

THE PILOT

Southern Pines North Carolina

"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. Wherever 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.

Learn, Think — And Vote On Tuesday

It is hoped that the rather poor turnout of voters in Monday's municipal primary is not an indication of the interest that will be taken in the election itself next Tuesday, May 7.

There are more than 1,800 names on the registration books, but fewer than 850 persons went to the polls Monday. There are an estimated 200 or so "dead" names on the books, leaving perhaps 1,650 persons actually eligible to vote in the primary and election. So only about half turned out this week.

It is presumed that many voters assumed Monday that, with only one candidate out of 11 to be eliminated, the strong contenders in the race would all be approved, regardless of the number voting. But that is a poor way for a good citizen to approach any election. A vote is a vote and it carries weight and importance under whatever circumstances it is cast. The old maxim is a true one: "Bad officials are elected by people who don't vote."

From the slate of candidates who will face the voters of Southern Pines Tuesday, it should be possible to choose a capable and representative group of officials.

We urge every registered voter to go to the polls. A council chosen by a large turnout can act with greater confidence. And the people, in turn, can place in such a council more confidence than can be accorded a group picked by a minority of the registered citizens. Both types of confidence are necessary if Southern Pines is to have good government for the next two years.

We urge, also, careful evaluation of the candidates by all who will vote. We like to hear voters discussing an election—with candidates or among themselves, thereby gaining and giving information. The short sketches about each candidate, appearing in last week's Pilot, may be helpful, but it is up to voters to supplement such information with anything else they can learn.

So—learn all you can, think hard about your choices and then VOTE on Tuesday!

Music, Music Everywhere

Events of recent weeks and at least one event to be held soon testify to this area's interest in music—an interest that this newspaper has long sought to encourage and recognize.

There was the Picquet Cup contest for high school glee clubs. We are thinking, too, of the many Easter musical events, including an unprecedented and impressive cantata given in the little village of Pinebluff, with assistance from a few singers in other Sandhills communities. There was recognition for the half-year-old boys' choir at the Episcopal church, a new departure and a promising development in the religious music of this area.

And then last week, there was a splendid concert by the full North Carolina Symphony Orchestra, directed by Dr. Benjamin Swalin. And there was the pleasure aroused in hundreds of the county's school children who came here for the Symphony's afternoon concert.

It is gratifying that the musical interests of Moore County extend not only to listening but to playing. In a well-attended concert,

'This Sceptered Isle . . . This England'

Attention has been so exclusively directed at the military angle of Britain's recently published White Paper, that another aspect of it, perhaps as important militarily as well as morally, may have escaped notice.

It is a fair guess that seldom, in the history of state documents, has the character of a great people been so strikingly revealed as in this stark, clearcut statement of the facts of the atomic age. Long before Winston Churchill told his people to expect "blood, sweat and tears" from the ordeal that lay ahead, this great nation has shown an ability to face crises, and not only the crises themselves but the fact that they were going to have to face them, perhaps the more difficult feat of the two. And so, it is not surprising, of course, to find this White Paper composed in the same vein of truth-telling, of looking the challenge in the face.

There is the quality of remorseless logic expressed without the trimmings of an extra word—again, to be expected of a people raised on the literary fare of Shakespeare, Milton, Burke, and their great company. Above all, there is the forthright insistence, inherent in this document—the demand, even—that no punches shall be pulled, that the people shall be told the truth.

Says the White Paper, after neatly summing up, better than any government has done, the full destructive quality of the atomic threat:

"It must be frankly recognized that there is at present no means of providing adequate protection for the people of this country against the consequences of an attack with nuclear weapons."

There you have it; and there the British people had it, as, over the breakfast table, next morning, they read the statement issued by their government.

Disregarding entirely the pros and cons surrounding the practical wisdom of the issuance of this paper, we submit that the attitude it presents is something to lift the heart. And that statement will seem odd to describe the apparent acceptance of doom. But surely it shows a courage, an ability to take it, psychologically as well as physically, that is infinitely reassuring.

And does not the fact that a government has such confidence in the stamina and fortitude of its people, that it has no fear of panic reaction, no fear, even, that it may be swept out of office if it tells the people the truth—does not this indicate a unity and an understanding between government and people, that should be infinitely reassuring to the allies of such a nation?

This is not the first time the words and actions of Britain have made proud her fellow-members of the human race—nor will it be the last.

'Sumer Is Icumen In'

The first warm day, everybody looked excited.

The second warmer day, everybody looked thoughtful.

The third warmest day, everybody began to walk slower and stand in doorways longer.

Then came the first hot day, and they started to creep along the street close to the wall to stay in the shade of awnings, they ducked into the cool of air-conditioned interiors; they started that summer call: "Hot enough for you?"

And then somebody said: "D'you suppose it's really beginning NOW?"

The thought that summer has come to stay is a surprising one to have when it's only just past April and into May. When it was next to no time ago that folks were fearfully reminding each other that it was just two years ago we had the big "freeze" and wondering if the peaches were safe yet. (But the lovely fragile things are never really safe till they're in the store, poor darlings. Or in the mouth.)

This warmth has caught a lot of folks unprepared—with their winter clothes down still, instead of up in the cedar closet in the attic. They were going to get all that done while it was still bearable up there. Now they will go through the yearly horror: struggling up into the inferno, staggering back down again on the verge of total collapse.

It isn't only household chores: some of those seeds they were going to plant early, before the ground baked to a crust are still in their packets. Too late for this year.

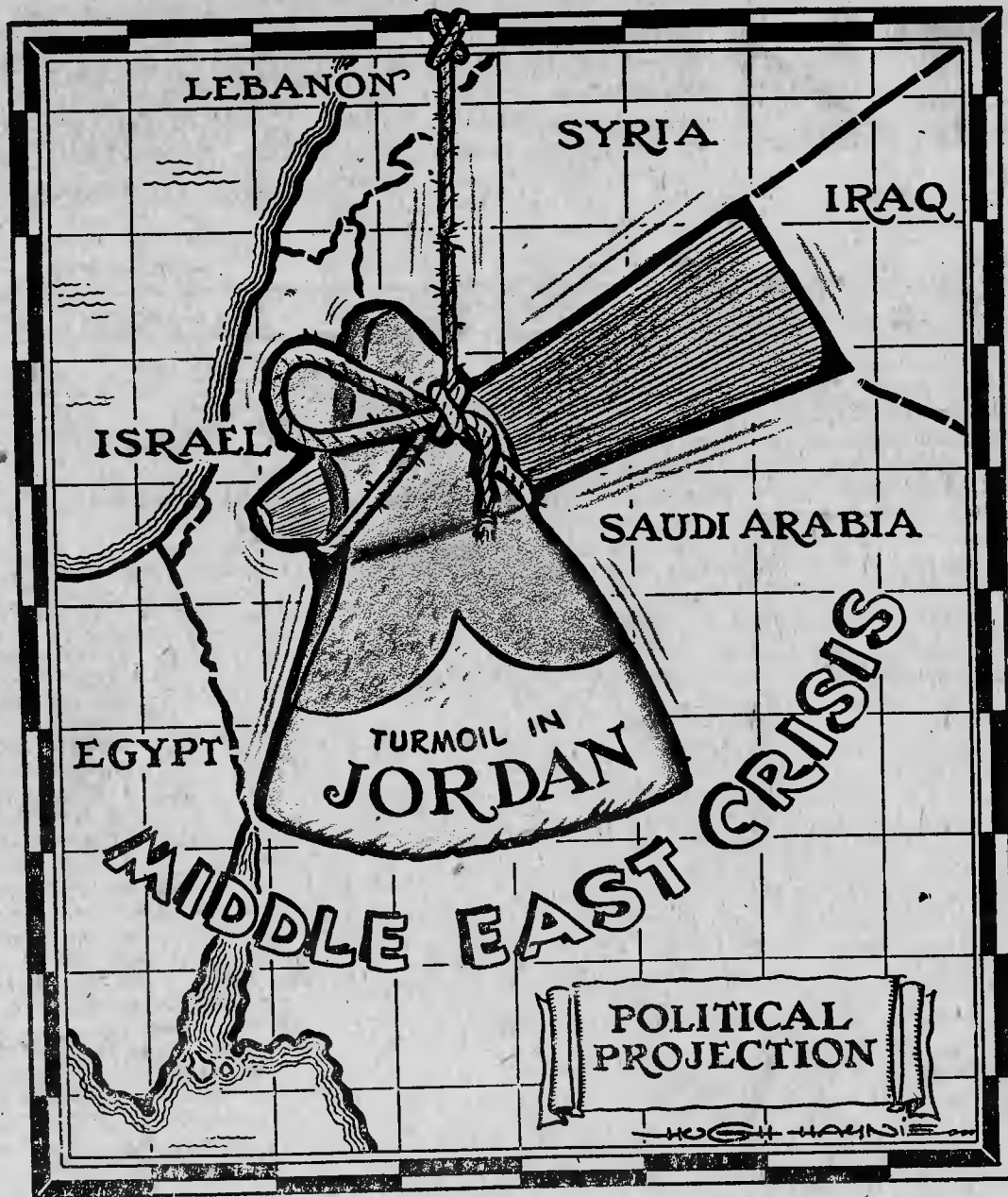
And now the dog starts to scratch. The fleas can't be starting.

Oh yes, they can. Also the poison oak. Also gnats getting through the screen at relaxing-reading-in-bed time. And the flicker drums on the tin gutter at 5 instead of 6 a. m. and all the birds sing and sing around him in the trees. Only now they start that about 4:30.

And thoughts of the beach creep in and are turned firmly aside. Not yet. Time for that when it's REALLY hot. Meantime, just loll along a bit and wait for the good old Sandhills climate to perform one of its usual quick-change acts. You'll be pulling up the blanket again most any night.

Sumer may be icumen in, but don't go cuckoo yet.

"Heavy, Heavy Hangs—"



Grains of Sand

Smoking vs. Reaching
A friend who's been smoking around a pack and a half of cigarettes a day decided to quit. How to do it? Recalled the maxim: whenever you want a smoke, reach for a sweet, or something, instead.

Carried on for a few weeks on that system and then junked the whole idea: too hard on the pocket-book. Here's how he said it worked out:

Two chocolate sodas a day. . . 40
Six Hershey bars. 30
Large can salted peanuts. . . 40
After dinner snack of good cheese and crackers. . . 60

Yearly Cost of Smoking: \$109.80
Yearly Cost of Reaching: \$620.50
Well, And oughtn't he to add the cost of buying a whole set of new clothes two or more sizes larger? Not to mention soda bicarb and doctors' bills.

That Guilty Feeling
When, two weeks ago, the Post Office Department was coming in for a bit of razing, so to speak, it occurred to our own P. M. to suggest, in the politest way imaginable, that this might be a good time for the public to mend its post-office ways. . . and he sent in a little list to the press to publish so that folks would see what he was talking about.

Were we the only post office patron to cringe with guilt as we read? The first two items, especially, hit home.

"Do not," wrote P. M. Pierce, "engage clerk in social conversation."

All very well, P. M. Pierce, but the trouble is: it isn't "clerk"; it's Alden, (or even "Peewee") and Dwight and Ola and Broadus and the rest—and Frankie, till he got sick (and by the way, we hear he's doing well up there at Oteen, and we hope he'll be back soon, because he's missed around here. . . and there we go: conversation again!).

Trouble is P. M.; all your folks down there are so NICE. The post office is such a pleasant place to visit.

Wanted: B. Karloff
And what about this one: "Bring postbox key when picking up mail; do not ask clerk to get it for you."

Ouch.
Well, we promise not to ask. In fact, we never do: just look stricken as we fumble madly in our bag, the while standing firmly in the center of the window. Till "clerk" groans—not too audibly—and gets it. And doesn't even say: "Here, TAKE your mail," while he hands it to you.

Garland, you'll have to get you some Frankenstein's back of those windows if you want us to take your pleas to heart.

Something New
New to us was the "wild blackberry syrup" served on griddle cakes by the Sir Walter Hotel in Raleigh—encountered during a breakfast recently before a legislative committee hearing.

This fragrant delicacy may well start the day auspiciously for many a legislator, promoting peace and harmony among the lawmakers, a great many of whom reside at the Sir Walter.

The wild blackberry syrup alone was ample compensation for the painful process of arising at 5 to be in the capital for breakfast.

We feel sure this syrup—which is light and not too sweet—is influencing North Carolina history. No lawmaker could vote for a harsh tax measure or other objectionable legislation after breakfasting thereon.

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EXCELLENT WATER SUPPLY IS STRESSED

Moore Resources Told In Brochure

The brochure recently issued by the Moore County Industrial Development Committee contains much information of general interest to the people of the county, as well as to the business executives to whom it will be distributed to urge consideration of the county as an industrial site.

Because of the expense of the brochure, however, it is not being widely distributed to the public. Therefore, The Pilot is printing some excerpts from the booklet, in order that more persons may read some of the information it contains.

The brochure has this to say, for instance, about the water, forest and mineral resources of the county:

Ample Water
Water is available from numerous natural springs and a number of large spring-fed streams. The countryside is dotted with man-made lakes, and deep wells provide ample water.

Because the water passes through a great natural sand filter, it is relatively free of minerals and other impurities. It would not be difficult to obtain a supply to meet the requirements of many thousand people practically anywhere in the county.

There are only two unpolluted streams on the entire Seaboard Air Line Railroad, both of which are located in Moore County.

Forest Resources
Moore County has approximately 305,400 acres estimated to be in forests. In 1938 (latest figure available), the stands consisted of 239,700,000 board feet of softwoods and 78,100,000 board feet of hardwoods. In 1942, five to seven sawmills were counted with an estimated production of 33,299,000 board feet, most of it hardwoods.

In 1950, 13,920 cords of wood were cut for the pulp mills and in the period 1927-1951, 1,117,600 seedlings were planted from State Forestry Department stock.

These figures show that, in comparison with some other counties, Moore's lumbering operations are not huge. Nevertheless, the county ranks sixth (among the 100 counties of North Carolina) in the value of standing timber, and at the present there are seven planing mills, each supplied by from six to eight sawmills.

Moore regards its forests as its greatest natural resource and annually appropriates an amount topped by only one or two mountain counties, for forest conservation and fire fighting.

Geology and Minerals
(Information supplied by Dr. J. L. Stuckey, state geologist.)
Geologically, Moore County can be divided into three basic divisions, plus the sands which overlie part of these basic divisions.

The northwestern part of the county is underlain by ancient volcanic rocks. . . The central part is underlain with Triassic sediments. These sediments are reddish to chocolate brown in color and consist of conglomerate, sandstone and shales. The Southeastern portion of the county is underlain by unconsolidated sediments of Cretaceous age. They consist in general of sand clays and sand and clay only partially consolidated.

Overlying parts of these formations come the sands of the Sandhills. The sands extend as far north as a line roughly drawn from south of Carthage through Big Oak (south of Robbins) on the western border.

Pyrophyllite
The volcanic rocks which underlie the northwestern part of the county contain the most important pyrophyllite deposits in the United States. The "tale" is being mined near Robbins by the Standard Mineral Company and near Glendon by the Chatham Contracting and Engineering Company in 1949, over a million dollars worth of pyrophyllite was mined in Moore County.

The Triassic sediments are not producing minerals of value. Sandstones were formerly produced there. The predecessor of the present courthouse at Carthage was built of local sandstone.

Shales such as are being used around Sanford are present, but are not now being produced. The Deep River Coal Field extends into the area north of Carthage, where coal of economic importance may be present. . .

BONEYARD

People still living can remember when southern small towns, however sleepy and non-progressive, were so well shaded that one could traverse their main street as if under an arbor. Then came municipal improvers who razed everything in favor of paving and poles, and now a man driving a car hurries through them as if through a boneyard.

—Phillips Russell in The Chapel Hill News Leader

'Lost' Car Proves Problem

Writing in The Franklin Press, Weimar Jones—who visited Southern Pines a few weeks ago as speaker at a League of Women Voters meeting—relates an experience that has been undergone by most of us, in some degree: "losing" one's automobile. But perhaps most of us are not as willing to confess our absent-mindedness as is Mr. Jones:

Aren't people funny? No matter how naturally a man acts, they seem to think what he does is strange.

I am reminded of that almost every time I am on Main Street. Having finished my errands up town, I am ready to drive back to the Press office. So I start walking up one side of the street, looking; then I go down the other side looking.

Friends Puzzled
Friends seem puzzled; so I explain: "I've lost my automobile." "Now what, I ask you, could be more natural than that? But they don't seem to understand." "Do you mean," they ask in alarm, "that it's been stolen?" . . . or just what do you mean?" "Just what I said: I've lost my automobile."

They don't literally shake their heads; they're too polite for that. But I can see from their faces they're doing a job of mental head-shaking.

Then I'm the one who is puzzled. . . and a little irritated. "I can't remember where I parked the darned thing!"

Surely that ought to clear the matter up; surely they ought to say, "Oh, I see"; surely their tone ought to suggest that nothing could be more natural, that everybody does that every day. Bu you should see their smiles!

Continue To Look

So I continue to look. "Let's see, did I park it here in front of the post office. No; it isn't here. . .

"Maybe on the other side of the street; no, that was yesterday. . . But it must be on the other side, because it's not on this one. . .

"Maybe the Main Street parking places were all full, and I left it down by the jail." And sometimes I find it there; sometimes I don't.

It's an awful nuisance, of course, this business of never remembering where you've parked. But it's not a new nuisance. I've done it all my life. Twenty-five years ago, in Asheville, I often walked the three quarters of a mile from the office home, was surprised to find the car wasn't there—and then remembered I'd left it parked within a block of the office.

Got Home With It
Then there was the time I sold our car; planned to walk for a while and save money. But the very next day I saw a car that looked just like the one I had sold, and got home with it before I remembered I didn't own a car.

As I say, that sort of thing is an awful nuisance. But, if, as I suspect, everybody does it, why are folks so all-fired amused when I do it?

As I said before:
Aren't people funny? No matter how naturally a man acts, they seem to think what he does is strange.