

THE PILOT

PUBLISHED EACH FRIDAY BY
THE PILOT, INCORPORATED
SOUTHERN PINES, NORTH CAROLINA

1941 JAMES BOYD 1944
PUBLISHER

MRS. JAMES BOYD . . . PUBLISHER

DAW S. RAY . . . GENERAL MANAGER
BESSIE CAMERON SMITH . . . EDITOR
EDITH P. HASSELL . . . SOCIETY EDITOR
CHARLES MACAULEY . . . CITY EDITOR

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
HELEN K. BUTLER WALLACE IRWIN

*STAFF SGT. CARL G. THOMPSON, JR.
*SGT. JAMES E. PATE
*PVT. DANIEL S. RAY, III

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
ONE YEAR . . . \$3.00
SIX MONTHS . . . \$1.50
THREE MONTHS75

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SOUTHERN PINES, N. C., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

GERMAN LABOR FOR RUSSIA

The people of the Sandhills who had some experience with the work of the German prisoners in these parts will probably be unanimous in acclaiming the plan to use German labor for the rebuilding of Russia. Not only does it seem to be only just for them to repair the ruin they have brought about, but it appears likely that the Russians are the people to have charge of such an arrangement.

The proposal has the merit of long-tested practice. If a child is obliged to mend something he has broken he is not only working out a just expiation of his fault, he is replacing an act of destruction with one of construction. He may, subconsciously, realize the value of the distinction and because his deed has had this inevitable consequence he may be impressed with its uselessness and evil.

This is reducing the problem of German prisoner labor to a very simple scale. However Hitler treated his people like children, and so did Germany's rulers before him. Probably because it is, as yet, the only way to treat them. But it is essential that the lesson be taught right. The work they are required to do must be made to seem not so much a punishment as the consequence of the Germans' own actions. If, for instance, the prisoners are badly treated, unjustly or cruelly, the result will be the reverse of that intended. The reparations may be made, but if at the end of their term, the laborers are sullen and angry, with no thought in their revengeful minds but to blow the Russian villages to bits again and this time for keeps, the world and Russia will be worse off than before.

That Churchill and Roosevelt are aware of this goes without saying. It is likely that, with his experience in handling masses of men, Stalin realizes it also. For, with all their ruthlessness, the Russians are realists. They want results. Even if it were their wish, as well it might be, to liquidate the Germans, they know that is impossible. That being so it becomes necessary to render Germany not harmless only but benevolent. It will be, therefore, not nearly so important to punish these prisoners as to teach them a lesson. Russia will be ready to exercise just but stern discipline. She will be eminently capable of carrying out such an assignment and she will want to carry it out more unambiguously and more completely than we would.

Those of us who remember the German prisoners' treatment here, who saw it at close range, know this. We saw them lounging under the trees while a few worked as slowly as possible, we saw the insolent defiance in their eyes, the swagger in their gait. Our questions to the authorities elicited only abracadabra about the Geneva convention, as unintelligible clearly, to the speaker as to us. Their attitude was unintelligent and fatuous, the whole business a futile and humiliating affair. We are convinced that the American temperament, possibly also the British, is not fitted to carry out such a disciplinary program. The top men and some of the soldiers overseas, who know what we are up against, could and would administer the needed discipline. The rank and file of Americans would not. We are either too naive or, to put it brutally, too stupid in this country, to believe the strength of the evil we are up against and will be up against again unless it is stamped out.

Therefore while it is imperative that the commission exercising control over the German labor shall be an allied commission, with all its members fully alert to their responsibilities and with ample power to enforce conditions of justice and decency, it will be well if, as is apparently contemplated, the work to be done is

mainly in Russia, the scene of the Nazis' greatest destruction, and under taskmasters fully aware of the character of the workers. —KLB

LOGISTICS DEPENDS ON PULPWOOD

When our generals and admirals sit down together to work out a campaign or plan a battle, they must figure out the exact amount of bullets, guns, tanks, k-rations, parachutes, blood plasma and literally thousands of other things they will need for the operation. Then they must call in the chiefs of supply to find out whether they can have the mountain of things they require, postponing or cancelling their battle plans if the supply chiefs say "No".

This vital part of the planning is called Logistics. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, head of the Pacific fleet, calls it, "The Navy's greatest secret weapon." Admiral Ernest J. King, chief of the whole Navy, goes a little Hollywood and calls it "colossal." Navy Secretary James Forrestal says: "We couldn't win the Pacific war without it."

And here's where we come in! The admirals and the generals look to the Logistic Plans chiefs. The Logistic Plans chiefs look to the pulpwood cutters. Without an adequate supply of the right kind of pulpwood the war would drag on for years with victory doubtful in the end.

With pulpwood of good quality our fighting men are assured gunpowder, parachutes, camouflage nets, plasma containers and hundreds of other vital military necessities to win their battle speedily.

Pulpwood workers are really the men behind the men who plan our battles. Only by cutting more quality pulpwood NOW can we win these battles and shorten the war.

Sand Box

Being Filled Weekly
BY WALLACE IRWIN

As the Pilot's Incendiary Editor I make this earnest request: Try to let me know a few days in advance before you have a fire. It's very hard for me to get to a fire and do it justice unless I am given notice, either by letter or telephone. If I don't get that much consideration, I just won't go. And your fire won't be official. Last week, for instance, the Reverend Craighill Brown and Helen had a fire in their house and they didn't tell me about it until it had been over for hours and hours.

Here is the way it was served to me, cold. Helen was dreaming of a new hat with a water lily on it when suddenly she guessed that the cellar was afire. Right she was, too. Being a Kentucky gal, she did the very sensible thing which your Incendiary Editor endorses. She closed the cellar door and windows. Then she raised a rich Kentucky yell, which she says was splendid fun; it's the first time since she was a baby that she's done all the yelling she's wanted to. Our alert telephone operator got the idea, so did Mr. O'Callaghan's red wagon, which came to scuff and remained to spray.

The Reverend Craighill was away on pastoral duty when the thing happened; but between Helen and Mr. O'Callaghan the fire hadn't the ghost of a show. When Mr. Brown returned he found his wife on a lawn chair outside, surrounded with family clothes she had dumped out of a window. She was weeping gently and holding in her arms a little dog with a terrific attack of jitter-trembles. The dog is named Maisie and was lent to the Browns by a soldier who said that she had been raised on an artillery range and didn't know fear when she saw it.

The house was more smoked than burned, and that's because Helen shut the cellar tight until Mr. O'Callaghan got there.

I was starting to write about Intolerance when this fire news came along. What egged me on was something that W. Pegler said about how Justice Franfurter ought to be interned for helping decide that a certain Japanese was legally set behind barred wire.

But what really worries me is the attitude of some Pacific Coast sections, especially the Hood River Valley in Oregon. The Japanese Nisei, or second generation, whose loyalty has been well established, are threatened with local Ku Klux movements, aiming to drive them from their farms. This ultimatum is, "Sell out and get out." Names of Japanese Americans serving with our armed forces are being erased from Hood River's war memorial.

According to The War Relocation Authority, 16 names on this memorial are of men who are either serving or have close relatives serving with our armed forces. It seems to me that the young man who is willing to offer his life for our cause deserves something better than insults from cranky civilians at

home. Our Nisei soldiers in Italy and Germany are among our bravest troops. They should be the answer to the Hood River attitude.

The Japanese problem, as I studied it on the Coast 20 years ago, was a real problem. The Imperial home government was meddling too much, and seemed to have a fantastic idea of creating an American Sudetenland. It is not so much of a problem today, I believe. A third generation has grown on our soil, and most of these Nisei only hope to be Americans—if we'll let them be. There may be a few dangerous ones, I'll admit, who have fallen under the spell of the professional Jap propagandists. These will bear watching.

An old Stanford man tells me that shortly after Pearl Harbor several young Japanese came to Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, who was still, I believe, president of the university. They were undergraduates and alumni. Much disturbed, they asked him what they should do about the growing race prejudice. Dr. Wilbur, always a simple and sensible man, told them that, as citizens of the United States, they had only to behave as good citizens should in time of war. I am inclined to believe that they took his advice.

The persecution complex isn't indigenous to the Pacific Coast. Mr. Robert E. Harlow's moving article in a recent Moore County News tells us how Felix Addor, a Swiss gentleman of notable family, died alone in his cabin and would have been buried like a stray dog had not his Negro neighbors sung a little song and said a little prayer over his grave. His white neighbors had made a pariah of the old gentleman. Why? Because he had planted vineyards, scientifically, and tried to produce a distinguished North Carolina light wine.

The WCTU and its background of hopeful bootleggers want no distinguished white wine produced in North Carolina. Raw corn whiskey is good enough for the state they honor.

In Your Library

THEY CALLED IT "PURPLE HEART VALLEY" by Margaret Bourke-White. No book could carry a more direct, simple, friendly account of the war in Italy than this brilliantly illustrated one by Miss Bourke-White. The public knows the author as the most famous woman staff photographer in the world but what they do not know, probably, is that she is a tip-top reporter and story teller.

In the 172 pages of this account of the daily life and death of our men of the Fifth Army, with whom Miss Bourke-White lived for five months, we are given a wonderful collection of photographs. The wreck of Naples, Monks and engineers, "the quality of mercy", the little understood Service Forces and the manifold jobs they do, the Combat Engineers who make history, the incredible adventures of the Piper Cub flyers, the Counter Intelligence Corps and its mysteries and much, much more fill these pages.

Reading this book brings the civilian more quickly into the actual atmosphere and feeling of the front than anything else this reader has experienced. TIME FOR EACH OTHER by Margaret Runbeck. For those who enjoyed "Our Miss Boo" this is more of the same, it is as light and agreeable as rice crispies.

THE HOUSE by Marjorie H. Allee. Here is a pleasant story for the young people and it really is about "a house."

THE READER

From the Nation's Capital

BY MARTHA P. HYDE

Washington, March 8—The Red Cross kept this correspondent too busy on the War Fund to permit of a column last week—in case you missed it. Have you made your donation?

The feeling in North Carolina circles in Washington is that Representative J. Bayard Clark of Fayetteville will be the Presidential appointee to succeed Judge I. M. Meekins of Elizabeth City as Federal Judge of the East Carolina District. Pressure has been brought upon Clark to accept though he is said to be loathe to sever his relations with the House in which he has looked after the interests of the Seventh District since March 4, 1929.

The Congressman was educated at Davidson College and the University of North Carolina and began the practice of law in 1906. He was a member of the General Assembly in 1915, and a member of the State Judicial Conference from 1924 to 1928, the year he was first elected to Congress. He

has been an able and efficient member of the House, and for some time has served on its important Committee on Rules. Clark has numerous friends throughout the Sandhills section.

President Roosevelt sent to the Senate this week the appointment of a well known and well liked resident of the Sandhills, Byron U. Richardson, as postmaster of Pinehurst.

Three Congresswomen bravely tell their ages in the new Directory of the 79th Congress. The Douglasses—Emily Taft (D-Ill.), born April 10, 1899, and Helen Gahagan (D-Calif.), born Nov. 25, 1900, are joined by Edith Nourse Rogers, now serving her 11th consecutive term as Republican Representative from Massachusetts' fifth district, who acknowledges to 1881.

Those who don't tell are Clare Boothe Luce (R-Conn.), Chase Goring Woodhouse (D-Conn.), Margaret Chase Smith (R-Me.), Mary T. Norton (D-N.J.), Frances P. Bolton (R-Ohio) and Jessie Sumner (R-Ill.).

Clipped from the Washington Post:

The Governor of North Carolina was about to name a wildlife committee and a member of the Legislature arose to say, "Your honor, Republicans like to fish and hunt, too. I suggest we have a representative of that party on the committee."

The Governor replied: "We like the Republicans to fish and hunt—especially on election day."

A report by Paul V. McNutt, War Manpower commissioner, on critical immediate needs in war plants throughout the country reveals more satisfactory conditions in North Carolina than in any of the large industrial states. Charlotte needs only 155 additional workers, Winston-Salem 242, of the 167,000 required throughout the nation.

Guess we're all alike. Here's a sign seen on the bulletin board at Walter Reed General Hospital here: "Will the one who borrowed Capt. L's 'Superman' comic book please return it at once. A reward of two 'Green Hornets' is offered."

THE Public Speaking

FROM COVER TO COVER

"My copy of THE PILOT reaches me each Monday morning, and is read from cover to cover", writes Mrs. Walter Spaeth of Coral Gables, Fla., in sending in her renewal. Murial Spaeth has just finished her training as a Nurse's Aide, her mother states. The Spaeths formerly resided in Southern Pines.

Germany
January 20, '45

THE PILOT
Southern Pines, N. C.
After several months of waiting, I am getting the Pilot regularly.

I would like to make one suggestion toward the improvement of your newspaper. How about a Sports section covering town and High School events. Try to offer a complete coverage of basketball, tennis, baseball, etc. . . .

Again I wish to congratulate Wallace Irwin on his very interesting column.

Yours truly,
P. F. C. Robert B. Lewis

Recorder's Court

Only one new case was tried in Recorder's Court Monday, but around forty old ones in which defendants had failed to comply with judgments of the Court were called, in a general clearing-up of the docket. Several cases were dropped because the defendants were dead, a few were settled by payment, and many others were dismissed. This weekly hearing of old cases will continue until the docket is brought up to date.

In the new case J. E. Sales of Southern Pines was found guilty of failure to provide adequate support for his wife and child. He was given three months on the roads, to be suspended upon payment of the court costs and upon condition that he make arrangements within 48 hours to take his wife and child to some place with him and make provision for adequate support of the two. He is to report to the Court next Monday to show compliance.

RED CROSS WAR FUND

The 1945 Red Cross War Fund campaign will be held from March 1 to 31. The goal is \$200,000,000. This money is needed by the American Red Cross to provide its services to our soldiers and sailors throughout the world and to the people at home. All of us must give to the limit of our ability.

RED CROSS CAMPAIGN

Today the American Red Cross is serving on every front. Red Cross assistance to our men in uniform even goes behind enemy

lines. Each week all American soldiers held captive in Europe receive a Red Cross food parcel containing eight pounds of canned meats, fruits and other edibles. The Red Cross needs every

dollar of the \$200,000,000 it is asking. And every dollar contributed to that fund helps to ease the lot of our fighting men. Let's give to keep our Red Cross on the job.

Alles van die beste... Have a Coke

(ALL THE BEST)



... giving the good word in South Africa

Have a Coke is a simple gesture of good will that lets people know you wish them well. In Capetown, as in Columbus or Concord, Coca-Cola turns refreshment time into friendship time,—has become a symbol of good feeling among friendly-minded folks.



BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY
COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO., ABERDEEN, N. C.

Dine and Dance VILLAGE INN

Music Corporation of America Presenting
Kay McQuade
Nightly



Songs With Accordion Accompaniment

Dinner Served From 6 P. M.

Dancing After 9 P. M.

COUPLES ONLY

Ladies and Gentlemen Regardless of Rank

For Reservation Phone 6632 or 8122

Cover Charge 50c Per Person