

**HAVE NO DEFINITE PLANS**

**Huntleys Purchase Large Tract Of Land On US 1 From Esso Oil Company**

A 145-acre tract of land adjoining the Howard Johnson Restaurant between Southern Pines and Aberdeen has been purchased by W. T. Huntley, Jr., and wife from the Standard Oil Company and Earl W. Propst and wife.

Mr. Huntley, who is in the real estate business in this area, said he has no definite plans for the property at present except to "allow the abundant longleaf pine to grow." He will also devel-

op one of the three lake sites on the property.

He said, however, that eventually the property would be used for either a housing development, an industrial site, or a paddock.

The tract lies on the eastern side of U. S. Highway 1 and is considered one of the best in the area for business purposes.

Purchase of the land, for which the price was not disclosed, was made March 19.

**Many Farmers Failing To File Tax Returns, Internal Revenue Reports**

The District Director of Internal Revenue representative in this area, W. S. Scales of Rockingham, said today that a check of returns filed through February 15 indicated that a large number of farmers had not filed income tax returns for the year 1958.

February 15 was the deadline for farmers to file their income and self employment tax returns, unless they filed an estimated return by January 15. If they filed an estimated return and paid the tax due by January 15, they have until April 15 to file their final return for the year 1958. Penalties are imposed for failure to file a return.

In urging farmers who have not already done so to file returns immediately, Scales pointed out that improved farm incomes realized in 1958 will add many farmers to the list of those required to file returns. Any farmer having a gross income of \$600 (\$1,200 if age 65 or over) must file a Federal income tax return, even though no tax may be due. This also applies to minor children with a gross income of \$600 or more.

Persons having net earnings from self employment of \$400 or more in any year must pay self-employment tax for that year. In order to do so, they must file an income tax return and pay the self-employment tax, even though they would not otherwise be required to file an income tax return. A schedule for computing the self-employment tax for Social Security purposes is included in the income tax return. If not already received, forms may be obtained from any local Internal Revenue Service Office or at post offices.

Scales stated that plans are already prepared for revenue officers to conduct a drive for delinquent returns throughout the State immediately following the April 15 filing date.

**H. LEE THOMAS**

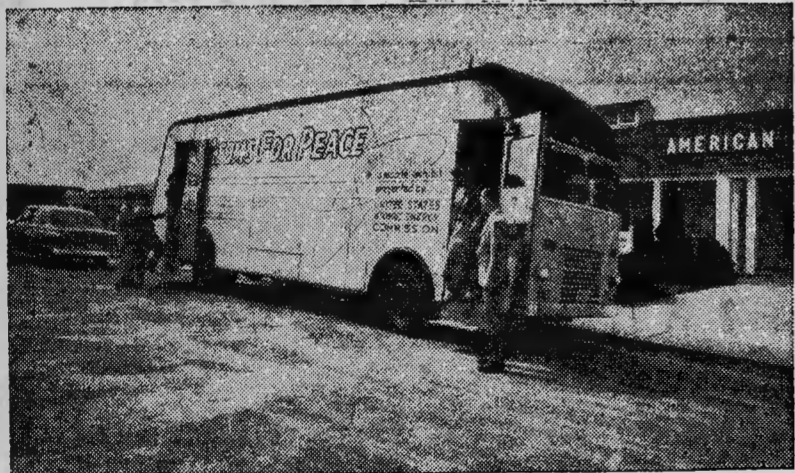
(Continued from page 1)

He succeeded the late A. B. Cameron in the post of Superintendent of Schools in Moore County. Since then, he recalled, he has seen the county's school budget grow from about \$150,000 per year to last year's more than

one and one-half million. During that time, he said, he has helped to establish agricultural courses and home economics departments in several of the schools, and commercial courses in most of them.

The county has spent close to four million dollars in new school construction during his tenure, the vast portion of it since World War 2.

Thermos bottle corks that have been compressed by use can be restored to normal size by boiling them in a covered pan.



ATOMS FOR PEACE exhibit will be shown here April 7 under the sponsorship of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. The traveling unit, pictured above, will be located in the lot between the Colonial Furniture and the Red Cross headquarters on S. W. Broad Street. The exhibit is free.

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SHASTA TAKES A BOW as his owner and teacher, Miss Eleonora Sears, watches critically. The former cowpony showed his bagful of tricks to an admiring audience at The Paddock last week.

**Shasta "Meets The Press"**

Shasta is a horse who belongs to Miss Eleonora Sears. Perhaps he was a cowpony once; he's about that size; and he is a shining white with dark mane and tail and a few big handsome splotches on him. A handsome pony all 'round: the kind the Indian chiefs used to prize above all others.

He is named after big shining-white Mount Shasta out in northern California, and that is where Miss Sears found him, "so poor you could count his ribs," she says. He was five when she bought him and he has been a member of the family ever since.

We walked down to the big ring below the Paddock house, Miss Sears leading Shasta and conversing with him in a sociable sort of way. "He likes to have me talk," she said, "but he doesn't like it if other people talk. When we get to the ring, it's best to keep quiet."

We hung on the rail while she led him inside and took off the headcollar. "All right, now, Shasta," she said, "Have a run and then you can show us what you can do." The pony stood a moment and then, with a flick of his tail, turned and galloped to the end of the ring, back humped a bit, head low. As he reached the farther rails he kicked out both heels, wheeled, and stood looking at us.

"Showing off!" snorted his mistress. She turned: "How old do you think he is?"

That was a puzzler: she'd said they had had him a long time, but he moved like a three-year-old. She answered for us: "He's twenty-nine," she said. We marvelled at his good condition.

Miss Sears looked towards him: "Well," she said, in a clear but quiet voice, "do you think you might come back now, Shasta, and do some tricks? These people want to see what you can do."

Shasta stood as still as a statue. "Now really!" Miss Sears' voice was chilly. "Really, Shasta. We can't wait all day. Come along back now."

The horse lowered his high head to look towards her, then gave it a little toss and, slowly, gracefully, walked towards us. When he came close to Miss Sears he stopped and looked at her again, clearly saying: "Here I am. What next?"

She stroked his neck, and then, in a quiet voice, with no slightest gesture of command, she put him through his routine. And, like a good trooper he did his best.

She asked him to bow, to dance, to shake hands. Then, as if chatting with him, she suggested that he mount the strong seesaw that stood nearby. At first he simply walked to it and stood. "Now what are you waiting for, Shasta," she said. "It's right in front of you. Go on! Hurry up! Shasta, you're so slow today. Do please be quick!" And Shasta sighed, made up his mind he might just as well get it over with, and placing one foot carefully after the other, walked slowly and surely up the plank of the seesaw. At the middle he stopped and then, leaning his weight first back on his quarters and then on his forelegs, he teetered solemnly back and forth, the plank hitting the ground first behind and then in front.

He seemed to enjoy it once he got up there, for it took considerable coaxing on Miss Sears' part to get him to stop and come down. "And now," she said, "what about a rest? Wouldn't you like to lie down for the visitors, Shasta?" But that was too much. Shasta scorned the idea. What, at 29-years-old take a rest? With a toss of his head, he wheeled and galloped back down the ring, to stand with his back to us.

"Shasta!" His mistress' call was peremptory. "That's no way to act. Come back, now. Hurry up." Shasta twitched his ears, but did not move. Miss Sears heaved a sigh and walked towards him. "You might just as well come now," she said and stopped. "Shasta! Please! Come here!" No move, but as she took another step forward, the horse burst like a rocket. Up went both heels into the air, and if any gesture said: "Phooey!" that thumb-to-nose kick was it.

"Well!" said Miss Sears. "Of all the—!" and then she talked to him some more, in that quiet friendly voice, suggesting that he had only a few more tricks to perform and that there was always the chance there might be some sugar around in somebody's pocket, and before you knew it, there was the horse walking quietly back beside her.

"Now let's see you lie down," she said. And lie down he did, obediently folding his legs under him and, in that pitiful collapsed way of a horse, sinking to the ground. And then, in true circus fashion, Miss Sears seated herself gently on his side. She asked him to give her a kiss and the horse raised his head to her face and she kissed his velvet muzzle.

"Now, Shasta," said the ring-master, "if you will please sit up like a dog for the visitors. perhaps I could find a lump of sugar for you." Very slowly, Shasta propped himself up on his haunches, then rolled a misty blue eye looking for the reward, which was immediately forthcoming.

And after that? After that he rose and made a low bow to the admiring audience, while his owner stood by, looking like a very proud mamma.

Miss Sears' pride-and-joy lives at the Paddock stable with the big hunters and show horses. Tenerife is there, the grand heavy-weight champion of the Dublin Show, Irish Port, also a winner in this the world's most famous horse show as champion hunter in the conformation classes, and a dozen or so other proud beauties. They were looking over their stall doors at him now as Shasta returned to his stable. Fast company for a cowpony? . . . But how many of them can do such tricks?

Shasta's gait had a certain swagger as he walked up the hill beside his mistress.

—K.L.B.

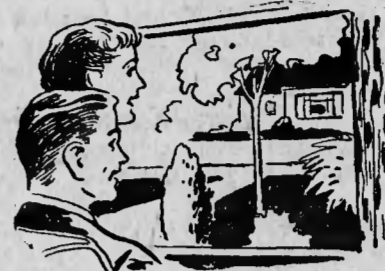
**State of North Carolina  
County of Moore**

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE**

The undersigned having duly qualified as the Administrator of the estate of Alfred Herrmann Grover, deceased, late of the above named County and State, all persons having claims of whatsoever nature against the said Alfred Herrmann Grover, deceased, are hereby notified to exhibit the said claim or claims to the undersigned on or before the 2nd day of April, 1960, or this Notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said Alfred Herrmann Grover, deceased, are hereby requested to pay the said indebtedness to the undersigned immediately.

This the 2nd day of April, 1959.  
ALFRED C. GROVER,  
Administrator.  
W. Lamont Brown,  
Attorney  
a2,9,16,23,30,m7

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