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THE JONES LETTER

The President's letter to Jesse Jones was bad. But it was bad in the sense that it was a blunder; in other words, more because of the way it was done, than because of its substance. He believed that he was writing informally to an old friend; he trusted Mr. Jones. Had it entered his head that the letter would be made public we may be sure that it would have been couched in the suave language of the usual public document. But there is no getting around the fact that the President should not dash off informal letters to anyone on public matters. Not when their publication could produce a national storm of disapproval which could so shake public confidence.

Given Jones' high estimation of his own importance, his hatred of Wallace, and his innate antagonism to the liberal policies the latter represents, it would perhaps have been expecting too much that he should let such an opportunity go by. When one adds to that the fact that, looked at from one angle, the language of the letter itself casts a slur upon Wallace, implying that it was not his ability but his political usefulness that won him the appointment, the letter would seem made to order for his purpose. It is sad, but only human, that he availed himself of it and did not put his country's welfare ahead of his own personal revenge. Jones is a realist; he knew that the letter was a slip on the President's part; he knew what a storm its publication would create. It was, to say the least, an act of disloyalty to give it to the press.

As for the President's part in it: we have a right to expect more considered action on his part. Too often, of late, he has shown great carelessness. His predilection for dashing off personal notes and making hasty casual statements, tossing out airy remarks to the press, these are a cause of grave anxiety to those about him. The wording of this letter could not, if it had been deliberately planned, have been more calculated to create an impression of cynicism and political opportunism, of disregard for the nation's welfare. The public's reaction was natural.

But in making a final judgment a few points must be kept in mind. In the first place, the President considers Wallace, rightly or wrongly, the ablest man in his cabinet. When he offers him "any position", he is saying what he undoubtedly believes: that Wallace would fill any post creditably. The next point is that both the President and Mr. Jones knew that the post of Secretary of Commerce was the only one Wallace wanted. Actually there was no question of offering Wallace "any position" and the President's expression was used without a doubt in the misguided attempt to soothe the feelings of Mr. Jones, by implying that he was not being singled out for martyrdom.

The President's suggestion to Mr. Jones that he see Stettinius about an ambassadorship was another inexcusable blunder. Put in that way it was little short of an insult. But the fact of the matter is that an ambassadorship is nowadays a very important position and it has long been the custom to reward political success in this way. Besides, the President knew the outstanding ability of his former Secretary and he would fill any such post creditably.

After Mr. Jones was informed that it was not the crime it has been made to think that it

had been deliberate. For to feel that it is another example of carelessness on the President's part is disturbing. There have been too many. This letter to Mr. Jones is of a piece with the President's irresponsible talk about De Gaulle at a time when the French negotiations were at their most difficult; it is similar to the ineptness of his handling of the vice-presidential situation at the convention. It surprised and shocked us. But it was not the cynical political act which Mr. Jones and his supporters would have us believe.

Sand Box Being Filled Weekly BY WALLACE IRWIN

PIECE OF POETRY Avery, Avery, Dry goods and slavery!

(signed) Ina Wanda. Tut, Ina Wanda—don't go unilateral on us!

I've been down to South Carolina (a state) where it was so cold I had to wear a fur nose-bag. Gives a Sandhiller a sort of smug feeling—pitying the rest of the world, which is hardly ever semitropical, as we are.

Trains pointing toward Miami hesitate at all flag stations, trying to make up their minds whether to keep on going South or to take the load back to Philadelphia. The one we were on finally decided to get as far as Charleston, anyhow. Which it finally did, after 10 hours of frantic indecision. Civilians are warned to keep off the trains. I now add my warning to the Government's.

Soldiers in trains along the way are keeping up their morale, obviously. One car, stalled on a side track, had chalked across its side, "To Hell with Italy—Car 3". The G's who grinned out of the windows were Italo-American in type. In our car, after the lights went out—which was 10 minutes past sunset—I heard what seemed to be a corporal proclaim huskily, "You ought to see my Wack-she's a scream!"

They're well mannered, quiet young men, our soldiers in travel. The sergeant behind me, who wore a South Pacific service ribbon, admitted modestly that he'd had malaria, but that was okay. He was back again okay. Everything was okay by him.

At the entrance of Summerville, where I've been, they've torn down the white wooden arch which bore the sign, "Let the Pine Be Sacred." Why that sanctified text was ever put up, and why it was removed is beyond me. Perhaps the village fathers have given up trying to advertise something which just can't rival the Sandhills long-leaf—the pine about which we up here are always so modest and shy. (Eh what?)

That's all for this time. Except that I wish a certain broadcaster would stop calling that Philippine moun- "Bag-wee-oh"—No, "Bag-ee-oh", baby. Don't ask me anything else, about Spanish. I've told you all I know.

Now and Then

BY A. S. NEWCOMB

(Continued From Last Week)

While I lived at Lakeview I of course came often to Southern Pines where I frequently spent a night or two at the Piney Woods Inn, then owned and managed by Charles St. John, later purchased by J. M. Robinson. The electric railroad connecting Pinehurst with Southern Pines was continued in operation until 1908. Its terminus here was near the S. A. L. passenger station, and T. B. Cotter, who became manager of Pinehurst after the death of its founder, James W. Tufts, put up a sign there reading PINEHURST JUNCTION where it could be readily seen by passengers on the Seaboard trains. Since this was done without so much as a "May I?" or a "Thank you", needless to say many Southern Pines residents were not made happier thereby. In truth, many of them bitterly resented Mr. Cotter's highhandedness and I more than once heard dire predictions that some day something violent would happen to that sign.

One morning after a night at the Piney Woods Inn, I was accosted on my way to breakfast by Mr. St. John who told me in gleeful tones: "Some of the boys tore down that sign there's been so much talk about last night."

"Humph!", I replied, "That strikes me as unmitigated foolishness." Being a resident of neither of the rival towns, I had remained strictly neutral, carefully refraining from taking sides in any pourparler concerning either. "Being on the outside looking in, I can see it plainly," I continued. "Oh yeah?" said Mr. St. John. "Would you let somebody keep a sign like that up at Lakeview if you could help it?" "Probably not", I answered, "No doubt I would let emotion run away with reason too." But the right thing to do would be to have the name of the place officially changed to Pinehurst Junction thereby acquiring all the benefit of Pinehurst advertising for all time." When emotion rules the brain then sound reason fails to reign.

Some five or six years later, after I had become associated with Leonard Tufts at Pinehurst, I mentioned this affair to him, assuming that he had never heard of it. "Oh yes", he said "I knew all about it. Mr. Cotter got my head in a noose with that sign, but the Southern Pines people kindly cut the rope and turned me loose."

Reference to the burning of the Piney Woods sometime back reminded me of an occurrence at that fire that very nearly resulted tragically, but I shall have to tell you about that later.

THE Public Speaking

The Pilot:

We hear so much about the lend lease from U. S. to Britain and how will it be paid back, and about fighting England's war etc. But these remarks, of course, are made by uninformed and unthinking people with old time spite, and from a long way off from the war centers, where we want the war to stay—

The knowing and thinking people go quietly ahead all out to win the war for peace—here as well as England.

Enclosed items from the Charlotte Observer might help to enlighten some people and give a different line of thought—and action.

"Too Precious for Price Tags" would be good for your eyes and again—it is a line of thought. —A. B.

TOO PRECIOUS FOR PRICE TAGS

From American Outpost in Great Britain

(The purpose of the above publication is to promote full understanding among the English-speaking peoples to assure their permanent association in the establishment and maintenance of a peaceful new world order. Unless otherwise stated all articles are written by Americans, and represent their personal opinion.)

Who are the heroes? Who has done most for the cause of the United Nations? On both sides of the Atlantic a noisy minority is vaunting its superiority, very much in the vein of boasting small boys. The difference is that the rival claims of juvenile battlers don't have earth-shaking results. This adult (?) rivalry can have tragic consequences for all mankind unless it is stopped—quick.

In the minds of these minorities it is always this versus that. Montgomery versus Eisenhower. Our Fortresses or their Spitfires. Our dollars or their pounds. Do we lease more than we lend, or is it the other way around? Who owes whom, and what?

Only the Great Assessor knows the answer to that one. How can it be weighed in the balance, the contribution of one to the cause of all? Who is to say how much Britain's lone valorous stand that long hard year has meant in dollars and cents? America has put millions of men, equipped with the best she can build, into the field; can those men, their equipment, be evaluated in terms like these? Can we count out, so much for the heartening of fight-worn friends, so much for the cost of steel and wool and woolen, so much is a row of ribbons on London's charwomen, so much for the cost of the great, but the arithmetic? Not on had its head, is something that of their for price-tags; it The life of the only with the beat

of the United all, in pride more giving creature great gifts; comes in head and

torn flesh of this blue-eyed lad is seared by pain more excruciating than that of this boy with eyes of brown whose wounds gape as widely? The steel casing of a General Grant around the vulnerable flesh of a boy named Jim, from Omaha, Neb., contains the same high courage and the same mortal shrinking from death that are contained by, say, the trailer covering of a Typhoon piloted by a youngster called Fred, from Tunbridge, Wells, Kent. What is it worth? Jean, in Normandy, worming his way flat on his belly bearing the deadly mechanism that was to blow up a German troop train, risked no more and no less than Ivan, who sniped along at German lorries on the road to Smolensk. And the girls who loved them were wrenched by no anxiety greater than that of the sweetheart of Klaas, a Dutch paratrooper, who was one who landed at Arnhem.

Heroism, by military regulation, is defined as gallantry above and beyond the call of duty.

But are all heroes in uniform? One man risking torture and death to distribute news of freedom contributes to the sum total of the mighty effort of all. How much? Can you weigh it, the impalpable of what that courage adds to the dignity of man's imperishable fight for integrity? While your head is bent in awe, can you do that sum?

Just as on a million homes in London have been destroyed or damaged in the bombing, but Londoners never stopped their work. Danger and discomfort have been their bedfellows for years now, but they have not cried out for the Commander-in-Chief to lessen their burden by diverting his air army from its tasks in his plans. Heroes? And what was it worth to the cause?

Men and women in France, unable to draw a breath free of the stench of Nazi proximity, yet risked horrors, only too well known, to hide and to smuggle away to freedom hundreds of Allied fliers who bailed out over their occupied land. What it may have cost them, who can measure?

The desperate, pitiful, proud fight of the trapped Jews of the Warsaw ghetto; the abortive, premature rising of the rest of the Polish capital, with its bloody and its magnificence, what cost, and how was it worth?

The Chinese have their war—and our time. Do the Chinese love and revere their homes, their wives and children less than do the New Zealanders who slogged across Africa and up Italy the hard way, weary miles and months away from the folks Down Under? Does that Yugoslav Partisan, living a life of grimmed hardship, but who happens to be an ex-professor of Greek literature, yearn more for the ordered serenity of his book-lined study than does this Canadian Commando who took honors in classics at McGill, but who has been in the Allied landings since the war began? And can you add or subtract the difference in their sacrifice?

The Norwegians, small country as theirs is, had one of the finest merchant navies in the world. When war came, most of their skippers got their ships away to safety? No, to run the U-boat gauntlet over and over again in order that precious supplies should be brought to Britain so that the fight might go on. No ancient saga was ever more heroic than the tales of the Norwegian seamen of today, who have dared the double ruelty of warred-up seas. And while they faced that peril, they had the sick knowledge of their violated homes, the fear of what might be with their families. The multiplication table couldn't help you to tell how many times human courage fought with human despair—and won. Nor can your calculations give you their value.

That feat of disconnecting the mines laid by the German swimmers at Nijmegen, what equivalent would you consider for the British men who groped for death in the water to pull its fangs? It did it, is it worth so many dollars, or is it worth so many lives? Equipped battalion, or much is a row of ribbons on London's charwomen, so much for the cost of the great, but the arithmetic? Not on had its head, is something that of their for price-tags; it The life of the only with the beat

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rejoice in our victories, we may have the generosity of mind and heart to look upon the great fellowship of heroes and say: Their valor was without price; it has bought us the future—for all. L. M. W.

TRANSPORTATION COSTLY Transportation facilities provided by the British government for the U. S. armed forces under reverse lend-lease from early 1942 until December, 1944, reached a total value of \$140,890,000, U. S. Transportation corps officials said.

CALL TO ARMS

Your Government needs and asks its citizens in this 165th week of the war to:

- 1. Answer the emergency call for 8,000 Medical WACS. Women from 20 to 50 are needed immediately for non-professional medical work in U. S. Army hospitals. 2. Help to relieve the doctor and nurse shortage by taking a Red Cross Nursing course to learn how to care for your own family. 3. Remember—1944 income tax return forms do not provide for payment of the unforgiven portion of your 1942 tax due March 15. Separate statements are being mailed. 4. Write your serviceman cheerful, re-assuring and frequent letters. Use V-mail when you write overseas. 5. Beware of complacency. When the war news is good, redouble your efforts on the home front. Set an example your boy can be proud of.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX

Having qualified this day as Administratrix of the estate of Wilbert D. Edwards, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present them to the undersigned Administratrix within twelve months from this date, otherwise this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment. Dated this 29th. day of January 1945.

ADGGIE ALLMOND, Administratrix of the Estate of Wilbert D. Edwards, deceased. J. Vance Rowe, Attorney. F2-M9

BASKETBALL

LOCALS DIVIDE TWIN BILL WITH PINEHURST

Southern Pines split a twin bill with Pinehurst, Friday, February 2, with the Southern Pines girls losing, 46 to 29 and the boys winning 34 to 26.

In the girls' game, the line-up for Southern Pines was as follows: forwards, Cox, Ward, and Brown; guards, Cameron, Nichols, and Schaefer. Substitutions were Field, Olive, and Kleinspenn. High scorer was Ward with 16 points. The line-up for Pinehurst was forwards, Cheney, Hunt, and Hartsell; guards, D. Cheney, Campbell, and Campbell. Substitutions were Lewis, Black, Frye, Lewis, and Hunt. High scorer was Hunt with 23 points.

The boys' teams were well matched. Southern Pines led the scoring at the first quarter, 10 to 7, but Pinehurst passed them and led 22 to 15 at the half. Fighting back, Southern Pines gained a one-point lead in the quarter to make the score 27 to 26, and held the Pinehurst five scoreless in the last period to win, 34 to 26. The

line-up for Pinehurst was as follows: Smith and Garner, forwards; Currie, center; Thomas and Whitesell, guards. Substitutes were Corbett and Garner. High scorers were Smith and Thomas with 10 points each. The Southern Pines line-up was as follows: forwards, Page and Worsham; center, Neal; guards, Mann and Prizer. Substitute was Grey.

Games next week are: Tuesday, February 13, with Carthage at Carthage; Wednesday, February 14, with Rockingham, here; and Friday, February 16, with Cameron, here.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATRIX

Having qualified as administratrix of the estate of Joseph G. DeBerry, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of the deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Southern Pines, N. C., on or before 26 day of Jan. 1946, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This 26 day of Jan. 1945.

Helen B. DeBerry, Administratrix of the estate of Joseph G. DeBerry, deceased.

Beginning Friday, February 9th, through Saturday, February 10th, we will have our Annual Winter Clearance Sale including Coats, Suits, Dresses and Hats Mrs. Hayes' Shop SOUTHERN PINES, N. C.

"Tell him we're cutting pulpwood"

"I SEE here in the paper that the government says the shortage of pulpwood may hold up the supply of munitions, I'm going to cut every darn stick I can. 'We would rather fire a ton of munitions than lose a single American soldier'. 'That's the way I like to hear our generals talk because that 'single soldier' might be our boy. So when 'You just tell the boy to keep on doing his best over there and we'll do our best to back him up over here.'"



VICTORY PULPWOOD COMMITTEE C. B. GALE W. E. BLUE J. W. ATKINSON BUSTER DOYLE Southern Pines, N. C. US VICTORY PULPWOOD CAMPAIGN