

# THE PILOT

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## READING THE SIGNS

All sorts of interpretations will be put on the Republican sweep. The old guard Republicans will cite it as proof that there is, after all, a God and that He has led His people to see the light. That therefore all the follies of the New Deal will shortly be undone and that the nation will then surge ahead under the triumphant banners of reaction.

The Nazis will cite it as a repudiation of that "wicked Jew, Roosevelt," who has criminally led us into a war against their beneficent new order.

The Democrats will point out that practically nobody voted and that the results are therefore meaningless.

But probably the man in the street with no axe to grind will conclude about as follows:

That the normal swing away from the party in power was due.

That, however bad the Republican Party's record in Congress before Pearl Harbor, all candidates are on a platform of full support for the war.

That the shift, therefore, in so far as it means anything, means not less determination to wage war but more, that it means an instinctive groping to send somebody to Washington who will be a constructive critic, who will join with Democrats of like mind to spur the administration to be stronger, quicker, and more efficient.

From now on both parties will be responsible for the conduct of the war. That knowledge will sober extremists on both sides and make us more united and determined than before.

## "AND THUS BE IT EVER WHEN FREE MEN SHALL STAND..."

On this Armistice Day when we dedicate ourselves anew to the struggle for a better world, we say we fight that those whose memories we salute shall not have died in vain.

It is significant that we use this striking phrase. While the discussions of our war aims and our peace aims proceed, amid apparent confusion and diversity of opinion, and much wrangling and debate, still, when it comes to a day like this, with one accord, without hesitation or doubt, we voice those aims and in moving ceremony rededicate ourselves to their attainment.

A year ago last August, the heads of the two English speaking people met on a ship off the coast of Maine and the Atlantic Charter was given to the world. This document will take its place with the great proclamations of all time. Not that it measures up to some of them in majesty of language or originality of concept, but that, in spirit, it is in the great tradition. In this very fact lies an assurance of victory to our cause. For, looking back through history, we find those nations strongest and most permanent who combined military power with great concepts of liberty and justice.

In the wars of conquest, of Genghis Khan, of Alexander and Caesar, military might alone prevailed. The overwhelming superiority of the armies of the conquerors was enough; no peaceful peoples, no scattered tribes, could hope to stand against it. But where armies have been more nearly matched, the great strength of a great cause has often tipped the scales. Whether it is England fighting against the tyranny of Napoleon or American patriots at Bunker Hill, or the French before Verdun, where forces were nearly evenly matched, the side that had the great cause, the great slogan, won.

And almost every time that slogan has had to do with man's fight for freedom.

Today we have on one side nations who fight at the command of tyrants, ranting of a master-race and a world enslaved. On the other are free peoples banded to fight together for a better world.

To date, the advantage has

lain with the tyrants; we have needed time to make up for our years of peaceful pursuits and selfish isolation. But already the tide is turning. Can anyone maintain that this change is due solely to force of arms? Did General Giraud, for instance, risk his life to escape from Germany and Vichy France simply because he thought the Allies were going to win and he wanted to be on the winning side? Did he not rather escape in order to fight and if need be to die for a free France in a free world? Everywhere in France and in the rest of Europe the Quislings and the Vichy men are looking to their barricades while the sap of freedom runs stronger and stronger in the peoples of the conquered lands. It is not only the success of our forces in battle that has broken the clutch of the icy hand upon their hearts; the events of the last few days have done little more than foreshadow ultimate victory. The clarion call of a great cause, the great cause for which men have fought in war and striven for in peace, the cause of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, is sounding through the world. And the greatness of this cause is a presage of the greatness of the victory.

Let us then be keen of wit to study and to circumvent, let us be stout of heart to strive and not to yield, let us work unceasingly each to do his part, firm in the knowledge that:

Conquer we must

For our cause it is just.

For, firm in this knowledge, we shall win the war and win the peace that will come after it.

## ROAD TO VICTORY

(Editor's Note: The following article, which THE PILOT presents in editorial form because it agrees with the sentiments expressed, was written by Struthers Burt, local author, for the U. S. Treasury Department, and is being syndicated throughout the nation by the Treasury Department.)

### BY STRUTHERS BURT

Listen, Americans! We don't have to be told this.

We're a lucky nation. We've been lucky all through our history. We began to be lucky the moment our ancestors decided to come here. We're still lucky. But don't let's crowd our luck.

Our cities are still unbombed; our children can still walk in safety; not yet have our wives or daughters been enslaved or insulted or raped; none of us have as yet been shot as hostages, but it's coming closer—the red real

horror of war, and already on a score of far-flung battle fronts our young men stand at attention or are already engaged. So let's finish it off. Let's have done with it. Let's put the murderers and gangsters back where they belong, where we put Pretty Boy Floyd and John Dillinger. And let's make sure this time. Let's make this as speedy as possible a world where decent men and women can live and bring their children up decently, and let's bring our young men back as speedily as we can, and let's bring as many as we can back whole.

It may take a year; it may take 2 years; it may take longer, but let's finish it off. You know we can. Everyone knows we can. Even Hitler knows we can. But it's going to take every ounce of strength and brains and patriotism we have, and IT'S GOING TO TAKE LOTS OF MONEY. And that's where we older people—we mothers and fathers, and friends and relatives of all kinds—can help directly, and keep on helping, no matter what else we are doing, and where the young people not yet of age or who can't go to war or who are essential where they are can help. Day by day, week by week, we can help. Bonds buy bombers, stamps buy ships. A dollar today is worth two tomorrow. Machine guns and high explosives don't wait. Neither do submarines.

How much is a young American worth? Each stamp or bond you buy may be saving his life, and the lives of two million like him. Nor will tomorrow do. It takes only the fraction of a second to kill a man.

Buy, and buy, and buy, and keep on buying. Buy regularly what you can. Ten cents, twenty cents, a dollar, five hundred, five thousand—buy and keep on buying. Put so much aside each week. You're investing in lives, in the future, and in your country.

Shut your eyes and imagine. Watch the great tidal wave grow, your ten cents or dollar in it; watch it turn to tanks and planes and guns and ships; watch it roll closer to Berlin and Tokio and curl and break. What a lovely use for money! What a lovely hour!

With every cent you invest you save a life and hasten the end of this horror. With every cent you keep blood-red war away from these shores. Our young men will win on every battlefield, as they have before, if we will support them. And the thought of that and the thrill of investing in your country—how's that as a reward?

## GRAINS OF SAND

YOU JUST CAN'T WASH OFF printer's ink or outgrow the curiosity of a newspaperman—or woman.

So we weren't particularly surprised the other day when Mrs. Robinson Cook, living in Pinehurst, came through THE PILOT door with a sort of gleam in her eye and headed for the press room, announcing that she had worked for several newspapers, including the New York American. Of course, we don't boast to be quite the plant or quite the newspaper that the metropolitan daily is, (speaking purely of physical size), but we can claim having aroused Mrs. Cook's newspapering instinct to the point that she promised to come back on press day and watch the old one-cylinder single revolution Babcock grind out our weekly edition.

THE ARMISTICE DAY OBSERVANCE, led by the Rotary Club this year was considerably different from the first Armistice Day anniversary celebrated here on November 11, 1921, when the newly formed American Legion Post, commanded by Captain W. W. Cowgill staged an impressive parade headed by an army band from Fort Bragg. This parade included veterans of three wars—the Civil, Spanish-American and World War. Boy and Girl Scouts, floats of the Red Cross, Civic and Community Clubs were in the procession.

Following exercises at the now forgotten town flag pole at New Hampshire avenue and Ashe street, mess was served by the Red Cross in Tom Burgess' new garage at New Hampshire avenue and East Broad street.

And believe it or not, following mess came speeches!

CLAD IN A COAT OF GLEAMING white, the Municipal Building now shines out in new and sudden splendor amid the greenery of the City Park, even though only the first coat of paint has been applied.

As far back as our combined edi-

torial memory can go, this former home of the late Dr. W. P. Swett, acquired by the City in 1922, has worn a coat of sombre brown, hardly in keeping with its importance as the office center for the Town.

Once a home for the Southern Pines Library, the Chamber of Commerce and the City Clerk, its spacious offices are now in charge of the City Clerk-Treasurer, Howard Burns, with Miss Blanche Sherman and Miss Lucille Grover as assistants, and Mrs. J. H. Tilghman, tax collector. Here, too, the City Fathers meet and Mayor Dunc Matthews transacts official town business. The new coat of paint and change of color adds new dignity to the building.

WHEN THE PILOT EASED INTO its new addition, without any formal opening, we all thought that escaping the pounding noises of the ever-running presses would be a great relief. As it turned out, the silence was dreadful. We could scarcely work.

A welcome relief from the awful quiet it was then, when J. R. Lampley, William Fiddner, and son, Richard, from Pinebluff—carpenters all—appeared last week to put on some finishing touches throughout the building. We thought that the presses and printers could make enough noise—but those pounding hammers, buzzing saws and spirituals which Bill Fiddner rolled out to the accompaniment of hammer beats just whip press noises all to pieces.

Mr. Lampley and the two Fiddners are gone this week. We miss 'em. Now we have only the dreadful silence!

THIS LITTLE GIRL'S PARTY was a surprise—at the wrong end. Little Ann Stutz, daughter of Lieut. (He's out in the Pacific Somewhere) and Mrs. Greer Stutz, invited "Tommy"—last name unknown by all—a busmate on the Notre Dame school bus to her "birthday party." The first Agnes Stutz knew about

## MR. HUGH DAVE MacWHIRR Dictates An Original Contribution

"Well sir, this looks nice," Mr. Hugh Dave MacWhirr said last Tuesday as he ignored Mary Baxter who tried to stop him in the front office and sat himself down in the chair reserved for Charles Macauley, our ad-man and historian.

We looked up from the copy we were editing. "The idea was," we said pointedly, "that this new building could give us a little privacy," we looked at Mr. Hugh Dave.

"A good idea, too," he said cordially. "This way we can talk without being pestered at." He laid his black felt hat on our pile of copy. "In the old building," he said, "I used to feel like we was too hemmed in." He put his brogan on the edge of our desk. "Why many a time," he said, "I'd come out of that place without having got rid of half the notions in my mind. Just purely forgot them. But now here—," he waved a hand around our specious halls.

"Mr. Mac," we said, "we're glad to see you. Always glad to see you. But you can see how things are." We raised Mr. Mac's old hat and pointed to the pile of copy. "We're trying to get out the paper."

Mr. Hugh Dave waggled the toe of his brogan at us across the desk. "Good," he said, "looks like I'm just in time. Son," he said, "take this down." He leaned back in Macauley's chair, tilted his whiskers at the ceiling and closed his eyes. "To whom it may concern," he said.

After a long while he opened his eyes. "Have you got that?" he said. "Got it a long while back," we said, "proceed."

Mr. MacWhirr shut his eyes again. "My wife's cousin's husband went into Sanford last week," he said.

"Is that part of it?" we said.

"Part of what?" Mr. MacWhirr said.

"Part of whatever it is," we said.

"Why not?" Mr. MacWhirr said.

"Why not what?" we said.

"Why not a part?" he said.

"Well it just sounds peculiar somehow," we said.

"How does it sound," he said. "Read it."

"To whom it may concern. My wife's cousin's husband went into Sanford last week," we read.

"Sounds all right to me," Mr. MacWhirr said. "Better even than I thought it would." He closed his eyes in thought. After a while he quietly moved his hat and went back to work on the copy.

Suddenly we heard his voice. "He had never been in a city before and is naturally a fool so what happened?"

We wrote that down and waited. After a while we said, "all right, Mr. Hugh Dave, what did happen?"

"Hush your fuss, son," Mr. Hugh Dave opened his eyes. "Never do

the party was when Ann announced her invitation upon arrival home. Mrs. Stutz quickly added to the invitation list Richie and Jane Tarlton, Garland Frank Pierce and Mary Jo Stutz, sent down for some ice cream and cake—and the party went off smoothly, surprise element and all.

that," he said, "to a man when he is thinking."

We went back to the copy. When we listened again he was saying, "So the stranger says 'If you will give me just one five dollar bill, just to hold it as a deposit, just to show good faith, if you will just do that, my friend and ask no questions within one hour you will be placed in possession of a scheme to make you rich and happy.' So my wife's cousin's husband gave him the bill and that was the last he ever seen of him. So let that be a lesson to us on Armistice Day."

"What's that, Mr. Hugh Dave?" we said.

"A lesson to us on Armistice Day," Mr. Hugh Dave repeated. "The end," he added.

"Mr. Hugh Dave," we said, looking over what we had written down. "It seems like there ought to be something more."

"What for?" Mr. MacWhirr said.

"Well," we said, "maybe people won't understand it."

"Tell them to come to me," Mr. MacWhirr said. "I'll explain it."

"If you could explain it now," we said, "then we could tell them when they ask."

"Is Armistice day a happy day or a sad day?" Mr. MacWhirr said.

"Don't answer. It's a sad day and not just because of our soldiers that was killed. Why is it really sad? Don't say nothing. It's because we fumbled away the victory and are back right where we started. So, son, what is happening now? You needn't to speak. Why now some folks are saying, 'Don't fret about what will happen after, just give us your boys and trust us.'"

Mr. MacWhirr brought down his foot and leaned forward. "But I say to them, tell us what we are giving them for. If it's a better way for the peoples to get along, then it's worth the price. Or are we going to be fooled again," he stood up and picked up his hat, "like my wife's cousin's husband?"

"All right," Mr. Hugh Dave, we said, "we'll put that in too."

## Pinehurst Junior School

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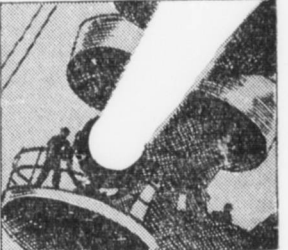
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## On the Seven Seas

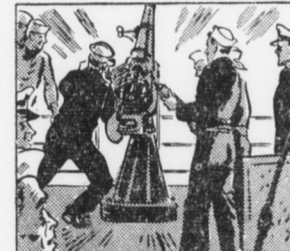
For 45 years General Electric has developed and built electric equipment for warships. Here are a few of the ways in which electricity serves the Navy.



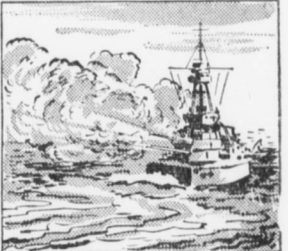
1. Just one battleship may have electric generators to produce as much as 180,000 kilowatts. This power would supply the needs of a city of 375,000.



2. Searchlights produce millions of candlepower of light to aid in detecting enemy ships and planes, and to guide Navy gunners to their targets.



3. More than 20 different operations are performed in bringing a naval gun to bear on its target. Electricity helps to co-ordinate these operations.



4. When a battleship goes into action, electricity helps direct the ship, operate the guns, and give the orders. G. E. is building equipment to do these jobs.

General Electric believes that its first duty as a good citizen is to be a good soldier.

General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

## GENERAL ELECTRIC

## THE OLD JUDGE SAYS...



"Judge, would you mind tellin' Charlie here what you told me the other night walkin' home from lodge. I can't word it just the way you did."

"Sure thing, Tim. Here's what I told him, Charlie. There's no such thing as votin' a nation, a state, a county, or even a community dry. We had proof enough of that

during our 13 years of prohibition. What you really vote for is whether liquor is going to be sold legally or illegally... whether the community is going to get needed taxes for schools, hospitals, and the like, or whether this money is going to go to gangsters and bootleggers. That's the answer, boys... simple as A-B-C."