

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.

Two Weeks To Go

Last Saturday the precinct meetings took place in all state townships; this Saturday the committees then elected will move on to the county seats. Two Saturdays after that, May 31, will be the Big Day.

We hear a lot of the danger of federal control and the need for better government at the grass roots. Most of us talk plenty but do very little to ward off that danger. There were only fourteen people at the precinct meeting in Southern Pines, not a very encouraging sign. Yet this year, in the state, the temptation to take off and go fishing instead of thinking about the state of the country, come election day, is strong. For both Moore county and North Carolina are extremely lucky, we believe, in the calibre of men who are running for office. To the point, in fact, that voting is a bit difficult: there seems to be so little to choose between them. All are serious, well-intentioned citizens, eager to play a good part in carrying on the business of county and state.

But if everybody went fishing instead of voting it would be the end of our representative government. And, actually, though, this year, most of the candidates are men worthy of consideration, there are striking characteristics to help a voter make his choice. This, it seems to us, is particularly true of the state offices. Umstead is a man whose capabilities are vividly apparent and he has wide experience in many fields, including that of politics. His opponent has tagged him with the label of "corporation lawyer," and without doubt he is one and a very fine one, but he is also deeply interested and knowledgeable in many other lines: agriculture for one. During his term in the senate, he sponsored much progressive legislation for the farmer. He knows the problems of industry and labor, and is a man of wide and warm sympathies, as evidenced by the many worthy causes he has supported. He has grown steadily, we feel, in stature as greater responsibilities came his way.

We believe Umstead's opponent to be a fine man, but we regret the shadow that has been thrown over his campaign. In descending to smear tactics, Judge Olive has, we suspect, disappointed a good many of his supporters. It is, of course, a confession of weakness, too, that does not help his chances.

As for the county candidates, in our two would-be representatives we have the experienced man against the newcomer in politics. The young man who aspires to take Clifton Blue's place is an appealing figure and we admire his keenness. However, that he can or should win out against one who has served so long and, in general, so well is highly doubtful.

There is one election in which Southern Pines people will take special interest. They will want to see Jim Pleasants go back on the board of county commissioners. His good job there has more than justified the predictions of those who first urged him to run. He has worked hard and accomplished much for this section. One achievement is especially to his credit, the division of county funds between the Carolina Bank, formerly the sole repository, and the Citizens Bank and Trust company, an eminently desirable arrangement that had been vainly broached for many years. There is no doubt that a second term will find Mr. Pleasants more familiar with county problems and an even more effective member of the board.

The office of county solicitor is being contested by three good young lawyers and how the ordinary man can choose between them we don't know. In fact, it has always seemed to us that this is a position that should be appointive with the decision by those able to make it, a panel of judges, perhaps, for we do not believe the average voter is in the least qualified to choose a man for this important legal post.

As we said before, all the candidates this year stack up to a high level; just the same this is no time to go fishing. We owe it to our county, state and nation to play our part in this representative government we are so proud of. Not only that, but any man who is public-spirited enough to go into government has the right to take office with the assurance and inspiration of a strong vote behind him.

More Than Interesting

We have all read how the miracle drug, penicillin, was discovered through its effect in mouldy bread. It is one instance that could, we are told, be multiplied many times in the field of scientific experiment, to show how tremendously important discoveries come about almost accidentally. A research professor, working hard on one angle of a problem, suddenly realizes that he has produced something quite unexpected. It has nothing to do with what he was working on, but it has something very definite to do with something entirely different.

Something of this sort occurred during the research work that Aberdeen's Dr. Mobbs has been carrying on anent the ill effects of insecti-

cides. He discovered that the poison in the insecticide attacks a vitamin called enositol. This is what happens in the burned areas of skin or tissue resulting from too much exposure to the insecticide, especially to one ingredient of many of them: benzene hexochloride. Dr. Mobbs argued, then, that if too much of the poison could kill the vitamin, then an extra amount of the vitamin might counteract the poison.

This is putting it in the ABCest terms we can figure out and probably reducing it to an absurdity, for the chemists. But the interesting point of all this is that the doctor got his idea about a possible therapeutic value of the vitamin through studying the stuff that was attacking it.

Enositol has been on the market, to be administered by mouth for about two years; however Dr. Mobbs is now using it intravenously and also directly on the affected part. He read a paper on it at the recent doctors' convention in Pinehurst and his work is attaining wide recognition. Research along the line he has indicated is to be carried on by the state, financed partly by the health clubs of the Junior Chambers of Commerce and partly by some of the big foundations.

In telling about his research, Dr. Mobbs describes the results to date as "extremely interesting." We are sure they are interesting and we are equally sure that to Sandhills people the fact that one of our doctors is engaged in such potentially valuable work is interesting, too. We might venture a bit farther and say: it's very exciting.

Well Deserved Advancement

In the promotion of Woodrow Davis from forest ranger and fire warden of Moore County to assistant forest ranger of the third district, the people of this section are bound to feel much satisfaction. This is well deserved advancement. Since coming here in 1947, Ranger Davis has put fire fighting in this county on a professional basis for efficient operation. He has, besides, carried the case for this pinewoods section to the higher authorities with such success that Moore County has been given some of the newest and finest firefighting equipment in the state. Our three-tower watch system is well-organized, as is also the overall setup in the county, including the use of volunteers.

This is one angle of the fire fighting picture that Davis has stressed and with good results: he has, through tact and encouragement, enlisted the active help of many farm and forest owners in all parts of his territory and has, in turn, cooperated with them in helping them to clear firelines and secure supplementary equipment.

The result of all this is that he leaves the county far better organized and equipped to save what remains of its forests, than it was before, but also there is the sad fact that his going will leave a mighty big hole to fill. Much as we rejoice in his promotion, we shall have to see him go. But there is this silver lining: he will be located in Rockingham, the headquarters for this district, and will, we may be sure, while carrying out his new duties, keep a special eye cocked in the direction of Moore county.

We trust, meantime, that our commissioners are on the lookout for the right person to take his place. Time presses, of course; on the other hand, we feel it is of the utmost importance that Moore county secure the best possible man for this important and exacting position. We have seen what a good man can do: may the fates give us a helping hand as we hang out the sign: "Wanted: Another Woodrow Davis."

They're Saying

You Can't Buy Friends

You can't buy friends. That simple truism is sometimes used as an argument against American aid to non-Communist countries. It might better be used to test motives and methods in any foreign-aid program.

John Foster Dulles recently made the startling statement that the United States "is today less liked, more isolated, and more endangered than ever before in its history" because the gifts made since World War II have not included "the spiritual values that count most." Vast loans and grants have been made to other nations, said Mr. Dulles, not out of compassion but because Americans have been told they had to make them in order to achieve certain political objectives:

"The gifts have not carried a message of sympathy and good will, but rather expressions of annoyance, grumbling, and carping criticism. The result is that we have not got what we bargained for."

This may be overstating the case. We believe much good will has come through and much gratitude has been felt for American aid. A common freeworld front has been built against aggression. Yet the fact remains that too large a part of the world believes United States policy to be dictated solely by fear of communism and to be relying solely on material force.

The answer, clearly, is not to stop giving aid where it is crucially needed and where the United States alone is in a position to help. It is to recognize the real needs of the nations—to understand that in some cases economic aid may be more urgent than military, that in others technical aid may be more needed than economic, that in many truthful information may be more important than technical knowhow, and that in all a generous faith in common humanity will be more welcome than guns and dollars offered as bribes.

In this recognition enlightened self-interest and enlightened giving can meet.
Christian Science Monitor

No. 4 - Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?



This must have been one of the biggest buildings in town, back yonder about the turn of the century. And is that a tennis court we see at the side? Who owned it—who lived there—does it still exist? Maybe some of our readers can help us on this one.

The Public Speaking

PICTURE NO. 3

It seems unanimous—Picture No. 3 in The Pilot's current series of old Southern Pines scenes was the W. J. Stewart home, still standing and still looking very much as it did then, on North West Broad street just north of Bryan Poe's service station.

Readers will find the information contained in the letters below of much interest. Others identifying the house were M. Y. Poe, Mrs. Claude Hayes, Mrs. Elizabeth Hewitt, Mrs. Marshall Palmer, Miss Ruby Hall and Miss Genevieve Marks, who brought in a copy of "The Tourist" containing this and other scenes of the day made from the very copperplates The Pilot is now using.

The Pilot thanks these and other readers helping with the identifications, and asks their continued interest and replies.

To the Pilot.

Picture No. 3 was the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Stewart as it looked in December 1898 when I first came to Southern Pines, a bride of six weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart were then both hale and hearty, and prominent workers in the Congregational church, now the Church of Wide Fellowship. The Rev. Mr. Ransom was pastor at that time.

MRS. LUELLA C SMILEY

To the Pilot.

The picture in last week's Pilot was made in 1907, and is one of the contemporaneous collection now in your possession. There was an earlier plate made for the Town Booklet, of 1899-1900, which does not show the boxed tree in this later plate.

The house is located on West Broad street next north of Poe's garage. It was built in 1892 by William J. Stewart who came from Howard, N. Y., in 1891, seeking a milder climate for his ailing wife. They are the two figures standing in the lower left corner of the picture. Tradition has it that they lived in a tent while Mr. Stewart built the house around and above the tent.

They made this house their home for 56 years until the death of Mrs. Stewart March 20, 1948. Her loss, coupled with the increasing loss of sight by Mr. Stewart, forced him to seek the comforts of Miss Chase's convalescent home where he is now a patient. The house then passed to Mrs. Stewart's brother, Mr. Clayton McAdams.

During Mr. Stewart's years of activity he built for E. M. Fulton "Hedgerow"—later the home of Struthers Burt—also the Southern Pines school building, and the old Baptist church. For a time he was a town commissioner, and he and Mrs. Stewart were charter members of the Congregational church.

As with all the earlier homes of Southern Pines, it was surrounded by a fence as a protective measure against the menace of roaming cattle and hogs. Measures taken by the citizens of Southern Pines to force the owners of these stray cattle to confine them make an interesting chapter in the annals of the town, including as they do the erection of a "Pound" in 1897, to the threat of bodily harm to the late C. B. Grout serving as Mayor in 1901 and 1902. The final enactment of the so called "stock fence" law put an end to this nuisance.

CHARLES MACAULEY

To the Pilot.

When I first saw the picture of "Ivy Lodge" in the May 2 Pilot I was sure it was the house at the corner of West Connecticut and Bennett street now owned by Mr. Frank Wilson. However, in passing there the next day, I noticed that the fire hydrant which shows

in the picture was missing. I discovered this hydrant on the opposite corner, and it hardly seemed logical to think that the hydrant had been moved.

A day or so later I was talking with Mr. Wilson and he informed me that his house was not "Ivy Lodge." He said that his house was one of five built exactly alike (even to the picket fence) by Rufe Chaffield's father, and that "Ivy Lodge" was the house now owned by the Howletts on North May street and known as the Mid-South Tourist Home. This reminded me that when I operated this house one winter as a tourist home, there was a sign over the door reading "Ivy Lodge."

Mr. Wilson also informed me that his house was once known as "Pembroke Lodge," and was operated as a boarding house.

Of course Mr. Wilson's house looks much more like the picture than the Howlett house, but this is due to the tower being removed from the Howlett house and many other alterations being made through the years since it was built.

In regard to the picture in this week's Pilot, I would say that it is the house on West Broad street opposite the freight house and known as the Stewart Apartments. Although the picture is not very clear, I would say that the couple standing near the corner of the house looks like Mr. and Mrs. Stewart.

J. B. GIFFORD

(Mrs. Wilson also phoned to say that "Ivy Lodge" was not the Wilson home, but was another just like it, at one time the home of Dr. Foss.—Ed.)

LIKES BOOK REVIEWS

To the Pilot:

In renewing my subscription for The Pilot, I want to congratulate you on the new feature—the book reviews by Mrs. Foster. They are pleasant and provocative, and of general appeal.

Very truly yours,
MARION MacNEILLE,
(Mrs. Walter C. MacNeille)
Pinebluff.

To the Pilot:

Constance Foster's weekly book review deserves a great deal of comment for the interest it offers the readers of your paper.

Moreover, I want to congratulate The Pilot and Mrs. Foster for the campaign being waged in favor of the local teen-age group.

A community is kept alive only to the extent that its interest in its future citizens remains active and thoughtfully directed.

MAURICE R. DEY,
Pinebluff.

(The Pilot regrets that, owing to the press of other work, Mrs. Foster has said she will be unable to carry on the book review column. We are grateful for those she has done for us, and for the favorable comment which has come in from our readers. Mrs. Foster is a nationally famous writer of books and magazine articles, and a very busy person. We hope, however, that she will continue to write for The Pilot from time to time.—Ed.)

NOTICE NORTH CAROLINA, MOORE COUNTY

The undersigned, having qualified as Executrix of the Estate of Joseph Bruce Cameron, deceased, late of Moore County, North Carolina; this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before June 13, 1953, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment to the undersigned.

This 9th day of May, 1952.
ETTA JANE CAMERON,
Executrix of the Estate of
Joseph Bruce Cameron,
Deceased.

GRAINS of SAND

Several weeks ago one of Southern Pines' grandest and best beloved "old timers," Mrs. W. A. Cook, went to High Point to take up residence in the Presbyterian Home . . . There she is reported to be happy and comfortable, though missing her old friends and they surely miss her.

Now, the offering on the second Sunday in May goes, by long-established custom, to the Presbyterian Home from all churches of that denomination in the state . . . Special envelopes for "My Mother's Day" offering are placed in each pew, for that particular purpose.

What was the surprise and pleasure of Mrs. Cook's Presbyterian friends here, at Carthage and elsewhere in the county to see Mrs. Cook's picture on their envelopes last Sunday!

There she sits in a cushioned armchair in the corner of a charmingly furnished room, a picture of inviting repose and comfort.

At the organizational meeting of the Moore County civil defense set-up held Monday night at the Southern Pines Country club, Lieut. Col. Dean E. Hess, veteran combat flier of World War 2 and Korea now on the USAFAGOS faculty, explained the radar net-

work around this nation's perimeter on request of Major General Arnold, county CD director.

While explaining how far along it was, what it could do and also its limitations, Colonel Hess paused to say, "Some of this comes under the heading of classified information."

"It will doubtless all be published in Life tomorrow."

A happy bolt from the blue came our way this week in the form of a letter from Katy Weld. Katy and John were here in somewhere around '42 or '43. (Is that right, Hyde?) John was writing, Katy was aiding and abetting the career and, on the side, playing a grand-slam game of tennis. That was the summer when Hydes, Londons, Stevens, McKeithens, Boyds and Welds battled it out most every afternoon on the Weymouth court, to finish up in the pool. Oh-hum: them were the days! It's good to know that Katy and John remember them and their Southern Pines friends. And see what she calls us, folks! Everybody take a bow. Here's her letter.

The Laguna Beach Post
Laguna Beach, Calif.
March 31

"Dear Katharine:
"We hear from Nelson Hyde that you have taken over The Pilot and have run it up to an up-and-coming county paper. Also that you and he are now competitors.

"We, also, are in the same head-achy, but fun business. Hardly a competitor, however. I have charge of the circulation and am putting The Pilot on our mailing list. It will be fun for me (since we can't come ourselves) to know a little piece of Laguna is going to Southern Pines every week.

"John is still writing (two hours every morning) as well as running the Ford dealership and I spend my time at The Post trying to straighten out the kinks as well as keeping people's names and addresses correct and spelled right.

"When you have time (and who in the newspaper business ever had a minute?) drop us a post card. And please give our love to the Jackson Boyds. And our regards to the many charming people we met in Southern Pines who may remember us. What a heavenly summer that was for us.

Love from us both,
KATY WELD
(Mrs. John Weld)

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