

# THE PILOT

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## Brotherhood Month

Because Lincoln's birthday comes in February, this month has been dedicated to Human Brotherhood and the Sunday nearest it, and this year it is the 12th, to the improvement of Race Relations.

Students of Lincoln and his philosophy must find food for thought in considering what he would think and do if he were here today. Certainly there has never been a time when the message that he had for the world, the belief in human brotherhood, was more important.

It has become a truism to point out that while man has reached incredible heights of material and scientific progress, in the field of human relations he is, comparatively speaking, only a few steps removed from his hairy ancestors. As scientific marvels have been discovered, as one thing after another has been turned to use by his fertile and ingenious brain, the scope for man's activities has immeasurably widened. He goes farther, quicker, but how he acts when he gets there remains just about the same.

Down through the ages there have been those who have pointed this out and have suggested other ways of thought and action. They have generally met an early and disagreeable death, but their uncomfortable ideas have persisted. Answering the constant painful yearning in men's hearts, they have supplied the vision of something better, the hope of a good society where men might live in equality and peace.

In the terrible urgency of these times, this spiritual yearning has suddenly taken on reality and become vitally important. For the first time, it is clearly apparent that unless we do something practical about this business of human brotherhood, we will be swept off the face of the earth in fairly short order.

There is always the hope, of course, that if human brotherhood has become a practical necessity, this world of practical men will find some way of achieving it. But they will have to change some of their deepest instincts. Inherent in the idea is both humbleness of spirit and a recognition of the mutual rights and aspirations of mankind; notions singularly at variance with the general practice.

We shall have to extend our spiritual outlook as we have extended our material achievements, if we are to succeed in the supreme task that lies ahead.

## Senator McMahon Speaks Out

In the debate about whether or not to make the hydrogen bomb, this weapon which, the scientists tell us, may turn on its makers and wipe civilization from the earth, Senator McMahon, chairman of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, has spoken out strongly for peace.

All over the land a great many people must have drawn a deep breath and uttered a fervent: "Thank God."

At last someone speaks for peace; looks the problem in the eye and prepares to tackle it. The real problem: for neither the atomic bomb nor the hydrogen bomb are the real problem. That remains what it has always been: how can we achieve peace?

The senator warns that we cannot achieve it through an armaments race. It is time, he says, to try something else, and he turns toward the way suggested by the Quakers, among many others. He proposes (1) action on "point four" of the President's program of technical help to the world's underdeveloped areas, (2) economic help to all countries, including Russia, for peaceful uses.

Senator McMahon will be attacked for speaking out. There will be plenty of people to denounce him as impractical or un-American, bent on sabotaging our foreign policy and the defense of the nation. But the senator should be a hard man to scare. As head of the Atomic Energy Committee he has had plenty of things to be scared of, a good deal more formidable than anything these critics can think up. That he realizes, now, the appalling nature of the danger which faces the world is evident by the very magnitude of the plan for peace which he proposes. It is radical, it is tremendous in scope; it poses conditions of the utmost difficulty. But what is the alternative? Says Senator McMahon:

"Let me warn, with all the solemnity at my command, that building hydrogen bombs does not promise security for the United States. It only promises the negative result of averting, for a few months or years, well-nigh certain catastrophe. "Do not overlook the obvious — that Soviet Russia broke our atomic bomb monopoly sooner than we had expected, and she would break any hydrogen monopoly that we enjoyed with equal or greater speed."

The fact that we were not able to scare Russia with the atomic bomb into quitting but only spurred her on to manufacture it herself, indicates clearly that we cannot scare her with the hydrogen bomb. It is time to do what Senator McMahon pleads for: try another way to peace.

## As Lovely As A Tree

Last week the Pilot carried an editorial urging the need for better care of the trees and shrubs along the streets of Southern Pines and suggesting that expert advice as to planting and pruning be secured. In the same issue was another editorial on the subject of town advertising. While definitely in favor of spreading the gospel of our town and section high, wide and handsome, we held that this project might best be accomplished through citizen action.

It was therefore doubly gratifying to find that the Greensboro Daily News had reprinted excerpts from the editorial on town planting, heartily endorsing the point made and that, in doing so, they had added some comments of their own which, we are confident, will appeal to our fellowtownsmen as a pretty good piece of town advertising.

We take special satisfaction in printing below, the piece from the News, in which they hit two Southern Pines birds with one very fine editorial.

From the:

GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS

(Feb. 5th)

### A TOWN AS LOVELY AS A TREE

Noting that Southern Pines has been called "one of the prettiest towns in this part of the state," the Southern Pines Pilot opines that it is because of its trees, shrubs and planted parkways. Says the Pilot:

There is nothing that has drawn so much favorable comment. Our flowering shrubs and our dogwoods, against their superb background of dark magnolias and pines, give an incomparably lovely effect to our streets. When they start to bloom, Spring truly breaks out all over.

We'd go farther than the modest claim of the Pilot and say that Southern Pines is one of the prettiest towns in any part of the state. The reason is obvious. Its people have had the sense and taste to utilize the trees and shrubs that God has put in their neighborhood.

Any town in North Carolina could do the same. All it needs is the will and the energy. A small group with a friend on the city council can do wonders. In a few years a town that looked like "a beggarly account of empty boxes" can blossom out. Even so, as the Pilot intimates, you have to watch those tree haters whose idea of pruning is to begin at the top and work down to the roots.

## New Citizens Stepping Forward

Certainly the pulse and pleasure of every American must accelerate this week of February 6-12—Boy Scout Week in the U. S. A.

"Breathes there a man" who does not expand at the sight of growing things—spring flowers, birds in a nest or BOYS, best of all?

Each year we celebrate Scout Week, we know that our boys have advanced in learning many important things through Scouting. Young people can rarely be taught singly what they can learn in groups. There is the exchange of ideas, mutual responsibility as well as individual, wholesome and stimulating competition and a quiet but deep adjustment in the great art of getting along with one's contemporaries.

In short, future citizens with full responsibility are being made under Boy Scout training. The future business men, government officials, writers, scientists, leaders of men, not only in the U. S. A. but, we hope, throughout the world.

It is not only the boy who is learning; the families of scouts renew their interests through his interests; the chat at the supper table after a scout meeting or around the fire, that vital center of American family life, is a medium of helpful exchange of things learned. And, as scouts learn citizenship, so parents renew and reinforce their sense of public responsibility by listening to their boys talk. Youth is a time of ideals, big ones, beautiful ones, and as the wear and tear of adult life dims, too often, the ideals in us, it is good to have them rejuvenated through our boys and what their Boy Scout organization stands for.

That is another side of Boy Scout Week that needs special comment, the organization. For though it is the individual scout for whom this work for youth is carried on, the men who do the work, who make scouting possible, are the ones who deserve our grateful thanks. Most of them are busy men, for in scouting, as in so many other civic organizations, the old slogan: "if you want leadership get the man who is already up to his ears in work" holds good, but there are also men who have devoted themselves utterly to this task, with whom scouting is truly business. To both groups, the men actually in the scouting and the ones who choose to fill the spare minutes of a busy life working for boys, go a special vote of thanks in Boy Scout Week.

Scouting is a task which calls on all hands to make it successful: above all, perhaps, the parents of scouts. But if the latter occasionally feel like sighing over the happy turmoil of scouting; the lunches to put up, the bed-rolls to be aired, the countless boys running in and out of the house, they may take thought that they are working hand in hand with an organization that is bringing to manhood the citizens of our country, citizens with whom we stand or fall as a nation in a world of nations.

# Report From Britain

No one realizes better than I how wrong first impressions can be and how futile generalizations based on a three weeks visit to a country of nearly fifty million people, especially when the observer neither speaks nor reads the language. But in Italy I was lucky in having as interpreter the highly voluble George Carbone, an expert on local history who has been in the land of his ancestors since last October. I did talk at length with several people who spoke English, from the manager of a good sized corporation to the shine boy who had picked up most of the American expressions which do not bear repetition.

At least a dozen business men told me that they do not, cannot obey the law. They agreed that if an enterpriser were to fill out all forms honestly and pay all the taxes levied that he would soon go broke. There is considerable hope of a revision of the Italian tax structure but until that comes, as one store owner put it, the business man "must be looking to subterfuge to survive." It was the Italians, I was told by a man who kept on good terms with Mussolini, the Germans, the Americans, and the present government, "who taught the Germans how to graft."

Under such a system business



DR. JAMES W. SILVER, of Southern Pines, University of Mississippi history professor, is now instructing in history at Aberdeen university, Scotland, on a Fulbright scholarship awarded by the State department. His "Report from Britain" will appear in The Pilot during his year abroad.

statistics must be largely meaningless because so much is never reported. Even pay envelopes, in

some instances, are increased by "under the counter" methods to avoid the higher social taxation which automatically comes with greater wages. An official of an American corporation, unsuccessfully prosecuted for evasion of taxes, was asked after the trial by his Italian lawyer: "But where do you keep your other set of books?"

### Business Difficulties

You might gather from this that some business men, looking back to the more orderly days of the 1930's, would be talking of Mussolini in terms of approbation. I am sure this is true but to what extent I do not know. One obviously well-off person not only spoke of the "good old days" but blamed the partisans for most of the damage that came to Italy during the war. According to Carbone, convulsion in Italy could always lead to a combination of monarchists, ex-fascists, and disgruntled middle class powerful enough to set up another fascist state.

The day before we left Italy, government police in Modena played right into the hands of the Communists by killing six strikers, five of whom were under twenty-two. One of these was the third son of a widow who had lost her other boys in the war. You can imagine what the propaganda machine of the Comies did with a story like that. A sympathetic work stoppage which delayed the

Silvers at the French border for twenty-four hours indicates how a few key workers may disrupt an industrial country. Apparently the Communists concentrate their efforts in the Modena-Bologna-Reggio area where disturbances may paralyze transportation and communication systems which link Rome and the north of Italy. Two eminent Italian historians believe that sooner or later there will be an attempted Communist coup in this section, but Carbone, who talked at length with them, doesn't think that the present revised government can be overthrown by force, particularly in view of the recent landing of enough American equipment to outfit twelve divisions.

### Explosive Condition

Italy, though not exhausted by the war as were Germany, Russia and Britain, will for a long time remain in an explosive condition. There are too many Italians for the country's resources. Unemployment at the present is dangerous only in the South, agricultural and held in a state of colonial economy. In all sections wages allow only subsistence living and the workers are aware of unbelievable luxury for the few. Pension plans are a farce and factories do not take on men in their forties. Child labor laws are largely ignored. On top of this is the inescapable fact of animosity between the people of the North and the South. North Italians, Nordi (Continued on Page 3)

# Grains of Sand

The first flying saucers reported in these parts were sighted by Mrs. Philip G. Shearman Monday morning, coasting along in a se-date row about 9 o'clock, just above the horizon back of her home on the Midland road.

Mrs. Sherman, ordinarily no seer of visions, says she took her dog out back for an airing, looked up and there the saucers were—six large silvery disks, seemingly very far away, traveling at leisurely pace one behind the other. She watched them till they disappeared over the airport, then went in the house and phoned her husband down at the Chamber of Commerce office.

Colonel Shearman, we understand, is bending his brains to seeing how this can be used in promotional material about Southern Pines. We are listening out for other reports from those who may have seen the curious phenomenon, but so far have not heard any.

With North Carolina's own Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner now gloriously in the past, it is of interest to note that our own Rep. C. B. Deane will be the main speaker at the Jefferson-Jackson Day rally of the Young Democrats of Summit county, Ohio, to be held at Akron Monday night.

Congressman Deane, now recognized as an outstanding southern liberal in the House, accepted the invitation on request of the Democratic National committee. Knowing C. B. to be a sincere and well-informed speaker, we bet he'll do an outstanding job for the Summit County YDC.

### IRWIN CONFUEUESES THE ISSUE

From England's Conservative-Labor brawl comes a confusing echo of English spelling book troubles.

In a land where "cue" is spelled "queue," "jail" is "gaol" and, according to some conservative thinkers, "show" is still spelled "shew," Mr. Winston Churchill warns that if the King's subjects conform to the Socialist government and stand in line for food, England, failing to reach Utopia, will soon become a Queuetopia, the horrid prospect, all hog-tied in English spelling, inspires the following acrobatic limericks:

Queuetopia, forming in queues  
Is something I hope we  
won't eueuese;

For going to gaol  
In case we should faol  
Is a prospect that gives  
me the blueues

Though children the stunt  
might amueuese,  
To get into line I'd refueuese;

I'd do it to shew  
I'm aloof, don't you knew,  
To those queuerious,  
fueuerious queues!

—Wallace Irwin  
Profreader's comment:  
"WHUEUE!"

On the cover of the Carolina Motor Club's magazine "GO," this month, is a sight for sore eyes: one of Emerson Humphries' fine photographs of the Moore County Hounds out on the old hunter trials course. Inside is the surprising comment that "GO's" cover has gone to the dogs with the Moore County hounds near Carthage, N. C.

Gone to the dogs, indeed. But of course anyone that will call hounds dogs is likely to call

Southern Pines Carthage. Mustn't expect a little thing like accuracy.

Maybe we'd better go back to just plain old-fashioned "Sunday." This week, the national game of dedicating Sundays and weeks for special observances has run into trouble. This Sunday; it appears, is both Race Relations Sunday and Boy Scout Sunday.

Though, actually, there's nothing wrong with that. If there is one thing the Boy Scout organization stands for it is equality and brotherhood. Moore County scouting includes many Negro troops, boys and girls; and their standing is very high indeed.

But how the local ministers solve the problem of preaching about both things in the same sermon will be interesting. For one thing, it will show how well they understand Race Relations and Scouting.

Ever since Russell Lorenson, as treasurer, put the Rotary club on a "pay - for - your - lunch - whether - you - eat - it - or - not" basis, attendance at the weekly luncheon meetings has gone up. . . Just how good it was, the members didn't know until Russell made his report last week on attendance since he took office July 1. . . It was a whopping 94 per cent.

The last two meetings in January registered 100 per cent attendance, and so, technically speaking, did the first one in February. . . Two members were absent, but they were lunching with Rotarians elsewhere that week, to keep up their good attendance records.

We doubt if many civic clubs in the county can touch that.

Lady we know had occasion to call up the Governor the other day. . . It was on the weekend, and she found he wasn't at Raleigh but had gone to his farm home at Haw River. . . "Well get him for me there," she told Operator. . . The call had to be routed through Burlington, and she heard her operator say "Southern Pines calling Governor Scott". . . "We have no Governor Scott listed," came a cool voice at the other end. . . "Good heavens, you know who he IS, don't you?" squawked our girl. . . "We have a W. Kerr Scott," said the other operator inflexibly.

### In Bygone Days

#### TEN YEARS AGO

Mrs. L. D. McDonald, Mrs. Wade Stevick and Mrs. Esther McDaniel are chairmen of a style show held at the Civic club, with society models wearing gowns from local shops.

Dr. John A. Rice, president of Black Mountain college, speaks on education before the Sandhills Kiwanis club.

N. C. Petroleum Industries hold meeting at Highland Pines Inn, with Carl Goerch as speaker.

#### TWENTY YEARS AGO

Murdoch M. Johnson, Aberdeen attorney, announces for state senate.

Governor O. Max Gardner, vacationing at Pinehurst, plays round of golf with Mrs. William C. Mudgett and Miss Kay Williams.

The town is draining Piney Woods lake, through a five-foot culvert placed midway between New York avenue and Page street.

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