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"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep this a good paper. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Where there seems to be an occasion to use our influence for the public good we will try to do it. And we will treat everybody alike."
 —James Boyd, May 23, 1941.

Our New Lake

The opening of Knollwood lake, Southern Pines' lovely new swimming and recreation spot, Friday at 2 p. m. is an occasion for cheers and rejoicing. We hope everybody will turn out for the informal dedication program, appropriately equipped for a swim or picnic afterward.

This is one of the nicest things which has happened to our town in years. It has taken considerable effort to reach this point and of course it is just a beginning. Much remains to be done in the way of additions and improvements, in which everyone can have a hand, with all reaping enjoyment.

The need of such a place has been felt for years, and Mayor Page and every town commissioner can testify this has been the one recurring question from young and old—"When will we have our lake?"

We have appreciated the use of Aberdeen lake, Pinebluff lake and others, but there is nothing like having our own. Now we have it—a lovely one, with clear, fine sparkling water from springs flowing out of the clean sand; with woods and a beach, and picnic facilities.

We are grateful to E. H. Mills of Pinebluff for his gift of the lake and land; to the town board for the unswerving course they steered to secure us our heart's desire; and to Jerry V. Healy, chairman, and all those who have helped him on this "Finer Carolina" project.

It all adds up to a splendid new community asset, to provide healthful recreation, relaxation and sport, and to have our fullest appreciation for generations to come.

A Holiday Dearly Bought

American holidays mark wonderful milestones—wonderful in that they mark, in most cases, historic actions of unprecedented import, filled with the wonder of the emergence of a free people and the stating of their position before all the world.

Our American holidays, today enjoyed as times of rest, fun and recollection, were dearly bought, and none more so than the Fourth of July.

In the midst of the pleasures and festivals with which we traditionally mark this midsummer holiday, it is well to reflect that no other nation has such a birthday anniversary.

It was a day of terrible birth pangs—the severance of a new nation from its mother nation, with all the hopes, fears, doubts and questionings which have always accompanied such natal events. Many questioned whether or not the infant nation could really survive. Many did not even want it to, and had fought hard to keep the separation from occurring. The sponsors and guardians of the new nation did not at the time enjoy the confidence of all, and it is only with the passage of years that their names have become imbued with luster now untarnishable.

Today we cannot imagine ourselves as other than a free nation, and a great one, a leader in the world. Yet, as we have consolidated our gains, established our freedom and thriven on it, in recent years the shadow of freedom's loss has encompassed half the world. Its chill can reach even to us, in the midst of our midsummer celebrating; and for every thinking person the patriotic programs and the decorations of red, white and blue take on new significance in the light of potential danger.

Let us all then enjoy our holiday, in the traditional ways so peculiarly our own; but also let us remember what it has cost, not only in 1776 but many times since, what it is costing today in Korea in terms of blood, suffering and separation, and what, unless we cherish most dearly all that it stands for, it may yet cost, or else be lost.

The "Texas Steal?"

By the time this is published the Republicans may have straightened out some of their more complicated internal affairs, such as the delegate contests. Certainly we can set ourselves up as no judge or arbiter of these affairs, at least until those most concerned get together to seek a solution, or compromise, of sorts. All may be smoothed out in harmonious fashion—we doubt it, but it may, and we hope that it will, since party harmony is the end to be achieved.

Concerning the Texas matter, however, called the "Texas steal" by the Eisenhower faction, we cannot help feeling that, for both parties, nomination contests are exclusively intra-party affairs. It is fine, right and general to invite members of all or any parties to vote for whichever candidate they choose in the general election; but the selection of those candidates should be accomplished only by the duly registered and legally affiliated members of the parties concerned.

We as Democrats were extremely resentful of the behind-the-scenes meddling by Republicans seen in our State primary of May 1950. We certainly never had any idea of seeking Republican help in choosing a Senatorial nominee, nor did we feel that supporters of any candidate for nomination should do so. We were Democrats thrashing out our own party problems among ourselves, and that is the way it should be.

Democrats who wish to change their stripes, or Republicans wanting to do the same, can do so at the appropriate time, during registration periods or in casting their ballot where nominees of both parties are standing for election.

Evidence was published that the Taft faction also in Texas invited "disgusted and disillusioned Democrats" to attend their county and state conventions to help elect delegates. If this was so, we think they were wrong and acting contrary not only to party rules but party interests.

There has been no published evidence that any Democrats accepted the invitation of the Taft faction. They flocked to the meetings of the Eisenhower group, however, and helped elect delegates which are now contesting the seating of the others.

Let the registered Republicans choose their own delegates and nominees; let the registered Democrats do the same; the general election next November will be the time for "disgusted and disillusioned" Democrats, or Republicans either, for that matter, to cast their ballot for whichever candidate they like.

The Pageants Are Starting

"Horn in the West," the latest pageant-drama from the pen of Kermit Hunter, opened at Boone last week.

The news should bring a feeling of pleasure to many here who heard Mr. Hunter when he spoke to the Moore County Historical Association a year ago. The meeting, held at the then home of Struthers Burt, was one of the most interesting ever held by the society and largely because of Mr. Hunter's inspiring address. He told about the writing and production of his first pageant, "Unto These Hills," the story of the Cherokee Nation which he had just completed. He was then working on that production and also turning over in his mind the ideas which later developed into "Horn in the West."

It comes as no surprise to all who heard Mr. Hunter that night to hear that his last work is in the same high mood of poetic beauty and human feeling, a stirring presentation of the great trek through the hills to the promised land, "the dark and bloody ground," as it was called, along the trail blazed by Daniel Boone.

North Carolina, it appears, is a good breeding-ground for pageanters and its history full of the material on which they may draw for inspiration. But our writers are not confining themselves to this state. Both Kermit Hunter and Paul Green have strayed, the latter north to take up the story of Old Plymouth, and the former, Mr. Hunter, out to Illinois where his drama of Lincoln's early days played to packed houses all last summer and is fully expected to keep right on going.

We are indeed fortunate to have such talent here and, more, to have it concern itself with our history. We can't be reminded of it too often.

Cynicism's Little Helper

The House of Representatives has passed an amendment to the appropriations bill which would give members of Congress tax exemptions not available to other citizens or, in particular, to others on the federal payroll who reside and work in Washington under essentially the same conditions as do congressmen.

It did this, according to the chief of this newspaper's Washington bureau, without referring the amendment to committee, without holding hearings, without permitting debate, and without a roll-call vote.

In 1946 Congress voted itself a pay increase of 50 per cent—to a \$12,500 annual salary, a tax-free \$2,500 expense fund and 20 cents a mile for one round trip per session from the home town to Washington. The increase was long overdue, and this newspaper supported it wholeheartedly. A very good case can be made in 1952 that even this level of compensation is inadequate, causes hardships in some cases, and discourages some able men from seeking office.

But special tax exemptions—which would permit congressmen to claim all of their living expenses while in Washington (usually 10 months out of the 12), and all their travel costs as deductions from taxable income—are no way to solve the problem. And when such a dubious solution is "sneaked" into the legislative hopper the performance is impossible to defend.

Enough corruptible public servants, enough unscrupulous politicians, enough irresponsible commentators who cultivate the hate-market, seem to be doing their best to create a national attitude of cynicism toward all government. Does Congress have to join the wrecking crew? We trust the Senate will see the folly of legitimizing and meet the pay issue forthrightly and in the open.

—CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

Says Ike

Inflation, Gen. Eisenhower remarked at his press conference in Abilene, would cause prices and everything else to go "skyhootin'" can be proved to have a Kansas origin. In fact, most dictionaries of good or bad usage do not even mention it, and "The American Thesaurus of Slang" merely lists it with other words under "to depart hurriedly."

We do not know where skyhootin' came from. Maybe it came from the old West, when Wild Bill Hickok was the law in Abilene, and the cowpokes sometimes went skyhootin' off their ornery broncs. In any event, it is that kind of word, and "to depart hurriedly" is a tepid translation.

Skyhootin' is skeddaddling in an upward and outward direction. It is more explosive than to up and dust. And speaking of inflation, that's exactly what General Eisenhower meant.

—ST LOUIS POST DISPATCH

Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines

No. 11



Here is another inviting Southern Pines home of a half century ago. We'd like to have a chance right now to relax on that wonderful tree-shaded porch. Maybe there are people here today who used to do that very thing, or who can tell us, anyway, whose house it was, and if it is still standing and where.

Grains of Sand

It was nice to go into Jack's Grill the other day, sit down at the table and, even before we reached for the menu, have our friend who was waiting on the table say: "I know what this customer wants," and trot right off to get it.

That's the sort of thing that, we maintain, we should have more of in America. We stick in that "in America" because we found it one of the fun things of eating when we were abroad last year.

As contrasted to what has been our usual experience in most home restaurants, the business of eating a meal is taken seriously abroad, the customer's tastes are noted, and catered to assiduously. They may not always be approved; sometimes, for instance, one is reminded gently that this is just a little past the best season for eggplant. You did have it last week, with the cheesy sauce that was so delectable, but now it's just a little late: the vegetables are bigger and older and the taste is too strong. But barring such minor cautions individual tastes are carefully followed.

And so it was at Jack's last week. We hadn't been in there for godness knows how long, being in the habit of having a glass of milk and salad at home, but there it was: our glass of milk came and the junior club sandwich we always like. How the girls can remember, with all the people they serve and the different kinds of food is beyond us. But it certainly is nice. Which waitress? Well, that day it was our neighbor, Victoria Fitanides.

An air-conditioned cooling system has been installed in the meeting place of the Fireside Group of Alcoholics Anonymous. Wonder why the boys didn't save a little expense by simple moving their chairs back a bit from the fire.

Comment from a distinguished attorney over the announcement, made at a recent Kiwanis meeting, that the members had donated an air-conditioning unit for the Labor Room of the Moore County Hospital maternity wing: "Looks like it was the least they could do."

From a Contributor comes an offering which strikes us as singularly appropriate for a holiday weekend. . . . A time when many drivers relax normal cautions, though traffic conditions are at their most hazardous.

He writes, "I wish you might find space to insert this from the New York Times of Sunday, June 1."

"I agree with the writer, that many accidents, otherwise avoidable, occur from one-hand driving. One day while eating a roadside lunch I particularly observed passing cars, and I believe that fully three drivers out of four were driving with one hand, and most of them with the left hand hanging out, or extended upward grasping the edge of the car top. I know of five cases of car drivers losing their left arms because they were protruding outside of the car."

TWO HANDS

The perils of one-handed driving are cited by the Keystone Automobile club, which warns drivers against cooling the left hand by dangling it out the window while guiding the car with the right hand. The club points out that the operator relying on one hand cannot cope well with emergency conditions—that the second required to get both hands into action may mean the difference between safety and injury. Hand dangling is also confusing to other drivers, who may think they see

a hand signal for turning or stopping.

We have our annual message from P. T. Kelsey, who invariably picks the hottest time of summer (in North Carolina) to brag on how cool it is where HE is Sometimes (as San Mateo, Cal., sometimes (is now) Holderness, N. H. . . . Wherever he goes, it is always lovely and cool. . . . He SAYS.

"Wish we might send you some of this delightful cool, fresh air. You have my sincere sympathy in having to endure the temperatures as reported. Hope you all survived it in good shape! Best regards—PTK."

Drat the man! Bet you don't know who was mayor of Southern Pines back in 1891, or who was postmaster, or town clerk, or on the town board.

We wouldn't know either, if Mrs. Elizabeth K. Campbell had not brought a yellowed old newspaper to the office the other day. She had found it among papers which had belonged to her brother, the late Lawrence Shields of Carthage, and had been packed away since he attended the New England Conservatory of Music in the 1890s.

Apparently he subscribed to the Jonesboro Leader, for there was a copy, and under a heading "Southern Pines" such pertinent facts were given as post office hours (open just one hour Sunday!) and the town officials. W. R. Raymond was mayor; L. A. Young town clerk and treasurer; and commissioners were G. H. Saddleton, P. Pond, R. M. Couch, L. A. Young and Thomas E. Wiggan. (And they must have been the ones who gave up all the town rights in the alleys in 1892, causing unforeseeable trouble and lawsuits 60 years later.)

A. M. Clarke was postmaster, and Fred Chatfield was town constable.

Old Picture No. 10

The elderly couple shown in front of their vine-covered home in Old Picture No. 10 were the Rev. and Mrs. Emery, of Maine, according to majority opinion. "I recognized them at once—they were old friends," said Mrs. J. S. Reynolds. Miss Ethel Jones also said they were the Emerys, who came here to live following Mr. Emery's retirement from the Baptist ministry.

Mrs. Reynolds and Miss Jones, also Ray Trudell, who said he drove around hunting for the house and finally spotted it, agree that the Emery home is now that of the R. W. Bates, on the corner of Connecticut avenue and Page street. It looks different now, without all those vines, and with the fence gone also, but has actually not been remodeled to any extent.

Dr. G. G. Herr and Dr. E. W. Bush, discussing the picture, thought the couple might be Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, who owned Piney Woods Inn.

A series of dairy cattle fitting and showing demonstrations held recently in the State attracted an attendance of about 500 4-H, FFA, and calf club members, according to dairy specialists at State College.

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Looks at Books

By CONSTANCE FOSTER
People are talking about . . . THE WEATHER! Only one thing good about it so far as I'm concerned. On a blistering hot day I can give myself up to an orgy of reading without having it bother my conscience. In fact there isn't much else you can do with any degree of comfort. Losing yourself in a good book is the only way I know to forget that rising red column of mercury in the thermometer. Here are a couple that kept my mind off the heat:

EIDOLON, by J. David Stern, Julian Messner, Inc., \$3.00

Newt was a haploid. Don't blame me, the heat, or the type-setter for that sentence. Moreover, he was produced by parthenogenesis which means that he had a mother but no father. In short, this novel is a fantasy but an extremely erudite one, spiked with much fascinating philosophy about science and religion. I had a feeling that the author used his arresting plot mostly as a peg on which to hang his own ideas. It seems to be more Mr. Stern than 21-year-old Newt talking when this haploid prodigy launches into one of his learned monologues. Yet this is a singularly absorbing story with plenty of suspense and excitement.

Reporter Sam Raleigh, gifted with a nice sense of humor, tells the yarn. He's the slave of Express publisher Wade Powers who is a sort of cross between Kipling's Puck o' Pook's Hill and Lob Barrie's Dear Brutus. Wade pushes men around the way he does the pawns on his chess board. When he discovers the mysteriously brilliant Newton Muir, equally proficient at track and chess or anything else you'd care to name, nothing will do but he must acquire him for his collection. This collection fever complicates a lot of other lives, including Sam's marriage to Penny. And it doesn't help matters when Wade's beautiful but amoral mistress, Maritza, develops a yeyn for the gorgeous haploid.

Seems a haploid is a creature with only half the usual number of chromosomes, due to having no paternal contribution. Martha West, Newt's beautiful young mother, had really told the truth and wasn't fooling about her esoteric experience in the garret where she fasted for 15 days and "willed" her child's conception. It made things difficult for the elderly psychiatrist who had promised to divorce his wife and marry her if she succeeded. But she stuck to his bargain, and after Martha drowned herself because matrimony didn't appeal to her

after miracles, Dr. Muir raised the

fatherless boy as his own son.

It was something of an ordeal, even for a psychiatrist, to have a child on his psychoanalytic hands who read at the age of one year, and recited the multiplication tables up to 14 times 14 at a few weeks short of two. Seems it was due to an eidetic memory. There wasn't anything Newt couldn't do except adjust himself happily to the ordinary mortals around him. I got a kick out of this book, but finished it with profound gratitude that I'm diploid.

THE ROAD TO BITHYNIA, by Frank G. Slaughter, Doubleday & Company.

Somewhat I missed this book when it was first published last year and hope you won't. It is the story of Luke, the beloved physician and apostle. Ordinarily I am lukewarm (no pun intended!) about novels based on Biblical characters, preferring to take my King James straight and without benefit of fictional improvisation. But Frank Slaughter has done a beautiful job on this one and I like it better than the Lloyd Douglas or Sholem Asch attempts at the same sort of thing.

You really feel as if you were living back in the time of Acts as you read these pages, shudder at the stoning of Stephen, participate in the healings performed by the Company of the Fish who were called Christians first in Antioch, and meet many who had actually known Jesus.

Luke grows up from a young boy, interested in medicine, to a stalwart, disciplined surgeon who has been won from his early intellectual doubts to a profound faith in the teachings he first found written on the scroll, entrusted to him by the dying Stephen, and later expanded into his gospel.

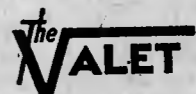
The early story of medicine, as it was known in those days, particularly intrigued me. Major operations were performed with only poppy seed to dull the sensitivities of the victim, and four strong men to hold him down when he struggled against the knife.

Not everyone will agree with the portrayal of Paul's character. He is represented as far from a saint. But to me there seem plenty of grounds for supposing that he must have been pretty inflexible and autocratic. He was certainly intolerant of Christians before his conversion. It is reasonable to presume that he was equally intolerant of foibles after his vision on the Road to Damascus. If you'd like to take a trip to the Holy Land but can't, read this book instead. For a few hours it made me oblivious to the heat of a Sand-hills Scorcher.

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