

THE PILOT

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KATHARINE BOYD Editor
 VALERIE NICHOLSON Asst. Editor
 DAN S. RAY General Manager
 C. G. COUNCIL Advertising

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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.

TV Brings Political Drama Home

The magic of television brought the human side of politics into American homes for the first time during the Republican National convention, and will do the same next week for the Democrats.

Millions of viewers hung over their sets to watch the "Big Show" and many of them, we have no doubt, saw more than numbers who were actually present. The roving eye of TV could pick out significant scenes, provide close-ups at revealing moments and focus at will on big-shot and little-shot alike.

For those without access to TV, radio performed also a yeoman service, and provided almost as much illumination and drama.

The net effect, we feel, was a wonderfully good one, and the continuation of such intimate views of political affairs will be immensely beneficial for voter and candidate alike.

The interest in politics thus generated should lead to greater understanding, greater participation and more widespread democracy through increased use of the ballot.

It should also show plainly, as was revealed to a considerable extent last week, that "politics begins at home"—that it is on the precinct and district level that a party and its policies have their source and being.

Never before was it so clearly spotlighted before so many how precinct meetings can affect the end result, and never before was the voice of the delegate—Mr. Jones, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Romani—heard so plain in the land.

Court Needs Must Be Met

The study now under way as to whether Southern Pines could, or should, set up its own recorder's court poses a question of immediate importance to the county as a whole.

Should the county commissioners set up the Moore court on a basis adequate to take care of the load, or must individual communities—this one, at any rate, as the largest in the county—be forced into setting up their own?

The time is long past due for expanding the Moore court's term to more than one day a week. The court has not been expanded since its establishment in 1928, while the load has more than doubled, or perhaps tripled, in 22 years.

Everyone is familiar with instances in which defendant, witnesses and officers have had to return to Carthage Monday after Monday, with the court still not able to reach their case. There they sit all day, at their cost and inconvenience, only to endure further continuation. This amounts to injustice, if not downright persecution, of the innocent along with the guilty. It wastes the time of our officers when they should be on duty, or, in the case of night officers, getting needed rest. And the ease of continuing cases opens the way to further evils.

It is to the credit of our judge and solicitor that, in the face of such circumstances, they have been able to maintain the reputation of the Moore court as a good one. This is a reputation to be jealously guarded, which can hardly be done if the administration of justice becomes hopelessly retarded.

One evidence of the current injustice is in the large number of cases of traffic violators from other states and counties, most of them arrested on US Highway 1 while passing through Moore. They post a cash bond of \$50 to \$75, then forfeit the bond rather than come back for the one-day court, with no guarantee their case will be heard event then. This is piling on costs and penalty with a vengeance, and it is this evil, as much as any other, the holding of a local court would be designed to correct.

If the court is expanded to two or more days a week, court officials must be paid more in proportion, but they are earning it anyway, with long hours and extra work, and in any case a good court pays for itself. Moore recorder's court is not only paying for itself but all expenses of the superior court also, with a goodly amount left over for the general county fund. Which brings up another question: Should the court do more than actually pay for itself, and if there is much of a surplus, should not the commissioners ask themselves if they are giving value received?

While the matter is being studied, we believe consideration should be given to raising the level of the Moore court from that of a recorder's to a county court. This has been done in many counties of the State. The county court has a broader jurisdiction,

covering civil cases as well as criminal up to a point, lightening the superior court load and speeding up the notoriously sluggish processes of law in this regard.

Times move on, and there is no way in which it is more important to keep abreast of them than in the conduct of the courts—no way in which greater evils can arise than in their neglect. The court personnel may be the ablest and most efficient known, yet if work is such that it cannot be handled in one day, then more than one day should be provided in which to handle it.

Our Jail—Good News, And Bad

It is good news, and also bad, that the Southern Pines jail is no longer to be used. All persons arrested here are being taken to the county jail at Carthage, whether for a few hours or a period of days, in the interests of safety.

The local "pokey"—and it rates no better name—has been condemned by the Mayor, the Chief of Police and public opinion, with the last-named leading the way, as is proper.

It is good news, for we have all along known that our poor little old jail was a shame and a disgrace to the community. It is bad news, because it means we have got to do something about it, and that right soon. Though our percentage of lawbreakers be small, a town can't go very long without a suitable jail.

Entirely aside from its inadequacies and discomforts as a building, our jail was left far behind by modern thinking and practice. No one holds any brief today for the isolated lockup far from police headquarters and fulltime supervision. Suffocating fires, suicide attempts, sudden illness, vandalism, sometimes resulting in lonely, cruel death, have made headlines in North Carolina several times in recent years. They have pointed up the need for combining the jail with police headquarters, with an attendant on constant duty.

The State Department of Public Welfare has a bill all ready for introduction at the next General Assembly to make this a law. Though twice defeated by adherents of a false economy, it is very apt to go through in 1953. Whether it goes on the statute books or not, the laws of humanity and common sense dictate it.

GOP "Re-Born" For Fourth Time

Whether or not the Republican "Old Guard" has been sat so far back on its heels it will never come back is a matter for interested speculation by Republicans and Democrats alike.

Certainly it appeared so, as the whole nation sat in, via radio and TV, on the spectacle of Taft, MacArthur, et al being washed down the drain by the upsurging and exuberant Eisenhower faction. Speeches on party principle and regularity by the conservatives were nullified as soon as spoken by opposition speeches, or rather shouts, that "We want to win in November!"

What happened at Chicago, climaxed by the landslide for Eisenhower and Nixon, has been hailed as a "re-birth of the Republican party" and indeed this may be so. If true, it is an event long overdue.

What should not be forgotten is that the party has been "re-born" no less than three times before, in 1940, 1944 and 1948. The conservatives in those convention years got smacked down just as hard by the same sorts of resounding shouts, and two out of three times it was "the Taft machine" which was taken apart, just as this time.

If the shouts resounded lots louder in 1952, that may have been because this was the most extensively aired and viewed convention in history so far—in fact, the first one on television; and there were some immediate issues of intensely dramatic appeal, those of the contested delegates, to point up the progressive victory and keep the whole nation in suspense.

It made a wonderful show.

However, despite a few new puppet-faces out in front, there were revealing glimpses of the same old wire-pullers behind the scenes, and the plot itself wasn't very new.

Scott For Senator?

Despite his expressed intention to return to Haw River and give his time to his farm when his term expires, Governor Scott has been considered a hot prospect as an opponent for Willis Smith when the Senator comes up for reelection. In Goldsboro recently the Governor indicated it's quite possible he may make the race.

Senator Smith scarcely has been a raging success as a representative of the people of North Carolina in the Senate, and he had the experience of hearing himself booed when he appeared before the State Democratic Convention last month, an unusual experience for a Senator. Scott would be a strong candidate in his own right, but in addition he'd be able to capitalize on Smith's unpopularity with many thousands of North Carolinians, an unpopularity which grew out of the bitter Senatorial campaign of 1950 and which Smith's performance as a Senator has not materially reduced.

Those who would regret to see Scott become a member of the Senate ought to be looking out for a candidate, and if they can find a strong one they ought to be thinking about persuading Mr. Smith, if he needs persuading, to retire of his own volition when his term as a Senator expires.

—DURHAM HERALD

No. 13 — Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?



Picket fence — cupola — wide inviting front porch—here is a typical Southern Pines home of a half century ago, another in The Pilot's series of old cuts for which it is asking identifications.

Who recognizes this pleasant home? Who built it, who lived there and is it still standing today? We hope one of our faithful "Old Timers" can tell us.

Grains of Sand

So many people were kind enough to tell us they enjoyed our story on the N. C. Writers Conference at Edenton last week, and we have so many nice memories left over just crying to be used, we thought we'd make them up into a column this week.

So, if you aren't interested in writers—North Carolina writers—pass on, gentle reader. But if you are, gather round!

Most writers we know sort of fumble and grope their way along, feeling out this, that and the other thing before they know just where they're going—but not James Street, one of the most positive personalities we've ever known. He's a package of dynamite, who has exploded—and keeps exploding—into authorship.

Plot holds no difficulties for Jimmy, who admitted, "I'm a plotter's fool. Before I start a story I know just exactly how it will end. What's more, I know what paragraph three on page 17 is going to say. It's complete, line for line, in my mind."

"I've got enough plots to last 10 ordinary lifetimes. Want one?"

"The main trouble I have is with romance. Oh, I'm romantic enough, but it's hard to write, that's all. My principal characters cause me trouble, too—never the minor ones. And somehow the minor ones always come out the best!"

"Do I have fun writing? Heck, no, it's no fun. It's work!"

Frances Grey Patton, smooth-haired like a madonna, demurred gently—but conceded, "It isn't ever so much fun once you start making money at it. That shouldn't intrude—but it does."

On agents—the writers present agreed that to sell, you must have one, also that "the good ones don't advertise." A novice wanted to know, "But how do you find one?" "Well—when you start selling, they seek you out." An old impasse—no one's ever found the answer!

David Stick, former fiction editor for American Legion magazine, gave an editor's-eye-view of agents' services: "We would court the agents, not wait for them to court us—take them to lunch and all that, and let them know our needs. We knew they'd see we got what we wanted."

"Many unsolicited manuscripts came in, of course, as they do to all magazines—and all were read, you can be sure of that. Maybe some weren't read all the way through—often the first page or two will tell you all you want to know."

"In a year, out of about 6,000 unsolicited scripts, we were able to cull two we could use."

David, a strikingly handsome young man, dark of mien and fine of brow, and his pretty young wife have chosen an appealing way of life. A few years ago they cut all ties with the world of streets and cities, and moved to Kitty Hawk, on the North Carolina coast. There, says David, "during the summers we run a handicraft shop, sell our own handcrafts, sell real estate and do anything else we can to make a living."

"The other six months of the year, I write."

And, he revealed, he writes just what he wants, without regard to whether it will sell or not. His first two books, one of them a small tome on Dare county, he published at his own expense. His third came out just last month—"Graveyards of the Atlantic," a publication of the University of North Carolina Press.

David is being hailed as "a strong new voice in North Carolina literature," and we believe it; also that his voice will be heard again and again, saying things of importance.

The Sticks came to the Conference in a high-riding red jeep, which caused the Burke Davises

to become childless parents, as their young son and daughter immediately abandoned them to ride with the Sticks.

Bernice Kelly Harris of Seaboard, author of "Purslane" and "Portulaca," suffers from that universal complaint of writing folk—she has a hard time finding time to write. "There always seem to be so many community service calls," said this gentle grey-haired little lady, with serene girlish face, "and of course I was a part of the community before I ever became a 'bookwriter.' I'm learning to say 'no' but sometimes I just can't. You see—it's my friends who ask." She revealed that, before she ever sold a book, she always wrote the obituaries for the paper, and she still does—"they expect that. When I go back home now, I have to write up a garden party. I went to it, so of course I must write it up."

"Maybe I should just tell them I can't—but you know, I like to!"

"It's other writers who interrupt me more than anybody else," put in Jimmy Street, with a kindly glare about the room "I can handle the others, but it's my 'literary' friends who always walk in with such wonderful ideas about things for me to do—if I did 'em all I'd never get time to write a word. You'd think they'd understand but no—they're always 'special'."

And it was Jimmy who spoke up again, with a pungent commentary following a discussion on the problems of the Southern writer, who finds himself classified as "regional" no matter what he writes. "How can the writer from the South be accepted as just any writer, from anywhere—his work judged without reference to his place of origin? The writers wanted to know. "The editor says, 'Oh, yes, the Southern school,' and right away you're tagged." After some disgruntled talk in this vein, Jimmy cocked his head on one side and remarked, "And if you throw that away—maybe you're pitching out one of your best assets."

His new book, "The Velvet Doublet," will be published by Doubleday next spring.

"I'm not bothered about being 'regional,'" revealed Elizabeth Boatwright Coker of Blowing Rock, who is completing her third novel. "I'm afraid my books aren't what you would call 'significant!' They're written for entertainment—and I believe," she said firmly, "there's a place for that sort of book, too." There was a rousing chorus of agreement.

Beauty honors were probably divided between the auburn-haired Mrs. Coker and Mebane Holoman Burgwyn of Jackson, author of juveniles—her new book "Penney Rose," for teen-agers, will be published in October. Mrs. Burgwyn, looking like a teen-ager herself with her schoolgirl oval of a face, and sweet candid smile, deplored the lack of training in the schools in fundamentals of the English language. Writers of children's books, she revealed, feel the responsibility of giving the youngsters something valuable in this line.

Charming, hospitable and earnest Inglis Fletcher, author of novels of North Carolina's beginnings, has in her Albemarle series inebriatedly enriched both the literature and history of the State, was the consensus. It bothered her that she couldn't plot like Jimmy Street, but, said he in tribute, "I couldn't begin to do what you have done. You have given us a regional history such as has never been done before."

Nor could we think of anything comparable to Inglis' great achievement, unless it is the novels of Mary Johnston laid in Virginia's colonial days.

MOORE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA

NOTICE

The undersigned, having qualified as Executor of the Estate of Mabel A. Goldsmith, 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 the 20th day of June, 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 the 11th day of June, 1952.

JOHN MOORE GOLDSMITH,
 Executor of the Estate of Mabel A. Goldsmith.

Pollock & Fullenwider,
 Attorneys j13jul18inc

Old Picture No. 12

Three ladies identified last week's picture, "The House of a Hundred Pines"—and all three said something different.

Mrs. Claude Hayes thinks it was the old home of Mr. and Mrs. George Monroe, parents of the late Mrs. C. H. Colleston, on the southeast corner of May and Massachusetts. It stands there today, she said, considerably remodeled.

Mrs. W. F. Morris is quite sure the house is the old Southworth home, later torn down to provide a site for the present one on Orchard road, beyond Ridge street. It was known as "The House of a Hundred Pines," but—

So was Captain Berry's home, remembers Miss Ella Huntington, and it looked like the one in the picture, too, little balcony and all. The house stood on the Boyd place near where the entrance is now, and was torn down after Captain Berry's death. The ladies on the front steps she thinks are Mrs. Berry and a relative who lived with them.

Paging Charlie Macauley — or anyone else who can help us out!

Mrs. Kurtz Dies 16 Days After Passing Of Son

Requiem mass for Mrs. Adam C. Kurtz of Pinebluff, 75, was sung Tuesday morning at St. Anthony's Catholic church, conducted by Father Donald Fearon. Burial followed in the family plot in Pinebluff cemetery, where Mrs. Kurtz's only son, Jack, had been buried just 16 days earlier.

The mother died Sunday at her home, after a lingering illness, without knowing that her son had preceded her in death.

Pallbearers for her funeral were Frank Kaylor, of Southern Pines; Glen Rounds, N. L. VanBoskerck, Bud Henderson, Cadwallader Benedict and Lewis Marts of Pinebluff.

On Friday, June 27, Jack Kurtz, 51, suffered a fatal heart attack just after visiting a neighbor's home to telephone for a doctor for his critically ill mother. On account of Mrs. Kurtz's condition, the knowledge was withheld from her.

She was the former Miss Helen Flaughter, daughter of Shannon and Julia Flaughter of Port Clinton, Ohio, where she was born November 1, 1876. With her husband, a merchant of Port Clinton, she came to the Sandhills for the winters several times during the past 40 years, first living at Southern Pines, where they owned a home, then Pinebluff. About a year ago, on Mr. Kurtz' retirement, they became year-round residents of Pinebluff, where they purchased the Manly Wade Wellman home.

Surviving are her husband and two daughters, Mrs. William Lausten of Pinebluff and Mrs. Russell Fishack of Toledo, Ohio.

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