

THE PILOT

Southern Pines North Carolina

"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. Wherever 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.

The Sandhills and the New Mozur Plant

It should be a matter of satisfaction to Southern Pines that—at a time when a recession, with unemployment and declining industrial production, is plaguing the nation as a whole—this town is on the verge of launching the largest industrial project in its history: the new \$360,000 plant of Mozur Laces, Inc.

And it should be an additional source of pride in Southern Pines and the Sandhills that residents of this area have shown their interest and faith in this project by subscribing around \$180,000 in bonds to help finance the construction of the plant.

Not to be forgotten also is the essential part played in this industrial project by the North Carolina Business Development Corporation whose loan of \$175,000 will also go into construction of the plant. The Business Development Corporation, which has heretofore been to local residents merely a name in the newspapers, thus becomes a key factor in a major business venture here. Without the local subscription of funds and without the Business Development Corporation's aid, the project would not have been possible.

Effect of the plant project will be felt almost immediately with creation of jobs by the

start of construction work. On completion of the plant, its regular employees will create a new payroll, providing an economic boost that will be felt, directly and indirectly, throughout Moore County.

The Pilot welcomes to Southern Pines the Mozur company, its president, Charles J. Mozur, and the other company executives and their families who plan to move here. There is every indication that the association of Southern Pines with this company and the people connected with it will be long and happy.

The Southern Pines Development Corporation, the group which has conducted negotiations with the Mozur firm and has raised the local funds that are going into the plant, deserves the thanks and appreciation of the community. No one who has not been in close touch with the activities of this group could know the vast amount of time and effort its members have devoted to the project.

When the Mozur company chose Southern Pines for its new plant, the work was just beginning. Without efforts of the Southern Pines Development Corporation members, the proposal would not have become the encouraging reality that it now is.

Welcome to Southern Pines, General Gavin

The Pilot welcomes Lt. Gen. James M. Gavin and his family to Southern Pines for a two-months stay that we wish were going to be longer. We are pleased that he chose this community for his residence, following retirement from the Army and prior to assuming his new civilian post with an industrial research organization.

The circumstances of the general's Army retirement are well known. Although he was Army Chief of Research and Development and thus was a key figure in the missile development programs, General Gavin came to the conclusion that he could "do more for the Army out than in." He was afforded immediate opportunity along that line in his testimony—which as a civilian he could give with complete frankness and freedom—before the Senate preparedness committee. In this testimony he spoke, with the directness and hon-

esty that has characterized his whole career, of the apathy and neglect that had hindered the missile program as well as the inadequacy of the proposed budget to carry on its development.

A factor in the warmth of the welcome accorded General Gavin here is the Sandhills' long association with the 82nd Airborne Division—formerly commanded by the general. The 82nd's review in his honor at Fort Bragg last week was a fitting climax to his Army career.

When General Gavin and his family leave Southern Pines after their few weeks here, this town is saying au revoir, not good-bye. It is our hope that later in his career—which we are confident still holds a large measure of service to the nation—the Gavins may return to Southern Pines to make their home and stay.

Inspiring Interest in Local History

The Moore County Historical Society—with its photography contest for elementary and high school students—has hit on a wonderful device to stimulate interest in local history.

The habits of Americans are such that we don't really feel we've visited a place or made it a part of our personal experience unless we've stepped up with a camera and "shot" it for the family photo album. We can read for all we're worth about say, the "Lost Colony" on Roanoke Island—but it doesn't seem very real until we've been to Manteo and taken a few snapshots around the restored buildings there.

Another likely result of the Moore County contest will be the discovery of old buildings, sites, utensils and other items of historic interest. A building is hard to miss: we doubt if there are many old buildings of historic interest that are not known in this county—but again there may be. As to smaller items—tools, utensils, furniture and such—there may well be many things of interest not brought to light before.

With the entire school population of the county alerted, there can be many sharp eyes

peeled for things of interest. We trust that this contest will be brought to the students of the county's schools in an interesting way, so that their interest will be aroused. The idea of a treasure hunt never fails to appeal to young folks, and if they can take pride in digging out and turning up new discoveries in local history, this photo contest will redound to the pleasure and interest of all concerned.

For our part, we can't think of a better way to spend a summer day than to start off early in the morning with a camera in hand and some sandwiches in our pockets, to seek out some old house or the site of a skirmish or the route of an old road or forgotten graves in the woods.

With the contest lasting until November 1, there is ample time for young folks to find subjects, to get their pictures and, if they are not at first satisfied, to take the photos again.

We feel sure that any young person who is sincerely interested in this contest would get interesting tips as to historic sites from such experts in this field as Rassic Wicker of Pinehurst or E. T. McKeithen of Aberdeen. If The Pilot can be of any assistance to contestants in any way, we'll be pleased to do what we can to help.

Dogs, Dog Owners and the Public

We're hearing complaints about dogs again—stray, car-chasing and otherwise. A reader brings in a newspaper clipping pointing out that you can't blame a dog for straying: it's somebody's fault that he is not properly trained, penned or sheltered. We hear complaints, too, about people who go off and leave dogs for several days or even up to a week without providing for their care. Sometimes, the neighbors feed these abandoned pets. Then the dog becomes halfway theirs, whether they like it or not. Owners repeat the procedure, knowing the neighbors will look out for the dog while the owners are away. And usually no thanks is forthcoming.

A dog in one case about which we were told apparently is not licensed or vaccinated. This makes such cases of interest to everybody, in the matters of taxes and public safety.

It should be noted that the dog situation is much better than it was before the establishment of the county dog pound and dog warden system. With the warden operating, there is something everybody can do about a stray dog. The warden can be called—and in our experience, he has been prompt and cooperative always when his assistance is request-

ed. Persons who are bothered by stray dogs should make it a practice to call the dog warden. That is the first and most important thing to do.

The clipping brought in—a letter to the editor of another paper—calls poisoning dogs "a sneaky and dangerous thing" and points out that a law requiring proper penning and sheltering of dogs would work two ways: it would protect the public from stray dogs and would protect dogs from being poisoned.

In Southern Pines, there is a law against allowing dogs to chase cars. Car-chasing is another problem about which we've been getting complaints. Here again, you can't blame the dog. Somebody is falling down on the job of proper training.

As we've said before, we like the dogs of Southern Pines. All in all, they are well behaved and friendly, as they should be in a town where many dog lovers live. There's no reason why dogs and humans shouldn't get on very well together here. Concentration on training by dog owners, complaints made under the authority of existing laws and alertness and promptness in calling the dog warden should take care of most any problem that presents itself in the canine field.

"Nothing Much—What's New With You, Dearie?"



SHED A TEAR FOR THE IRON HORSE

Fascinating Trains Disappearing

(By HARRY GOLDEN in The Carolina Israelite)

No matter how fast jet-planes fly; no matter how many satellites circle the globe, nothing will ever equal the fascination that the railroad train has had for whole generations of American men and boys. There's something about the "Iron Horse" that has held the imagination of mankind more than any other industrial development or invention.

At Every Level

While the airplane has been "used" in a few murder stories, there is an entire American literature on the railroad train, and at every level of our culture. Untold millions of men and boys have walked down to the railroad tracks just to watch the train go by, and other millions who didn't go down to the tracks were doing something about it too; the men were pulling out their watches; "Old 38 is two minutes late today," and a farmer in the field: "That whistle sounds like snow." (They knew a great deal about atmospheric conditions from the way "the whistle" carried). And the boys were listening—and maybe thinking too.

And the poetry of those wheels. You could sing with them, and recite poetry to them and even hold a political debate. As sure as anything those wheels would answer you back.

How About Songs?

And how about the songs from "I'm A'Working on the Railroad," to "Chattanooga Choo Choo," and a thousand others in-between? And even in sorrow the railroad took it all in stride like a gentleman, always leaving a memory:

"He was going down the road at ninety miles an hour, He didn't hear the whistle scream, They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle, Scalded to death by the steam." (The Wreck of the Old 97)

The Public Speaking

Many People Don't Know What They Want To The Editor:

Too many people are so mixed up until they really don't know what they want; and when they do get what they thought they wanted, they don't know what to do with it. There are too many people in this world that are so mixed up and in such a hurry that they just don't take time to hear the word of God.

It is praying time, and instead of gathering arms to fight, we all should put prayer into action now; because this great opportunity will some day be cut completely off and then where will this world be?

Too many people are angry and hold grudges against their fellow man for some evil or wrong done them; but the word of God says: "Fret not thyself be-

cause of evil, doers, neither be thou anxious against the workers of iniquity." Psalms 37-1.

Now people are talking of going to the moon. I wonder why they don't try the sun? David told God in Psalms 17-8: "Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of Thy wings." That's what we all should want. Instead of trying to get above God, we should humble ourselves under his mighty hands that he might keep us from the evil of the world.

The only way for these people to get on the right road is with the knowledge and wisdom from the almighty God. Peace breakers will one day cease, this old world of mixed up people will cease, but the love of God will stand for ever.

JESSE J. DOWDY
Pinehurst

even when I am supposed to be smoking. But they are "not amused." No one is "amused" about anything in this space-jet-rocket-age.

Watching Caboose

And soon we may have to say "farewell" to the smoking-car and the fellowship. Some of the railroads would gladly give up all their passenger traffic now if the franchise would permit; but let us hope that we may at least continue to enjoy the thrill of watching that red caboose in the distance, and perhaps even wave to the brakeman, the salute of the hundreds of millions who have made that same gesture through four or five generations of American history.

STRANGE CONTRAST IN VIEWPOINTS

Killers And Death Penalty

(From the Raleigh News and Observer)

By coincidence the story that Frank Wetzel had escaped the death chair again and received another life sentence appeared on the same front page as the news of release from prison of Nathan Leopold. Both cases indicated the reluctance of our generation, which has dismissed all qualms about dropping bombs on women and children, to deal with implacable severity with the most guilty criminals.

Not Much Chance?

Leopold escaped the death penalty in 1924 only because of his youth and the judge's belief that he was putting him in prison for the rest of his life. Now Wetzel apparently faces the remainder of his life in prison though he would be eligible for parole after serving 20 years in prison. State Parole Chief George W. Randall says, however, that "I don't think there's much chance for a fellow like that." Probably his chance will be in somebody else's hands when that time comes.

Obviously, if this man Wetzel is

guilty of anything, he is guilty of the most brutal, ruthless, heartless crime. If he is guilty of anything, nobody in North Carolina in recent years has so clearly deserved the death penalty as he does. Great efforts were made to convict him. Indeed, the second trial in which the State had a weaker case than in the first one was probably a futile and costly enterprise after Wetzel had escaped the death sentence in Richmond County.

Matter of Luck

For all practical purposes, North Carolina has apparently abandoned the death penalty. Wetzel's escape indicates that not the brutality of the crime but special bad luck brings the few who die to execution. One man has been executed this year. One was put to death last year. Neither was guilty of a worse crime than Wetzel. Obviously since 1949 when the State gave juries the power to limit punishment in so-called capital cases to imprisonment, only those criminals who make the lowest appeal to the emotions of jurors have had to fear execution. In justice probably none should die, if a man like Wetzel (who seems to have made a sort of Elvis Presley appeal to jurors) can escape.

More Civilized?

Perhaps we grow more humane. We don't like to take human life. Maybe we become more civilized. It is still odd that people who cannot bear to take the lives of the worst men send their best boys to learn how to drop with skill, but without compunction, bombs which, according to expectation, will indiscriminately mangle men, women and children. We are ready to poison the air, contaminate the soil, bring mass death and slow death, too. And history will not fail to record that we—the good, kind Americans—perfected and first used the ultimate horror in killing human beings.

This is our civilization. Be kind to animals. Don't execute cold-blooded killers. But learn swiftly to wipe out cities, including the most innocent babes they may contain.

Grains of Sand

By WALLACE IRWIN
Guest Columnist

Dickie Pollock is the enterprising son of Hoke and Jeanie; he's somewhere around nine in years and seems to have appreciated my recent report on wild animal life on Fairway Drive for he surprised and delighted me with a book called CATS, profusely illustrated and describing with realistic pictures all the breeds of housebroken pets. Turning from page to page, I started dramatically when I came to a fine portrait of the hairy monster I described as the mystery of Fairway.

He was a size one and a half cat, elaborately done in Oxford stripes and with one of the longest, bushiest tails ever seen on anything less than a little girl's hair-do, so I named the critter Felix Americanus, which was unfortunate, because Felix is sort of Latin for happy, and this Felix has a notably sour disposition. When Tish, impressed by his royal beauty, said "Nice Kitty" and offered him a plate of delicious scraps he swore at her and threatened to knock her down. Behavior unbefitting one of kingly race, even a Tudor. But next morning, when Tish looked out, she saw that the plate had been emptied of its dainty garbage.

When I refer to Felix as of royal line, I am speaking with authority of Dickie Pollock's cat book. Felix is classified Yankee fashion as a Maine Coon Cat, and that is because his handsome tail has ring-around stripes on it. He comes of the unfortunate decapitated French royal family.

The story is this; I quote: "It is told that during the French Revolution, Queen Marie Antoinette planned to escape to the United States. She had her agents buy a house in a little town in Maine. Among the possessions that that she planned to take with her were six beautiful Persian cats. . . . To shorten a story, Marie lost her head; but the ship she was to have taken was loaded with her cats, so the confused captain went to Maine and turned the pet Persians loose to mate with the local plebeian tabbies. The children of these unions were the longhaired striped beauties which the farmers called Coon Cats, as something of a come-down for noble refugees from Versailles.

It requires two kinds of thinking to complete the world's intellectual circle—otherwise all Japanese would be Swedes, a calamity for both sides. No matter how crude the tribe, it falls into divisions sometimes as curious as that between Democrats and Republicans. Even in the New Hebrides the demi-nude inhabitants have to decide what party to join, whether they are Big Nambas or Little Nambas, the choice depending on nothing at all. Thus we can see why the people of the world are in warring cults, the Cat Lovers against the Cat Haters.

Small boys are by nature Cat Haters. So are dogs. If a boy starts petting pussy to make her purr, he becomes a sort of Benedict Arnold and gives his soul to the cause of cat-loving. I'm one of 'em. But I'm not exclusively devoted to the Egyptian cat-goddess Pas Pascht. I need a dog in my life, and not to chase cats either. Maybe it's because I can't be restrained by one party. I'm a nachel born mugwump. Maybe Dickie Pollock is, too. So I'll vote for him whenever he decides to run for Congress.

Battle of the Bulge
B and K in their heyday
Fought it to a tie
But Bulge got rushed and now
he's Krusched—
Bye-bye, Nikolai!

On the other hand Beria
Didn't even get to Siberia.

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