

THE PILOT

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THE "EQUALITY" PLANK

The so-called "equality plank" in the Democratic platform, while it will cause dissension in the ranks of the party, will be welcomed by all intelligent men. Southern liberals have long maintained that the place to start the work for amelioration of the racial problems of this country was in the economic and educational field. If equal opportunities for education and economic advancement are open to all, those capable of taking advantage of them will do so and eventually there will result a higher level of attainment, and the steady solid advance for which all peoples must hope.

It has been said by many Southerners and Northerners, as well, that education is the ruination of the colored race. The remark is usually made by the most uneducated and unintelligent members of our white society, and apart from its palpable absurdity, is manifestly untrue. The "smart alecks" whose heads have been turned by a little knowledge attained too quickly, who have been conspicuous and loud-talking, to the distress of their wiser brothers and to the detriment of the cause they plead, are in the great minority. By and large the colored race is just like any other race: made up of every sort of person, but mostly, on the whole, of good-hearted, honest, quiet people.

A statement made not long ago by one of our local policemen presents a very fair gauge of the worth of education and opportunity to a colored community. He said: "The people who give us the most help in keeping order in West Southern Pines are the men and women of education and economic standing. We can always count on them to help and to cooperate with us in everything we ask. When we lost Professor Brown, principal of the school, we lost a citizen of outstanding ability who was always working for the betterment of the community." Southerners who deplore the "equality plank" in the Democratic platform would do well to think twice. They will find, arrayed against them, not only the most intelligent and far-sighted in the educational field, but also the men who have the knowledge which comes from practical dealings with all classes of men, in all types of conditions and situations.

"RED CROSS"

If we are unimaginative that title calls to mind visions of ladies dolled up in veils, bending over tables, hands busily folding bandages, sewing on khaki kits, knitting sweaters and socks. Or the same ladies surprisingly attired in natty uniforms, strutting about the streets, running cars, talking about "cases" and "drives". If we are imaginative we see a different picture, in fact two different pictures. We see women whose busy hands and busy tongues, whose veils and uniforms, are the masks behind which lie the emotions they must keep in check: the hearts aching with anxiety or sorrow, the surging, overpowering wish to do something, anything, to help.

The other picture is of the other end of the line; the receiving end. Elsewhere we print the words of a doctor at the front who prayed desperately for bandages to save the lives of the boys in his care and whose prayers were answered. Below we give a quotation from the letter of a Grey Lady who working in a large general hospital, which is a receiving center for overseas wounded, tells of the patients who are at the other end of the Red Cross line, the ones for whom all the bandaging, the sewing, the knitting—yes, and the

aching and the praying, is being done.

From San Francisco, Mrs. Fred Smith, the former greatly loved Libby Rudel of Pinehurst and Southern Pines, writes as follows:

"Two days a week I spend as a Grey Lady in a hospital which gets overseas cases flown in from the Pacific. Courage and cheerfulness are common commodities there, in the face of some frightful wounds. At first it was hard not to let a flinch of horror cross my face, especially at the burned cases, but as I got more control it was easier. If they can bear it, I can certainly look at it. Wonderful people, Americans; some of them away from home for three years, but they haven't forgotten anything of how it used to be. My one asset for the work is that I've lived in almost every part of the country, except the north-west. When they want to talk about home—which is most of the time—the chances are fair that I've been there and can enthuse about it too.

"There is a magnificent directness about the ones just back (I hope it doesn't get lost later on), born, I suppose, from living with death, and the probability of death for so long. Instead of us feeling protective toward them, they feel a responsibility to protect the home front, at least their own personal home front, from the rough brutality of what they have lived through. As one put it: 'It doesn't make you any more of a hero to your wife to write her that you almost got it yesterday.' What they don't know they are better off not knowing.' Stout-hearted, but I wish I could see one pair of eyes still with young hope and expectancy shining there. I don't know whether it is pain, or dope—or seeing too much—their voices and faces are young, often gay, but their eyes are dull and old."

When we say the words "Red Cross", that is the real picture we should see: the other end of the line, those stout-hearted ones who, despite the pain and horror which have taken the hope from their young eyes, are still fighting, still protecting the home front, the things they love and believe in. They have fought for them, and lying there, they are still fighting.

THE Public Speaking

(Note: Mrs. James Boyd wishes it known that she was the writer of the editorial to which the following letters refer.—Ed.)

Dear Editor: Knowing you, as I do, to be a pleasant, quiet, fair-minded, gentleman who has always appeared to be very much interested in the upbuilding of Southern Pines and the Sandhills, I am certainly shocked that you would print such a vicious editorial as was displayed in The Pilot last week. I will not go into the dubious material, alleged facts and shameful inferences of this editorial, as bad as they are, but I would like to ask whether The Pilot has changed its policy of upbuilding the Sandhills on a cooperative basis of all of us concerned, for the uplift and friendly betterment of Southern Pines as a nice place in which to live, or whether you have, like so many Big City papers, gone into Politics in a Big Way?

If you have done so, I think it is a great mistake and a great disservice to the community,—no matter what political party you love so furiously. Southern Pines has always been a neighborly, friendly sort of town and when anything good has been done here it has been accomplished by the cooperation of most of its citizens. Now, of all times, we need unity: our similarities, not our differences, should be stressed. I dare say most of us here already know for whom we shall vote in the fall and no good purpose will come of acrid debate or dispute, pro or con, in the matter of fall elections. Indeed a great harm will be the only legacy of such, differences between citizens will only be widened and feelings on both sides will be hurt. Let us not do or say anything from either side that will cause our human temperatures to boil over and cause any explosions—it is much too hot for that now.

Our families are worried enough about their sons and daughters, our businessmen and women are under an extraordinary pressure heretofore unknown and even our loafers are apt to be crabby; hence let us all, including The Pilot, try to be temperate, cool and even-tempered and not let the small exigencies of

the moment carry us away. The United States will live long after this election and, no matter who is elected, the destiny of our great country will be such that all of us will be proud and happy to be living in it. Therefore let me hope that such an editorial policy as exemplified last week was only a flash in the pan (of many of us) and that such is not to be a permanent policy of our local paper.

Sincerely yours,
EUGENE C. STEVENS

To The Pilot:

To one life-long disciple of Woodrow Wilson the editorial "Straws in an Evil Wind" is an unhappy keynote for a war-time campaign.

Obviously it could not have been written or censored by President Roosevelt, vice president Wallace, candidate Truman, "Jack" Garner or James Farley.

If the "tycoons of Big Business" who "control the wealth of the country", pay such a heavy share of the taxes, buy so large proportion of the 300 billion war debt—or whatever the final figures may be—and, when they die, turn over such substantial estate taxes, are unwise enough to spend campaign funds in Texas, why not rejoice that they are going to waste it?

Are there not enough rich men down there who are not "tycoons", for sooth, because they are not Republicans, to hold Texas in line?

One who won twice with Wilson, not in bets but in deep satisfaction,
W. F. SHELDON

TO THE PILOT

When a paper, which has always consistently remained aloof from partisan politics prints an editorial which starts off with the assumption that there is no room for any difference of opinion regarding the political aspect of our country, its readers certainly sustain a surprise to put it mildly. How anyone who pretends to know anything at all about our present political condition can calmly state his opinion that there is no room for honest difference of opinion is just not understandable.

I am not a Republican but surely in all fairness we must admit that, measured by the standard of integrity and citizenship, both Hoover and Taft stand immeasurably above the Kellys, the Hagues, the Flynns et al who did so much for the so-called Democratic Convention recently held in Chicago. We grant that the last named gentlemen are past masters at putting over a slick political deal, but I think it is generally conceded that an excess of greedy, selfish politicians and a dearth of unselfish statesmen the world over is largely, if not altogether, responsible for the unholy mess we are now in.

If the ability to play a sharp political game is to be the yard-stick for the selection of our Leaders, I can only say, with apologies to the immortal Gray,

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey
Where BOSSES grow, and MEN decay".

We can get all the politics we need from the BIG CITY DAILIES. Can't we have our nice home paper free from at least the partisan brand?
An interested Reader

To the Editor:

Congratulations on the editorial of last week. The views which it expressed are those of many in the country who feel that while the present administration has made many mistakes it is still the one we must look to to handle the issues of the coming peace. The isolationist record of the Republican party and their turning against their internationally-minded leader, Willkie, show them to be unfitted for leading the country in the coming peace.
CHARLES S. PATCH

LIKES SERVICEMEN NEWS

"I would miss the 'Pilot' more than any other paper that comes into the house. I especially like to read of those in uniform that I have known".

(Extract from letter from Mrs. J. Elmer Boynton, Laconia, N. H.)

Now and Then

BY A. S. NEWCOMB

I need help. Below is a copy of a letter typical of several that have come to this office of late.

Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Southern Pines, N. C.
Dear Sir:

Being a widow with two children, I am thinking of moving to Southern Pines where, I am told, golf is popular and there are many unmarried men of means. Please send me descriptive literature.

What I desire, being young and attractive, taking after my mother who was one of the Diddbanks of Baltimore, about whom you have

doubtless read and because she has lately been made the heroine of several novels, though you may not have been aware of it, as authors usually use fictitious names as did a friend of mine who wrote a story about a dog. The scene was laid in the Arctic Circle, but just why, I can't imagine. It always makes me shiver to read of the Arctic Circle. Still, they say the Aurora Borealis is beautiful there. Too bad, with nobody to see it but eskimos. But then, in the language of Robert Browning (or was it Edgar Guest?):

"Full many a gem of purest rays serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear.

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

How true that is, and how well I know it. Isn't it strange how we can always find quotations that apply to us, especially if we are young and attractive? I have a friend who went to Camden, and inside of three months she married a millionaire. I was so glad because I don't know of anyone who needs a helpmeet more than a widower with a glass eye and a hairlip, especially if he can only see out of one of them.

You may have heard of him. He was the man who got rich in the stock market before Roosevelt spoiled it all. I used to know him but had forgotten all about him. Isn't it strange how the wheel of fortune turns round and round until a corner of it hits somebody you know? That must have been 20 years ago. My John Archibald is 25, and it was before that. He's in the army now, but goodness knows where. His letters are post-marked Alcatraz but of course his whereabouts is a military secret to keep spies off the track. He says there is a grate view from his window. Strange how long it takes boys to learn to spell correctly. He says he expects to be sent over soon.

Well, I have gone into details so that you will know just what information I desire. Hoping to hear from you by return mail, I am

Cordially yours,

(Name withheld to prevent suit).
P. S. Southern Pines isn't a health resort, is it? I don't mind glass eyes and hairlips, but I like to be among healthy folks, especially men.

P. P. S. Are women permitted about the Golf Club?

The first time I read this it seemed as clear as the average inquiry and exceptionally well expressed, so I sat right down at my typewriter to drum out a reply. But I immediately found it necessary to read it again. This time it seemed rather involved. The third time I would have torn my hair if I had any. I have read it eleven times since, and now I can't eat or sleep with my usual relish.

At the risk of exposing crash ignorance, I confess that I can't make out what Mrs. Diddbank, and the dog, and the Arctic Circle, and the Aurora Borealis and glass eyes and hairlips have to do with it. Nor can I determine whether the writer wants a description of Southern Pines or the men in it.

Can any reader more erudite than I elucidate and thus save me from the rigors of a padded cell? If so, I have other inquiries I would like to have deciphered.

NOTE: Last week I stated that the U. S. C. & G. azimuth mark is in the sidewalk of New Hampshire Avenue. This was a lapsus plume, or rather typewriter. It is in the Connecticut Avenue sidewalk. Another error appeared in the same column. The latitude and longitude of Southern Pines as shown on the buried government mark are North 35 degrees, 10 minutes, 26.352 seconds and W 79 degrees, 23 minutes and 25.352 seconds, which made it appear that I couldn't answer my own question correctly.

Department of Agriculture scientists have discovered in bright or fluorescent tobacco a valuable glucoside, rutin, that is effective in treating conditions arising from high blood pressure.

NURSE LOSES FAT SAFELY AYDS WAY

Get slimmer without exercise
Eat starches, potatoes, gravy, just cut down. AYDS plan is safe, sensible, easier. No exercise. No drugs. No laxatives.

Nurse was one of more than 100 persons losing 14 to 15 lbs. average in a few weeks in clinical tests with Ayds Plan conducted by medical doctors.

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