

THE PILOT

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PLANNING FOR PEACE BEFORE IT COMES

While our major efforts today must be devoted to the winning of the total war, it is encouraging to note that in official circles there is serious and expert thought being given to that period following the end of the war. With our productive capacity greatly increased now, there has been growing the fear of a post-war industrial collapse, with "millions of workers thrown into the street as a result of the demobilization of the Army and the shutdown of war industries."

This problem is discussed in an article in the current "Labor Information Bulletin," published by the U. S. Department of Labor, in summary of a pamphlet, "After the War—Full Employment," written by Alvin H. Hansen of the National Resources Planning Board.

"When the war is over, the Government cannot merely disband the several millions of soldiers to compete for jobs with the millions of other workers released from the factories and plants now engaged in the production of guns, airplanes, and other war equipment. The National Resources Planning Board takes the position that this country must develop a position program to provide jobs either in private industry or on public projects to the workers who are to be released from the Army and war industries."

The article continues by pointing out that the productive capacity of the country has already been considerably increased by the war, and that, after the war, this productive capacity must be kept at a high level, in order to maintain employment, by a program designed to raise the standards of living for workers, farmers and other economic groups but to keep the cost of this raised standard low, because of the abundant productions.

"What must and is being done for war purposes can and must equally be achieved in times of peace," the article concludes. "The only difference is that instead of devoting more than half of the Nation's energy and resources for war purposes, the Nation's energy and resources for war purposes, the Nation's production effort will be concentrated on producing goods needed for civilian consumption."

This is a hopeful sign that there's now thought and consideration being given to a problem that is more likely than not to result from the war. If we can help it, we want no more stop-gap, hastily executed, measures to deal with a problem that penetrates deep into American life. When the war is over—and we hope that will be soon—we will be thankful that the thinking and planning for peace is being done now. We were mighty late in preparing for the War, because of native obstructionists, so let's not be late with planning for the peace.

CONSIDER THE TEACHERS AND THEIR CONTRIBUTION

There was a big job to be done and it had to be done quickly, and courteously. And so the teachers of the nation were called into service for one of the most far-reaching civilian undertakings of the war—the rationing of sugar and of gasoline. And if we can judge from the way the teachers of Southern Pines and all the rest of Moore County went about the job, there was a difficult task well done.

Without hesitancy, the teachers rolled up their sleeves, or pinned back their hair, depending upon the sex, and got down to work. They studied the regulations and the forms. They contributed their spare time, after they had already performed a full day's work for which they are hired, in the service of the public. They were patient and courteous, even when their nerves must have been strained, not only by the task itself, but by many of us who came unpre-

pared to fill out correctly the application forms or by others who blamed the school teachers because they weren't getting enough sugar and by still others who wanted more gasoline than was being allowed.

Here in North Carolina we expect a good deal from our teachers, and don't worry too much about the remuneration they get. This task of assisting the rationing board in the registration of sugar and automobile users was adding a burden to the public school officials and teachers, many of whom are already overburdened. It was asking an entire group for a contribution of time and energy which has not been requested of any other single group of people. And the response, certainly in our locality, was one which does full credit to public spirit, patriotism, and unselfish energy of the personnel of the public schools. They deserve much more public recognition and thanks than they have yet been accorded.

SCARE-HEAD VICTORIES

The daily papers win the war nearly every morning in the headlines. This past week we have had:

"JAP FLEET ANNIHILATED" and

"CHINESE DESTROY BIG JAP ARMY"

Well, it turns out as we read on down the column that no battleships were even engaged and that the big Jap army numbered 4,500 a mere raiding party. What do the editors figure? That we need to be cheered by blowing up important but minor actions into major victories? That it helps street sales? That it scares our enemies?

There must be some theory behind it for the practice is not new. If you should read the history of this war from the start in our newspaper headlines, you would think that by now Germany must be about through, not that the United Nations are fighting for their lives.

When we really do win, what will the headline writers do? They have already shot their bolt. They will be in the fix of the Hollywood writer to whom Sam Goldwyn gave a big idea. "Start with the San Francisco earthquake," he said, "and work up to a climax."

HELP THE MERCHANTS TO SERVE THE PUBLIC

For several years it has been the custom of retail stores in Southern Pines to close shop each Wednesday afternoon during three months of summer—June, July and August. This year there seems to have arisen some difficulty and controversy over the Wednesday closing, and a group of organizations representing the merchants of the town have asked THE PILOT to conduct a poll of public opinion concerning the Wednesday afternoon closing.

Details of this are on the front page of this issue of THE PILOT. Although it is expected to get only a cross section of opinion, it is hoped that everyone will vote on the issue. Every effort has been made to make the expression of your opinion easy, and to make the decision easy.

Being in the service of the public, it is apparent that the local merchants are interested in pleasing the public and acceding to their wishes. Fill out that ballot on the front and cast your vote!

A single domestic hot water boiler would yield enough steel for a 37-mm gun.

Dr. J. I. Neal
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THE Public Speaking

A LOST PASSENGER

To The Editor:

You and I have been companions for many years. The time has come for us to part. I was very fond of you once in the days when Nelson Hyde ran your kindly, easy-going sheet. Nelson had a genial manner and a whimsical humor that at times was second cousin to Mark Twain's. He was a good newspaper man, he made friends, and The Pilot shared in that friendship.

With his going something disappeared. What is worse, with the change of ownership something came in, something that is pink and pernicious, and that is becoming increasingly red and radical, something that I consider evil. I object especially to the editorial in your issue of May 1 entitled "Any resemblance is purely coincidental." The inane title prefaces a vicious attack on Westbrook Pegler, and your article reaches an all-time low in poor grammar and worse logic in an attempt to prove Pegler inconsistent, dishonest and "a worshipper at the base of the Golden Calf," whatever that means.

Now I do not know the object of your malice, but I have read his column long enough to be certain that Westbrook Pegler is as honest as his freckles, fearless to the point of personal recklessness, and that he faces death daily at the hands of the "doubtless criminal elements" whom you attempt to white-wash. As to inconsistency, Pegler is more of a piece than any man I can think of offhand. Go to Walter Lippman or to Dorothy Thompson for that quality, or to some of our statesmen who blow hot and cold on the subject of government extravagance, communism in Washington, the pampering of the Jew and negro, the violation of state and individual rights and other embarrassing questions. Perhaps you think him inconsistent because, though no great admirer of the President, he is now for a united, all-out, no-40-hour-limit effort against the common enemy. Well, Emerson had something to say about the inconsistency of great minds. I prefer to believe that the many Americans who, you grudgingly admit admire and respect Westbrook Pegler know more about such things than a country editor who dips his pen in vitriol to assault a man who risks his life for decency.

Mind you, I do not demand that an editorial agree with me or reflect my views. There is stimulation in a good clean argument, and a man is a fool if he will not change his mind when he hears a better reason. I do not cancel my subscription to the New York Times when they claim that my white is their black. The Charlotte Observer's editorials are respected by many who disagree with its political line-up. The opinions of such papers are sane and logical and generous. There is no malice or rancor in them. They are decent.

I do not find this true any more of my old friend The Pilot. When you insult Westbrook Pegler, you insult the intelligence of too many thinking men and women. You insult the

judges who recently gave him their highest award for putting some "unsatisfactory and doubtless criminal elements" (that "unsatisfactory" is a classic) behind the bars. When you call him inconsistent, you show your ignorance. When you call him dishonest, you display your venom. And when you conclude "As the American Labor Movement flees the Pharos and seeks its way clear from the wilderness, it can look back to see Pegler worshipping at the base of the Golden Calf," why, then you are stupid and sophomoric and silly.

So come to me no more, old Pilot. You would lead us into unsafe waters. Your compass veers too much to the left, or perhaps someone has spilled a bottle of red ink on your chart and made the soundings illegible. Those things that you think are fly specks may be dangerous reefs. Frankly I don't believe you know much about navigation anyhow, especially in this troubled sea. I prefer to trust myself to a captain who is recommended by millions of enlightened passengers. His name, in case you are interested, happens to be Pegler.

—DONALD PARSON,
Pinehurst, N. C.

MOORE COUNTY'S PATRIOTISM

To The Editor:

Please, may I have another word? I've just had a very nice letter from Southern Pines saying things I was glad to hear about my letter on defeatism which you published not long ago. But my friend also regretted that I had not said in print the things she had heard me say about Moore County's splendid war effort.

Moore County! It never occurred to me! That Moore County does the right thing and does it well I take for granted as I do its superb climate; it's what I expect to find when I get off the train. Moore County's superior behavior, in fact, is as much the background of Southern Pines as the pines themselves and the reason that defeatist utterances and attitudes stood out so starkly that they were peculiarly distressing.

Here, in the same occasional isolated shocks, I am hearing the same sort of talk, alien to America as lion hunting on ice in a pea soup fog. Here, I am told, it emanates from a group mourning the Europe they used to play in and more terrified of losing the personal advantages our system has brought them than of losing liberty itself.

I cannot imagine Moore County ever being terrified, ever losing faith in democracy (Good heavens, it is democracy!) or ever doing less than its excellent best. My letter, I thought, had nothing to do with Moore County itself; I was writing entirely about outlanders whom Moore County has taken to its hospitable bosom, as, I thank fortune, it took us.

Best love, Moore County! Please forgive me for not making myself clear as your patriot!

LAETITIA McDONALD,
May 7, 1942,
New York City.

A man in Asheville, N. C., has invented a machine which he says will pull up trolley tracks as easily as a dentist pulls a tooth. He wants to use it in the Salvage for Victory campaign.

THE PILOT'S BOOK REVIEWS

By MRS. E. V. HUGHES

Wanting to get down to concrete thinking on our civilization and what it may or may not become, a good starting point would be "The Destiny of Western Man," by W. T. Stace. In this volume Professor Stace contributes an apt interpretation of our institutions, customs and beliefs as the outgrowths of a civilization. This advancement in social culture he calls "organized goodness,"—a reaching out toward a good life, which everyone wants unless he is irrational.

What is the good life for man is potentially digested for us by Professor Stace. Do we prefer our civilization just because it is our own or do we have a rational justification for our belief in it? For the answers to such questions he takes us back to the origin of the idea of goodness and the inner nature of morals, based on two theories of ethics, the Greek of Palestine, from which was developed the Democratic way of

life. The Greek theory contributed reason and moderation and the Christian, sympathy and selflessness. Our author proves that society is happy only when it realizes the necessity for sympathy in its original interpretation.

But a rival theory about human nature has also developed in Western Europe—a theory of will and power based on Nietzschean thinking. This theory ignores sympathy, but imitates it, when to imitate sympathy is impossible unless sympathy has already planted altruism in civilization. This thinking leads to a proof also that the state cannot have a spirit, which is not already inherent in the life of the people.

Professor Stace uses as proof for his statements, not emotional beliefs made applicable through custom, but the principle of the primacy of sympathy found in the very nature of things. He shows how the power of sympathy has been enhanced by reason and faith, through which it has been given its proper place in our social scheme. He believes this civilization worth defending and holds out promise for its final triumph, not because it is ours, but because it is just.

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