

**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.

**Which Way?**

The decision of those Southerners who formed "Citizens for Eisenhower" clubs to perpetuate this organization is a development in Southern politics that will be watched with interest. The direction which this group will take is uncertain and will doubtless remain so until the roused feelings of the campaign have simmered down, but it could mean a great change for the South.

When this state gave its only Republican vote, it was because of the religious issue: political views had nothing to do with it, but those who rolled up the large Republican vote in the national election here two weeks ago were voting directly on the Republican side, with much Republican money and energetic backing going into their efforts.

What is more, a good many who took that stand have been, to all intents and purposes, talking Republican for some time. It is probable that the only reason they didn't actually turn Republican is because of the compelling influence of a long Democratic tradition and the fact that there were no capable Republican leaders to whom they could rally.

This is still a strong factor to keep the "Democrats for Eisenhower" in the Democratic fold, but will it last? Will the able men among this group seize this chance to become leaders in a new Republican party in the South?

Their slogan, to date, appears to be a rallying cry for "Unity." We must all get behind the Republican administration, they say, in this crisis through which the country is passing. There is certainly merit in the idea as regards the foreign field. There is little doubt that, despite General Eisenhower's attacks on administration foreign policy, he himself was in complete agreement with all the great steps taken by the Democratic administrations of the last 20 years to form a strong free world. In all efforts to implement the Marshall Plan, Aid to Greece and Turkey, NATO, and to strengthen the United Nations, Eisenhower was in there pitching. This ought to go on. But unity as to the foreign policies necessary to combat communism and uphold the UN is one thing, unity in everything is another. For if we strive for unity we come back to what the folks who won the election emphasized more than anything else: the need to maintain a strong two-party system. The role of the strong, intelligent, constructive opposition, the loyal opposition, is only a degree lower in importance to the nation's welfare than the role of leadership itself.

As the "Democrats for Eisenhower" work towards a progressive, able Republican leadership in the South, they may do much good, but if they confine their efforts to sabotage of the Democratic party and to building up a divisive spirit, destructive of independent thought and progress, theirs will be, we believe, a fading and futile role.

**A-Hunting Today!**

Not today, perhaps, but next week: Thanksgiving Day: that's the date set for the opening meet of the Moore County Hounds.

Thanksgiving Day has marked the start of the hunting season for this local pack since it was founded. And that's quite a time ago. The first opening hunt would have been, we imagine, in 1913 or 1914. There used to be a big picnic up on the hill, with everybody in the county, almost, invited to come and see the hounds start off. The picnic grew beyond all bounds, but the same spirit of hospitality and good cheer has surrounded this occasion year after year, with only a few, in the long span, left out during the two world wars.

The Moore County Hounds' schedule of drag and foxhunts, famous among hunting circles everywhere, has brought many people here and the hunt is an important feature of the sports and resort life adding much color to the Sandhills picture. Both those whose home this is and those who come just to visit take a real pride in the excellence of the sport shown by the local pack and the friendly hospitality always found at Mile-Away Stable farm, home of Master and hounds.

It is a fair guess that the news that hounds will start hunting regularly again next week, and the added note that the date for the spring hunter trials has already been set brings a pleasant feeling of continuity to many, troubled not a little by the feeling of no continuity at all only too apparent in most of the day's news.

If all's not exactly well, yet all's not entirely ill, in this old world. Not as long as folks can go a-hunting.

**Conspiracy Against the UN**

It has long been known that one of the main objectives of the Soviet Union is to destroy the United Nations. It comes as a shock to realize that the Soviet leaders are being given a helping hand by American isolationists.

Last week, Secretary-General Trygve Lie, who has done as much for the cause of peace as any living man, tendered his resignation. Two days later his chief legal counsel, depressed by overwork and the strain of the constant vicious attacks being directed against his chief and the UN, jumped from a window to his death. Speaking of the tragedy, Mr. Lie said: "He had worked tirelessly under my direction to uphold due process of law and justice in the investigation against indiscriminate smear and exaggerated charges. The terrible tragedy of his death is the result."

If this tragedy had occurred because of Soviet machinations it would have come as no surprise. We well know that many a man has been liquidated or has taken his own life, broken by the merciless persecution of the Kremlin. What we must understand now is that Soviet malice alone was not responsible: the United States must bear a heavy share of the blame.

We shall ignore at our peril the fact that there is a growing body of isolationists in this country who, like the Russians, are making the United Nations their target of attack. Their power was evident during the recent campaign when, more than once, in order to placate this group, General Eisenhower felt obliged to soft-pedal emphasis on internationalism in his speeches. A leader among them is Senator McCarran of Nevada, chairman of the committee now investigating the loyalty of UN personnel in the secretariat. It was to the methods of this committee that Mr. Lie referred.

It is inherent in our democracy that people can do almost any fool thing that they've a mind, as long as they don't actually tangle with the law, but as we try to crack down on communists and fellow travellers who are giving aid and comfort to the enemy, may we not hope that something will be done to restrain those Americans who are supplying a good deal more aid and comfort than the ones we are so intent on uncovering?

Governor Stevenson wholeheartedly condemned McCarran, and he warned of grave danger to the UN, saying: "To close the door on the conference room is to open a door to war." It is to be earnestly hoped that General Eisenhower will find some way to break up the conspiracy against the United Nations and to curb the power of this American group who are doing their best to help Moscow slam shut the door that leads to peace.

**Possum In the Sun**

He was lying in the sun in the center of the garden path. His coat was soft grey, fluffy, his ratty tail was curled and his long nose was tucked under him. He didn't move, yet he looked so alive: little Br'er Possum asleep on the garden path between the box bushes.

But he wasn't alive. The early morning breeze ruffled his fur, but he lay still.

How had he gotten there? There were no marks on him; he had not been killed by the dogs. Why had he come here to die in the garden?

This was a young possum, not yet full grown. Probably he was born last spring. In the dogwood season, it would be: last spring's dogwood season when all flowering shrubs were in a profusion of bloom and the white trees shone like moonlight through the woods. Never was there such a blooming as last spring.

Likely the little possum first saw the light in one of the hollow pines in the Round Timber over the hill, where the century-old trees have stood, firm and strong, year after year, even when their great trunks were hollow six feet or more above the ground. That would have been a cozy home for a possum family, cozy yet imposing, with that towering steeple rising above.

It would be quite some time before the baby would be able to climb very far up that lofty tower. But eventually, between climbing higher and higher, and roaming farther and farther, he would get to see something of the world around. He would find the high sandy hill to the east, where the peach orchard used to be, crossed with too many big dog tracks to be safe far from the edge of the encircling woods. In the friendly Azalea Swamp, nearby, he would discover a happy place for hunting grubs and fat lezy flies and digging juicy roots buried in the mud. Young's Road, to the north, would be, for long, a hazard too wide and dangerous to cross, but, to the west there was the big field with its thick cover of high grass. Two horses were there, aloof and stately, but though they snuffed at the possum they paid him no mind.

There in the center of the field was a special tree. The leaves had a pleasant smell when the possum climbed among them and the dark earth underneath smelt sweet and contained, here and there, rough little pits, good to crack open and chew. That was the persimmon tree and somehow it was known that in the fall the fruit would grow full and sweet and glow a dull orange on the branches, to fall with an oozy plop for a possum to eat.

There are tracks and marks of digging under the persimmon tree. It is clear that little animals have been busy there. But then, what happened? Why did the possum leave the tree and what happened, then, that left no mark?

Possums are curious animals, venturesome and inquiring. Was it simply curiosity to see what lay beyond that caused the young possum to go on across the field? Or was it a Touch, or some great Word, whispered gently, that brought him, in the still hour before dawn, to creep quietly into the garden and curl up there by the box bush on the path, curl up so still that the first warm rays of the sun, touching his fur, could not rouse him from his sleep?

**No. 31 — Old Days In Southern Pines**



This cut isn't as old as some we've been running lately. In fact, if our guess is correct, it is comparatively modern, dating back to the days during or just after World War I. Who remembers the occasion which brought these trim-looking soldiers marching along Broad street—and who remembers when Southern Pines had a traffic light like that in the middle of the street? Or maybe that's a railroad signal. We can't tell much about it from the cut.

**Grains of Sand**

Our Old Picture No. 30, published last week, turned out to be, not Major Wiley's house, but Mayor Wiley's house, we learned from Dr. G. G. Herr. We misread the scribbled notation on the back of the cut, and are glad to stand corrected.

Not only was Robert E. Wiley mayor, but one of the most progressive Southern Pines has ever had. Serving five or six years from about 1906 or 1907, he "put Southern Pines in the progressive path," setting a forward-looking tradition which subsequent mayors have maintained almost 100 per cent.

Mayor Wiley was also, it appears, one of the finest gentlemen and best-liked public officials of the town's history.

His widow, **Verdie T. Wiley** and daughter **Miss Kitty Wiley**, proprietor of Mrs. Hayes Shop and Tots Toggery, still live here, on East Massachusetts avenue. Kitty was born in the house we pictured, which was built by **Tom Burgess**. He rented it to the Wileys, who moved to Southern Pines from Danville, Va. They lived there until Mr. Wiley's death in 1922.

**Mrs. Celeste Edson** now lives in the house, which is on the corner of South Broad street and Indiana.

The following item, crowded out of the paper last week, may be outdated by now but we think it's worth running anyhow. At this writing The Pilot hasn't made a re-check. Those signs may now be all the way down, and new ones up, for all we know. We hope so. Anyway—

**End's in sight on the Finer Carolina contest. All's well except for signs: two new ones promised: two old ones eliminated. What's the score? No new signs (as per Thursday), and only half an old one gone.**

**So now, as we enter town we find ourselves hailed as "PINES!" And worse: we are labeled as know-nothings and illiterates. Our sign now says: "THIS IS PINES!"**

**Now we all know they is plenty pines yere'bouts, still an' all we all don't hanker for that there way of speakin'. Hurry up, Howard, and get those signs DOWN!**

Just as we were getting set to go to press last week we learned that our information about the Girl Scout population here was already out of date. Two new Brownies had registered, making the total number of Southern Pines Girl Scouts 150 instead of 148.

The two newest Scouts are little **Diana Grimes** and **Ann Giauque**, who joined the Brownie troop now being organized with **Mrs. J. P. Shamburger** as leader.

But then, we have long ago found out it's practically impossible to keep right up to the minute with those Girl Scouts, for they're busy at something new all the time and growing right along.

Whatever you gave to their fund drive in the past week or two you can be sure will be used to the fullest, in the best possible ways—and if you haven't given yet, better hurry up and do so. That's one bandwagon you don't want to miss.

We had our first word this week, too, on Old Picture No. 29, which showed a big group of people at the railroad station.

**D. Wade Stevick**, who lived here "way back when" though he now lives near Pinehurst, not only remembered the occasion but took a magnifying glass to inspect the crowd and recognized himself in the front row.

**The Public Speaking**

**THANK YOU, SIR**

To the Pilot.

This fine tribute to Gov. Adlai Stevenson by a former Moore County citizen I feel sure will be of interest to your readers, if you have space for it in your valuable paper. It is from the Philadelphia Bulletin of November 5, 1952.

Your own editorials during the campaign, and your articles written on the campaign train, were excellent and helped to a deserved appreciation of Governor Stevenson.

Cordially,  
**FRANCIS MOORE OSBORNE**  
Pinehurst.

**A NEW MAJOR STATESMAN**  
By **RALPH W. PAGE**

This is written, of course, before the outcome of the election was known. So the gentle reader is spared the whoops of victory or the alibis of defeat.

But however it comes out, one thing is established. America has produced and discovered a public leader of the very first caliber in Adlai Stevenson. In a campaign distinguished for an orgy of vilification, distortion, malice, and wholesale demagoguery he set a standard of public debate equal to the best that we have ever seen in this country.

In his debate with Harriman on foreign policy before the World Affairs Council in this city, John Foster Dulles stated that during a campaign no politician's version of history is of any value at all. Selected twisted facts, taken out of context and highly interlarded with adjectives, were bandied about as history by most of the gladiators. But not so Stevenson. His knowledge of both the long-range and current history is exhaustive. And it is impossible to find in all his speeches a single obvious misstatement of fact.

These speeches will remain as

ing sizes, and an extremely pretty girl, who sing funny songs, and we do mean funny, separately and together. One of their songs is their own version of "We've Got Rhythm," and that's understating it.

In our write-up of the Armistice Day observance here we did not have a list of the Gold Star relatives who were honored at the memorial service in the afternoon. We have the list now, and would like to note them here, as a little memorial tribute of our own.

There were three Gold Star mothers, **Mrs. Duncan Cameron**, **Mrs. T. C. McFarland** and **Mrs. Carl Klabbatz**; two Gold Star wives, **Mrs. Harriet L. Lewis** and **Mrs. Vida Gorman**; and one Gold Star daughter, **Diane Gorman**.

There was also a Gold Star dad, **Mr. Klabbatz**.

a true exposition of the prevailing ideals and desires of the American public at this time. His ability to persuade the country to trust their execution to his party is another matter. But the lucidity and accuracy with which he expressed the national creed has no contemporary equal.

In a childish campaign his maturity singles him out as certain to be a commanding figure in the future of the country. He did not use a single epithet in attacking programs or principles he deplored. He was caustic about bigotry, venality and isolation. But he did not attack the bigot or the thief or the isolationist. He was against the action or the opinion, not the person.

He produced the extraordinary spectacle of a politician who admitted his party had made mistakes, who told great pressure groups to their face that he had no intention of espousing their cause, and cheerfully campaigned in Dixie for a Fair Employment Practice Act and federal control of off-shore oil—supposedly suicide tactics.

And all this was done with a consummate command of the English language, humor and good humor, seldom, if ever, equaled in the American hustings.

Adlai Stevenson emerges from this ordeal without an enemy of his own making, without a statement that he must retract, and recognized by friend and foe alike as a gentleman of tolerance, courage, humility and extraordinary power of analysis and persuasion.

Win or lose, he will be credited with setting an example that will be of incalculable future benefit. He has established himself as one of the major statesmen that we can depend upon in the days to come.

**SLOW THEM DOWN**

To the Pilot.

The suggestion in your editorial of November 7 entitled "Moore's Sixteenth" might well be broadcast over all radio stations in our state and put on the front page of our daily papers, namely: That some clever ad-man start the ball rolling toward some drastic action to bring about safety on our highways, first taking it up with automobile companies, "advertising models guaranteed not to exceed 65 mph." This would be so unusual that it might seem attractive to the hardened hearts of Mr. and Mrs. America behind the wheel of a new model, or equally dangerous older car.

If we had had 16 deaths, for instance, from polio, in this small county, since the beginning of the year, we would hardly dare venture from our homes unless the house was on fire!

Let's start doing something to change the terrible record of highway fatalities and make a good record rather than the opposite!

Sincerely,  
**MRS. DAN R. McNEILL**  
Nov. 17, 1952

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