

The Week in Aberdeen

Mrs. Fred Weaver and son Frederick, of Johnson City, Tenn., spent the Thanksgiving holidays with Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Weaver.

Billy Bowman, a student at Duke University, Durham, spent the Thanksgiving holidays at home visiting his parents, accompanied by his room-mate, John R. Pepper of Memphis, Tenn.

Mrs. T. B. Wilder has returned home after a month's visit with her daughters, Mrs. Karl Pohl in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Mrs. Robert Johnston in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Miss Edith Wicker has returned from a visit to friends in Miami, Florida.

Miss Grace Bradshaw of Columbia, S. C., is spending some time in Aberdeen visiting her mother, Mrs. H. H. Bradshaw.

William Maurer is leaving this week for Richmond, Kentucky to engage in the tobacco market until Christmas. Mrs. Maurer will visit her parents in Raeford during his absence.

Miss Pearl McMillan, R. N., and Dr. A. H. McLeod are spending this week in Tampa, Florida attending a medical convention.

Miss Grace McBride is confined to her home this week with an attack of appendicitis.

Miss Carolyn Bowman and brothers, John Wimberly and Hugh Edgar, of Norlina spent the Thanksgiving holidays in town visiting relatives.

Misses Betsy Jean Johnson, Mabel Bethune, Frances Wimberly and Kate and Lena Stewart, students at Flora Macdonald College, spent Thanksgiving day at home.

Mrs. J. Talbot Johnson and son Lawrence spent last Thursday with Mrs. Johnson's brother, Frank Holcombe, near Fayetteville.

Mrs. Lula McBride of Sanford is now the guest of her son, Vance McBride.

Mrs. Annie Jones has returned to Tampa, Florida after spending two weeks in Aberdeen visiting his nephew, John Sloan.

Mrs. Colin Osborne of Southern Pines and Mrs. John Sloan of Aberdeen attended a bridge party at the home of their sister, Mrs. J. T. Beard in Bennettsville, S. C., last Tuesday.

Fred Weaver and J. Van Rowe, Jr., students at the University, spent the Thanksgiving holidays at home.

Miss Jennie Clark of Raeford was the guest of Miss Betsy Jean Johnson last Thanksgiving, accompanying her to the N. C.-Virginia football game at Chapel Hill that day.

Walter Moore spent several days last week at Rowland visiting his daughter, Mrs. Cornelia Rose Bracey.

Mrs. J. E. Thomas of Clover, S. C., and son, Melvin Thomas of Fayetteville were guests of Miss Sarah Thomas last week.

Jesse Frink has returned to his work in Columbia, S. C. after visiting his family here.

Forrest Lockey spent a few days in Savannah, Ga., this week on business.

June Adams, Hoover Adcox, Colin Bethune, Dewey Troutman and J. C. Stancil attended the football game at Chapel Hill Thanksgiving day.

Misses Marcella Folley and Dee Batchelor of Peace Institute, Raleigh, spent the past week-end at home.

Little Betty June Thomas of Hamlet spent a few days last week in Aberdeen visiting her brother and sister.

Henry Wilder, student at State College in Raleigh, spent Thanksgiving at his home here, accompanied by his room-mate, Charles Gomo.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Ward of Willard and their children, Miss Nellie and Lauchlin, spent last Sunday in Aberdeen visiting relatives.

Misses Gwendolyn and Theresa Zimmerman of N. C. C. W., in Greensboro spent the Thanksgiving holidays at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shamburger had as their dinner guests last Friday Mrs. M. E. Shamburger, Mrs. W. S. Griffin and Miss Elizabeth Griffin of Star, Mrs. S. W. Anderson of Wilson and Dr. L. L. Shamburger of Richmond, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Doub and children and A. L. Burney and Miss Margaret Burney attended the funeral of W. E. Doub at Tobaccoville last Saturday.

Misses Margaret Rice and Katharine Johnson of Wingate Junior College spent Thanksgiving holidays at home.

Miss Bertie Goodwyn has been confined to her home for the past week suffering with an infected foot.

Mrs. R. C. Zimmerman was hostess to the members of the Home and Garden Club and a number of invited guests at the Community House on last Tuesday afternoon. Interesting papers were given as follows:

"Our Debt to South Africa and Other Foreign Countries," by Mrs. Jones Macon; "Fragments from a Chinese Flower Diary," by Mrs. George Martin, and a poem read by Mrs. E. L. Pleasants, entitled "Chinese Gardens." A Round Table discussion on "Fertilizing and Planting Sweet Peas and Shrubs followed which was most interesting, after which came an enjoyable social hour.

Miss Louise Caviness entertained the members of the Seventh Grade last Monday evening at her home here on the occasion of her 12th birthday.

The December meeting of the Parent-Teachers Association will be held in the auditorium of the Grammar School next Wednesday afternoon, December 12th at 2:30.

BURT WRITES OF BOYD IN PRINCETON WEEKLY

(Continued from page 1)

other subject in which he is interested, and is an authority on them. He is, and this is one of the salient things to remember about him, about the only first-class, hard-working novelist, save Anthony Trollope, who has ever hunted regularly, year after year, all through the season, and he is the only first-class, hard-working novelist of whom I have ever heard who was M. F. H. of a famous pack. He, and the same brother Jackson, known as "Jack," are joint masters of a famous pack, the Moore County in North Carolina. And before I conclude this feature of his varied life, I must mention another exceptional fact.

The Moore County Hunt is the only one I have ever come across that does not blight the surrounding country for everything that moves save horses, hounds, grooms, and equine-minded males and females. It is quite possible for inoffensive non-foxhunters to live in the vicinity and enjoy life. They are even allowed to mingle with members of the hunt on fairly equal terms. Perhaps not during those weeks when hunting reaches its peak, but certainly at the beginning and end of the hunting season. This, of course, results from the fact that one of the masters is a novelist and the other is a man interested in almost all things of interest.

Novelist
But this is only part, and a minor part, of the subject's extraordinarily varied character and temperament. He is as well one of the most distinguished novelists in the country, and each book he writes adds to a slowly growing reputation, all the more secure because it has never been ballyhooed and because the possessor of it, incurably unaware of it, is, thank God, ineradicably modest.

Ten years ago the country was delighted with a novel called Drums, probably the best description ever written of the War of the Revolution as it was fought in the South. Then came Marching On, a novel of the Civil War; to be followed by Long Hunt—a grand book, and I know because the subject of it is one very close to my knowledge—and, last spring, Roll River. Roll River is still selling fast, which, it seems to me, is a compliment to the American reading public, for, although it is a beautiful book, it is not a cheerful one. Deep, thoughtful writing characterizing it, and although it is often exquisite, it is also often, in its philosophy, austere. There is in all the Boyd writing this exquisiteness of expression and thought and feeling, coupled with a frequent Celtic extension of imagination and, and I dare say it is Celtic also, this austerity of philosophy. The latter two would be justly there, stemming from a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian ancestry. Occasionally our hero, but only occasionally, is also Presbyterian in his actions and reactions. Possibly that is a good thing. Maybe it saves one from doing a lot of things one shouldn't. But then, I'm not so sure about that either.

At all events, the Master of Fox Hounds is thoroughly Presbyterian in his reactions towards his first, fine historical novel, Drums. It has become a classic and is published in an illustrated edition and sells a lot of copies every Christmas. Its author doesn't like this, apparently forgetting that the same, not unworthy, fate has befallen Treasure Island, and Easop's Fables, and Gulliver's Travels, and most other books wise enough to interest the mature and attract the young. There are moments when the subject of this sketch is torn between a real taste for Elizabethan revels, and a Presbyterian uneasiness lest Christmas be wrong.

It is always fascinating to follow a career from the beginning, and one of the advantages of growing older is that it enables you to do it. If the career is a notably successful one there is satisfaction as well. I first met the future Master of Hounds when he was an undergraduate at Princeton; I graduated a few years before, was an instructor in English. The future Master of Hounds was out for the Tiger and since I had once been chairman of that paper, he came to see me and showed me some jokes and stories. Both were excellent.

The Professional Writer
After he graduated I lost him for awhile. He had departed for Trinity College, Cambridge, where he played in one of the first Oxford-Cambridge ice-hockey matches. On his return to this country he worked for a while as a reporter on a New York newspaper and as a reader in a publishing house. Suddenly he appeared again with a batch of short stories and poems. I being very young, and not knowing much about it myself, gave him very solemn advice, but I wasn't so young as not to know that I was reading

fine stuff, and he walked up and down the room, and listened. A sure sign of a future professional. The future professional always listens to advice, good or bad. And that reminds me that I haven't yet remarked upon his invariable habit of walking up and down while he is thinking. As he does so, his hands, which are in the pockets of his trousers, work these trousers further and further up his legs. When you see a lot of his legs, you know he has arrived at some definite conclusion. Socrates would have loved him. He could have trained all the other students in the fine points of peripatetic thinking.

This intense concentration, coupled with a certain absentmindedness, leads him at times into positions that are embarrassing. He thinks he is wary and self-preservative, and he is, when he thinks about it, but he doesn't always think about it. For instance, he sometimes accepts positions that require more work from him than he should give—for a while he was president of the North Carolina Historical Society—and, for instance, when you ask him to dinner you'll never know whether he is going to show up. Last spring I asked him to dinner and discovered, ten minutes before we sat down, that he was up in Virginia buying a horse. He doesn't need a ghost-writer, but there are moments when I feel he needs a ghost-diner-out. And he is famous for forgetting literary teas given in his honor. When he does go, such is his modesty and his country squire clothing, he is usually taken for an unknown cousin of the man everyone

has come to meet.
He is almost impossible to find when he is in New York. He thinks he lives at the Plaza, but his friends are sure he mistakes the Public Library for that hotel.

Three Incarnations Per Year
The war over, he returned permanently to North Carolina, where he had spent much of his youth, to take up a large acreage owned by his family. A return of the native, really, since part of his family originally was North Carolinian. There he lives with a wife, two sons, and a daughter, in a lovely house which, despite being comparatively new, looks completely old and southern, and there, annually, he goes through the incarnations which so delight his intimate friends. There are three of these incarnations, and without question they result from his concentration on what he is doing and from his highly developed novelists' trick of living in his one life a score of other existences.

First, during the hunting season, there is the English squire, seldom seen except in riding clothes; speaking the clipped accents of Cambridge; bracing the slight mist of new-ploughed fields. Then, during the summer and autumn, there is the novelist, thinking, talking, and dreaming books except for certain absent-minded forays into the field of small-boating racing off the coast of Maine. But between the hunting season and the summer there is an incarnation perhaps the most dramatic of all—the southern planter or old-time southern gentleman. Leisurely, witty, anecdotal, never perturbed, a trace

of classical, Horatian urbanity about it. This comes with those first languorous days in late spring when the South turns to an authenticity few northerners, seeing it only in winter, ever know. But I know, even without a calendar or thermometer, or that strange inward feeling of sauntering excitement which introduces itself, when I see the Master of Hounds in white clothes, his hands in his pockets, his brisk walk forgotten, a deep Dixie accent on his lips. I know that pretty soon he'll be sipping mint juleps on a lawn at dusk with a large, round southern moon coming up.

I don't know which of these incarnations I like best. All three have their distinct virtues. Perhaps I like best those exact three weeks when the planter is slipping gradually into the novelist. It is lovely to sit at dusk, a mint julep nearby, discussing quietly the fine things men have written or thought.

And that is about all, in a limited space, I can say. The subject, of course, requires a biography. I will not, however, leave it without a footnote reference to two other talents. The Master of Hounds is an excellent cartoonist and, when sufficiently pressed, renders "Casey Jones" with appropriate gestures better than anyone I have ever known.

Remington Rand portable typewriters \$34.50 and up at Hayes.

Pilot Advertising Pays.

Winners Announced in Essay, Poster Contests

Only One Boy Among Successful Competitors in School Event

Winners of the essay and poster contests in Southern Pines School were announced this week following judging by prominent local citizens and an exhibition of the posters in the window of Hayes' Bookshop.

In the essay contest Miss Bertha Fowler, high school senior, won first prize, with Miss Sarah Barham, freshman, second. The following received honorable mention: Misses Ruth Thompson, Ruth Richardson, Edith Blake and Muriel Spaeth.

Four prizes were awarded in the poster competition, to Jane Trousdell of the fourth grade, Dorothy Phillips of the fifth, Catherine Prizer of the sixth and Ralph Maples, seventh grade.

Mr. Stimson will preach on "The Things We Don't Understand" at the morning service in the Southern Pines Baptist Church.

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FLOUR 10c pkg.
Pearl or Grit
HOMINY 3 lbs. 10c
Calumet Baking
POWDER 1-lb Can 23c

Dromedary
GRAPEFRUIT 2 Cans 23c
For Salads or Frying
WESSON OIL Pt. 21c
The Perfect Shortening
SNOWDRIFT 6-lb Can \$1.03
Weston's
CRACKERETTES 1-lb. Pkg. 17c
D. P. Blend
COFFEE lb 21c

Fresh Packed Colonial Lima
Beans 10c can
Mother's Relish Spread or Salad
Dressing 4 oz. Jar 5c

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Has a Full, Complete Line of Fresh Sea Foods and Local Home-Dressed Poultry

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- Leg of Lamb, lb. 29c
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- Virginia Oysters, qt. 37c
- Fresh Shrimp, lb. 25c
- Filet of Sole, lb. 40c

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

- Brussels Sprouts, lb. 20c
- Celery Cabbage 12½c
- Broccoli, lb. 12½c
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- Cucumbers, lb. 10c
- Tokay Grapes, 3 lbs. for 25c
- Spinach
- Curly Kale } **2 lbs. for 15c**
- Turnip Salad }