

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.

Neglect at Carthage: Who's Responsible?

A case tried in Moore County Recorder's Court at Carthage on Monday revealed shocking neglect of a prisoner in the Moore County jail and flagrant disregard for orders and recommendations made by the judge of the court.

Details of the case appear in a news story elsewhere in today's Pilot.

This is the background: On August 8, a 49-year-old man was tried in the Carthage court on non-support charges and was sentenced to six months in jail. It was ordered by the judge (and so written by him in the court's docket book) that the man be examined by the authorized county physician or doctor employed by the county to examine prisoners, before being assigned to work, and if considered able to work that he be assigned to the state highways. (The prisoner's physical affliction was arthritis). Also, in the judgment, Judge Rowe had written that "the court recommends that the defendant be given treatment for alcoholics if he can be accepted at any such hospital."

What happened? From August 8, when the sentence was pronounced and the orders and recommendation given, the man stayed in the Moore County jail and was not examined or questioned by any doctor. Neither was any attention paid as to the recommendation for treatment for alcoholism, although it should have been apparent to any official dealing with the case that this was the most important part of the judgment—the part offering the most constructive solution for both the defendant and the State.

Irked and puzzled when the man was brought before him Monday, with the information that he had not been examined as directed, Judge Rowe had little alternative except to free him, suspending his sentence on payment of the court costs, allowing him to return to a job he said he

had, and directing him to make weekly support payments to his family. If this ends the trouble, judging from what usually happens in such cases, it will be a miracle.

Judge Rowe quite frequently directs that defendants sent to the county jail be given physical or mental examinations. One wonders whether the orders in other cases have been as grossly ignored as in the case that came up Monday (and came up then probably only because relatives of the man came to Carthage to try to find out what had become of him).

Whether a physician was not called or whether one or more was called and neglected or refused to examine the prisoner are matters that should be determined. But as noted in these columns last week in connection with the neglected requirement that every prisoner admitted to the jail receive a physical examination, this is a matter for the county commissioners to investigate, along with the need for a county medical examiner to work in co-operation with the coroner, plus a general examination of the coroner's office.

If the county commissioners will not take the responsibility for such an investigation, who will? It has been several weeks since irregularities in the coroner's office were pointed out by the grand jury, yet, to our knowledge, the commissioners have taken no action.

Possibly the matter of what happened in the case that was revealed Monday should first be investigated by the grand jury, along with other cases in which physicians have neglected or refused to come to the jail when asked.

This much is clear. Much as the county commissioners might wish to ignore the possibility of skeletons in some of their official closets, they can no longer, in good conscience, avoid the facts. It's time they started opening doors.

Get Rid of UN? What Stupidity!

With the sudden crisis in the United Nations, that amazing enclave on the shores of the East River, the city of New York has been placed under a fearful strain. Crowded to bursting with the added influx of uncouth and rough-acting people—many of them really bad actors—New York has gotten nervy and fed-up.

It is perhaps not to be wondered at, but to see it, to sense the hint of panic in such a highly sophisticated and hard-boiled people is profoundly disturbing. Much of it is caused by the sirens screaming, heralding the arrivals and departures, with full police escort, of some of the bad actors, the roar of motorcycles, the shrilling of police whistles, the sight of the thousands of patrolmen, massed around the hotels of the V.I.P.s, and, the realization that, with practically all the police force concentrated in one area, the rest is left virtually unguarded. But it is more than that. New Yorkers have reacted with anger, with indignation, and in a spirit of curiously arrogant ignorance.

This attitude toward the current UN crisis, and the attack by the Russians, has been dismaying. While the official response is, of course, in line with the President's fine defense of the international organization, in New York the people's attitude has been, too often, almost in line with the Soviet position.

On every side in that city last week, one heard the phrase: "We ought to get the whole thing out of our country." And if the conversation continued one would hear: "We ought never to have had it here, anyway," and (from some) "Who wants those bums over here? We ought to send them packing!"

Apparently quite unaware of the fear-

Shred of Silver Lining

Newspapers are often accused of printing only bad news. Actually careful surveys of news coverage by the press have shown that the good news far outweighs the bad in the amount of space it receives.

It is only just to point out, that, after all, the newspaper does not make news. If the news is mostly bad then that is what the reader will find predominating in his daily paper or weekly paper. If it is good, then the case is reversed. Unfortunately the fact is that bad news is almost always more exciting than good news—having to do with earthquakes and fires and shipwrecks and air crashes and crime and Mr. K... as well as threats of war and nuclear disaster, not to say extinction. So it not only blazes itself wildly across the page but literally forces people to buy the paper and find out what's coming, or what's happened.

In the case of Mr. K's devastating speech last Friday, no great discrimination was needed to find those black and scary headlines. They popped up in almost every word. But not quite in every word. To show that it isn't only bad news that gets into print and that the Russian leader took pains to vary his bad with some good, we reprint several paragraphs

ful potential of the mounting crisis, unaware, even, that they were parroting the Soviet demands, people, right and left, were talking dangerous nonsense, talking it loud and long. And being listened to.

These people, and they were of every walk in life, seemed to have no knowledge of past history as regards the United Nations. Or they seemed not to care that this country, so responsible for the founding of the international organization, had welcomed its decision to locate in the United States, had offered the site, had been proud and eager to do its part, at that time, in establishing it on firm foundations of friendship and support. All they seemed to want, now, was to get rid of it as quickly as possible, with not a thought of the vacuum this would leave and of the vastly more dangerous chaos such a move would create.

It is admittedly hard to be objective and keep calm right in the midst of such a situation, but actually it was not the element of fear in the reaction of many New Yorkers that was so disturbing. Rather it was the stupidity, the arrogant ignorance and stupidity. Get rid of the UN? Do what the Russians say they want to do? Stop meeting and talking in the halls of that towering building on the East River and each one go it alone? The very thought brings a shudder.

It is up to the rest of this great nation, the people who live in those vast stretches, from the Atlantic to the Pacific from Canada to the Gulf, to reassure New York and doubters in other parts. It will take more than Mr. K's fulminations and Castro's rumbles in Harlem to drive the spirit of internationalism from these shores.

from his speech which, in the shuddery reactions of the moment, may have escaped some readers.

ON DISARMAMENT—"In the sphere of disarmament progress has been reached in the year that passed. The new Soviet proposal in many respects meets half-way the position of the Western powers which, as we hope, will facilitate an early agreement on disarmament."

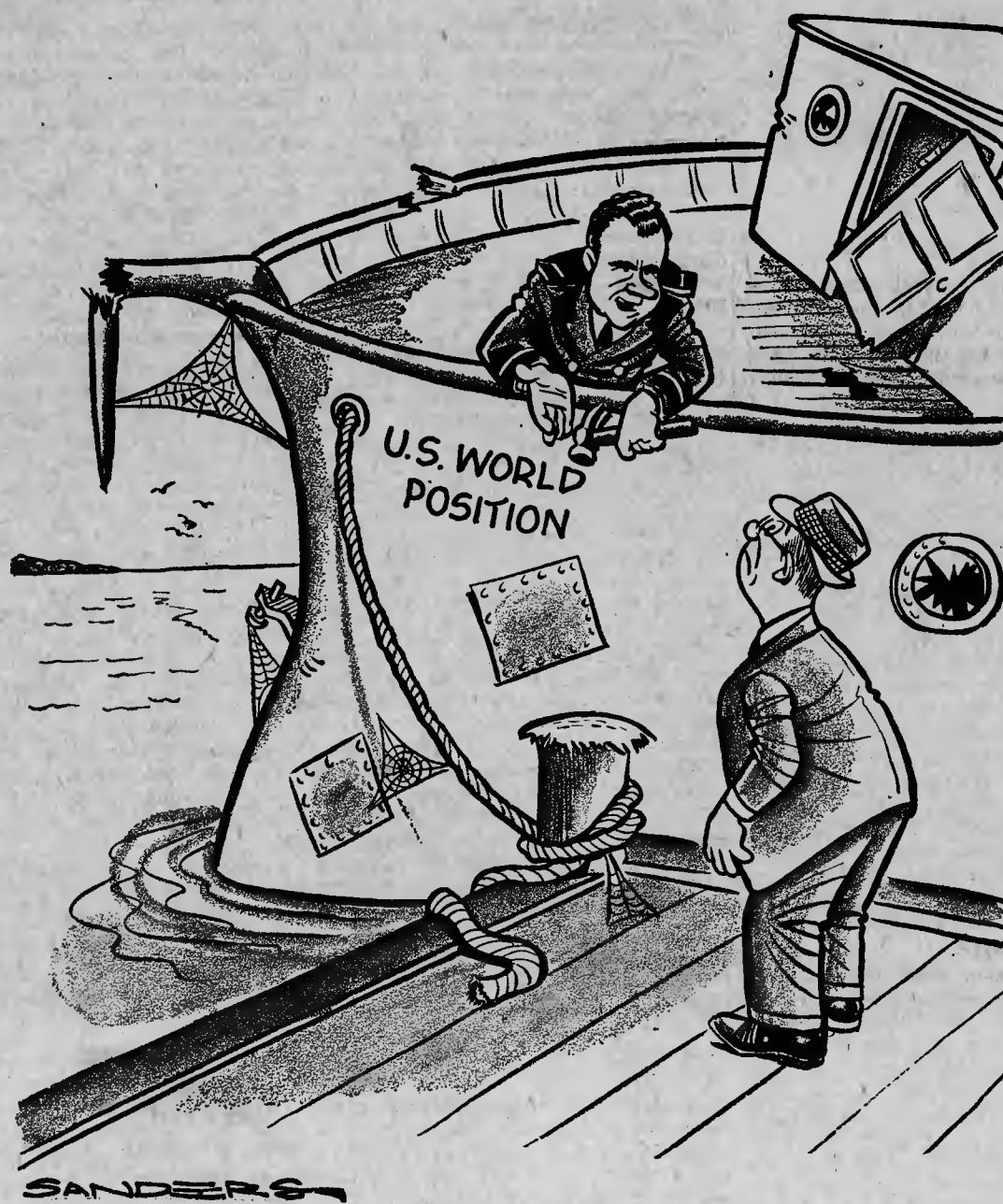
ON COEXISTENCE—"I will not disclose a secret in saying we entertain no liking for capitalism. But we do not want to foist our system on other countries."

ON GERMANY—"The Soviet government is prepared to wait a while for the solution of a German peace treaty, to achieve agreement on this treaty at the Summit conference which the Soviet Union has proposed be held in a few months' time."

Taken in the context of the rest of the speech, with its outrageous attack on the UN, the above may seem mild concessions. However, compared to former remarks made on each of these subjects, they represent striking changes of opinion.

When the clouds are so black, it's slightly reassuring to find at least a shred of a silver lining tucked away somewhere.

"She's In Fine Shape And I'm The Man To Repair Her!"



THE KENNEDY-NIXON DEBATES BEGIN

An Unprecedented Opportunity

First of the television debates between Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon, the Presidential candidates, took place Monday night, on domestic policy. The second and third programs, to be presented in news conference format, will follow on October 7 and 13. The final presentation, on October 21, will be devoted to foreign policy. When the debates were being planned, the Christian Science Monitor pointed out in an editorial the dangers and advantages of the debates for both the candidates and the public. Now that one of the sessions has been held, the editorial, which follows, is of added interest:

President Eisenhower has just signed a bill which can decide the election. It can count more than all the measures Congress has been sparring over in the short

session. It relieves the TV networks of any legal obligation to provide "equal time" for all candidates—no matter how obscure—seeking the same presidency.

Suspending the requirement of the Federal Communications Act permits the completion of plans for a series of TV debates between Vice-President Nixon and Senator Kennedy. Negotiations as to the time and shape of the proposed debates have been under way for weeks between representatives of the candidates and the networks.

It is believed that a series of hourlong programs would be watched by 100,000,000 Americans. It is hoped that these occasions will center discussion on issues. Even should there be no meeting on the same platform—after the Lincoln-Douglas pattern—something like a face-to-face meeting is contemplated. This should help. For where misstatements or personal attacks can be

directly challenged, speakers tend to rely more on reasoned argument.

One unsettled matter is whether there shall be audiences immediately present. (Should the audience be neutral? How do you find one?) Another question is whether there shall be panelists and questioning of the candidates. Would this help to sharpen contrasting views on great issues?

There are manifest—and hidden—dangers for the public as well as for each candidate in any TV debating. Neither quick-witted debating skill nor oratorical polish guarantees character or sound leadership. But the "square eye" is remarkably penetrating and perceptive. There is reason to hope that the debates will afford American voters an unprecedented opportunity to hear issues clarified and to judge the abilities and innermost motives of the candidates.

Seasonal Notes: Birds Making Final Show

H. W. Kendall, editor of the Greensboro Daily News, recently took time off from pondering the condition of the state, the nation and the world to write on a subject that claims the interest of many Sandhills residents: the birds. Here are Mr. Kendall's "seasonal notes":

With all the raucousness and intensification of the campaign upon us, a turn to seasonal notes, as fall puts out its first signs and feelers, ought to have a downright tranquilizing effect.

First off, I'd chronicle that this has been a proliferating year for the birds out my way.

I thought there were fewer than ever well along into the spring. In fact, I think there were fewer of the fly catcher family, humming birds, vireos and warblers. One pair of tiny red-eyed vireos which latched their neatly woven nest onto a leafy branch so that it was almost indiscernible, just off the back porch, gave such a fine view of the raising of their family that I could forgive

the scarcity.

The robins, thrashers, wood thrush and catbirds showed up a little later than usual, doubtless due in some degree to the lateness of the season, but in goodly numbers. For the most part, however, they remained quiet, subdued and obviously busy. As the summer's end approaches, the increase in bird population is strikingly noticeable. The new crop of robins, thrashers, catbirds and thrush are literally taking over the place.

Mockingbirds must be the bream of the bird family, as I've been told bream spawn every month of the year save one. How many broods the mockingbirds have hatched in the small trees and shrubbery around our house this season I'd hate to say. But another brood has just come out of a nest by the kitchen window. Even though they already seem to be as large as their parents, they're still yelling, all a-twitter, for food; and Papa and Mama Mockingbird are hard put to keep the trio's maws filled and squawks stifled.

The Boss of the Household and

I have missed terribly this season the bluebirds which had a nest nearby for several years. We'd heard others say that these birds of brilliant coloring and good omen had disappeared from their neighborhoods.

Cheering News

It is cheering news to learn, though, from no less an authority than Harry Davis, director of the State Museum of Natural History at Raleigh, that bluebirds we still have with us in normal numbers. They survived the hazards of weather and the sectional dangers, here in the tobacco-growing belt, of getting trapped and succumbing in tobacco barn fires. It's a winter tragedy for the bluebirds with the casualty list unknown until the pipes are cleaned out in the spring.

Despite these hazards, Director Davis assures, the bluebird "is not necessarily on its way out." He cites the number counted in the census taken by bird clubs of the Carolinas this year. While the Audubon Society does classify the bird as a "disaster species," it is believed to be on the increase again and, given a fair break, should get beyond the danger point in a few years.

Final Show

But the birds around now are making their final show. They are starting to molt. For a fortnight or longer you're likely to see and hear very little of them. Here and there in the yard or on the drive you'll notice a feather, large or small. One by one every feather drops or is pushed off by new growth. It is a trying, weakening annual experience. Finally, every bird will have its new coat, slick, snug and strong for the long journey south or for protection against the rigors of winter for those which stay behind. The mating season, the molting season, and then it's off to warmer climes or digging in, newly and more drably garbed, for the snows and winds ahead.

No More Horseshoe Nail Nutpicks

W.E.H. in Sanford Herald

C. A. Paul in Greensboro Daily News Sunday, got away back when he recalled the horseshoe nail that was kept for picking walnuts.

Been a long, long time since anybody kept a horseshoe nail for that purpose.

Yet in the early 1900's a brightly burnished bluish horseshoe nail was a must in every household, for hickory nuts, scalybarks and walnuts.

Some years later there came on the market nut picking sets. These consisted of a crusher and individual picks. I recall our first one—a set from the dime store for a quarter, replete with six individual pickers.

It was a mark of luxury those

days to have a nut cracker with picks. Many got by with a 10-penny finishing nail, the more choosy had horseshoe nails.

Horseshoe nails were impregnated against rust; that's the reason they were preferred for nut picking. They were super sharp, hard, efficient; served their purpose well.

Today you get your nuts shelled and salted in cellophane bags. Exit horseshoe nails, picking sets and lots of fun. Matter of fact, few even bother any more with hickory nuts, scalybarks and walnuts. Even brazil nuts and English walnuts are about forgotten, except at Christmas time, at which season they were lately the last word in desirables.

Grains of Sand

The Ivory-Hunters

What's that: Adventure fiction? The title of a best seller? Well, yes: in a way. It's the title that might have been given to excerpts from a letter Pat Stratton received from her brother, Donald Herring, up in the wilds of Alaska, where he has been recently employed, mapping, by plane and helicopter, oil reserves for his company.

Don writes of exciting adventures that combine the prehistoric with the up-to-the-minute.

"Up here all of us have 'ivory fever,'" he writes. "The boys have hauled a tremendous pile of tusks (mastodon tusks, Ed.) and are always looking for more. Ivory hunting is fun: You fly down a narrow twisting creek, about 50 feet up, everybody straining his eyes. When a tusk is sighted everybody sings out and you circle back and land the chopper on a sandbar and all pile out. You dig it out with your geological hammers and load it on the chopper. Somehow," adds Don, "the pilots, who are always so concerned about over-loading, never seem to mind when it's ivory."

Don wrote they found one tusk five feet long, weighing 150 pounds, and another eight feet long weighing 300 pounds. This last one they had to saw up in order to take it aboard the plane. There seems to be more than oil in them thar Alaskan hills.

Recipe

Colin Spencer of Carthage has always been deeply interested in the Old Times. He is one of the founders of the Moore County Historical Association and owns the tract in which is located the famous Old Scots Graveyard.

Mr. Spencer stepped up a few generations nearer, this summer to send GRAINS a recipe (sent to HIM by Mr. Robert Moore of Danville, Penna.) from the cookbook of his (Mr. Moore's) grandmother, Mrs. McGinness! The recipe was given to HER by Mrs. James Boyd, the grandmother of this newspaper's James Boyd. (Are you with us?)

(And how come Mr. Moore to know Mr. Spencer and to link all this up with the cookbook and the grandmothers and the Boyd family? We'd say: because they're all foresters. Including the original J. B.)

Here's the recipe: and recalling tales of Mrs. Grandma Boyd's ample proportions and her reputation as a dispenser of lavish hospitality, we have complete faith this was tops. (At least it was easy.)

FROZEN STRAWBERRIES

3 Pints Strawberries cut once
1 Pint Sugar
Let stand 2 hours stirring occasionally
Then freeze
Repack in freezer and let stand at least 2 hours.

Home Again!

Is there anything as wholeheartedly jubilant as the welcome you get from a little dog... or a big one... when you come home from a long absence?

To watch that ball of bouncing fur come tearing to meet you, tongue out, wildly yipping, surely warms the cockles of the chilliest heart.

But whose heart could be very chilly getting home to the Sandhills on one of the loveliest early fall days that ever was? The dogwood and oak leaves are clothed in bronze and purple and deep scarlet, the broom straw is dull gold and russet; way up high the big pines glisten in the sun. The air has a nip to it and smells of spice and burning and grapes and persimmons.

You feel the short turf under foot and kick a great big cone down the path and wish you were a dog and could bounce and wave legs and ears and a tail like that one to tell the world how good it is to be home.

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