

No group in America would be more likely to benefit from increased expenditures on their education, training and health than rural farm families, especially in the South.

In 1949 the white southern male averaged earning \$2,065. The non-white male averaged \$1,033. The white southern female averaged \$947, and the nonwhite female averaged \$440.

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CLOSED THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV. 23  
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U.S. Hy. 1-A South      Southern Pines

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HUNTING SEASON OPENS THANKSGIVING DAY

**Burney Hardware Co.,**  
South Street      Aberdeen

**"ROAD TO PINEHURST"**  
(Continued from Page 9)

find it.

Another thing, of course: once you get in, you can't get out. Not without great concentration.

More than once we have gone round and round those lovely roads, laid out by Olmstead, the great landscape man. Once, coming out of the theatre at night, we offered to guide some out-of-town friends back to Southern Pines, and they happily followed us all the way to Aberdeen.

It's hard to get out of Pinehurst Village, and it's hard to get through it. Partly because it's so pretty, and the shops—if you're in that part—are so enticing, but also because of those curving, wheeling roads again with their thick plantings and overhanging trees all just alike. (How is it that the overhead-wire people have never committed their crimes against trees in Pinehurst?)

Guests are said to have packed up and loaded the car and started off from the Carolina, to go tooling round and round one turn after another, with the riders' necks craning out the windows at pretty azaleas and jasmine and colorful yards and riding rings and so on, till finally the driver exclaims: "Heck! I give up. Let's go back and spend another night. We'll get an earlier start in the morning."

Speaking of all this about getting in and out of Pinehurst, we recently made the attempt from the lower end of Southern Pines. We started near the Shaw House—getting furnished up for the coming season. We were heading for lunch at the Country Club so we took the old back road.

That trip was a maze of un-

certainty. The first uneasy feeling came when we crested the hill and turned right on the new highway, (Route 15, coming up from Aberdeen.) We started buzzing along straight as a die, and then suddenly here was the old road taking off again to the left. Slam on the brakes. Now, would that be a shorter, more direct way, or should we keep on to the traffic circle, THEN turn left? Quandary. Pause for reflection. The old road would be a good one except for one hard fact: at the end of it you came slap into—almost onto—the golf course. There was the Country Club in full view and then you had to turn back on it and go off to the left again, across the tracks, under the overpass, round corners, skirt the park . . . too long, too long. Off went the brakes and we drove on, straight as a die again.

But then came the traffic circle, and this was perhaps the most frustrating of all our driving experience. We could see the Midland Road right there on the left, just through the trees, and we'll be honest with you, it took all our will power to keep from taking off through the bit of woods and getting back on that road in a sensible way. Instead, we just did the conventional thing, just what we were expected to do, (one of these days those road people who expect you to do what they expect you to do are going to get a surprise,) and we drove on feeling small and exasperated. But then we hit the Circle. We wheeled off to the right and went whirling around till we began to get dizzy. There was a certain exhilarating roller-

coaster effect of hugging the inside and leaning to the curves, almost went on around two or three times, we got so caught up by it. Somehow we managed to pull out of the trance and jerk around the turn into the double road. Now all should be clear. Haha (Famous, almost last, words.)

The next thing we struck, or almost struck, was that new affair all yellow and black: Slam on the brakes again.

"It's right to the hospital, left to where we want to go," we muttered firmly and swung, well, just the way we always swung when there weren't all those so-called aids to driving cluttering up the passage. Being a bit late by that time, we headed full tilt for the Country Club; "NOW we'll make it!" we said.

Haha again.

First our little red Austin tried manfully to take its usual route, that sharp right turn and around the Tuft Twists into the center of the village. There was all that lovely greenery beckoning irresistibly but we hauled it back to the proper direction and coasted along with the fine velvety golf course on our left sprinkled with a multitude of fine golfers.

We came to the old railroad crossing and then we had a fatal idea. There was that little back road we used to take in the old days, that ran along the tracks and would take you, or used to would take you, to the club entrance road. Clearly it would save lots of time. We swung into it, zoomed to the end—and ran smack into a pretty little rail fence that curved, and curved, and—here we were right in the middle of the old Williamson house yard. Covering down, so the Ned Welches, who have

rented it, wouldn't see who it was in case they were there, we got out of there in a hurry and back on the regular road.

And that was the last hurdle. We made it then, a bit hot and breathless, and more than a little late, to the good company that was patiently waiting, and the good lunch in the Best of All Golf Clubs.

**CANDLE TEAS**

The Moravian Candle Teas, first Yuletide feature in the 18th Century community of Old Salem, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, are scheduled for November 30 through December 2. The Candle Teas are held annually in the Brother's House, built on Salem Square in 1768.



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