

THE PILOT

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A Happy New Year

The old year now away is fled,
The new year it is entered;
Then let us now our sins down-tread,
And joyfully all appear;
Let's merry be this day,
And let us now both sport and play;
Hang grief, cast care away!
God send you a Happy New Year!

And now with New Year's gifts each friend
Unto each other they do send:
God grant we may all our lives amend,
And that the truth may appear.
Now, like the snake, your skin
Cast off, of evil thoughts and sin,
And so the year begin:
God send us a Happy New Year!

(From "New Carols," 1642, to the tune of "Greensleeves")

1950—Another Year

This coming year of 1950, which marks the end of the first half of this century, may well be looked upon as a year of some consequence. Like the last few days of income tax time, there is a feeling of some tension, connected with it: an urge to crowd into it a few of the things that have not been done and that ought to have been done, in all the other years. There is an "on your mark: get set" feeling in the air.

To look back through the neatly divided calendar of time is to experience a feeling of decided confusion. The things that should be steps in a march of progress too often have seemed to lead nowhere. Motion has been chaotic rather than straight ahead. We seem to have gone through the years floundering in a sort of cosmic whirlpool, batted about by this wave or that. There have been the big waves of mechanical discovery: when we started to take to the air, the inventions relating to the radio, or atomic energy, or something truly revolutionary like the ability to climb into a box on wheels, press a button, step hard on a pedal and take off up the street in a whoosh of dizzy speed. Each of these has done amazing things to our way of living and thinking, each has flung us out of one whirlpool, but only to dump us over into another. Perhaps they are progressive steps of a sort: Time Marches On! But the question remains: where to and in what fashion?

Take the matter from another angle, with only this one year of 1950 to go: what sort of things do we feel an urge to cram into it? Are they the same sort of things! more inventions, more discoveries? Do we crave to be able to add a few more stations to the range of our radio? Do we hope that someone will come out with a better way to deliver the bomb?

To put the case simply: do we hope to find a way to make the old car go more and faster miles to the gallon or, just possibly, would we, instead, like to be able to record, in 1950, a decrease, instead of the expected increase in the number killed on our highways?

Would we like in 1950, to list "International Control of Atomic Energy" instead of "Bigger and Better Bombs for America," or "UN Moves Toward World Government" instead of "Continuation of the Cold War" or, worse still: "The Cold War Turns Hot."?

It seems to come down to that. The fifty years now drawing to an end have seen perhaps the greatest advance along material and scientific lines ever made in a comparable time, but they have been made at the expense of the human spirit. In domestic affairs: labor and management are locked in inextricable combat with the problem of the maintenance of individual initiative in an assembly-line, mechanized civilization looming over both sides. In the field of government, the problem of how to preserve our individual freedom while carrying out the intelligent planning needed to avoid an economic and personal collapse which would actually threaten mankind's survival remains perhaps the greatest question of this age. Internationally, of course, we have gone through two terrible wars to emerge, it is true, with a sort of world organization, but the outlook for its survival is not too bright.

1950, just one year, is too short a time to do much about all that, but there is no doubt that the curious tension with which this year is being approached is due to peoples' realization of past failures and of agonized wanting to do better.

Perhaps that is the best message that New Year's Day can bring us: the simple fact of its existence as another chance.

The Hero Was A DP

It was fitting that President Truman should include in his Christmas message the plight of the refugees. These victims of the war have been living ever since in a state whose physical

misery is only surpassed by its spiritual desolation, as the years go by and the hope of succor fades.

"We must not forget," the President said, "that there are thousands and thousands of families homeless, hopeless, destitute and torn with despair on this Christmas Eve."

One of the first things to be brought before the Senate at the start of the new year will be the measure to extend the Displaced Persons Act so that more of these people may find a haven here. Passed by the House, the measure has been blocked till now in a Senate committee.

It goes without saying that a great many people favor enlarging the number of DPs to be brought here. They know the situation; they know also that such small countries as England, with her terrific problems, and little Holland and Denmark, have far surpassed us in the number taken care of, and they are ashamed that America, with all her wealth and space, should be so ungenerous. But there are others who oppose this whole idea. Some of them, including their leaders in the Hearst and McCormick press, are against the program because of their congenital opposition to anything that smacks of generosity, but why are the run-of-the-mill folks against it?

There appear to be three main reasons: (1) that DPs take jobs away from Americans; (2) that Communists will get into the country posing as DPs; (3) that those who have come have been a liability, poor types and unsuited to their jobs.

As to the first point: Thus far those who have come have been either farm hands or household help. The supply of such labor in this country is way below the demand. Also, it is hoped to increase the number of scientists, doctors, technicians, etc., for which there is an unlimited need.

As to communists getting in: the DPs are put through screenings by eight different organizations, including the army and the F.B.I. This is a far more severe test than anything any other entrant into the country has to endure. It seems likely that the one place a spy would keep away from would be the DP quota office.

The third point brings up the legislation itself. Taking into consideration the fact that it is the people who make trouble that we hear about and that the great majority have fitted admirably into their new homes, there is this to be said: Congress has appropriated so little for this program that it has not been possible for this program that it has not been possible to administer it efficiently. There simply is no money available with which to pay the administrators and inspectors who are needed so that the government can check up on the DPs, or even supervise the agencies who, under the provisions of the bill, do the actual work of selecting them and fitting them to the jobs. Given these conditions it is miraculous that the program has worked as well as it has.

It is time to change this state of affairs. The program should be extended, it should be given enough money so that it can be properly run. There is little doubt, that it is not only our duty to help these people and to carry on America's high tradition of generous welcome to refugees from oppression, but it is to our interest as well.

Leave them where they are in their misery and they are prime meat for Communism, but bring them here and treat them right and most of them should prove as fine citizens as we could wish for.

The recently published story of how a young man in Philadelphia risked his life in a delicate operation to help a child is pertinent. "The hero," the story goes, "was a young Austrian DP." He is quoted as saying: "This is my chance to repay the debts I owe this country."

Still Wishing

Last year at this time, the Pilot wrote out a few New Year's wishes. They involved things that many people in Southern Pines appeared to be hoping would come true in the year that is just finishing its course. Three of them: the gymnasium, cafeteria and auditorium, though they cannot be listed as coming true in 1949 are going up very fast on the hill along Massachusetts Avenue and their completion is a matter of weeks or, at most, a couple of months. But what of the other things we wished for?

Perhaps the less said the better. That list makes mournful reading, for the end of this year finds most of it still a wish.

First on the list was a new jail. Everybody agrees that Southern Pines badly needs a modern structure to take the place of the present brick box. It would hold, besides the necessary cells and a couple of rooms for penniless transients, proper offices for the police department.

"An industry if it's the right kind, and not an industry, if it's the wrong kind" is the next item. That wish still goes. . . and is still in the wish stage.

And then, what of the perennial wish: a bus station. Here is something that is really a crying need. The Chamber of Commerce is wrestling with it and it is said that a group of businessmen could be found to put up the money needed to get the thing started. May 1950 see this wish fulfilled!

There is one more wish that was not included in last year's list, but it has often been voiced in these columns: that is, the need, to have a county commissioner elected from Southern Pines. In our estimation, if we could get the right man on the board in Carthage, it would be a real achievement. That's another, and, for the time being, our last wish for 1950!

Grains of Sand

Our esteemed colleague, Mr. Hippus, handed us a letter the other day. "Here," he said, "How about running something interesting in your column?"

We don't know just how he meant us to take that, but, for this time, anyway, his views and ours on what is interesting happen to coincide. Ordinarily we don't meddle with hacking or hunting, pasterns or withers, or coffin-bones, (how's that, E.O.) but for this once we don't mind saying he has something. Especially since it seems to have the name of a well-known short story writer, as well as horseman, attached to it.

The letter is from Almet Jenks. Starting with a welcome word of praise for our Special Issue, in which his witty column on 'Writers' Colony' appeared, it goes on with the remarks to which, doubtless, our equestrian expert was referring, as follows:

"Thank you for what you wrote about Fireman," (the fine bright bay hunter, bought from W. A. Laing, who was Mr. Jenks' favorite mount during the years when he hunted here.) "You will be interested to know that some two years ago I gave him to Arthur Anderson, (of J. P. Morgan Co.) who had hurt his back and could only hack gently. His son-in-law promptly took to larking Fireman and the old horse ended his days among the economic royalists, hock-deep in golden straw, clipped and groomed to the eyes, and made much of." Mr. Jenks goes on to say that the old hunter's happy days ended finally this fall, "and we felt very bad indeed. He was a noble horse." A lot of people in Moore County will echo that last remark.

And a lot of them will be delighted to know that the Jenks letter closed with the lines: "We hope to get away for a while, in February or March, and if we do we'll surely pay the Sandhills a visit."

That is good news. It's been much too long, Jenkses.

From the Pilot's Christmas mailbag came a score of good messages from old Sandhills friends. One which was intriguing with a lovely photograph of waving palms, turned out to be from Elizabeth (Mrs. Guy) Whittal. It is postmarked "Nassau, Bahamas," and she says: "We moved here in September, after a short vacation in the states, including a glorious drive to Florida." (Huh? Why Florida!) "We are comfortably and happily settled here and making the most of Vreeland's last winter with us before going away to school next fall. Penny arrives in a few days and we expect a happy Christmas in our new home."

Are there others who share the Pilot's inability to believe that bushy-haired little witch of a Penny and small Vreeland are actually traipsing about in the grown-up world? Time has gone jet-propelled.

From Alan Innes-Taylor comes the news that he is back in the army, and in his old command, at the head of the Arctic Training division out in Colorado. "And delighted to be here." Lucky Alan and lucky army to get him back.

The Nelson Hydes write: "Don't you ever get up this way any more?" "Tit for tat, folks. . . how about slipping southward? Time you did, you know. Lots of news-worthy happenings around here."

Margaret and George Richardson remembered the Pilot with a charming scene of a New England winter. Just by way of contrast to their present surroundings, we suspect.

From Long Island comes a gay card from the Blisses, (whose Missus is the former Polly Lovering of Jackson Springs.) "It would be nice to see you," they say. The same to you, dear friends, and a hundred times. There are lots of folks hereabouts who would echo that statement.

Hugh and Louise Kahler, (yes they still cling to their piece of land out on the hill near the Butler place,) send greetings from Princeton, where they spend four days of every week, the other three being passed in a hide-out in New York. Hugh is fiction editor for the Ladies Home Journal, wherefor this hither- and-yon existence. "Busy, but I really love it," he told the Pilot. Just the same, he asks a lot of questions about the Sandhills and his friends here: Charlie Picquet, the Butler family, Gertrude Page, Mrs. Wiley, and many another.

Most ferociously pounced upon were the Pilot's two cards from Eve and Faie Ewart, those two young Scots of Glasgow, who spent most of the war years here. Eve's card is headed very formally "School of Physiotherapy, Glasgow Royal Infirmary." She is working there, now, a fact which sadly prevented her from

paying a return visit to this country last summer. "But maybe someday we'll have a vacation!" That's what a lot of people around here hope, too, Eve.

Faie's little card sings a song of Christmas cheer; "A wish that you'll be happy, and lots of fun, my dear." The same to you, dear Faie, from the Pilot and your many friends, both two and four-footed, hereabouts.

We think the ghost of Faie's best friend of all, Cock, would add a crow to that remark. How many Sandhills remember how she used to take him down town for walks and feed him ice-cream cones outside the Broad Street Pharmacy? A delighted crowd of every size and hue used to collect to watch the show, especially to see Faie spank him across his tail feathers when he didn't mind his table manners.

One of the saddest days of Faie's young existence was the time Cock was beaten for first prize in the Pinehurst pet show by a hen entered by the McMahan girls. "And I taught that hen how to show off! Every trick she knew she learned from me and Cock!" said Faie, and there was real tragedy in her tones. Dear, dear: Those were the days!

Dr. Michael Pishko was Santa Claus twice on Christmas morning delivering a baby early, then swapping his OB whites for a red Santa suit and beard for the Hospital Auxiliary party for the patients. . . Carolyn Chatfield, of Brownsville Junction, Maine; who is visiting here, received a Christmas package from Brownsville addressed to "Isle of Pines, N. C." —got here, too! . . .

Nice to see the Rev. F. C. Brown visiting with friends around the streets—says he enjoys his new life at the University of the South at Sevanee, but it makes him feel on the antique side to have the son of a former classmate of his in one of his classes now!

Happy New Year, Jean Barrow, down at the N. C. Sanatorium—we hope next Christmas you will be home, and have something better than just a picture of your little son Teddy to look at. . . You're a brave girl, and we're all for you. . . We hope 1950 will bring you the best gifts in the world—health, happiness and home.

Do you have a player piano? Struthers Burt used to have one, and doesn't any more. . . But he still has a lot of music rolls—rare and beautiful ones, really fine music, which it's a shame no one is using. . . Struthers thinks, too, it's a shame, and will give them away to anyone who can use them. . . If you can, here's a wonderful find for you. . . Call him at his home, 6261.

Madeline Prim, secretary of the Merchants association, in her new office next to the Chamber of Commerce office is about to go crazy because no one knows she has a new telephone and telephone number. . . The phone in the Chamber of Commerce office is always ringing and she has to jump up and go chasing in there to answer it. . . So, folks, if you have business with Madeline, call her new number, 7345. . . And you might write it down somewhere till the new phone books come out.

And we're happy to reprint at this time, by special request, an appropriate classic—

"I had 12 bottles of whiskey for the holidays, and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink—cr else.

"I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass, which I drank.

"I then withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the whiskey down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I pulled the cork from

In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files: TEN YEARS AGO

Chief of Police J. A. Gargis dies suddenly of heart attack Christmas afternoon, shortly after subduing a traveler who went insane at Massachusetts avenue and May street.

Annual Pinehurst Horse show is held, with Captain Miller, of Fort Bragg, as judge.

Anonymous letter-writer compliments Postmaster Frank Buchan on beauty of Christmas display at post office.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

No Christmas issue—Pilot employees took holiday.

the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass."

"I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink, and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied,

I steadied the house with one hand, counted the bottles, corks, glasses and sinks with the other which were 29, and as the house came by I counted them again, and finally had all the houses and one bottle which I drank. . ."

The 1949 turkey crop in North Carolina was about 35 per cent larger than last year.

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