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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.

**He'll Do It Better**

This country is deeply fortunate, as has already been pointed out a good many times, in this year's election for the presidency. It is very seldom that a nation has two equally fine men running for that office and to have those two men of supremely high calibre in ability and devotion to the welfare of the nation, at a time when the need for able and devoted leadership is so great, makes this election outstanding in the annals of our history.

Another remarkable point is the similarity of the difficulties with which both candidates must cope. Both men have a split party behind them. They must try to unite their parties and that involves a precarious balancing job for each one. Stevenson has to convince the liberal independent voters that he will do a thorough cleanup job on corruption in the government while at the same time holding the support of some of the people he is going to clean up among the working professionals of the party, including the president. Eisenhower is in much the same boat: he must win the liberals and the internationalists, but if by so doing he keeps a lot of isolationists and die-hard reactionaries of the Taft-MacArthur faction away from the polls he will lose the election.

But of course the most obvious similarity of all is the platforms and the candidates' aims. Eisenhower's Ten Points, as given to the VFW convention, could be Stevenson's Ten Points with little change.

Some people might say, then, that a voter might as well decide between the candidates by the toss of a coin. We cannot agree. The fact that both men and both parties endorse the same aims is a sign of the unity of the country behind the policies that have been pursued during the Democratic administrations. Is it wise, then, to turn to the other party if we want these aims to continue to be carried out in practical accomplishment?

But it will be argued that one of those aims and a most important one is the clean-up of corruption in the government. Will Stevenson accomplish as much there as Eisenhower might? There is truth in the old adage that a new broom sweeps clean, but if the broom is wielded by an amateur, a man who has never had experience in such a job, that's something else. A broom may be ever so new, if the backwash that follows the sweep brings refuse in its wake such as the elevation of Senator McCarthy and his ilk to positions of greater authority, we will be little better off and perhaps much worse.

It was demonstrated in the Republican administrations that followed the Harding era of corruption that a determined party can do its own house-cleaning. There is a moral compulsion in such a situation that can bring about greater results than any outsider could accomplish. In Governor Stevenson we have a man who has clearly shown his fitness for this very task. He entered the political scene in Illinois the leader of a reform movement that attacked Democrats and Republicans alike. He did not pull his punches for anyone. Grafters, crooks, scalawag politicians in or out of the Democratic party had short shrift with him. He has shown that he can do what needs to be done.

So here we are with two good men, professing much the same aims. Doesn't a voter's choice depend, then, on which one he thinks is most likely to be able to accomplish what he wants to do? Will it be the general whose whole life has been spent in military service, living on the security of army pay utterly inexperienced in the complexities and problems of ordinary life, a brilliant general and, with the weight of the United States behind him, an able negotiator with foreign powers, but an unknown quantity as a civilian leader? Or will it be the man who has been a civilian like the rest of us, a businessman, taxpayer and voter, who has had wide experience in different branches of the government, and who is now the great reform governor of a great state?

Put that way . . . and how else can it be put? . . . the answer seems obvious.

**"I Was Wrong"**

Congratulations to Southern Pines Town Commissioner C. S. Patch, Jr., who spoke right up in town board meeting the other night and very frankly said, "I was wrong."

Commissioner Patch did this in making a motion to retain the one-way traffic system on Broad street as a permanent improvement, recognizing that it has successfully passed its trial period.

He was the one commissioner who voted against installation of the system last April, disapproving at that time not of giving it a trial, but of the time and manner in which it was to be done. He was outvoted and

the system went into effect.

Without any hedging, he announced at the August meeting of the board that difficulties he had foreseen had failed to come to pass and that he had become "converted."

Being able to admit that one was wrong is a rare quality, not only among town commissioners but among all sorts and conditions of men, and also women. We find it refreshing and encouraging, and are glad to find it on our town board.

**Tale From Scotland**

The story of The Appin Murder is familiar to every member of the Stuart clan in Scotland. In fact, it is said that the name of the man who shot Colin Campbell of Glenure, "the Red Fox", as he was called, is known to every Stuart, and is passed on from father to son with an oath of silence that has never been broken. There may be Moore County Stuarts, or Stewarts, as some spell it, who know the tale; perhaps some of them have even taken that silent oath. But to all Scots here or in the Highlands homeland, the tale is a fascinating and exciting one.

It forms the basis of the plot of Stevenson's "Kidnapped," that marvelous story, required reading for anyone with a drop of Scots blood in his body. But it is no tale of fiction. The Appin Murder was real, through and through, as real as the death on the scaffold of James Stuart of the Glens, tried and convicted by a packed jury of relatives of the dead man, and most certainly innocent of the crime.

A good account of the murder was printed recently in the N. Y. Herald Tribune, on the anniversary of the date it occurred. We have a feeling there will be some Moore County Scots who will find it interesting and we reprint it below. To us, and others who have made recent trips to that country, and have driven through the dark larch wood of Lettermore on the steep side of the Lynne Loch, the tale is forever enthralling.

**The Appin Murder**

On an evening just two hundred years ago Colin Campbell, the Red Fox of Glenure, was shot from ambush as he rode through the Wood of Lettermore in the West Highlands of Scotland. The identity of the man who fired the shot from the hillside above the road has never been revealed, although it is said to be known by certain close-mouthed persons now living in the vicinity. Today, however, the chief interest in this murder of long ago is not so much the mystery involved as the fact that it forms the plot-basis of Robert Louis Stevenson's great novel "Kidnapped."

The Appin Murder, as it has come to be known, was part of the bitter aftermath of the ill-starred rebellion under Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender, in 1745-1746. By 1752 most of the Highland chiefs who took part in it were either dead or in exile, their titles and lands forfeited. The wearing of the kilt and the possession of arms were interdicted. The whole region was nominally controlled by British regiments, but it was far from pacified. Thousands of clansmen had been harried from their homes, many of them forced to emigrate to America, and on no clan had the hand of the English and their Campbell allies fallen more heavily than on the Appin Stewarts. Colin Campbell, who was King's Factor in their district, with a detachment of soldiers riding some distance in his rear, was on his way to dispossess Stewarts from their farms when he was killed.

Suspicion, that amounted almost to a certainty in the minds of the authorities, immediately centered on two persons, James Stewart of the Glens, half brother of the clan captain in exile, and Alan Breck Stewart, whose life was forfeit for desertion from the British Army and who was secretly in the country at the time. James they seized and hanged. Alan slipped through all the traps set for him and made his way to France. Of the two, James was almost certainly innocent of any part in the murder. Alan was not by any means in the clear, but Alan was a small man and Colin's lawyer, who saw the murderer, described him as a big man wearing a black coat with metal buttons and carrying a fowling piece.

Of course, there was no lovable, sometimes bumbling David Balfour, of the tender conscience, concerned in the actual affair, and Stevenson for reasons of his own places the date of the murder almost a year earlier than May 14, 1752. Alan Breck, carrying a long fishing rod, was assuredly in the wood on that fateful evening. He may, indeed, have drawn the soldiers away from the man in the black coat by exposing himself on the hillside as is set forth in "Kidnapped." From then on, the description of the flight in the heather, with David and Alan pursued by the soldiers, is pure Stevenson.

Poor James of the Glens was tried at Inverara, the Campbells' head place, with eleven Campbells on the jury of fifteen, and with the Duke of Argyll, chief of the Campbell clan and Lord Justice General of Scotland, on the bench. As David Balfour aptly remarked: "James was as fairly murdered as though the Duke had got a fowling piece and stalked him." R.P.L.

A recent national poll indicates that political parties, civic organizations, and newspapers that have been urging all Americans to register and vote may have the cart before the horse.

Nonvoters, this poll indicates, have no interest in government, know nothing about candidates, and seem to care less. These people have nothing to contribute to democracy by registering and voting. Any campaign aimed at "getting out the vote" might be more successful if directed toward getting all voters interested in government, elections, and issues. How to do that is something else again.

**No. 18—Do You Know Your Old Southern Pines?**



This picture should be easy to identify, with its old-timey "well house" in the back yard. Perhaps some of our Pilot readers have stopped there for a cooling drink and a friendly chat in

the shade of the tree. Could be that the pointed roof doesn't cover a well—just a little summer house. Who can tell us? We'd like to know the what, where and whose of it.

**The Public Speaking**

**ON PICTURE NO. 17**  
Dr. G. G. Herr identified last week's old picture No. 17 as the old Webster house, now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gifford, at 280 West Connecticut avenue.

That's fine—except that Old Picture No. 15 was thus identified by Charles Macauley. The two houses shown are very much alike, and could be two different views of the same one—except that one shows two chimneys, the other only one, and we are forced to believe they are different houses.

Mrs. C. L. Hayes thought No. 15 was the Groat home, not the Webster. Which is which?

**RE: PICTURE NO. 15**

To the Pilot:  
With all due respect to Mr. Macauley who is usually correct, he is "way off base" in regard to Old Picture No. 15.

This is definitely not our house, which he said was built for J. C. Webster in 1902. Our house has no gable, the roof is nearly flat, only one chimney on the main part and no bay windows.

It does have a glass enclosed porch on the side and an octagon shaped porch on the corner.

This picture shows five windows on the upper side while we have only three and four on the upper front where we have only two.

When we bought the house, the roof was covered with the original cypress shingles, while the house in the picture apparently has a metal roof.

I am inclined to agree with Mrs. Hayes that it is the old Groat home on North Broad street, but it just possibly could be the house upon the hill formerly owned by Mr. Tracy. J. B. GIFFORD. Thousand Island Park, N. Y.

To the Pilot:  
This question of seeing flying saucers has mushroomed into a clamor whose extent is sufficient to render dispassionate judgment difficult. I have never chanced to "see one" myself, but the following limited attempt at analyzing these phenomena might nevertheless be made.

"Flying saucer," properly defined, is just a name we have applied to a type of thing or observation we do not yet understand; and it appears that most spectators, in my opinion, have allowed irrational thinking to creep in and to result in exaggerated ideas about what they saw. Indeed, a graph plotted by the Air Force showing the varying volume and chronological periods (and another showing the locations) in which sincere spectators of these things have

written to the government or the military about them since January 1948 when "Project Saucer" was organized, alone would signify that waves of fad and fancy—rather than accurate observation and sound judgment—had been the causal nexus of it all. The multitude of references in the majority of these letters, pertaining to the saucers' apparent diameter, distance and speed, would be further evidence, because it is not possible for one person (or a group) to ascertain any of these three factors from one position any more than it is possible for a casual observer to describe the size of the moon in other than purely relative terms.

The atmosphere alone is a huge amphitheatre where many varieties of natural phenomena do take place, including some that are not presently understood. The present "mania" of flying saucers might well be caused by bona fide natural phenomena; but the comparatively voluminous observations of such phenomena in our country at present are more the result of a constant increase of interested observers, good and bad, than of an increase of "saucers from Mars" or atomic discs from Russia.

A summary of a report of preliminary studies made by the Army Materiel Command, in fact, revealed that all the information which had at that time been presented in "Project Saucer" on the possible existence of space ships from another planet or of aircraft propelled by an advanced type of power plant were largely conjecture.

Notwithstanding the above, I know of one or two readers of these mysteries who are even of the opinion that when "Project Saucer" was disbanded in 1950 (for lack of satisfactory evidence) it actually had on its hands a host of real cases and so thought it had better go "underground" from then on. On the other hand an informed report is to be found in the July Readers' Digest, where there is a listing of a variety of "flying saucers" which have been seen by plenty of responsible eyes during the past eight decades and more.

I hope we do find out before long what these "flying saucers" really are, but the evidence to date (greatly diminished in value a week or two ago by those experiments of an Army scientist at Fort Belvoir, Va.) is far from sufficient to hint that Martians, for example, might be swooping toward Earth, and then within hailing distance turning around again without doing anything more than tipping their war helmets!  
WM. ED COX, JR.

**Grains of Sand**

Our good friend General Bill Gross, up at USAFAGOS, is hurting because we said last week a home had been leased for him by the Air Force. He wants it known he's paying his own rent.

It seems there's an allowance for living quarters for the commandant—that much we knew. What we didn't know, though, says General Bill, first honorary citizen of Southern Pines, "That doesn't begin to cover it around here!"

He thinks, though, our idea was a darned good one, and wishes the Air Force thought so too.

Those enjoying the Will Rogers picture this weekend, with Will Rogers, Jr., in his first acting role portraying his famous dad, may remember—some of them—personal appearances Will made in the Sandhills in the past.

Theater Manager Charles Picquet brought him to the Pinehurst theatre three times, back in the 1920's and 30's, at \$2,500 a throw . . . and says it was cheap at that.

Crowds flocked from everywhere, and once so many seats had to be put on the stage to accommodate the crowd that Will could hardly get around. Charlie was worried lest there were too many, and asked, "Should I take some of 'em off?" "Heck, no," said Will, "just so long as I've got space to throw this lariat." He'd arrive just before the show was due to begin and walk right out front and start talking, without a sign of prepared script—and what he said was always timely, about that day's happenings, and the town he happened to be in.

It's sad about the young folks growing up now, who don't remember Will. There's no personality today who fills the niche he did—acting as entertainer and public conscience at the same time, a critic afraid of nobody and nothing but criticizing without malice, and with a laugh.

Katharine Boyd, the Pilot's editor, who is vacationing in Maine, writes that she called on the Ells-

ness. Here 'tis:

"Had a nice chat with the editor. He was interested to hear of The Pilot. On going out he gave me a copy of his paper. I opened it outside in the car and then darted back in to show him a column about Lewis Hodgkins' ordination—clipped from The Pilot (and written by KLB). "Oh," oled he, "are you THAT Pilot?" I didn't ask him how many Pilots he thought there were in Southern Pines (I'd just given him my address)—but I went up several miles, obviously, in his estimation when he heard I knew the Hodgkins family.

"Everybody in Ellsworth knows the Hodgkins family," he said. "Southern Pines, too," I said grandly—and nobly refrained from crowing over the fact that we have 'em now."

**Drs. Neal and McLean**  
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