

By LOCKIE PARKER

Some Looks At Books

A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX by Bruce Catton (Doubleday \$5). This begins with a ball given on Washington's Birthday, 1864, at the Rapidan camp of the Army of the Potomac, a last gayety before the spring campaign, which would start another year of war. You get a close-up view of the officers, the varied personalities, their moods, their plans, their ambitions. Then comes a review of the men in the ranks, the grim veterans whose three-year terms were running out, the new men—a few volunteers, some draftees and the "bounty" men, the last pretty hopeless material for making soldiers. Catton writes uncommonly well and has you profoundly interested in both officers and men before you finish the first chapter.

His book is extensively documented but most of the quotes are from personal letters—some unpublished—and from company histories. He seems to have been primarily concerned to know what the battles of the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg looked like to the men who were fighting them rather than to argue military tactics or rehash official versions. He succeeds in making very real to the reader those long, grueling months from May 5 when the army crossed the Rapidan under Grant's leadership until the end of the war, eleven months during which "there was marching and fighting every day and very often both together."

Catton points out plenty of bungling in high places but is not especially bitter about it seeming to regard this as usual in war. He gives Grant credit for the grim will to drive on and end the war and has ungrudging admiration for Robert E. Lee's military ability. The latter's development of trench warfare upset the plans of more than one general until the Yankee army took to it, too, with equal enthusiasm. The officer described his men digging in at the end of a day's march without any instructions and concluded that they "though a rifle pit a good thing to have in any family with small children."

Such touches of soldier humor lighten this stirring and vivid chronicle, but Catton ever once minimizes the completeness of the ordeal right up to the last forced march through mud and dust when these tired men pursued the Army of Northern Virginia until Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Then as a soldier wrote, there was no cheering, the tired men to the ground and looked across at "those courageous Southern men who had fought for four long and dreary years all so stubbornly, so bravely and so well... it was piti-

ful, sad, hard, and seemed to us altogether too bad." **KISS ME, KATE, A Musical Play**, Book by Samuel and Bella Spewack, Lyrics by Cole Porter. (Knopf \$2.75). It is amazing that a musical play can be read so enjoyably as a book. The reason is that Shakespeare, the Spewacks and Cole Porter are all congenial and that, while most lyrics in musical comedies are written just as songs, these advance and help the story. The introduction itself is worth the price of the book, for it is an extremely amusing account of the way in which the idea of using Shakespeare came to the Spewacks and their efforts to persuade Mr. Porter to undertake the lyrics. The new light thrown by the introduction makes reading the play just as charming as seeing the performance. There has probably never been a more successful collaboration than that of these four people, as the play has drawn audiences of more than four million and still lives on in summer and winter stock, tents and arena productions.

—JANE H. TOWNE
RING ROUND THE MOON, A Play by Jean Anouilh, Translated by Christopher Fry. (Methuen \$1.50). This play is called a charade with music because the author "conceives his plays as ballets" and it must be taken as an amusing interlude such as one finds in music. It is beautifully translated by Christopher Fry. The French title, *L'invitation au Chateau*, seems to me a better title than the one used in England. The play itself is charming, but it is so light and ephemeral that it did not prove good material for Broadway. Even with understanding actors, it was not as successful as in Paris and London.

—JANE H. TOWNE
THE UNTIDY PILGRIM by Eugene Walter (Lippincott \$3.50). This is a Southern novel you can really enjoy because the author likes it here, especially Mobile, Alabama—a sonorous name that he rolls over his tongue with relish. Mr. Walter says that he had "for some time been bored slapdash to death by the Sad Cypress school of Southern writing," so he tries to steer a course between the somber violence of some modern writers and the sentimental, romantic school of white columns and magnolias.

For my money, he succeeds—don't be misled by the jacket. The book is very alive, very modern but full of the color and fragrance of Southern seasons and a deep admiration for some individual aristocrats who are products of the Old South. Miss Fifty, "with sweet anarchy in her soul," and Uncle Acis, living as he liked at Bayou Clair, outshine the

Social Security Representative Changes Office

Now Meeting Public At Town Hall; Other Services There Listed

E. M. Mote, Federal Social Security field representative for the Southern Pines area, who has been visiting the post office here periodically, changed his office this week from the post office to the second floor of the town hall where he has been assigned a room. He will be there to discuss all Social Security matters with the public on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, from 10 a. m. to noon.

Using this same office at town hall is D. A. Clark, driver's license examiner who is in Southern Pines each Friday from 8:30 to 5:30 p. m.

Also meeting the public at the town hall is Mrs. Smith, representative of the North Carolina Employment Security Commission who works out of the Sanford office, handling unemployment insurance payments and other employment matters. She is at town hall the second and fourth Thursday mornings of each month. Her office is reached by the rear entrance of the town hall building.

The public is reminded by the police department, with offices on the second floor of the town hall, that there is no State Highway Patrol office in Southern Pines. Persons with cars to be inspected by patrolmen should communicate with Col. M. S. Parvin at the Patrol office in the courthouse at Carthage. Highway Patrolman E. G. Shomaker, telephone 2-4145, is a resident of Southern Pines and may also be contacted. Patrolmen may occasionally be reached through the Southern Pines or Aberdeen police stations, but they do not have regular hours at these stations and the public is advised to contact them directly except in emergencies.

young people in the book and give them a reason for living with personal integrity instead of by mass standards. The story is told in the first person by a country boy who came to Mobile. He says that it could all have been summarized in one line, "How I commenced to be me."

David D. Grissom Dies; Funeral Is Conducted Friday

David Dixon Grissom, 72, prominent farmer of Carthage, Route 2, died Tuesday Jan. 12, at St. Joseph's Hospital after a short illness.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at Red Branch Baptist church, conducted by Rev. Bennie O. Maness of Robbins, pastor, followed by burial in the family plot in Mt. Hope cemetery here.

Mr. Grissom was born at Mt. Gilead January 25, 1881, the son of Benjamin and Nancy Grissom. He moved from Montgomery to Moore county in 1936. He was a member of Red Branch Baptist church.

Surviving are his wife, the former Bessie Baldwin of Montgomery county; four daughters, Mrs. Roy Melton, Robbins; Mrs. Ed Boggs and Mrs. Ed Boggin, both of Broadway, and Mrs. Junior Wehnt, of Gainesville, Ga.; five sons Melton H. and James R., Carthage; Bobby, of Sanford; Harold, of Flint, Mich.; and L. D., living in Mexico; one sister, Mrs. Minnie Hoover, of Mt. Gilead, and 22 grandchildren.

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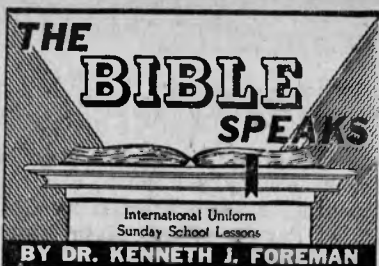
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Crossing Barriers

Lesson for January 24, 1954

NOT all walls are made of brick and stone. Some walls are not to be seen at all, but they are there. Have you ever been a shy young girl, a stranger perhaps, at a party where everybody seemed to be having a wonderful time? To your mind it almost seemed as if there were a sort of conspiracy against you. Everybody seemed to see the point of jokes you could not see at all. Everybody else felt at ease but you did not in the least. It seemed as if you could feel the wall that shut you in. Or consider another kind of party, a dinner in a home of some wealth.

The guests at a table are friendly and frank, they talk about matters that perhaps concern the servants who are waiting on the table; but there is a wall there no one can see. The servant would not for the world interrupt, because she is not supposed to hear. The guests talk as if she were not there.

Man-Made Barriers are these invisible walls that cause more trouble in the world than most of those that can be felt with the hand. In some countries they are more numerous than in America, but we have them too. The wall between the educated and the uneducated; between those who go to church and those who never do; the wall between the sexes, another between races; walls between old and young, between city people and country people; between management and labor, and so on. Such barriers are not always intentional, they arise naturally in certain situations. If a person has acted in some mean way against his community—if he has committed theft or adultery, and it is known—he finds himself shut out from decent men's company even if they do not put him

behind the walls of some prison. He may find these invisible walls so hard and high that he can no longer live in the town where he was born, but must go to live among strangers. Other walls, too, less tragic in consequences, rise without any one's planning them, such as the wall between teacher and students, between the boss and the workman, the customer and the merchant.

Some Walls Are Good Some walls are actually good. One of these is the wall of Privacy. The lady that runs the "Ding Dong School" on TV was saying only last summer that even little children need privacy. Mothers make a mistake when they insist—sometimes right on into the teens—on seeing every scrap of mail the child writes, on knowing every minute of the day what the child is doing. Virginia Woolf wrote a book called "A Room of Her Own." Isn't that what we all need? Many a family has broken to pieces just because the house where they lived was a bit too small. There was no place where any one of the family could get away from everyone else for a rest. We all naturally dislike busybodies, asking questions they have no business to ask.

How to Cross Barriers On the other hand, many man-made barriers are bad in their effects. They act as prison walls, behind them men and women sink into dark and poisonous air, wilting without the sunshine that comes to those living beyond the wall. Such a wall, in ancient times, was erected between the Samaritans and the regular Jews. It was an invisible wall; but it had no doors and no one crossed it. Yet one day Jesus walked right through that barrier and several other walls all at the same time, to talk to a Samaritan woman. Between were the walls of sex—gentlemen did not speak in public to women; of morality—she was beneath even "ordinary" respectability; of nationality and race—he was of pure blood, she of a decidedly mixed breed of intelligence—she must have had a pretty low I.Q. But Jesus talked with her—not small talk, which she would have preferred, but something far more serious and searching. Jesus was always doing this kind of thing. How did he manage it? By the simplest way in the world: he would go right through these man-made barriers as if they were not there, because he knew that walls which man's mind has made, man's good-will can make to disappear.

(Based on outlines copyrighted by the Division of Christian Education, National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U. S. A. Released by Community Press Service.)

December Bond Sales Increase

The combined sales of Series E and H United States Savings Bonds in Moore County for the month of December totaled \$55,450.25, according to a sales announcement made today by County Savings Bonds Chairman Stevens.

The combined sales of Series E and H Bonds for North Carolina's 100 counties for the month of December totaled \$4,047,714.75.

In commenting on the county and state sales figures, the chairman stated that December, 1953, sales of E and H Savings Bonds in North Carolina were 25 per cent higher than during December a year ago. The nation as a whole achieved a 14 per cent increase for the same periods.

The acreage seeded to rye for the 1954 crop in North Carolina for all purposes was the same as the 1953 crop—123,000 acres.

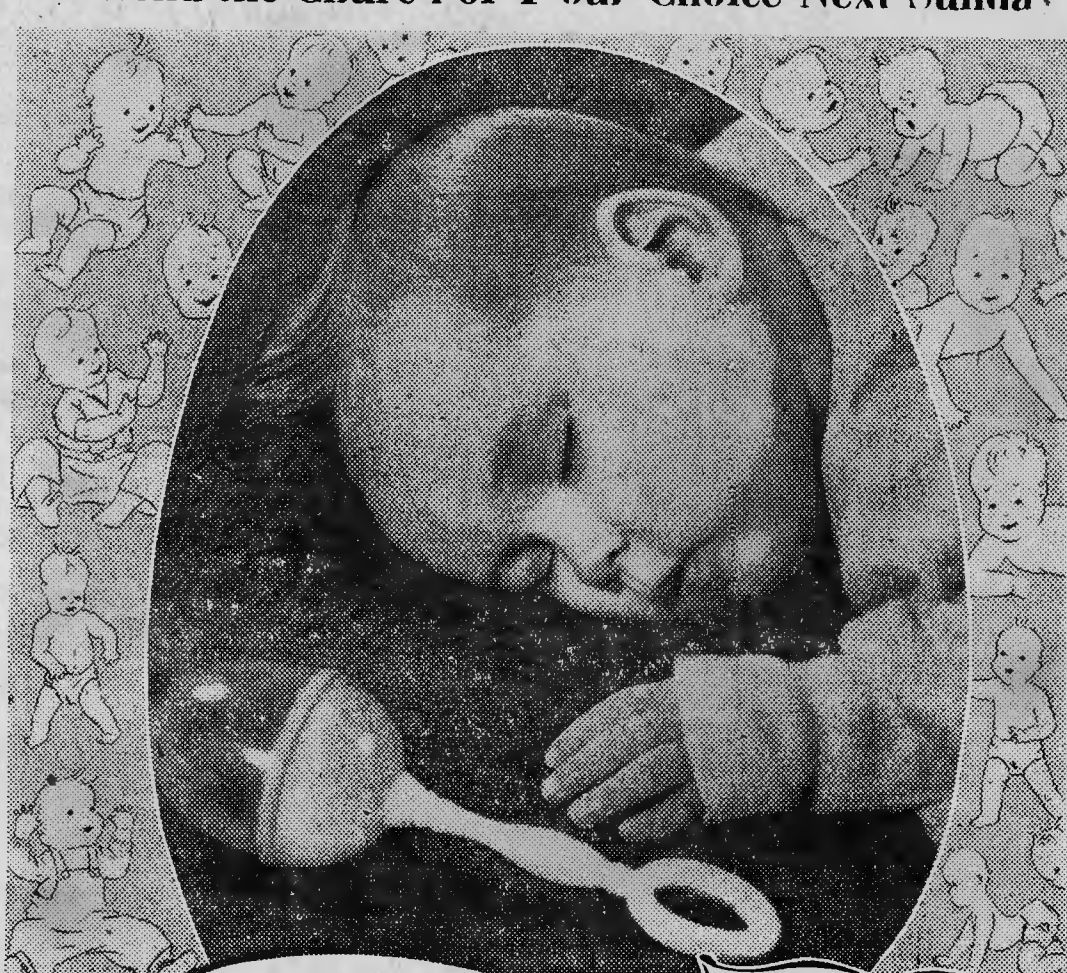
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Attend the Church of Your Choice Next Sunday



time-out

It takes a lot of energy to wield a rattle. It takes even more to crawl across the room. A fellow just has to take a time-out once in a while. That's an important lesson for all of us to learn. It is nothing short of suicide to let one's work and recreation rob his body of the natural opportunity to replenish its resources in rest. Our souls also need a frequent time-out. Life depletes our spiritual resources. Man needs regular times for worship, for prayer, and for religious inspiration.

The Church is meeting this need in the lives of many of your neighbors and friends. Are you—and your whole family—taking advantage of the time-out for spiritual replenishment which the Church offers? We invite you to attend the church of your choice next Sunday!

THE CHURCH FOR ALL... ALL FOR THE CHURCH

The Church is the greatest factor on earth for the building of a character and good citizenship. It is a storehouse of spiritual values. Without a strong Church, neither democracy nor civilization can survive. There are four reasons why every person should attend services regularly and support the Church. They are: (1) For his own sake. (2) For his children's sake. (3) For the sake of his community and nation. (4) Which needs his moral and material support. Plan to go to church regularly and read your Bible daily.

Day	Book	Chapter	Verses
Sunday	Exodus	31	12-18
Monday	Matthew	11	25-30
Tuesday	Mark	6	30-46
Wednesday	Acts	3	19-26
Thursday	Philippians	2	1-11
Friday	I John	5	1-8
Saturday	Psalms	37	1-9

BROWNSON MEMORIAL CHURCH (Presbyterian)

Cheves K. Ligon, Minister
Sunday school 9:45 a. m. Worship service, 11 a. m. Women of the Church meeting, 8 p. m. Monday following third Sunday.
The Youth Fellowships meet at 7 o'clock each Sunday evening. Mid-week service, Wednesday, 7:15 p. m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

New Hampshire Ave., So. Pines
Sunday Service, 11 a. m.
Sunday School, 11 a. m.
Wednesday Service, 8 p. m.
Reading Room in Church Building open Wednesday 3-5 p. m.

THE CHURCH OF WIDE FELLOWSHIP (Congregational)

Dr. Bennett and N. Hampshire Rev. Oswald W. S. McCall, D.D., Litt.D.
Interim Pastor
Sunday Worship, 11 a. m.
Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.

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FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

New York avenue at South Ashe
David Hoke Coon, Minister
Bible school, 9:45 a. m. Worship 11 a. m. Training Union 6:30 p. m. Evening worship, 7:30 p. m. Scout Troop 224, Monday, 7:30 p. m.; midweek worship, Wednesday 7:30 p. m.; choir practice Wednesday 8:15 p. m.

MANLY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Grover C. Currie, Minister
Sunday School 10 a. m.
Worship Service, 2nd and 3rd Sunday evenings, 7:30. Fourth Sunday morning, 11 a. m.
Women of the Church meeting, 8 p. m. second Tuesday.
Mid-week service Thursday at 8 p. m.

EMMANUEL CHURCH (Episcopal)

Holy Communion, 8 a. m. (except first Sunday).
Church School, 9:45 a. m., with Adult Class at 10 a. m.
Morning Prayer, 11 a. m. (Holy Communion, first Sunday).
Wednesdays: Holy Communion 10 a. m.

ST. ANTHONY'S (Catholic)

Vermont Ave. at Ashe
Father Peter M. Denges
Sunday masses 8 and 10:30 a. m.; Holy Day masses 7 and 9 a. m.; weekday mass at 8 a. m. Confessions heard on Saturday between 5-6 and 7:30-8:30 p. m.

OUR LADY OF VICTORY

West Pennsylvania at Hardin
Fr. Donald Fearon, C. S. S. R.
Sunday Mass, 10 a. m.; Holy Day Mass, 9 a. m. Confessions are heard before Mass.

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