

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.

A County Need

It's budget time these days in Moore County. The county commissioners are working overtime taking up one need after another, studying the details, and stacking it up in the pile of Things To Be Done,—if . . . On the other pile are the "ifs", the listing of revenue due the county from taxes, from state or federal subsidies and all other sources.

In the job the board has of balancing the need against the funds available, it is to be hoped that consideration will be given, among other pressing calls, to the case of the County Home.

For a good long time, this matter has presented itself as something that ought to be tackled. It has been under consideration by the board and a good deal of investigation has been made as to just what ought to be done. Solutions proposed have varied, but there has been little doubt anywhere that another plan to the one now in existence is badly needed. For, one thing, the present home, run as it is for so few inmates, and as a rather large farming operation, cannot be considered satisfactory. Costs are beyond all reason, running to as high as \$70 per inmate per month. Sick and bedridden patients are placed there, with no nursing care available; there is no attempt at recreation or rehabilitation.

County Homes are being eliminated in the state program: they are considered expensive, antiquated and unsuccessful in the proper care of the indigent aged. In their place, privately-run convalescent homes are being established as fast as possible. This appears to be the solution here, and it is to be hoped it can be arranged for in the county budget now under consideration.

To Think Anew

"The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate for the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty and we must rise to the occasion. As our case is new, we must think anew and act anew."

These words, spoken by Abraham Lincoln in the midst of the crisis of internal war, are applicable to our situation today. They are, in effect, on the lips of every thoughtful and conscientious civic and military leader. Each makes his fervent appeal to the American people: the problems of today are unlike any we have faced before, we must learn to think anew and act anew, and we must learn fast.

Judge William O. Douglas, coming back from his third summer spent travelling in the Middle East, says that we are making bad mistakes there, and largely because of too great reliance on the old ways of thinking and acting. We tend to judge people by their standards of living, calling them "backward" if it differs greatly from our own. Largely ignorant of their history and culture, passing over the centuries in which these nations have existed under tyrannical and oppressive rule, we reproach them because they have too few bathtubs and are not democratic.

In our almost exclusive concentration with the job of fighting communism, we are letting our natural American haste and impatience push us into backing unpopular, repressive regimes because they are in power and can, as we imagine, "get things done." We overlook the human problems, the aspirations of the people, which are, after all, what counts. For political alliances of an enduring nature, such as we must secure, will be built not on the power of guns and dollars, but on understanding and mutual respect; or, as Judge Douglas puts it, "on affection." Furthermore, the reactionary regimes we so often have supported have been the very ones most responsible for the low standards of living we deplore. The people know that: they cannot understand our attitude and deeply resent it.

This situation is shown in sharp degree right now. Our people in Korea have backed the Rhee government from the start, but finally, last week, General Clark spoke out against it. The political situation has grown so bad, the dislike of the South Koreans for Rhee and their restlessness under the support given him by the United States has grown so acute that General Clark had to tell President Rhee to stop all political activity. The unity of our cause was suffering.

By not placing our reliance on the liberal elements who would educate their people toward democracy, we are, according to all who have seen these lands at first hand, missing the greatest opportunity that has come to this, perhaps to any, nation. By failing to think and act anew, we are gravely risking losing the fight against communism in the East and are letting fall the torch of true human progress.

Water Safety

One of the best home service efforts that the Red Cross carries out is its safety program: the lessons in swimming and life-saving that are given free to all who will take them. Every summer for the last five years this campaign for safety has been held, resulting in the equipping of a great many people, not only to swim and save themselves, in the event of danger from drowning but to save others as well.

This is a most worthwhile service. Each spring, as warm weather brings the urge to go swimming and boating, we start reading of drowning accidents. People who can't swim go in over their heads, those who can are dragged down with them because they don't know the safe way of rescuing the drowning. When they are finally brought ashore, too often ignorance of how to administer artificial respiration, and the panic that ignorance brings, results in needless fatalities.

There is hardly a person, we imagine, who could not, from his own experience, recall a close call or some fatality in his personal circle of family or friends, happenings that need not have occurred had those involved been better equipped to cope with the danger that any dealings with this trickiest of elements involves. For, with all the publicity given drowning accidents and the natural caution which it ought to bring, people still take chances when it comes to going either in or on the water: they go out over their depths, they venture forth in unseaworthy craft, driven by some wild urge for adventure, and capsize themselves and whoever may be with them. The sea, rivers and lakes and pools seem to present a compelling temptation to adventure, made positively lunatic when the participants, as is so often the case, can't swim. We are a crazily adventurous people, but surely the adventures of the non-swimming public are the craziest of all.

This is the sort of thing that the Red Cross, through its swimming and life-saving program, is trying to reduce. Classes in swimming are given free to both senior and junior groups, and, for those qualified, instruction in life-saving and the latest methods of resuscitation.

The local chapter has done a fine job in promoting this service. Under Dr. J. C. Grier, in charge of the water safety program, many grownups and children have become fine swimmers, able to enjoy themselves in the water safely and to give helping hands to others if the need arises. Dr. Grier deserves, we feel, the thanks of the community for the persistence with which he has pushed this community program. The Red Cross may well chalk up another E for Excellence in its long record of service rendered.

It's Not The Heat, Or Is It?

What's a good hot weather editorial? It's 80 in the shade of our backporch: over that, in fact, but too hot to read those little lines. It's almost bound to be cooler by Thursday night when our readers should be eagerly scanning these present columns, but that doesn't help about today.

Today it's 80 plus and for the third day running. So about that hot weather editorial: Should it be about soothing, cooling subjects or should an editor treat hot weather the way they say the British do who drink hot tea instead of cold and exercise furiously? Maintaining, doubtless, that to heat you up inside cools you off outside. "Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the noonday sun."

By that recipe a good hot weather editorial would start off: "We consider that General MacArthur is a louse," or, alternatively, "We consider that General MacArthur is the greatest living man." Or omit the "living." Either opening would be guaranteed to send temperatures rushing up to the bursting point. But whether they would produce the desired glacial exterior seems doubtful.

That reminds us of a story, though just why it does is beyond us: hot weather effect on the brain, no doubt. There were two men, a Russian and an American. The American said: "I think Stalin is a louse!" "Grrrr!" went the Russian, "Be quiet you whatever-it-is-in-Russian! And anyway I think Truman is a double louse!" "Hooray!" said the American, "So do I!"

Now how would a Britisher have reacted? Gazed calmly over the head of his companion, maybe, and said nothing at all; or at the most, murmured: "It's a matter of opinion."

The American's reply may shock slightly, but we find it rather endearing, and not so bad an example of the slap-dash democracy we like to call American. We feel quite certain President Truman would get a chuckle out of the tale, but, if the phrases were reversed, just as certain that Stalin wouldn't. Or does a sense of humor lurk under that walrus mustache? Could be, at that.

But the thermometer is still rising. Perhaps we'd better go back to the soothing, cooling plan: Thoughts of cold clear water, a mountain trout-stream sluicing between rocky boulders and the rod-tip dipping under when a big one takes hold? Uh-uh. Too energetic. . .

Two polar bears, floating across a blue sea on a great big cake of ice? Too far afield; and it ought to be just one bear. Cooler. The thought of two bears today. . . and sitting together. . .

How about, right here at home and even when it's 80 plus on the back-porch, imagining that rushing breath of cold, damp and pungent with the aroma of bay and swamp magnolia, that hits you when you're driving and dip down through a swamp, the Lumbee or James Creek . . . or the first step into the lake and the cold water creeping up and your toes sinking deeper into the cool sandy bottom?

Shucks to Stalin and Truman and the polar bears. . . let's go swimming!

No. 8—Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?



This commodious mansion with all the porch and awnings is very likely still around town some place, minus the awnings and maybe minus the porch. Or maybe it still looks just about like this. We can think of several places which might be it. Anyway—who built it, around the turn of the century? Who owned it, and enjoyed that sunny porch, in little old Southern Pines of long ago?

The Public Speaking

PICTURE NO. 7

Old Picture No. 7 has been identified as the Kings Daughters' Hall by several of our old-timers, including Dr. Herr, Mrs. Elizabeth Hewitt and Rufe Chatfield, who helped build it. In the picture, said Mrs. Hewitt, "it looks just the way it did when we moved here in 1910." We are indebted to Charles Macauley for the following information concerning this structure, so important in the life of the town in that early day:

To the Pilot.

Your picture No. 7 does not portray a church. As a matter of fact this same cut was used in the editions of the Tourist of June 16 1905, and September 6 1907, under the caption "Kings Daughters Hall."

To tell the complete story of this really historic structure would take considerable space in the Pilot as it includes Southern Pines first Public School, first Library, and the Lend a Hand Circle of the Kings Daughters, and more than that the names of many women foremost in the up-building of the new town.

To be as brief as possible, the building, now bearing no resemblance to the picture, is located on the north side of Connecticut avenue between Broad and Bennett streets. It was erected in 1895 by Chatfield & Messer for the newly organized Circle founded under the leadership of Mrs. L. M. Young, mother of the present Mrs. A. S. Ruggles.

In July 1897, the board of commissioners appointed a school board of five members, and they immediately completed a free lease of five years' duration for the second story which they then added to the building. This was used as a public school until the erection of the new school building on May street, this being ready for use in February 1908.

In October 1899, the members of the Circle opened in the building the first library, which continued to serve the public for the next 21 years. On my personal solicitation in 1922, Mrs. Flinda Weed and Mrs. I. F. Chandler, the surviving members of the Circle, donated 800 volumes and \$1,200 to aid the newly organized Southern Pines Library association.

June 1920 saw the purchase of the Hall by Dr. William H. Spears, who is said to have removed the tower, and operated the building as the Spears Apartments until his death in November 1939. It was so continued by Mrs. Spears for a short period, and about 1945 was acquired by Mrs. David Hoskins, who remodeled the structure. The Pilot has a plate picturing the place as it now stands. CHARLES MACAULEY

RANDOM THOUGHTS

To the Pilot. Maybe it's because they've put me on a diet—anyhow, I've turned from the hot-calory fare of "modern" reading and gone back to the earlier and (to me) the best work of Henry James. I've been old-fashioned enough, too, to read "Tobacco Road," thinking perhaps that it would add a touch of garlic to Henry's Mayfair. But like the late Victoria, I was "not amused." Is it because I am unfamiliar with the type—although in my mining camp days I encountered some pretty low-down humans?

At any rate, following my blind-feeding diet, I reverted to Edwin Lear's "Nonsense Book" the other day. That wonderful little sick genius has kept children and their grandfathers laughing for a hundred years. How I wish

that the TV-dazzled brats of today would shed their cowboy boots for a while and go back to "The Pobble Who Has No Toes" and "My Uncle Arley" with their hypnotic rhymes and lovely giggles. One thing about Lear surprises me. He didn't exactly introduce the Limerick to the English language (and it was a favorite Greek comedy meter) but he popularized it in a hundred ridiculous ways. Yet, according to contemporary acid tests, he wrote an imperfect Limerick—a lazy man's Limerick.

For the Limerick is as formal as the sonnet—more so, perhaps, for the sonnet has a half dozen variations. But the Limerick is an invariable five-line with the surprise, the "snapper," the culminating joke in the last line. But what did Lear do? In his last line he merely repeated his first line, adding a whimsical adjective. For instance, (first line) "There was an old man of Dundee" and (last line) "That wretched old man of Dundee." Most of our modern Limericks, unfortunately, are bar-room classics, glaringly unrespectable, but for mixed company, here's a model of perfection: "There was a young fellow of Clyde! Who at funerals oft was espied. When asked who was dead he giggled and said 'I don't know, I just came for the ride.'" The Lear-style Limerick reminds me of the dull habit some of us have of telling a good one, then pausing to explain the joke. You remember the tale of the live lobster? A grateful animal trainer comes up to a Park Avenue bar, unwraps a package and lets out a live lobster. He says to the bartender, "You've been so good to me that I'm bringing you this very special lobster." "Oh, thanks," says the barman, "I'll take him home for supper." "But he's had his supper," says the animal trainer, "take him to the movies." The man who first told me this standard story added by way of footnote, "The trainer probably thought that the barkeeper wanted the lobster for a pet."

That's something like the Associated Press report on General Eisenhower's speech at Abeline. The AP told how the rain-soaked general opened by saying, in effect, that it looked pretty wet, but not so wet as the Channel looked when we crossed it eight years ago. So the AP obligingly annotated the jest by explaining that he was referring to the European Invasion in 1944.

What has America done with her well-advertised sense of humor? Or do our memories play out in eight years? I won't attempt to answer these questions. I'm on a diet. WALLACE IRWIN

A TRAFFIC SUGGESTION

To the Pilot. I read the notice in last week's Pilot, that Broad street has been given a right-of-way over the crossing avenues, in the new traffic plan. I can't help but feel this may be a mistake: for a number of reasons:

First, and most important: on account of the railroad. Anyone crossing the Seaboard tracks should have the right-of-way over all other traffic. This is especially true now that train service is being speeded up along the double-tracked road. It is very easy to start across the tracks with the signal lights off and have them go on before you can get over, if traffic has been held up ahead of you. I've had that happen to me more than once and, with the train bearing down on me, have had to start tooting to get folks to move on and let me get off the

GRAINS of SAND

A couple came in the other day to place a subscription to The Pilot as a graduation gift for a young high school friend, wanting the paper to start in September when the young friend went to college. Mary Scott Newton in our business office wanted to know if they didn't want to wait till September to pay, and they said they didn't, they might forget. Well, Mary Scott was afraid she might forget, too, as her files are set up for the paper to start when the money is paid. But she proceeded to set up a new file, just for the purpose, and The Pilot is all ready to take "delayed college subscriptions."

This is a little late for the regular graduation season, but in

tracks. Second: Broad street should be kept as Southern Pines' shopping street. That means that traffic ought to be slowed down. No one ought to be in a hurry, but there is plenty of time to look and park. Make it a through road, as this plan does, and speeding will result. Already people are using the one-way streets as miniature speedways.

So I'd say: put stop signs on Broad street, not on the crossing avenues, and give people a chance to cross the street peacefully and shoppers a chance to look around. Most important, let's give that fellow crossing the railroad tracks a chance to get across and out of the way of danger. I'm sure the Seaboard would approve.

Anyone who is in a hurry ought to stick to Route 1, or, if coming from Pinehurst, turn right to Bennett street at Vermont avenue and bypass the shopping district. Bennett might be made the through street, with stop signs on the avenue crossings. That would carry through traffic from both Aberdeen and Pinehurst around the congested part of town. People coming from Aberdeen would turn off on Bennett where it enters Route 1 below the Jackson Motor company.

This might reduce some of the fast driving along the southern end of Broad street, especially coming into the post office block, and, on the other end, slow down the cars roaring in past the freight station, both definite traffic dangers. JAMES BOYD, JR.

case there are still some local boys and girls on your list to whom you haven't given we respectfully suggest the gift of that weekly "letter from home"—The Pilot, next September through June.

We noted last week that Pat and Will Stratton have named their new home Cattistock, after the village in England where Will was born. The Strattons moved there from Weymouth, the James Boyd place, and are now only about a mile and a half away. They are enjoying the knowledge that Cattistock is only a little way from the town of Weymouth in England.

Once again we have occasion to bring out that original remark, "It's a small world!" Pic. Andy Page, USMC, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Page, is seeing some interesting places while on a Mediterranean cruise. On a recent liberty he visited the famed European resort, Monte Carlo. Walking down the street he heard a girl's voice call, "Hi—Andy!"

It was Gay McClellan, who used to live here with her family till they moved away two or three years ago. Gay and her mother are spending the year in Europe and just happened to be in Monte Carlo at the same time as Andy. After they got over the first surprise of seeing each other they had a good time talking about people and events at home.

Andy played golf on the famous Monte Carlo course, which is practically nothing but high mountain peaks with deep valleys between. He found plenty of new hazards, never seen on Sandhills courses. "It certainly is funny to be teeing off right into the heart of a cloud," he wrote his folks.

Mrs. Constance J. Foster of Pinebluff, author of numerous books and articles on youth problems, is greatly concerned about her own son Tony Wardell, who goes to Georgia Tech. . . We must admit, she really has a problem there, and all her psychiatric knowledge doesn't seem to help. . . The darned boy keeps getting all A's.

This greatly concerns his ma, who doesn't want him to be a grind! Well, we've met Tony, a thoroughly delightful young man, with lots of energy and a nice sense of humor, and we don't think she needs to worry too much. He takes part in plenty of extra-curricular activity at Georgia Tech, where he is a rising sophomore and student of mechanical engineering, and on holidays at home gets around freely with the younger generation, making many friends and showing a normal boy's liking for a pretty girl. He is in ROTC and will go on a cruise this summer.

Our latest bulletin on Tony, which comes from the college public relations office, is not calculated to make Mrs. Foster feel one bit better. He has been elected to Phi Eta Sigma, freshman honorary scholastic society, which, the bulletin informs us, is "the highest honor which a freshman can achieve at Georgia Tech."

Tommy Avery, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Avery, is making about the same kind of record at State college, only worse, because he has been at it two years longer. Besides being elected to the honorary engineering fraternity (whose Greek letters we forget at the moment) Tommy, a rising senior, has been elected to the Student Council. Besides making practically all A's in his civil engineering course, and popping up on the dean's list from time to time, he is holding down a part-time job in Raleigh.

Chrysanthemums may live for several years in one location, but they are usually best the first year, say State College horticulturists.

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But only Time will Tell

LOOK! A PETUNIA! WE'RE A SUCCESS!

WOW! ARE WE GONNA HAVE A GARDEN! BEST ON THE BLOCK!

GEE! I WISH I HAD COLOR FILM!

YOU CAN'T TELL ABOUT A GARDEN UNTIL YOU GIVE IT TIME TO GROW. AND YOU CAN'T JUDGE A CIGARETTE TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT AS YOUR STEADY SMOKE. TEST CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS. YOUR T-ZONE WILL TELL YOU HOW MILD AND FLAVORFUL A CIGARETTE CAN BE!