

# THE PILOT

Published Each Friday by THE PILOT, INCORPORATED Southern Pines, North Carolina

1941—JAMES BOYD, Publisher—1944

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Subscription Rates:  
One Year \$4.00 6 Months \$2.00 3 Months \$1.00

Entered at the Postoffice at Southern Pines, N. C. as second class mail matter

Member National Editorial Association and N. C. Press Association

"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. Where 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.

## Violence In Moore

It is a shock to find that our good county of Moore has joined the list of North Carolina counties in which, of late unprecedented acts of violence have taken place. The wild shooting that occurred near Brown's Mill is in the same pattern of primitive lawlessness: an attack of unprovoked wantonness on innocent persons.

But there is one angle of this case that makes Moore County different: that is the remarkable efficiency shown by our law enforcement officers. Within less than 24 hours, Sheriff McDonald, Officer McCallum and their helpers, with the 100 percent cooperation of Sheriff Elwood Long of Montgomery County, had the offenders in their hands.

That is quick work. There is no doubt that it required extreme skill, persistence and courage. The apprehension of these boys must have presented considerable difficulty and our officers are to be highly commended on their work.

But while we in Moore County may congratulate ourselves on our law enforcement system and the man who run it, we must accept a full measure of shame for the incident that sent them into action. When things like this happen there are reasons behind them that come under the term of public responsibility. It is only too true that a different standard of living will not, of itself, change moral standards. We in this richer, more populous end of the county have our full share of lawlessness, more shame to us. But where life offers so much less, there is less incentive to do well. The difference between the rural and resort areas, in good living with all that means in the way of schools, medical attention, good roads, a contact with the outside world that stimulates ambition and hope in a lessening of poverty and hardship, this difference is part of the responsibility that hangs heavy on us as we read of the Brown's Mill affair.

The future for these boys is, of course uncertain. An awkward angle of the case is the fact that such wild shooting, desperately dangerous and damaging as it was, is not classified as a criminal offense but only as a misdemeanor. Therefore the penalty must be light. What happens afterwards depends on the attitude society takes towards the offenders. Here our county is ill-equipped. We have neglected prevention: we have no attendance officer and the Welfare Department, tragically understaffed, cannot give any help. It will probably be another case of which we have too many: of young people coming under the hand of the law and being turned loose again with little hope of reform into a community at the mercy of further outbreaks.

## He's For The People

Of great interest to North Carolinians and all Democrats must be the growing emergence of Governor Adlai Stevenson of Illinois as a potential Democratic nominee for the presidency. An article published last Sunday in several of the state dailies gives full voice to this possibility. By Marquis Childs, responsible columnist, who knows his way around political Washington better than most, the article makes convincing reading.

Childs believes that Truman will decide not to run again; that he will, himself, seek to resume his old place in the Senate, and that he will throw his weight, as head of the party, behind Stevenson.

Childs thinks the choice will be popular with all Democrats. "A rather extensive canvass has been made, by White House advisers, among key Democrats," he says, "particularly on Capitol Hill. The reaction to the suggestion of Stevenson has been good, and often enthusiastic, among both northerners and southerners."

Locally Governor Stevenson is well-known through his many visits here when he has stayed with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ives, but throughout the state the name is a familiar and respected one: the Stevensons are an old North Carolina family, living near Statesville in Iredell County, before they moved with the westward tide, on to Kentucky and, later, to Illinois. Old Democrats think back to an older Adlai Stevenson, the governor's grandfather, who was vice-president under Grover Cleveland.

Childs says that, standing outside the Washington picture, with no ties in the Senate, belonging to no clique, Stevenson as a candidate would have a great advantage. He speaks of his remarkable record as governor of Illinois, going in on a reform ticket with the support of many Republicans. He has had plenty of experience with the sort of house-cleaning the country is demanding. He has shown supreme skill in the delicate handling of personalities and firm resistance to improper pressure.

We do not know anything to be said against

Adlai Stevenson as a candidate for the presidency; there is so much to be said for him that it would be hard to know where to begin or where to stop. Perhaps his own words, as quoted in the Childs article, give as clear a picture of the man as anything could.

In announcing that he had decided to run again for governor of Illinois, Governor Stevenson invited the Republicans "to nominate the best man they can find. It is of little importance," he said, "whether the next governor of Illinois is Adlai Stevenson. But it is of the utmost importance that he finish what we have started. No matter who loses, then, the people will win."

A man with such a spirit of unselfish devotion to the democratic ideal could bring the party back to what it used to be, and the nation with it.

## Wouldn't It Have Been Nice!

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has bought Linville Falls and presented it to the government as a national park. It seems that he was driving through the mountains and seeing what a lovely spot it was, decided that it ought to be preserved.

Wouldn't it have been nice if it had happened in Moore County? Wouldn't it have been nice if Mr. Rockefeller had come driving through the upper end, northwest of Carthage to the big bend of Little River called the Horseshoe: if he had enjoyed his drive through that fair wilderness of pines and hardwood, laurel and azaleas, and then, coming out onto the plateau above the river, had looked across at the Phillip Alston house, standing white and gravely beautiful among its crepe myrtles, and had thought: "This would be a lovely place: the wild part for preservation as a hunting, fishing and camping area, the old place for restoration as a national monument. I'll buy it and give it to the people for their enjoyment and inspiration."

Wouldn't it have been nice! Of course, we don't need Mr. Rockefeller, really. The state, and that means the people, could do it; most of it already belongs to them. But no: it appears they're going to sell all the wild land, though still hoping, we hear, to acquire the old place. So while, in the west, where there are already so many tourist attractions in the way of parklands, Mr. Rockefeller gives us more, here in Moore County, where there are none, but the opportunity is so great, the state sells what it already owns.

## The Gomon Gold

They call it THE cold; like THE game. As it goes on its coughing, snuffling rounds, they say: "Oh, have you got THE cold? Too bad."

We'll say it's too bad. It's too bad from that scratchy, shrill raw start at the back of your palate all the way through to the dull, thick-headed, hoarse finish with a wastebasketful of Kleenex and the temper of a wounded rhinoceros: than which, it is said, there is nothing more disagreeable and dangerous.

So, now, being in the above disagreeable and dangerous state, we propose an immediate attack on the whole thing. To begin with, we object to dignifying the incubus by capitalization. Why THE cold? The answer's easy: because nobody is being disagreeable and dangerous enough towards it. We could knock those capitals down tomorrow if we made up our minds to: if we got sufficiently D-D about it.

How? Ah, there you are. It takes a person of rugged character: somebody who doesn't mind being called, on the one hand, rude, unfriendly, selfish, or, on the other, a hypochondriac milk-sop. It takes a tough hide: the wounded rhino again: D-D.

Here's the first step: when someone comes up to you with THE cold, go right into action, verbal first, of course; always observe the rules of chivalry. Shout: "Stop!" as loud as you can. If the shout is accompanied by a quick run backward, away from the approaching Source of Infection, it will generally do the trick. But if your Source is the kind of person who creeps up on you as you go backward, or if he or she is deaf, always a likely peril with THE cold, there is a next step you must take immediately. *yo Aqreafad 'jaircaxdnyu e3axi v rno rhpM* a striking color, and slap it across the face (your face, of course, not the Source's; although in a pinch the latter might be most effective strategy). Turn yourself into a Masked Man, or Woman. This should accomplish one of two ends: It will either stop the Source in his tracks, frightening him into immobility, or he will decide you have gone crazy and run like a hare. This would, of course, be the ideal outcome.

Naturally, you have to find your cold to start with. That means watch and listen for the signs: a red nose, like the red flag and the bull, is the signal for instant attack, (though the cause must, of course, be subtly analysed) hoarseness, (ditto); when it comes to running eyes and flourishing handkerchief, you can't afford to wait and check on churchbells tolling: go into action at once before those fatal words: "I seem to be catching THE cold" tell you it's too late.

It is interesting in all this, incidentally, to realize that the strategy of reducing THE cold to a lower case state and eventual extinction is precisely like our strategy towards communism. Containment is the aim. It's all a matter of character, either way. The ones who have it must be made to isolate themselves and the ones who haven't have got to stand up and fight if attacked. And one thing: masks should be made compulsory for all concerned.

On the whole it looks as if in the matter of THE cold, we'd have to exert a good deal of D-D in order to get anywhere. And probably it takes something as bad as THE gold to ged you do thad point. . . point.

## Grains of Sand

The canine situation out at Johnnie Hall's is bad and rapidly deteriorating. . . All Johnnie wants is to get his cocker spaniel, "Butch," back again, and find the owner of a big mamma police dog, with five new pups, for whom Butch has been involuntarily swapped. . . This swap was accomplished without the wish of the Hall family, and nobody is happy about it except the police dog.

This stray animal checked in at the Hall's house on Midland road last Thursday, appealing for a little petting and food, and the bighearted Halls gave her both. . . They didn't specially want her to stay, but she did, and the next day moved into the little house built for Butch, their registered cocker. . . Saturday morning, the police dog had given birth to five pups, and Saturday afternoon Butch, disgusted and jealous, disappeared.

Now the Halls have got six dogs for one, but they want their Butch. . . He's a Bragwin cocker, a very special kind, with thick wavy black hair and great big feet. . . The hair on his legs is especially long, and he has a white streak under his chin.

The Halls' name and phone number is on his vaccination tag, and they'll pay a reward to get him back. . . What they'll do about all those police-pups, they still haven't figured out.

And here's another true dog story. . . Not many people would deny that the Mark Kings' enormous St. Bernard is the No. 1 dog in town. . . And that's exactly what his dog tag says.

When Ollie King went to get him his tag, No. 1 was what she received for Prince of the Pines, more familiarly known as Rex. . . So now, just as the governor's car bears the No. 1 license plate, Rex is wearing the tag which proves he's the No. 1 dog.

Pupils at the West Southern Pines school are enthusiastically adopting the project of writing to Morufu Kudaisi, 16-year-old youth of Lagos, Nigeria, who in a letter to The Pilot published two weeks ago appealed for pen pals from here.

We sent the letter over to Principal J. W. Moore, and he said a number of boys and girls are writing. . . If Morufu writes interesting letters in exchange, telling of his country and school, we expect to publish them so they can be enjoyed by all.

## The Public Speaking

**ON GIVING BLOOD**  
To the Pilot.  
Many of us here would gladly give blood when the Bloodmobile comes, but we are told there is an age limit.  
The publishing of the names of those who give would encourage others to do so, I am sure.  
CITIZEN ANONYMOUS

## RESOLUTION

Whereas, we, the members of Magnolia Chapter No. 26, Order of the Eastern Star, do mourn the loss of our beloved sister, Florence E. Beck, Past Matron and Life Member of our Chapter, who on November 2, 1951, was called to a Chapter on High, where sorrow and death never come; and

Whereas, we feel a deep grief in the loss of this member, we bow to God's will; now therefore be it

Resolved, that we are grateful for the privilege of fellowship with her, and shall cherish her memory; that we extend to her family our heartfelt sympathy, and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Chapter, a copy be sent to the bereaved family and a copy to The Pilot.

KATHLEEN G. WOOLLEY  
ALICE S. THOMAS  
VERA B. SITTERSON

## BIRTHS

At Moore County hospital:  
January 13—Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Taylor, Carthage, a girl.  
January 15—Mr. and Mrs. W. Wilson, Carthage, a boy; Mr. and Mrs. C. Hall, Rockingham, a girl; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bass, Robbins, a girl.  
January 16—Mr. and Mrs. R. L. James, Robbins, a girl; Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Geisler, Pinebluff, a boy.  
January 18—Mr. and Mrs. John Davis, West End, a girl; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Rogers, Bear Creek, a boy.

But we hope he won't turn out to be like a correspondent of that same Nigerian city, to whom Harold M. Fowler wrote a few years ago in the interests of his stamp collection hobby. . . It turned out the youth wanted items for his own collection, which was money. . . He lacked some "American dollar bills" and would his good friend Mr. Fowler please send some? Also he wanted Mr. Fowler to buy him a hat, like one in a catalog picture which he sent.

The correspondence ended right there.

We called up our neighbor, Dr. W. C. Holland, of the First Baptist church the other day, and wanted to know, "What was your church bell doing ringing at 20 minutes to 2 o'clock this morning?"

"Oh, was it?" he said. "Somebody passing by must have rung it. It rings any old time, you know."

"It does?" we inquired blankly. "Well, how—how do people do that?"

"Oh they just ring it. Kids meeting at the church always ring it. The Boy Scout meeting isn't complete without somebody ringing the bell. But I hadn't known of it's ringing at 20 minutes to 2 a. m. before. Somebody must have been going by mighty late."

We were still at sea and wanted to know, "But how do they get to the bell? Do they climb up the belfry?"

"Our bell," he reminded us, "isn't in a tower. It's sitting on the ground, right beside the annex, and I guess that's where it will stay till we get a place to hang it."

"Oh, of course," we said weakly. We remembered then—and we bet our Baptist church is the only one in the State with the bell sitting on the ground.

## Moore Library Stands High In Circulation Ratio

The Moore County Library board held its semi-annual meeting last Friday at the home of Miss Alma Edwards near Glendon with a full attendance. Those present in addition to the hostess were W. Stuart Evans of Robbins, chairman of the board; Mrs. J. L. McGraw of Carthage, vice-chairman; Archie Kelly of Eagle Springs, treasurer; Mrs. Pete Phillips of Cameron; Mrs. L. T. Avery of Southern Pines, and Mrs. Dorothy Avery, librarian, who also acts as secretary.

Pursuant to a request from the State Library Commission in Raleigh, the board drew up and voted on a set of by-laws and also rules and regulations governing the library staff as to hours of work, vacation, sick leave, etc.

Mrs. Avery reported that 27,248 books have gone out to Moore County readers during the six months since July 1, and that all county schools have been visited three times. The West Southern Pines Elementary school is one of the most enthusiastic users of the bookmobile, all teachers drawing books for their classrooms and also for personal reading.

A copy of the newly-published Statistics of County Libraries in North Carolina was handed each board member, and mention made of the fact that Moore County library stands ninth as to number of books circulated on the list of 32 counties in the Class III group—those having from 15,000 to 40,000 population. It also had a better circulation than five counties in Group II (40,000 to 75,000).

The librarian told the board that since bookmobile schedules are being published in the county papers, she has had more than the average number of requests to make new stops, and plans to arrange to do so wherever possible.

## Librarian Announces Bookmobile Schedule

The bookmobile schedule for the week January 28-31 was announced as follows by Mrs. Dorothy Avery, county librarian:  
Monday—Through Niagara to Union church; along paved road to Vass (various stops).  
Tuesday—Doubs Chapel road to junction with West End road; back to Eastwood (1:30 to 5 p. m.)  
Wednesday—Roseland Church community; Colonial Heights, 4-5 p. m.  
Thursday—Carthage Library, 11:30 a. m.-12:30 p. m.; Highway 15 to White Hill church; back to Highway 27 and to Cameron, then along US Highway 1 to Southern Pines.

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