

THE PILOT

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"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.

"Cancel My Subscription"

Once in a long while someone comes into the Pilot office and asks to have his name kept out of the Recorders Court news. He has run into difficulties with the law and, naturally, would prefer that the fact be kept quiet. In every case, and we emphasize that there are very few, the Pilot replies that it is the custom of this paper to carry the weekly summary of Recorders Court cases and that they are always published in full. Generally the caller understands that preferential treatment is impossible, and would be unjust, and takes it in good part, but sometimes, of course, this is not the case. Then we hear, with regret: "Then you can cancel my subscription."

This happened fairly recently, in a case of arrest for speeding and reckless driving. The man involved stated that lots of people were guilty of such conduct and he thought it "unfair" to publish the names of those who got caught. This point of view struck us as at least interesting, though we have no way of knowing how right he is about the number who don't get caught, and, obviously, all we can do is to print the full list of court cases, but the discussion led us to consider just why it is, in our estimation, important to print this court news.

The main reason, it appears to us, why all court news should be given full coverage is that it constitutes such an important part of our lives. Those taking part in the weekly court are chosen by us; they are doing our business, carrying out the laws that we, the people, have made to protect our society. Surely it is the first business of that society to know how well they do their job. If they are lax in their duties, we shall suffer and it is up to us to take proper measures; and if they are doing a fine job, it is just as important that we know about it and give them our strong support.

Right now, when everyone's thoughts are on finding some way to cut down on the fearful number of traffic accidents, it seems particularly important that full coverage be given to all such violations and the arrests that are made. Not on account of the offenders: it is comparatively unimportant to know their names, but on account of the men who are in charge of this work and their successful performance of their duties.

Every Monday at Recorders Court session may be found a good many of the law enforcement officers not only of the county but of this and neighboring towns, as well as the highway patrolmen. These men have a hard and often dangerous work to perform for the public's benefit. They work long hours, take big chances; they receive much abuse from the drivers they must chase and arrest, who are sometimes drunk and violent. They would probably be the first to agree with the Pilot's visitor that many traffic offenders are not caught: the highway force is way below the number needed to do an adequate job. But wouldn't it be too bad not to allow these men credit for the arrests they do make, just because they aren't able to catch everyone? The answer is obvious.

The Pilot has often wished that more people would attend the sessions of Recorders Court at Carthage. We think they would come away, though saddened by the sordidness and tragedy of many of the cases, impressed by the earnestness with which the court is conducted by our Judge and Solicitor, and by the excellent work being done by our enforcement officers. We believe they would feel that, in printing the full record of this very important public institution, the Pilot was carrying out its duty as a newspaper working for the best interests of its community.

Good Work

Two State newspapers to be proud of, we submit are the Tabor City Tribune, Horace Carter, editor, and the Whiteville News Reporter, W. G. Cole, editor. Situated in the midst of the section where the Ku Klux Klan has gone on the warpath, during the past year, these two papers have boldly attacked the lawlessness and terror around them, earning thereby several infuriated letters from the Klan, replete with threats and warnings.

Now the Greensboro Daily News, editor H. W. Kendall, joins the pair in their crusade against this terroristic invasion of the state. In a series of articles by Burke Davis, Daily News staff writer, formerly with the Baltimore Sun and a novelist of distinction, the News is carrying a full exposure of the happenings in the border county of Columbus.

This is good work. The only way that subversive evil can function is through secrecy. Uncover it and, like the unhealthy grub, when the stone that protects it is rolled off, it will shrivel and die in the sunlight of public view.

It is the first duty of a newspaper to roll off

the stone. But this is not easy: It requires skill, perseverance and it requires courage. Our hat is off to these editors and their able and fearless reporters.

One Way Traffic

It has been demonstrated in a good many places, now, that one-way streets are a great help in keeping traffic moving. Most towns of any size have had to take such measures to relieve traffic congestion and it looks as if the time had come when something of the sort should be put into effect here.

In a letter to The Pilot published several weeks ago, Ernest Ives emphasized with justice the bad effect on the newcomer to this section of the present congestion in Southern Pines. It is bad enough for townspeople, but for visitors, less tolerant of local inconveniences, the situation is really bad. Some are certainly kept from coming here to shop simply because of the time it takes to struggle through the Broad Street traffic.

It has been proposed that East and West Broad Street be made one-way: one going North and the other South. The town board, after consultation with traffic experts, has agreed to a trial of this system, if they secure the backing of the Chamber of Commerce. A casual poll of some of the members of this organization shows a favorable reception to the idea. They will be holding a formal discussion of the question shortly.

It looks as if the town would be given a chance to try out this method of improving the traffic situation. It is to be earnestly hoped that is the case and that all will cooperate in the trial with good will. If unsuccessful it can be given up; but if successful it may well be of great advantage to the business people, as well as to those who do their shopping here.

February 2nd In the Right Place

What happens when groundhogs disagree? Well, what happens when weathermen disagree? After all, it's the same thing, only perhaps more so. That is, weathermen, being fallible human beings, have been known to err, not to mention argue, about what was coming. But the groundhog is, by all accounts, the true weather prophet; what happens, then, when he disagrees; when Br'er Tarheel Groundhog has a different opinion from Br'er Yankee Groundhog? Or even when Br'er Sandhills Groundhog differs from Br'er Piedmont Groundhog? As was, apparently, the case this past Saturday.

Down here, it seemed to us that it was dismal all that crucial day. Certainly, except for that outrageously bright sun popping up for a few deceptive minutes around seven, the sky was overcast all day. It even dropped down a few drops of chilly rain. But up Greensboro way, as told by our esteemed competitor, (ahem), the Daily News, the sun shone. A reporter, going out for the annual interview, with the Weather-Prophet, gives a decisive, albeit poignant, account of the emergence from the den; the sudden start as the prophet sees his little squat black shadow lurking in wait, and of his abrupt change into reverse gear and disappearance into the depths of the burrow.

That was in the Piedmont, near Greensboro. Down here the scene was otherwise. Br'er S. Groundhog, we fancy, took his time about waking up and therefore missed that splashy dawn. The sun popped out and popped right back in again the while he snoozed. Late in the morning, as we have heard it, something penetrated that hairy, heavy head. Maybe it was the call of duty, the high tradition of his race, summoning him to fulfill the great role of his fathers and forefathers; to come forth, braving that shadowy menace, and take his stand; or turn tail and call it a day and another six weeks of sleep. Maybe it was duty; but maybe, again, it was the insistent chime of the Moore County Hounds, as they followed the line on the hill above his den on the old Salty Marks place. Whatever fetched him, out he came. Out he came and, what's more, out he stayed. No shadow went boo, at him by the den entrance; no mad wintry sun glared down to mock him and send him dully back to sleep. Out on that piney hill, the clouds were low, the air was soft with a feel of rain. Br'er S. Groundhog straightened his stubby tail, drew in his chir, and sat down on his square well-cushioned seat.

He expanded his chest with a sigh of satisfaction and came up to the traditional oratorical position, hands clasped in front, rocking slightly in portentous dignity.

His eye traversed the landscape: Couple more dead pines on the ridge since last fall; winter wheat made a nice splash of green yonder in the bottom; there where the brown earth showed, it looked as if John Bennet was fixing to plant some more of those nice yams he'd enjoyed so much last summer. That sure was thoughtful of him; trust John to do the nice thing. Same old mess of a crow's nest in that old sycamore: he'd have their children beating him to the oat-patch again, he shouldn't wonder. He could make out the rabbit-run in the same place along near the branch. Wouldn't you think they'd learn by this time that everybody knew where it was, including all the dogs! But there didn't seem anything you could do about rabbits. They were just . . . rabbits. Now groundhogs. . . Br'er S. came to, with a start. Here! Time to make that statement:

"Well, folks. It surely is nice to be here this morning, and a fine, dark, and dismal morning it is. But that's the Sandhills. Don't forget: the Sandhills on February 2nd. And that means, for the Sandhills: Winter's Nearly Over! . . . Thank you, folks, thank you. Glad to be of help. Just call on me. Anytime! What? That fellow up near Greensboro? Oh, him! He's out of luck, that's the trouble with him. He's just in the wrong place. Right day, but wrong locality!"

Grains of Sand

February 1952 is a most unusual month in the annals of The Pilot, and all other weekly papers having Friday publication dates. . . . On account of the fact that it is Leap Year, and the month begins on a Friday and also ends on a Friday, there will be five issues published this month.

Of course this is impossible in the dinky little 28-day month February usually is—but Leap Year gives it that extra day, and your extra copy.

While unusual, this is not unique—We discover from Editor Louis Graves in his Chapel Hill Weekly that February 1924 also had five Fridays—and it will next happen again in February 1980. . . . Every 28 years, in fact—so stick around 28 years longer for another big February value.

And whether the Ground Hog saw his shadow Saturday is a moot point. . . . A pale and watery sun shone briefly, and the legendary rodent could have seen his shadow at that time, if he came out, but he could hardly have been frightened by it.

Springlike weather has continued—complete with showers.

Our nomination for most unusual accident of the year is that which happened to Dr. William Peck, of the N. C. Sanatorium at McCain a month ago. . . . He broke his ankle skiing on pine needles.

Dr. Peck is from Iowa, and he has skied in Michigan and other places. . . . Now he's in the Sandhills, where snow and ice are scarce but the pine needles are slick and inviting.

Still the possessor of a fine pair of skis, he undertook to show his young daughter Karen how they worked. . . . Minus sticks, he left the harness unfastened so he could get his feet out quickly if he needed to. . . . But this was his undoing as he hit a bump near the end of a 20-foot slope, in squatting position.

Now he's wearing a cast on his ankle. . . . Getting around on crutches, which he maneuvers with admirable deftness. . . . And his colleagues have christened the needle-covered slope near his home Peck's Gulch.

Little Carolyn Ross, aged six, of 730 West Indiana avenue, can take her place among history's mighty midgets. . . . She killed a chicken-hawk single-handed in her back yard last Saturday afternoon.

Carolyn was playing with her hoop when the hawk swooped down in an attack on the chickens in the yard. . . . She threw the hoop with unerring aim. . . . It encircled the hawk as he came to a three-point landing and he was unable to take off again.

Little Carolyn then rushed

over, grabbed the edge of the hoop and used the toy to beat the vicious bird to death. . . . She then dragged it over to the Sandhill Grocery store nearby, where her mother, Mrs. Edith Ross, was working, and calmly remarked, "Look what I killed."

The hawk measured two feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. . . . She got him before he harmed a single chicken.

Carolyn is the granddaughter of the store's owner, Claude (John) Strickland, familiar to all who go to Hayes Book shop for their morning papers.

If you want to see what a "poof" sweater looks like, one of those highly inflammable garments has been placed on display in the window of the Barnum Realty and Insurance office—not that they are on sale there, though perhaps you could persuade John Ruggles to give you a fire insurance policy, in case you should accidentally become the owner of one.

The sweater in the window is one of the set belonging to Mrs. Ella Doughty, purchased by her son from strangers who paused briefly at Dunrovin, their motel-club. One of the sweaters flashed away in flame as the result of a test to determine whether it really was a "poof." She had planned a Saturday-night burning of the other, but so many people wanted to see it she kept it.

She lent it to The Pilot to display, and the Barnum window was selected as a nice central spot where there would be no confusion with other garments, as might have been the case at one of the apparel stores. Mrs. Barnum obligingly agreed to the display.

Shown with it is the nice-looking box the set came in, completely devoid of makers' name or place of origin, and the "guarantee"—than which we think we've never read anything more meaningless.

Commissioners Approve Five Road Petitions

Approval of petitions for road work and routine business occupied the county commissioners at their regular meeting in Carthage Monday.

Requests for roads were presented to the board which approved them and passed them on to the Sixth Division office of the State Highway and Public Works commission where it will be decided if or when the work will be done.

These requests included:

1. In Sandhill township, request to "stabilize and ultimately surface" 1.8 miles of road running from No. 1 highway, three and a half miles south of Pinebluff, to Mrs. Mattie Rice's residence. Petition stated there were five houses on the road and was signed by Mrs. Rice, Veda C. McLeod, E. H. Mills and W. T. Matthews who circulated the petition.

2. In Greenwood township, request to build a bridge over Crane's Creek that would connect two dead-end roads—one running in from the Union road at Grady Frye's service station, the other running in from the Vass-Carthage road. A map accompanying the petition showed how the bridge would serve 25 houses and about 100 persons. Twenty-five property owners signed the petition.

3. State maintenance asked for a short dead-end road known as the "A. L. Keith road" running from the Vass-Cameron-Johnsonville road to A. V. Autry's place.

4. A new road to be constructed from the Highfalls-Bennett highway to Causey Hussey's place, one-half mile in length and serving three houses.

5. State maintenance requested by Dr. M. E. Street, Jr., for two-tenths of a mile from the Putnam-Glendon road, near Glendon, to the office of Dr. Street. The road was described as new in good condition.

6. State maintenance on a road one-quarter mile long, serving four houses, running from the Spies to Robbins road at Henry Brower's store north to K. T. Wyatt's residence. The petition was signed by Henry Brower. It stated the road had been graded and that property owners would furnish gravel to assist the state in maintaining the road.

Beer Licenses
The board approved two applications for beverage licenses. They were for off-premises beer and wine sales at the North Side Service station, Southern Pines, applied for by James A. Douglas, and for on-premises beer sales at 221 Gaines street, Southern Pines, applied for by Henry C. Brower.

The Public Speaking

ABOUT VAN SHARPE

To the Pilot.

While in Washington last Friday investigating the investigation of the sub-senate committee on National Defense (which had rapped some military golf installations) I called on my old friend, Van B. Sharpe.

Mr. Sharpe is now employed by the Small Defense Plants Administration with offices in the old Washington Post building. This administration department is in charge of procurement and contracts for the small businessman. The purpose is to see that the little fellow gets a break on government contracts.

Mr. Sharpe was somewhat hurt because of references he said had been made in The Pilot concerning his tax situation. He produced documentary evidence to prove the government had sent him a refund for 1952 which he had overpaid and he pointed out that it was hardly likely the government would pay him a refund if he was in arrears. He stated that he had not only paid the government all taxes but \$12,000 in penalties.

Mr. Sharpe also pointed out that for three years he had a payroll of \$10,000 a week at the Carthage Weaving Mill when his was one of the very few industrial institutions helping to keep people off the dole in this community. I also saw a letter from one of his superiors in the Small Defense Plants Administration which stated "Mr. Sharpe has a realistic approach to this work and is thoroughly familiar with the laws pertaining to it." Mrs. Sharpe and their son, Van B. Jr., have joined Mr. Sharpe in Washington.

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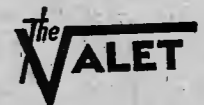
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