

THE PILOT

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THE PILOT welcomes contributions to its news columns, but reserves the right to distinguish between news and advertising. Final deadline for news items and advertising is noon Thursday of each week. Cards of thanks are public notices and, as such, will be charged for at regular advertising rates. Expressions of opinion are also welcome, but each communication must be signed, although the writer's name will be withheld upon request. Letters should be kept to 300 words or be subject to editing. No anonymous contributions will be considered. To give personal items, other news, or for further information, telephone 7271.

IF MEN ARE MEN ARE BOYS TO BE BOYS?

Here's a situation where a few young fellows, only one scarcely over 21 and most of them much younger, are haled into Recorder's Court and Juvenile Court on charges of gambling. Many of them were convicted. The evidence, as far as it shows, is that the boys, some of them in high school, the others not long out, were playing a little black-jack for money, stakes not large, 5 and 10.

They were playing in a school bus which was not officially in use. They were also playing on a Sunday. They were also caught without any definite evidence that they were gambling, although most of them admitted it. They were young boys. Later that same day there was wagering on golf games in this section. This is mere conjecture, based on the fact that there is almost always betting on golf games around here. During the same week, there had been playing of punch boards in public places. Even after these boys had been taken in, and some of them found guilty, there were punch boards in operation at one or two places, although some of them had been taken down. Also, it is well known that at certain spots hereabouts it is possible to wager at certain times almost any amount the heart and pocket-book desires at one whack.

Now the question is, not whether gambling is proper—not whether any gambling should be condoned. The question is: should a bunch of high school boys, engaging in and watching a game of cards for money, be prosecuted under the law when their elders are allowed to go scot free, without mention, without public notice, and without being seen by the law, although they are in plain sight.

THE PILOT, in this issue, carries the names of some of the high school age, and slightly older, offenders, merely because they were brought up in court. THE PILOT has been asked to keep these cases out of the paper. In line with our policy of printing court news, we cannot do this. But we can, and do, protest that these cases should make court news when the major cases do not. We do not propose, that all major cases of wagering and betting be brought to court. We only propose that the law should at least treat all alike.

Many of the boys involved in the case were considered the up and coming young men. Not only was there nothing against them, but they had much to bespeak them as outstanding young citizens. If there is a man who has not taken a chance—either in a game of cards, on the stock market, in a business venture, on the golf course, around the roulette wheel, on the outcome of a sports game, over a news event, or in a game of skill, then he cannot understand this editorial. But anyone else will understand this. Also the women who play bridge for a quarter a corner or a twentieth of a cent a point—will get the point. Boys will be boys and men will be men and ladies will play bridge like all get out to win a prize at the Thistle Club.

The boys deserved rebuke and punishment. There is no question of that. They had broken the law and had been caught. But greater objective than punishment is correction. This could have been achieved with less

drastic steps than taking them before the county court.

TAXATION IN A NUTSHELL

Nearly everybody thinks he has some good ideas about taxation. He is taxed in some fashion or another and that in his opinion makes him an authority.

Actually nothing is more complicated than the study of taxation. The real tax experts are few and like most experts they frequently disagree.

For in taxation you have first the money problem; where and how to get the money to run the government.

Then you have the economic problem; how much a given group of taxpayers can bear without becoming impoverished and therefore unable to pay taxes.

Then there is the moral problem; is it fair to increase taxes of those who improve their property rather than those who let it lie idle, holding it for speculation?

Also there is the problem of who pays the tax in the end: if you tax radios for instance, the radio makers do not pay the tax out of their own pockets, they pass it on to the jobbers, the jobbers to the retailers, the retailers to the public. Since there is a tendency to raise the price by a lump sum, the government does not get all of the increased price the public pays.

Then there is the cost of collecting: how many people does it take to bring the money in?

Finally there is the cost of paying: some taxes are so complicated that just working out the amount to be paid, filling out forms, answering correspondence, takes a good deal of a man or a firm's time and money.

A good tax ought to be simple, easy to collect, easy to pay; it would encourage prudence, industry and ability and penalize idleness, waste and incompetence.

It should be just enough to finance, largely on a pay-as-you-go basis, an economically administered government, leaving the people as free as possible to enjoy the fruits of their labors.

To get such a tax, let alone a complete system of such taxes, you would have to secure the approval of the tax experts. That would be difficult as we have seen.

But even if you did, there would be no remote possibility of getting the system enacted into law.

The reason is that, the system being simple, it would be apparent who was being taxed and how much. This would destroy the voter's fond hope that somebody else was going to be soaked; not him.

Furthermore if it was a system designed to raise a definite amount which, in turn, was geared to a budget, there would be no escape from the unpleasant conclusion that you get only what you pay for. This would destroy the belief based on perennial campaign promises that it is possible to reduce taxes and increase government services indefinitely.

It is therefore foolish to expect a good tax plan in a democracy, since the people who elect the rulers prefer a system of bamboozlement. Good tax systems will only be found in totalitarian states where the people do not have to be consulted. But since the taxes in such states are used for the enslavement and destruction of the people, it is of no particular advantage to have them scientifically collected.

So we had better make the best of a bad bargain and be satisfied that at least we inherit a country where we are entitled by law to raise a squawk and that some times our squawks produce results.

WINNING THE WAR IS PARTLY WINNING PEACE

There has been occasionally raised in certain parts of the press the question whether post-war problems should be considered at this time. Our belief that this is a most important part of our problem of morale was strengthened during this past week. It came from a young fellow who is about to embark for duty in the war zone.

He was not complaining. He was not trying to Welch. He merely was wondering: What will I come back to. Old men are taking my job in the steel mills. Women are taking other jobs which I might hold. These mills were idle during the early 'thirties. Now they are working in war contracts. When the war is

GRAINS OF SAND

FROM UP AT MARTHA'S VINEYARD where he and Mrs. Stevens spent the last two weeks, Gene Stevens sent us (this was before they returned) a copy of the Vineyard Gazette, a country paper made famous by the book, "Country Editor," written by its publisher and owner, Henry B. Hough. Martha's Vineyard being a summer resort, you might expect a paper something like THE PILOT, but there was considerable difference. Among other things, the Gazette's front page is graced at the bottom of the page with a few advertisements. We don't have trouble keeping them off the front of THE PILOT—our trouble comes in getting them on the inside pages.

THE SLATE ROOF FOR THE new addition to THE PILOT office has been the pride and joy of R. F. (Buck) Tarlton, ever since he began construction of the building for Reinecke-Dillehay.

"Folks will talk about that roof," Buck said, "just wait 'till we get it on."

Hardly had the last nail been driven in the last slate shingle from the front of the roof, when J. W. Causey dropped down to the office from O'Callaghan's place. He took a look at the roof.

"That sure is a beautiful roof," he said. "I wish I had found some slate like that when I built my house."

Buck felt mighty pleased.

THE ROOF IS DISTINCTIVE. The slate came from an old house down below Fayetteville, where it had weathered storms for well over a century. It has many delicate shades of color which blend nicely into each other.

"All it needs now is a good rain," commented Buck, "and those colors will really stand out."

TEN YEARS AGO, ACCORDING to a column in the Sanford Herald: "First bale of cotton to be ginned by T. N. Campbell and Son of Jonesboro was ginned last Friday for T. C. McFarland of route 3 Jonesboro."

Today, T. C. McFarland lives in Southern Pines and operates one of the taxis we see about town, as well as doing a little farming and gardening at his place out on the southwest edge of Southern Pines. And on his front porch are several sacks of new picked cotton.

THE TASTE OF OUR FANCY free experimenters in nomenclature, as borne on the Army jeeps and wagons, as noted this week, runs from ichthyology and ornithology to the aboreal; from majestic dignity to the comic. The list includes Astor, Bob Cat, Blue Eyes, Best, Beech, Collins, Cupid, Caius Tacitus, Derna Junior, Kremlin, Lady Lou, Manassass, Maniac, O Gee, Olaf, Odette, Pee Wee, Sot, Shorty, Sherman, Tarpon, Wag-tail.

RENEWING THE PILOT DISCUSSION of last week, mainly concerning our newcomers, Captain and Mrs. Gordon W. Pilot, we have since learned from Captain Pilot that his late father, H. W. Pilot, ran a weekly in Lorain, Ohio, back about 1908, for several years, which was called THE PILOT, making that paper so much older than our own, that it was out of existence before Stacy Brewer started this paper in Vass in 1920.

ALL OF WHICH BRINGS UP the interesting question—how did THE PILOT of Moore County get its name? Why, here in the Sandhills, should there suddenly appear a newsweekly named THE PILOT. According to its founder and christener, Stacy Brewer, the answer is simple and not at all fascinating, really.

Late in 1920, Stacy was ready to start his paper at Vass, with the help of the late A. M. Cameron, and had about everything needed except the name. One evening, as he was taking off his shoes, he glanced down at a daily paper. There was an advertisement of the Pilot Life Insurance company of Greensboro. Standing out of the ad, as Stacy saw it, were the words THE PILOT. And he decided that would be a good name for his paper—which he hoped would help to pilot the ways and activities of the county.

over, what will I come back to? What am I working for? For old men and young women to hold my job? For me to have no job at all?

He was wondering these questions. We who are left here at home should assure him of an answer. We should be able to say: We are interested in what comes after this war when we win—for with you and your fellows at the front, we shall win. We are trying to plan now that you will have a job and a good living and a family and that American way of life you have heard talk about. While you are off at War we are trying to protect your interests at home. We are trying to make sure that those freedoms—of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and those things which make them possible—are yours when you come home. Yes, we agree, that winning the war is important; but when the war ends, we must be ready to have the peace already won.

The Passing Years

BY CHARLES MACAULEY

Third Week of September 1941

Application for \$25,000 in Federal PWA defense funds was made this week by the Southern Pines School to supplement promised county funds for building a new school plant here.

Mrs. B. W. Leavitt and daughter, Dorothy of Bradford, Vt., are spending a few days here with Mrs. Esther McDaniel.

Mrs. John Ramsbottom, who has been spending the summer in Saylesville, R. I., returned to her home here Thursday. Her sister, Miss Lillie Oldfield, came with her.

1937

Melvin's new store opens on East Broad street.

Buttry's Market opens.

R. W. Tate and son to open new hardware store on East Broad street.

John Willis Thompson, colored, of Niagara arrested after firing at Chief of Police J. A. Gargis.

Robert Henderson elected Fellowship Forum head.

Mrs. Ruth Skinner dies.

1932

A 71 cent tax rate adopted by the Moore County Board of Commissioners. Rate reduced two cents.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Risner and family have returned to Southern Pines and opened their home on Connecticut avenue.

Miss Ethel Jones, who has been passing a summer vacation in Pittsburgh has returned to her duties as assistant cashier, of the Citizen's Bank and Trust Co.

Mrs. J. L. Chilcott dies.

1927

The faculty of the Southern Pines school will be as follows: W. F. Allen, Superintendent; High School, F. E. Gibbons, Mrs. R. S. Montgomery, Miss Marion Harkins, Miss Ruth M. Field, Miss Elinor M. Brennan. Graded school, Misses Isabel Wicker, Ruth Davenport, Mamie Kimball, Laura Davis, Emily Hilliard, Pauline Miller, Ann Huntington.

E. C. Stevens and A. B. Yeomans win over Sugg and Poe in tennis tournament.

The Misses Katherine and Lenora Riggan, Genevieve Marks and Glenie Dodge departed for Salem College this week.

Chandler's new building on West Broad street is nearly completed, and the two stores will be occupied by Mack's 5-10-25c store and Patterson's Market.

1922

J. D. Davis, the Reo truck dealer, has accepted plans for a brick garage and service station to be erected on the corner of Connecticut avenue and East Broad street.

Mrs. J. M. Windham and son, Lennox, are home from Rocky River Mineral Springs for the winter.

1912

The question used to be "Will we have a hotel to take the place of the old Piney Woods Inn?" Still later it was "When are we going to get that new hotel?" Now the query is "Will the contractors be able to finish the Highland Pines Inn by November 15th?"

Southern Pines school. Room One.

three grades, 16 pupils, Miss F. M. Pendleton. Room Two, three grades, 23 pupils, Miss Anna P. Huntington. Room Three, three grades, 11 pupils, Miss C. E. Austin. Room Four, three grades, 13 pupils. W. F. Allen, principal.

Miss Agnes Vougt, D. S. C. is in Atlanta where she was called on an important case.

1907

The public schools began the last term in their old quarters, on Monday. Professor Allen and Miss H. E. Calhoun are back in their old places. Miss Helen Woodhull, of Poland, N. Y., is in charge of the classes taught last year by Mrs. Weeks. Miss Edna Brandebury, of Cleveland, Ohio, will join the teaching force next year. Mrs. J. E. Judd has been in town

for some days. She is having the Judd building repaired and put in fine condition to sell or rent.

Messrs. Powell, Richardson and Hines and Dr. Swett spent Wednesday night at Thagards in an attempt to beat the fishing record.

Marriage licenses have been issued from the office of the Register of Deeds of Moore County to the following: William Eugene Flaherty of Knollwood Field, Southern Pines, and Katharine Ferguson of Southern Pines; Hurley Clarence Yarbboro of Star and Mamie Ester Williams of Eagle Springs; Wilbert Jones of Bennett and Mildred Maness of Carthage R.F.D.; Arpad William Barko of Fort Bragg and Mary P. Delaney of Detroit, Mich.

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