

THE PILOT
 PUBLISHED EACH FRIDAY BY
 THE PILOT, INCORPORATED
 SOUTHERN PINES, NORTH CAROLINA

1941 JAMES BOYD 1944
 PUBLISHER

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 C. G. COUNCIL . . . ADVERTISING

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 ONE YEAR . . . \$3.00
 SIX MONTHS . . . \$1.50
 THREE MONTHS75

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

MEMBER
 NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
 AND
 N. C. PRESS ASSOCIATION

COMMUNIST BEAR TRAP

With these words Governor Dewey classified the Peekskill riots and there could be no more graphic phrase to describe what he terms "a shame and a disgrace," this incident in which Americans planned such a "trap" and other Americans fell into it.

The governor's statement, though overdue, was worth waiting for. In clear language the New York official spoke out for the basic principles of democracy. "Free speech and free assembly," he said, "are as precious to us as life itself. When those rights are denied, it is the cause of deepest concern for every one of us." Dewey promised a complete investigation of both Peekskill affairs, saying: "Any action by any one, whoever he is, in violation of these rights, can be and will be investigated to the last limit of the power of the state."

The investigation should be followed with intense interest, though the actual fixing of blame is perhaps a secondary matter.

Already attempts are being made to obscure the issue. Robeson has issued a call to "help fight fascism in our land," while, on the other hand, a rumor is being spread that the whole business at Peekskill was the work of his followers intent on making martyrs of themselves and involving their opponents in mob-violence and "un-American" actions. These are familiar communist tactics and undoubtedly played a major part in the affair, but there appears to be no question that the actual violence can be laid to intolerance, hot-headedness and misguided patriotism working on gullible minds among those who marched in protest. That these Americans defied the police and tried to take over their authority is the most serious aspect of this whole affair.

This, it would seem, is the first lesson to be learned from the Peekskill riots: the fact that those who opposed communism acted exactly as the communists hoped they would, by so doing making the fight against communism all the harder to win. Another point to be noted was the extremely efficient organization of the communist cohorts. Though these guards behaved with discipline, as the governor said, and took no part in the violence, the fact of their existence has sinister implications.

The main thing to do now is to study this affair so that we may be on guard against similar happenings. The task is not an easy one, for this is a delicate and deeply dangerous problem. There is no doubt that these people are ready to do all in their power to light the fires of violence wherever they can reach. To pose as martyrs in the cause of freedom will be their endeavor and it is a safe guess that we shall see the Peekskill incident repeated in varying ways while there are stupid or over-zealous patriots to fall into the communist beartrap and the urge to bigotry and violence is latent in men's hearts.

Forebearance under the most extreme provocation must be our course in dealing with this problem, and that is not an easy assignment for Americans. The temptation to jump in and give these people what they are asking for will be almost irresistible. That must not happen, but to prevent it will call for self-discipline and citizen responsibility of a high order.

TRAGIC STORY

The tragic story of the death from tuberculosis of a woman in the Garthage jail is deeply shocking. Admitted in April, "because there was no room in the state sanatorium," this woman, innocent of any crime and critically ill, was kept in jail for five months, until her death last week. More: although suffering from an extremely contagious disease, she was kept in a cell in which others were placed, to whose punishment as criminals was added the dreadful, injustice of expo-

sure to TB. There could be, of course, no facilities for isolation in the jail.

It is not the first time that such a story has appeared in print. We have read of similar occurrences before, but they have been in other places and we have been able to permit ourselves the unkind luxury of imagining that they could not happen here. Now it has happened, right here in the jail of our county seat, and all Moore County citizens will feel a surge of shame and sorrow.

It should be made very clear that during these months many efforts were made to get this woman admitted to various sanatoria. Those who were in touch with the case, the sheriff, the jailer, and the county medical officer, who made frequent visits to the jail, were deeply concerned over the situation. The Grand Jury noted it briefly in their report. But the question as to what to do with the woman remained unsolved. There is no place in the county for such patients.

It is too late to do anything for Gwendolyn Wagner. There is no way now in which we can make up to her for her suffering and the injustice of her treatment, but there is something that we can do and must do if we would regain something of our own lost peace of mind. We must see to it that this cannot happen again.

How? In two immediate ways, to begin with. We must do all we can to assist those who are working for more beds in the state sanatorium. Through political activity and through fund drives we as citizens can do much to speed this vitally needed improvement. But there is something more. It has long been advocated that one wing of the County Home be remodelled and set aside for special patients. Our first step should be to insist that such an improvement or addition, if this is necessary, be made and that this be done immediately.

There is one further step. Looking back on this tragic case, it seems that if publicity had been given to it, something might have been accomplished. Almost surely funds would have been donated to hire someone to care for this poor sufferer. The pressure of public opinion might also have accomplished what individual efforts were unable to do in getting the woman admitted to a state institution. Thinking of the good-hearted church groups right there in Carthage, always eager to help in a worthy cause, and of the many welfare committees all over the county, we must believe that only failure to let these people know of this tragedy in our midst made it possible. The officials who do our public work are hard pressed, it would be well if they could understand that help will be forthcoming if they will tell us what needs to be done.

This story is a sad confession of failure on the part of civilized people to make civilization work.

NICE WORK

The Pilot steps out of character, this week, gets down off his bridge and takes to the woods, to pay tribute to Alex Fields, friend to man and animals, now retiring from twenty-one years spent as game warden in Moore County.

They say "a man's job is the man in the job." That's the way it ought to be but seldom is in these days of assembly-line production. But, luckily for Moore County, that's the way it has been with Game Warden Fields. The job itself might have been a pretty cut-and-dried thing, or it could have been not much of anything at all, if that sort of a man had been in it. But, from the start, Alex saw the possibilities. Game laws were few and far between when he took the job, but he knew the woods and he knew shooting and hunting and he knew game. He enforced what laws there were, often under great difficulties, and he tried to teach good hunting procedure and the conservation policies that, later on, became the keystone of the state laws.

Those who have hunted this country during the past years have many fine things to say of Alex Fields, and there are some, no longer here, who in their time were his friends and his well-wishers always. Among them were James and Jackson Boyd, who started the Moore County Hounds and, with them, hunted the country for many years. Alex Fields was their friend and advisor and a constant help in getting the hunt established.

The Pilot wishes the best of luck to Alex Fields, Moore County is to be congratulated in having for so long enjoyed and profited by his service. No more fitting ending to this simple tribute to a fine public servant could be found than the closing sentence of the letter of that fine sportsman and the Pilot's good friend, Julian Bishop, published in an adjoining column. The Pilot is proud to echo his words: "Nice work, Alex; a job well done."

HOME COMING

This coming Sunday will be Home-Coming at Old Bethesda Church. On this day come to the fine old building near Aberdeen the families who have worshipped there through the years. From far and wide they come to join together in a renewal of those ties which are the deepest bonds in the community life of America.

Those who come will visit together and "catch up" on all the news of old friends, they will break bread under the old trees and will join together in a reverent service of worship in the old church. But they will do more than that. They will share in a richer, deeper fellowship not only with those about them but with those who lie under the green turf and the old oak trees and cedars of their final resting-place.

There is a feeling of communion of the spirit in Home-Coming Day, and not only in the richness which memory brings, in the recalling of vivid and lovely personalities, the kind and gracious men and women who have gone before. There is a feeling of continuity, here, of the traditions of the past carrying on into the future. And to many among the Home-comers there will seem to be, at Old Bethesda on this special day, a spirit not only of the past and of the present but of the future, too. For on that day the veil between time and space, here and hereafter, grows almost transparent, and those on either side of it seem very close.

There will be gay meetings on Home-Coming Day; there will be renewal of friendships, jokes and fun. There will be words of wisdom from the speaker, the beloved friend of many and former pastor of this descendant of the "Church at the Head of the Rockfish." There will be sad hearts there, too, quietly hidden under a friendly smile.

Old and young and middle-aged, and mostly with fine Scottish names, the people will gather there on Sunday, and when the old hymns are sung and goodbyes said and the day is over they will go back to their own homes, renewed and strengthened again in spirit for the years that lie ahead.

DOG WEEK

Every dog shall have his day, according to the old saying, but this year every dog is going to have seven days. This week has been set aside, believe it or not, as National Dog Week.

Now this business of weeks has always seemed more than a little ridiculous, not to mention more than a little commercial. But if it is going to be done, has anyone got a good reason to give why we shouldn't have National Dog Week? We can think of nobody who would be brave enough to suggest it unless it might possibly be the dogs.

Dogs are modest people; that is, except for a few of the effete and esthetic types who pretend to trace their descent back to the Ming dynasty in China or the Assyrian kings. But then, with the other dogs, there has always been some question as to whether these types should be counted as dogs at all. There is little doubt that to real dogs, praise and publicity is repellent. As to what so often goes with it in the way of brushing, curling, shaving, tricks and showing off by misguided owners, the less said the better. True, a respectable dog will take honest pride in his position. . . . that is only to be expected. Such a dog knows his place, he knows what is due him and he accepts it with proper dignity, but that is a different matter. Publicity and conceited showing-off have no lures for him. If this is the sort of thing that National Dog Week means then he would be the first to object.

It ought not to be. It ought to be a lot of different things. Good walks every day in nice squirrelly places, fresh water in the water dish, steak bones, and nobody prying to see where they are going to be buried and laugh, or chase the burier out of the flower-bed. It ought to include a good daily scratch and NO BATHS. It ought, if possible, to offer at least one good cat-chase, with the firm understanding that no return engagement with specially selected enormous Toms be staged for National Cat Week, if there is such a thing.

Unfortunately, one thing has gone wrong in setting the date for Dog Week: the moon is not cooperating. . . . There should certainly be a full moon for that barbershop harmony to roll out at its fullest and finest.

The Pilot will maintain to the last, though, that National Dog Week is totally unnecessary. . . . though it may be all very well for those who like such things. But there isn't a week or a day in the year when many thousands of dogs are not being thought about with affection and high esteem by many thousands of people. Or would it be millions?

The federal government is a \$40,000,000,000-a-year business.

OK TEACHER

It is a nervous experience to be singled out as an object lesson of any sort, but when it is an object for scorn and criticism the experience is dismaying. Especially when the facts are all too true. Last week Southern Pines figured in such fashion in an editorial in the Pinehurst Outlook with the gloomy title "Object Lesson" and some of those black dots after it more horribly eloquent than words: "Lawd, lawd!" they seem to say: "Mmmmm—UM!"

But much as Southern Pines must have lamented such unwelcome prominence, there isn't a one who could deny that it was deserved or that the editorial was not a very fine one indeed. It took the words right out of the Pilot's mouth; ("we were JUST going to say that very thing!"); and the next step, in the matter, clearly, is a reprinting of the good, if dismal, editorial. As follows:

OBJECT LESSON

(From the Pinehurst Outlook)
 Liberty is never stolen. It is surrendered. Democracy goes by default, not by decision.

An object lesson was presented two weeks ago when the town of Southern Pines was polled on a \$275,000 bond issue for improving the water system. The issue was approved by 77 voters, or 10 percent of the qualified electors. A total of only 95 of the 661 registered voters took the time and trouble to go to the polls and register their opinions.

We are not concerned here with the merits of the proposed improvement program. The fact that an overwhelming majority of the few who did vote approved the bond issue would indicate that the proposal is a highly desirable one, and meets with the full approval of the people of Southern Pines.

What we are concerned with is the utter indifference of the voters. Democracy is not founded on the expressed opinions of 10 percent of the people. It is born out of the fullest expression of every shade of opinion, and nourished at the public polling station.

When the people themselves reject their franchise to vote, when they waive their authority, democracy sickens and dies.

The fact that 77 persons approved the expenditure of more than a quarter of a million dollars is a clear indication that concern about the creeping Welfare State must become more than simply a subject for indignant bridge table conversation.

The Public Speaking

To the Pilot.
 Congratulations to The Pilot on the fine article in regard to the retirement of Mr. Alex Fields as county game protector. It has been my good fortune to have served under Alex as a deputy game protector for many years. We have had some great days in the hunting field together. One cannot find in the whole state a better sportsman, nor in fact a better shot, than Alex.

Some years ago he and I were shooting over near the old Harrington place on Deep River, near which Alex was born and raised. The dogs located a nice covey right on the edge of some pine woods. We walked in on the birds. Up they sprung. It was such thick cover only one shot was fired—that by Alex, as the birds got up on his side. We went on through and found three dead quail—yes, sir, three dead birds with one shot—a feat any hunter can be proud of.

Alex' continuous hard work towards the preservation of game, and enforcement of our state game laws has been outstanding. Now at the end of 21 years' active duty, he can put his head on the pillow any night, and I'm sure hear voices saying, "Nice work, Alex—a job well done."
 JULIAN T. BISHOP

In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files:
TEN YEARS AGO
 Mr. and Mrs. Ralph K. Trix of Lake Placid, N. Y., lease The Pad-dock for the winter season.

Keeping America out of war is chiefly a matter of public opinion, Judge Hubert Olive, guest speaker, tells members of the Sandhills Kiwanis club.

The P. T. Barnum agency reports a number of real estate sales and rentals, indicating a highly successful season ahead.

TWENTY YEARS AGO
 Mayor D. G. Stutz announces that a new freight depot will be built in Southern Pines at a cost of \$15,000.
 Improvements now being made are expected to give finest of tel-

Grains of Sand

A chain letter has started up again, with good luck as the only reward, as opposed to dimes, dish towels, other people's wives and all the other prizes promised in previous letter-links. . . . But no matter what you get (or don't get) they're still against the law, Postmaster A. Garland Pierce advises.

We got a "Chain of Good Luck" letter the other day "started in Africa by a French officer under de Gaulle and now going around the world for the first time. . . . A private in the Philippine army won the sweepstakes for complying with the chain. . . . Mr. D. Roosevelt was elected for the third time as President of the United States 52 hours after he mailed this letter. . . . Captain Homes who broke the chain died after he received this letter. . . . Detective E. Villaneuve in the city of Begui, who laughed at this chain, met instantaneous death in an accident on June 14, 1948."

The strange part is, this letter came to us from somebody we always thought had good sense.

In the Mailbag: A welcome letter from Mrs. James D. Marler, who with the two little Marlers recently left Southern Pines to join her chaplain husband on Guam—"One of the things we have missed most since leaving the States is the association with the hospitable people of Southern Pines. . . . We are very happy to have our family united, and have found Guam to be a lovely and interesting island, but we shall go on remembering our very pleasant stay in your lovely town, and shall always be enthusiastic boosters of the Sandhills and particularly Southern Pines."

The mailing address is Ch. (Capt.) James D. Marler, 0514627, 55 QM Base Depot, APO 246, care PM San Francisco, Cal.

Miss Miriam Willis of Hamlet had a chance at winning \$25,000 in prizes on "Sing It Again," CBS quiz program, on a recent Saturday night, but couldn't identify the tune. . . . Miss Willis was called at her home. . . . What she can't figure out is how the program got her name, as the phone is listed in the name of her father, the Rev. J. B. Willis.

Looks like FCC is going to have the dickens of a time getting those giveaway programs off the air, if they ever do. . . . And why they should, we don't know. . . . They provide listening fun for millions, even when they don't get any prizes.

Someone said the same kind of thing is going on in Washington, where you win a deepfreeze but answer the questions afterward, not before.

Dr. J. B. Rhine, Duke University parapsychologist who made a personal hit with a talk at the Pinehurst Forum last winter, appears as a character in Upton Sinclair's latest novel, "O Shepherd, Speak!" . . . In this book the fictional hero's adventures are enlivened by encounters with real personalities, who take part in the action under their true names. . . . Whether by permission or not, we don't know.

Dr. Rhine, called an "architect of fate," is first called into the plot to give an address before a "Peace Program" and to broadcast some of his views on what extra-sensory perception might do to improve the chances for world peace.

In a style typical of Rhine, Sinclair quotes him in a fictitious speech; "If we can push our inquiries far enough to discover how to develop conscious control over extra-sensory perception, we can take all the secrecy out of warfare and expose all plots that are hatched by warmakers around the globe."
 "A religious appeal without the label," are the terms used by the author to describe the address. "But," he asks, "how many people are there in America willing or able to recognize religion when it comes to them without clerical symbols?"

Something of an author himself, Dr. Rhine's scientific writings about extra-sensory perception or the "sixth" sense have been of great interest, placing his books high on the best seller lists. His latest book, "The Reach of the Mind," is a best seller in the U. S. and has been translated into six languages.

Many happy returns of Wednesday to Helen Reed, our neighbor across the way, who gets younger with every birthday, and spreads more and more happiness with that gay smile of hers.

ephone service to Southern Pines, Knollwood and Pinehurst.
 A committee of the Southeastern Florians association visit the Carolina Orchid Gardens, and declare themselves greatly impressed by its facilities.

Williard Moores Buy McLean Home

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. McLean have sold their home on the corner of Ridge street and Pennsylvania, and moved back to their home community of Cameron, whence Mr. McLean commutes daily to his work at the Pilot office.

Purchasers of the attractive small home of rustic architecture, set deep on a large wooded lot, are Mr. and Mrs. Williard Moore, formerly of Mt. Airy. Mr. Moore has been connected with the Brown's Auto Supply stores, headquartered in Sanford, for some time, and has worked previously in the Brown stores in Aberdeen and also in Lexington. His new position is a supervisory one, in which he will work with

Britain's king is forbidden by law to enter the House of Commons.

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