, and the accused in general vigorously denying the allegation. We don't recall that anybody spoke a good word for it, or even went to the trouble to explain what it was. And we're willing to bet that almost none of the electorate and few of the candidates themselves know what is meant by the Brannan plan.

We pretend to no great knowledge of the plan, nor powers of prophecy as to how it would work. Even Secretary Brannan says candidly he doesn't know for sure. But we feel that it has some excellent aspects; and we have been impressed by its flexibility and the fact that, if tried and found wanting, it can be ended at any time without materially affecting the national economy.

To charges of the opposition that he had voted for the Brannan plan, Congressman C. B. Deane replied that this could not be true, as it had never yet come out of committee.

We owe to an advertisement against Deane the information that he had, however, voted for a "test run" of the plan on two or three commodities, to see how it would work. Like so many of the campaign ads, this one backfired in favor of its target, as far as we were concerned. We, too, would like to see how it would work. And we are glad to have a representative who keeps his mind open on new ideas, and refuses to condemn them unheard and untried.

**Two Good Men**

For the first time in thirty years, Southern Pines will have a man on the board of county commissioners. That is a matter for congratulation. But even more welcome generally must be the realization of the real unity that exists in Moore County. For Jim Pleasants was elected not by the people of Southern Pines, but by a county-wide vote. That shows to the doubters that we are not jealously divided, as many have claimed, but that we can and will cooperate for the good of all.

With the advent of Jim Pleasants to the board Moore County citizens gain a good man and lose a good man. There is no other way of looking at it. And, come to think of it, why should there be any other way? Isn't that about as fine an example of the successful workings of a democracy as you could hope for?

To exchange a poor man for a good man would be a satisfaction, of course, and the right thing to do, if we were faced with such a situation. But we weren't. We had a man on the board who had served with distinction and profit to the county for many years. In fact, it is a sure thing that Mr. Thad Blue's good judgment and broad-minded advice will be missed, or would be missed if we were not pretty certain, that it would be ever at the call of his former colleagues on the board and of the new member who will replace him.

That is perhaps the best thing about this election: the fact that Thad Blue and Jim Pleasants are good friends, that their families have always been friends. And that they are still good friends. Jim Pleasants was hardly in the picture in the old days when Thad Blue, as a little shirt-tail boy, used to come to Southern Pines with his father to do the week's buying, but the Pleasants family is an old county family like the Blue clan and the county's interest will always come first with any member of either family.

As for the commissioners, while they will miss a valued co-worker, we are confident they will extend the utmost cooperation to the new member of the board and will recognize that such occasional change is in the interests of good government. It is a bad thing for any group to hold office, unchanged, for too long a time. New blood in any organization, governmental or business, is deeply beneficial. Another point this change emphasizes to one and all is the fact that no governmental job is a sure thing; changes can occur and do, and, we submit, should.

But, for the one who has worked for so long and will now step aside, there will be felt deep gratitude on the part of all. As we welcome a new commissioner to our county board, we speak a strong word in praise of Mr. Thad Blue, the out-going member. He has given tirelessly of his time and energies to this work for his fellow-citizens. The grateful thanks of the people of Moore County are his.

**The Spring Conventions**

With the news that the Elks convention is to be held here comes the realization, once more, of how beneficial to our town is this convention business.

We have had a generous share of these big state-wide meetings this spring. They have brought here men of every walk in life, of every interest. Many leading North Carolinians have attended these conventions. The business, actual, at the time, and potential, through the advertising it brings the town, is great.

To our citizen-members of these organizations, must go the thanks of their fellow-townsmen for a good piece of work in helping to bring their state conventions here. Now that we have the fine big auditorium in which to entertain them, we may hope for a steadily increasing use of Southern Pines as a spring and fall convention center.

**Grains of Sand**

They're manning the barricades up on Ridge Street, in case you didn't know it.

Drive along that thoroughfare, keeping clear of the wall of red clay and dirt that has been thrown up along the south-west side of it, and take a look, if you don't believe us. Heads pop up over the top of the wall, firearms are brandished. . . well, they look a good deal like firearms. and if you get out and try to cross be sure that you know the password.

That's where the big ditch is being dug: along Ridge Street. Deep and wide and its bank is high. House-holders who, all winter, have fallen over the big black pipes that lay across their lawns, now fall into the ditch instead. If a host, on Ridge Street, leads the way politely to his friend, going home after spending the evening, he finds, sometimes, that the ditch has moved and he falls into it with his friend on top of him. So we are told.

As for the small fry: when they aren't manning the barricades and shouting all manner of fearsome commands at passersby, they are down inside of the ditch. Some of them have been known to go still lower, delving into the bowels of whatever is down below, disappearing on one side of the street and coming up, with wide grins on the other, to the admiring astonishment of friends and utter horror of parents.

It wouldn't surprise us if they took off down the pipes themselves and emerged happily paddling around, like the Water Babies in the story. Only they'd be way up there in the tanks, most likely, an even more delirious thought. We can just imagine the catcalls and whoops that would sound out jeeringly to their friends below.

The possibilities presented by a ditch are beyond imagination. A wonderful thing, this operation up on Ridge Street.

We're going to remember it the next time the Summer Recreation people ask for suggestions.

"Just lay another pipe-line or so!" we'll say.

The Pilot has a rule about publishing poetry. He will, and often does, reprint the published verse of recognized poets. On very special occasions, for what seems to him exceptional talent, he breaks the rule and proudly publishes something that is fresh from the pen.

This week he is breaking the rule: and whether it is because this is a special occasion, or a special verse, or because he is proud for any special reason is anyone's guess.

Anyway, the following poem came to The Pilot a while ago. With tooting of horns, blowing of whistles and ringing of bells, with a low bow and flourish to the so discriminating author, he proudly prints below:

**"OUR" PILOT**

by Bertha M. McNeill  
The folks at THE PILOT are fine as can be,  
They're kind and they're just, you can easily see,  
They'll take what you bring, and fix it all up  
So you're happy and glad, when you read as you sup.  
On late Thursday night, if lucky you are  
Or on Friday, perhaps,—if you live very far—  
For these are the days when THE PILOT you get  
And find all events and the days they are set;  
The news and the items are there, one and all  
We've helped to produce them, (tho' our part may be small)  
But THE PILOT's right there, ev'ry day **On The Ball**;  
They welcome your items, so come, bring them in  
And show them your interest, a friend you will win  
Show a vital concern for our fair little town  
And bring in the news that gives it renown  
We'll all stick together (for divided we fall)  
Helping to make this the **BEST PAPER** of all!  
Written May 11, 1950

One of the pleasing highlights of the recent Merchants Association convention here was the appearance of 30 lassies from **Flora Macdonald college**, the glee club of that fine Presbyterian school, who sang like angels as a feature of the banquet program. And an interesting feature of their appearance was their dean and director, an alert, intense, knowledgeable Scotsman named **Robert Smith** whose tongue rolled with a genuine Scottish burr, and whose dry wit inspired delighted laughter among the crowd.

Dressed informally, he inquired, "By the way, how d'ye like this rig-out? Next year I'll wear me dinner jacket." A member of the audience spoke up, "Why not your kilts?" "The fee is dearer," said Dean Smith solemnly, "when

I wear me kilts, sirr."

The girls wore white, with the bright tartans of 17 clans, some of them their own family clans.

They sang Mozart's Alleluia, Kentucky Babe, Holiday for Strings, Dry Bones, Flowers of Edinburgh, The Sleigh and All in the April Evening.

Dean Smith reported that they have made three double-sided records, containing 10 numbers, selling at \$5 for the lot. Send your check directly to the college.

Friends were startled when they looked in last Sunday's Charlotte Observer, not at the news that **Garland Pierce** had been elected a national director of the N. C. Postmasters association, but at the way he looked in the picture. "Heavens," one friend muttered, "What are they serving at that convention? It surely has changed Garland." The thin-faced gentleman with large ears, however, was simply somebody else, not Garland at all.

Our congratulations to the Durham Herald for a fine fast job of covering last Saturday's election, when they made pictures of **Senator Graham** and **Willis Smith** receiving the returns at 10:30 that evening; rushed the pictures and photoengraving through, put them in the paper and delivered them on our doorstep at 8 a. m. That's really getting out the news!

Adding to the joys (?) of election day in this office were two incidents which took place at the polls, involving two members of the Pilot staff.

One: the horrified discovery of one member that, in a moment of apparent hysteria, one of her children had registered as a Republican, and Two: the expression on the face of another who was accosted by a polite gentleman with an inquiry as to how she'd advise him to vote and the words: "Of course, I know your paper has not taken a stand on this election."

Needless to say, both incidents were greeted by hilarious and delighted howls of laughter from friends and foes alike. Reminding us of the old song "It's always fair weather when good fellows get together," even in North Carolina politics.

Or, as we read in our Bible the next day: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" And how unpleasant it is when they don't.

Let's don't don't, folks, . . . huh?

**The Public Speaking**

TO THE PILOT:

Some time ago I wrote an article about the "Teen-Age Drivers," which came out in the Pilot's Public Speaking column, and recently several people have seen me on the street, and have commented to me about the article. They tell me that they think that the article had served its purpose. I think that the teen-agers have shown great improvement over their driving, and I am glad to see that they have, for their sakes, as well as their parents' sakes.

Some of these people that I have talked with recently seem to think that it would be a wise thing for me to do to write another letter, about all of the wrecks that we have been having on U. S. Highway 1.

I agree with all the rest, when over eight lives are lost inside of 11 weeks, on a stretch of road not more than two or three miles apart, it is past time to face the facts, and try to determine the cause. I for one, do not believe it is the fault of the cars that are involved in these wrecks, or the fault of the roads. The reason that I say it is not the fault of the cars is that most of the cars involved are new, or not too old. I don't think that it is the fault of the roads, for I have driven Highway 1 from Southern Pines to Raleigh in all kinds of weather, and I haven't seen but two places where in my opinion there might be cause for an accident. One is the intersection at Cameron and the other is the narrow bridge just north of Sanford. Now looking back over the different wrecks in which these lives were lost, not a single one occurred at these places, but instead, they have taken place on a straight section of the road where visibility is at its best.

Now I have heard people say if they see a car or a truck that is trying to crowd them off of the road, they wouldn't budge an inch. Now I want to ask you, which is better, steel against steel, or steel against dirt? I for one will take my chances with steel (Continued on Page 7)

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