

# THE PILOT

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"In taking over The Pilot no changes are contemplated. We will try to keep it as good a paper as Nelson Hyde has made it. We will try to make a little money for all concerned. Where 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.

## Waging A War Against Home Dangers

Our congratulations to the members of the John Boyd post, VFW, for their enthusiastic adoption of the July safety campaign, in which they are cooperating effectively with the Southern Pines Safety Council.

Their use of a sound truck to call attention to traffic dangers and discourtesies downtown on Saturday afternoons, their distribution of safety literature and use of safety stickers on cars, their plans for a safety parade are a purposeful continuation of safety work started by the Council last spring, sponsored by local organizations in monthly sequence.

We find it particularly fitting that the men who fought on foreign soil in World War 2 should be doing a good job on traffic safety here. The war against traffic and highway hazards is a bitter one in North Carolina, with mounting casualty lists which bespeak a ruthless enemy.

Our own carelessness is taking a greater toll than any war ever did, with many innocents as victims. Lives are lost, injuries suffered and property destroyed just as in bombing attacks. Also, this is a more insidious enemy, lacking in the drama which stirs a people to unified action. We have become so used to accident headlines and statistics that they make little impression. We fail to recognize the enemy in our midst—in our own heedless actions.

For the veterans of foreign battles to undertake this war at home is bound to have good effect; and it shows that wherever there is a job to be done, they will do it.

As we did in the other war, we should support them with all we have.

## Two Important Issues

The two issues to be voted on in the municipal election of August 15 differ on the surface, but actually are alike in some important respects. Both are marks of a progressive community. Both cost more in their lack than in their achievement.

Recreation is today known to be a vital part of community life. Southern Pines has had a summer recreation program for young people for four years, financed by individuals and organizations through a fund-raising campaign. It has grown so that we can hardly expect these donors to continue to carry the burden, especially since they are mostly the same ones who support almost all our other campaigns and movements for the public good. The whole community benefits and the whole community should share in the cost.

Recreation all year round, for all ages, is today recognized as a municipal obligation, an important part of making a town a good place to live. This can hardly be done on a hit-or-miss basis—that means mostly "miss." On an organized basis, it is more than "play"—it means opportunity for the development of talents and skills, a defense against juvenile mischief or delinquency, and an outlet for the natural gregariousness of the people. Its possibilities range from sports to a community theatre or chorus, a soapbox derby or folk festival. With long-range planning, all facilities at hand may be coordinated, and new ones added when the need is seen. It is the only means open, besides a bond issue, for the eventual building of a community swimming pool.

The other issue to be voted on August 15 will only legalize what Southern Pines has been doing with profit for years, up until last year when it was found a vote of the people would be necessary for its continuance. This is the appropriation for advertising and civic promotion.

Many towns sponsor recreation programs today. Very few have advertising programs—but that is because very few have so much at stake as does a resort community such as this. It was through consistent advertising and skilful promotion that Southern Pines was born, and grew through the years as one of the nation's best known resorts. Many living here now came because of advertising, or because of the prestige such advertising engendered. The resort business is becoming more competitive all the time. To maintain her place at the top, Southern Pines should, and must, have a well-planned program, designed to reach the type of people who belong in the local picture. In line with the advertising, the town must from time to time extend hospitality. In seeking appropriate

industry, it must be able to pick and choose, and go after the ones which would fit into our scheme. All this doesn't come free—but it pays off, financially and in priceless human values.

The town has reached a stage in its existence when it can hardly do without either of these programs. It would cost too much.

## Against Use of the Bomb

The trouble in Korea had barely started before voices were raised in Congress debating the advisability of using the atomic bomb. Only a few spoke in favor of it, the majority being in strong opposition, a stand echoed, to this date, by our military men. But the question has been raised.

The thought, of course, has come to many of us. As we look forward blindly into the months to come we are fearfully aware of this terrible weapon and the awful responsibility which its possession places in our hands. We cannot help wondering: will the next few months see another Hiroshima darkening the history of civilization?

There is little consolation to be found in thinking back upon that first use of the bomb: to do so, in fact, is to realize how easily, in time of war, men can be led into hasty and unwise decisions of horrible and tragic consequence. That such was then the case is now part of that recorded history. For after the war was over, a careful study of all bombing was made by a team of experts, engaged in a complete survey of the entire conduct of the war. Here is what the Strategic Bombing Survey had to say about Hiroshima:

"Certainly prior to December 31st, 1945, Japan would have surrendered even if the bombs had not been dropped, even if Russia had not entered the war, and even if no invasion had been planned or contemplated."

That paragraph makes bitter reading. A good many of us, we submit, have been deeply shaken by many aspects of this Korean trouble; it is a fair guess that many spend a good part of their thinking time hoping desperately that our military and government people know more about what is going on than they seem to know. It is doubly depressing to read that official statement of the last war, showing how at fault was our Intelligence and to know that because of that failure the United States stands in the eyes of the world as the nation which unloosed this terrible weapon against humanity.

We must hope, of course, that similar mistakes will not be made in the present crisis. There seem to be grounds for hope. In the first place, we must believe that our military leaders, having studied the survey of their own experts, will act with greater care in the present crisis. But there is a stronger deterrent, generally recognized, than even the fact that the first bombing proved unnecessary: actually it proved seriously harmful to the United States.

Hanson Baldwin, recognized expert on military affairs, gave his views on the subject in an article published in Harper's Magazine. "It is my contention," he wrote, "that in the eyes of the world the atomic bomb has cost us dearly: we have lost morally; we are no longer the world's moral leader as we were in the days of the Wilsonian Fourteen Points. It is my contention that the unlimited destruction caused by our unlimited methods of waging war cost us heavy economic losses in the form of American tax subsidies to Germany and Japan. . . But it is not only in public opinion and in our pocketbooks that we have suffered, but in our own souls. The American public is tending to accept the nefarious doctrine that the end justifies the means, the doctrine of exigency."

Men of action cannot, perhaps, concern themselves overmuch with moral losses, but the cost of Hiroshima to the United States which Baldwin says has been so dear is desperately real. What happens in Asia, whether the nations turn to us or to Russia may well be traced back to the unloosing of that fearful weapon. We lost our moral leadership then, says Hanson Baldwin. It is possible that we have regained it somewhat since, but another such occurrence and it would be gone for good, and with such a loss goes loss of allies. That is something our leaders are surely considering.

The third deterrent for use of the bomb is its unsuitability to the present conflict, and the fourth lies in the possibility of retaliation. Its use would almost surely start a general atomic war in which our nation would be extremely vulnerable.

For these reasons it would seem very doubtful that the bomb will be used by us, and, among all the bad news, this is something for which we may find reason for gratitude and humble hope.

## Deceptive Fragrance

One of the most tantalizing, albeit one of the most deceiving, of Midsummer fragrances is that of a cornfield after a rain. It exudes an odor like that of a freshly cut watermelon, a smell exceedingly pleasant.

So, if you are passing a cornfield just after a shower, don't be deceived. The odor does not mean that a watermelon patch is hidden in the corn and that someone has cut a melon there. The only thing one can enjoy is the fragrance and the mouth-watering for that Summer favorite, the watermelon, which the smell stimulates.

—Durham Herald

# Grains of Sand

When author-illustrator Glen Rounds moved to Pinebluff recently, so we heard tell, Mr. A. G. Wallace, head of the Pinebluff Telephone company, called personally to look after details of the installation of his phone.

Mr. Wallace, it seems, did not know anything about his new patron. He informed him regretfully he would have to go on a party line and offered him a choice of parties. One line he could get hooked up to, he explained, was that already held in common by the Manly Wellmans and Cad Benedicts, across the road. "They're writers," Mr. Wallace explained. "Mr. Wellman has written a lot of books and Mr. Benedict works on a newspaper."

"No, sir, don't put me on any phone line with them," demurred Glen vigorously. "I know these writin' fellers and I don't want to have any truck with 'em. Always jawin' back and forth, and a lot of foolishness on the telephone. Crazy people!"

"What is your business, Mr. Rounds?" inquired Mr. Wallace.

"Me? I'm a good honest workingman, not like these writer chaps. I'm a blacksmith," said Glen.

The center of activity Saturday afternoon was the lot beside and behind the VFW club, where Lloyd Clark was holding an auction sale of household goods which had been stored in his warehouse there a long time. The furnishings had been hauled out doors and were arrayed all over the lot—chairs, tables, couches, cupboards, stoves, every kind of thing. Rugs were stacked up on the VFW clubhouse porch. John Thomas and Joe Warren took turns auctioneering and each did a spectacular job. We don't know how much Lloyd got out of it—plenty, we hope—but we do know he put on a fine show, which everybody enjoyed.

The chairs could hardly be auctioned off for folks sitting in them, comfortably observing the proceedings.

We wanted a garbage can and were thrilled to see a whole line of them on the outskirts of the display. We rushed over to take a look, lifted off the lids and found ourselves gazing down into the garbage cans which, presumably, appertained to Jacks Grill and the Jewel Box, the back doors of which were close by.

Madeline Prim started talk by buying a baby bed which, she explained, was for her sister. Many householders acquired real bargains and many bought things they didn't need, lured by the irresistible fascination of an auction sale.

Have you ever heard of Mikhaljky Tynic or John Klysa? Tynic is a displaced person from Poland, Klysa his sponsor in this country. In asking the county welfare department to check up on DPs not sponsored by any group (the church groups are checking up on their own), the state welfare department sent Tynic's name as one who had come to Southern Pines, after reaching this country in March, 1949. His occupation—plumber. His family—a wife, Ewhenz, and daughter, Bohdan.

Klysa's name was also given as of Southern Pines, and had after it the initials WRSNCWC.

Since there was a child involved, Miss Sarah Ward, the child welfare worker, was hunting the family over there the other day and we were not able to help her a bit. Just one clue developed from several phone calls: Postmaster Garland Pierce said some mail for Tynic accumulated here about eight months ago, also foreign newspapers for Klysa. None was ever called for and finally the things were sent back to the return addresses.

Were they ever here? If Klysa was not here, why did he give Southern Pines as his address in sponsoring Tynic? Did they come here—and go, without ever checking by the post office, or leaving a forwarding address? Is either one of them here now—and if not, where are they?

Who can help locate them?

We are happy to report, as an old authority on "Annie Get Your Gun," that the movie version now showing at the Carolina is a worthy translation of the stage classic into film, with all the zip, zest and color of the original.

Instead of trying to be another Ethel Merman, which nobody can be, Betty Hutton keeps busy just being Betty Hutton, and that's okay. They're both bold, brassy and ebullient but in different styles. One thing the two gals have in common—their superb diction which means the listener loses no word of any song they sing. This is a special asset in "Annie Get Your Gun" as the songs are extremely clever and you don't want to miss any of them.

We feel we rate being an au-

thority on the Ethel Merman show through having seen it twice, about a year apart. Took the son to New York in 1946 and he wanted to see Ethel's show so we went. Took the daughter in 1947 and she wanted to see it too, so we went. We liked it as well the second time as the first. It's a grand, funny, colorful show, on stage or screen.

And it was good to see Charlie Picquet right there in his old place, greeting the customers as they came in the Carolina door. If his smile looks a little peaked these days, it's because he's in constant pain.

He had a big disappointment this week. He read in an article in the Satevepost that Senator Tom Connally suffers from the same thing he does, shingles of the eyeballs, one of the most painful afflictions known to man. He read that the Senator had recently been considerably eased by a new medicine.

Charlie wrote right to Washington to his old friend Senator Hoey, asking him to find out, please, what that was. This was probably the first time, in all his years in the U. S. Senate, Senator Hoey had had a request like that but he came through. Went straight to Senator Connally and asked him.

"It was the same thing they shot me full of up at Duke last summer," said Charlie in disappointment. "They'll just have to discover something else." We hope they do, and in a hurry.

Our nomination for Grandmam-of-the-week: Mrs. Sadie McCain, buzzing about downtown filled with joy over the arrival of little Miss Margaret Glenn McCollum. "You'll have to go out to Moore County hospital and see their nursery," she told us. "They've got 25 babies and the prettiest one is mine." We'll take her word for it, though there may be as many as 48 other grandmothers, at a maximum, to dispute it. "To each her own—the prettiest grandbaby in the nursery, which is exactly the way it should be.

How Sadie will fit baby-sitting into her crowded schedule we don't know, but we have no least doubt she will do it.

Tom Morris of Sanford operates a sheep ranch in Deep River township, Moore county. On the ranch, says the Sanford Herald, he has two Navajo Indians who tend the sheep.

Although one of the Indians was born in this country, he doesn't speak English. This Indian has been here only about a couple of months. He was put on the plane at Albuquerque, New Mexico, by Tom's father, who then phoned his son to meet the plane at Raleigh and take off a passenger.

Tom went to Raleigh, somewhat mystified. Off the plane came passenger after passenger. None of them acted as if they were looking for him. Finally came the last passenger, a big Indian in blue jeans and black sombrero.

Around his neck was a big sign saying, "My name is Jim Harry. I am a Navajo. I speak no English. I am going to Raleigh, N. C. In case of accident call Tom Morris, 397-L, Sanford, N. C."

## In Bygone Days

From the Pilot files:

### TEN YEARS AGO

Sandhills are making only a little more than one-third of a peach crop, on account of the freeze which occurred in April. The yield is estimated at 1,176,000 bushels, or 37 per cent of normal. "Uncle Ed" Tyler, one of Moore county's surviving ex-slaves, is buried at Lakeview.

The Fellowship Forum sponsors a garden party in the garden of the church.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Worsham and family and Mr. and Mrs. L. D. McDonald and son Lyle spent the day at Morrow Mountain park.

### TWENTY YEARS AGO

Huge Army ordnance truck from Fort Bragg crashes through James Creek bridge, gets stuck in sand and mire.

Over 500 cars of peaches cleared through Aberdeen to date.

Two hundred and fifty attend Blue family reunion at Duncan Blue place, Lakeview.

Catholic church sponsors a picnic at Johnson's Lake.

At the Carolina theatre this week: "With Byrd at the South Pole" and Gary Cooper in "A Man from Wyoming."

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