



"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.

### Extraordinary In Every Respect

To be told that they have cause to congratulate themselves on the quality of law enforcement in the county will not come as a surprise to Moore County people. The record of Sheriff Charles J. McDonald and his team of officers is a good one and well-known. But it seems to us that this is a fitting moment to pat ourselves on the back once more over our good luck, the occasion being the way the officers handled the free-for-all that took place last week at the Burns roadside restaurant beyond Robbins.

Free-for-all is a term we use with deliberation. It covers just about everything and just about everything is what the officers had to deal with.

The offenders were two young men, in the prime of their young strength, set ablaze and gone berserk with the fire of what appears to have been religious conversion or mania. Their strength was like Galahad's, "the strength of ten." They apparently took a dislike to the place they were in and to everybody who was in it with them or within sight of it. They were seized with a crashing, over-powering, resplendent urge to do something violent and they did it. They threw everything moveable out the window or at the folks, tearing counter-stools from their foundations and even, as a final gesture, heaving the weighing machine through the plate-glass. They met the law officers with open arms, shouting: "Shoot! The Lord won't let the bullets hurt us."

But the officers didn't shoot. They had the will and the wisdom to subdue the pair without

recourse to their weapons. Hastily summoned by Patrolman Swaim, whose attempt to cope with the problem single-handed had brought him to grief, Sheriff McDonald and Deputy Lambert sailed into what turned out to be a long, exhausting tussle and a dangerous one. There should be no mistaking the very real risk run by the officers in their attempt to overpower the young men without shooting. It is to their moral credit that they made the attempt and evidence of their skill and training that they were successful.

Both men, as well as Swaim, suffered considerable damage in the fray. They dodged blows that would have knocked them out, but could not dodge them all. They kept their heads under difficult and provocative conditions; the sheriff showed the cool head and ingenuity of the frontiersman as he sent for some cord and wound up the affair by roping the two wild-men. Safely hog-tied, they were finally taken off to jail and, later, to hospital for the mental examination they clearly needed.

Cool good sense, the courage that is not phased by the unexpected and the wit to cope with it, and the restraint that marks the work of the highest type of law enforcement officer: these qualities, exhibited by the county force last week, kept in the realm of melodrama an affair that might have resulted in high tragedy, with death or critical injury the lot of innocent bystanders as well as the participants. It was an extraordinary situation and we submit that it was extraordinarily well-handled.

### Time To Take Action, Mr. President

Attorney General Brownell was Governor Dewey's man; he engineered the defeat of Taft and the election of President Eisenhower at the G. O. P. convention and his skill as a political strategist is unquestioned, nevertheless it is doubtful if he anticipated that his attack on ex-president Truman would stir up such a hornet's nest.

It was, of course, carefully calculated to rouse out that chief hornet, Harry Truman, who could be counted on to talk too quickly and too much. But, though the main object was gained in deflecting the public gaze from recent Republican defeats and assuring the victorious California election, it was at a pretty big sacrifice. The Brownell attack, followed by the Velde subpoena, shocked the nation and united in a solid phalanx of opposition an angry Democratic Party until then friendly and decidedly helpful to the administration.

Furthermore it was a thundering failure in achieving the effect among Republicans which is claimed to have been Brownell's secondary objective: to put Senator McCarthy's red-hunting in the shade in favor of the Department of Justice and the Jenner subcommittee. McCarthy has not even been jolted by his two or three days out of the headlines. He is back there again in bigger type than ever and the incident has given him fresh openings.

Brownell's speech contained a statement that laid him wide open to the McCarthy attack. The attorney general spoke of Harry Dexter White as "a Russian spy," adding that the administration knew him to be a spy. Actually, White's guilt rested solely on the word of Elizabeth Bentley, at that time a comparatively unknown former Communist. Brownell stepped right into the McCarthy camp when he

### Investment In Public Health

Thanksgiving marked the official beginning of the nationwide Christmas Seal Sale of the National Tuberculosis Association. In Moore County, seals have been mailed out by community chairmen who ask that contributions for the work of the Association be returned as quickly as possible, before the "Christmas rush."

Christmas Seals have become an integral part of the American holiday scene—symbols of a humanitarian effort that runs back nearly half a century and which has had no small part in the dramatic reduction that has taken place over that period in the tuberculosis incidence and death rate.

Against the background of new miracle drugs

and optimistic predictions of a foreseeable end to the fight against tuberculosis, we must not forget the half century of persistent research, public education and direct aid that the seals have made possible. The end is not yet. Full generosity in this great cause must not be withheld.

Case-finding and public health education now form the backbone of the Moore County Tuberculosis Association's program. The budget calls for a \$500 contribution to help with an x-ray program in the public schools next Spring.

The Pilot urges prompt and liberal response in the Christmas Seal sale.

### The Central Carolinian

These days, it is no small achievement to start a newspaper.

Newspapers are not spawned numerously and recklessly like fish, bugs and some types of business enterprise; they are born in travail after long gestation, like the higher forms of animal life.

As the creatures of the woodland gathered to view the infant Bambi, destined prince of the forest, people peer with some awe and wonder at the first edition of a new newspaper.

There it is, in black and white. How will its character be molded? What potentials for community service, enlightenment and entertainment does it carry within it? What will it look

like five, ten, twenty years from now? The foregoing is inspired by a lively new weekly newspaper published in Sanford—the Central Carolinian.

There should be room in Sanford and Lee County—a prosperous and rapidly developing industrial and agricultural area—for the weekly Central Carolinian and The Sanford Herald which, as a semi-weekly and recently as a daily, has set a high standard of journalistic excellence in the community.

To Walter Mann and James Fields, the young men who have founded the new publication with energy, earnestness, humility and zest, go our best wishes for success in their undertaking.

### The Children's Home Society

## Progress Noted In Half A Century

By GERTRUDE W. ATKINS  
The Children's Home Society of North Carolina was founded in 1902.

That was the year American Occupation Troops returned home from Cuba, that Teddy Roosevelt settled the Pennsylvania coal strike, that Governor Aycock launched his state-wide public school program.

Long before the turn of the present century, concern had been growing over the plight of small children with no homes or parents to care for them. North Carolina, like most of her southern neighbors, was poor. Struggling to recover from the disastrous effects of the Reconstruction, the state lacked funds to take specific action to relieve these helpless youngsters.

In 1902 a group of leading citizens decided to do something to help these babies and young children. They organized the North Carolina Children's Home Society, Inc., to provide "a home for the child who needs a home and a child for the home which needs a child."

The original Board of Directors included names such as Venable, McIver, Duke, Broughton, Battle and Bynum. . . names synonymous with public service in North Carolina.

The group first employed an experienced superintendent who was instructed to keep a careful record on every child. These old records, kept at a time when few records of any sort were made, reflect the life of the state, its growth through half a century of progress.

The first office was located in the Benbow Hotel in the center of Greensboro. The first Superintendent, Mr. Streeter, chose the Benbow because of its central location near both train and street car lines. Both of these modes of travel were faster and far superior to the horse and buggy, the only alternative.

Careful handling of confidential material was introduced early as a Society regulation. When Superintendent Streeter requested a private telephone at the Benbow, board members assented immediately when he explained, "In view of the confidential nature of most of the Society's business," he didn't consider the public telephone in the hotel lobby a proper place for business conversations.

There are many stories in the 6,000 records in the fire-proof vault in Greensboro. There's the story of the baby born in a county poor-house in 1919. His 18-year-old mother, who was born in the same poor house, died of tuberculosis six months later. The mother had spent all of her life among the feeble-minded, the sick and the helpless old people in the poor-house.

A Board Member brought the baby to Greensboro by automobile for examination and care. The doctor examined the baby but found no symptoms of tuberculosis, despite his exposure to his mother. The Society had one caseworker by 1919. While she could not visit the adoptive family, a regulation was enforced to make the prospective family come to Greensboro for an interview. The Society collected a good deal of information on them, then followed through to be sure the baby was adopted legally.

Recently that baby, grown into a vigorous young man, visited the Society. He didn't seek information or a birth certificate. He wanted to thank the Society for "my happy home and wonderful parents." The Society had given him the "promise of a future" three decades ago. Now he had that future.

In the years following, industry and agriculture were developed in North Carolina. Roads and communications were improved. Economic progress brought extra interest in the work of the Society. A home was bought in Greensboro where children were brought to await adoption.

When they were ill, a staff of Greensboro doctors gave their services freely. When the Receiving Home was too small to accommodate all the youngsters, the children "spilled over" into the homes of Greensboro residents who were friends of the Society.

Today the Children's Home Society offers a service very different from the service in 1904. There is counseling and guidance, first for the relatives of every baby being considered for adoption. The baby has a safe place to wait while final decisions are being made. Medical care and legal services are available for each one.

For the older child, the Society has a program in which it helps transfer the child from the orphanage to a home of its own. There is a caseworker to help while the child makes the change from the orphanage and the people he has known to a new home with strangers he hopes someday to love as "mom and dad."

The annual Christmas appeal for funds begins Thanksgiving throughout North Carolina. A growing membership is needed by the Society to carry on their vital work of giving help to some 400 babies and small children annually. Average cost for the care of a baby is \$3.60 a day. Voluntary contributions have to pay for this "promise of a future" for some homeless child. Any contributions should be mailed to The Children's Home Society of North Carolina, Inc., 740 Chestnut

Street, Greensboro, North Carolina.

Ed. Note: Information from the Children's Home Society disclosed that 56 children from Moore County have been aided by the Society from the year 1917 through 1952. Gertrude Walton Atkins, writer of the foregoing article, is well known in Southern Pines. She was on the editorial staff of The Pilot in the summer of 1945 and again in the fall of 1946. A native of Salisbury, she is now the wife of Emmett Atkins, who is with the public relations department of Burlington Mills, and lives at Greensboro.

### LIFE ON PLANETS

Nobel prize-winning chemist Harold C. Urey voiced the opinion in 1952 that there must be several planets in our galaxy sufficiently similar to the earth to support life. Dr. Urey pointed out that there are 100 billion stars and 100 million "solar systems" in the Milky Way much like our own.

### OLD DOBBIN FADES

Old Dobbin has almost faded away from the country landscape. On January 1, 1952, the number of horses and mules on farms was 60 per cent below the 1935-39 average, the service reports. The decrease in the number of horses on farms is attributed to the ever increasing use of labor saving machines.

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### 'O. J.' Sees Vandalism At Church In Robbins As 'Old Original Sin'

"O. J."—Oscar J. Coffin, former dean of the University of North Carolina Journalism School, Chapel Hill, cast his inimitable attention toward Moore County as follows in a recent "Shucks and Nubbins" column in The Greensboro Daily News:  
**NOTHING COMPLEX ABOUT ORIGINAL SIN**

That tremor which a night or so since shook the residents of upper Moore County out of their slumbers was not, as some may have fancied, a dog under the bed or a return of the Charleston Earthquake. It was, I am confident, my Great-Grandfather Hunsucker turning over in his grave which lies on a red-clay hillside on the southwest edge of the Town of Robbins.

Grandsire, who shuffled off this mortal coil a generation or so before textiles got beyond a spinning-wheel in every home that comprised an ell or lean-to and an occasional hand-loom for the weaving of rag-carpets and dinky-wooley, had learned that the SBI had taken the fingerprints of presumably juvenile vandals to Raleigh in an effort to determine who flooded the Sunday school rooms, wrecked the ceiling, slashed the Bible and tore up the hymnbooks in Tabernacle Methodist Church.

Tabernacle, a much finer edifice than it was in his day—and mine—stands just across the road—or make street—from the elementary school; hence suspicion naturally falls first on teen-age hellions of the community.

I wouldn't know how to recompense yourself for the rest to which your progeny consigned you, Grandsire. Would it help to learn that none of the heirs of your body as represented by the offspring of that fellow Bethuel Coffin who married your daughter Carrilla could have had any part in the defilement of the high place to which you ascended for worship? They all left Shuffles Township before they were spoil-

ed by rod-sparing. Personally, I have never met a plumb delinquent Hunsucker in those parts, either adult or juvenile; and I very much hope Manesses, Marleys and such who are like myself beholden to you are all innocent of wrong-doing in wanton wickedness which has disturbed your repose. But in any event, may all those responsible be laid by the heels and given their needs.

And as one privileged to have been born at just about the heart of Robbins at a time when the running water consumed by church or household in those parts came from a spring and there wasn't a rest room nearer than Greensboro—if there—I don't want to hear this particular piece of hellishness laid to complex or frustration.

It is, I am convinced, old original sin. My Great Grandsire knew what to do for that when he met it on the premises.

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