

THE PILOT

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WHO IS RIGHT?

Americans who are trying to make up their minds about the future peace organization are having a hard time. They are being buffeted back and forth between the conflicting statements of commentators and experts whom they have come to trust. It is no wonder that they are bewildered, for instance, when two such men as Wells and Lippmann interpret the Dumbarton Oaks proposals so differently. Wells has recently written forcibly in favor of trusteeship for colonies. This plan would certainly necessitate a strong central government with power to act. It would have to take responsibility, to govern and also to protect. At the opposite extreme is Lippmann, stressing only the consultative aspect of the proposed organization. "The heart of the thing," he says, "is not the technique of enforcing the peace, which will have to be worked out in specific conventions, nor voting, which can never be important, but the agreement to consult in order to agree."

While these men, and it would seem all other writers and thinkers of importance in the country, are concerning themselves with this vital question, the State Department is also entering the field of discussion as a major participant. Armed with the weapons of radio, the press, the cinema, it is laying down a heavy barrage of publicity and propaganda which is to culminate in "Dumbarton Oaks Week", when, between April 16th to 22nd, the country is to be roused to a point of enthusiasm for the plan that will make its acceptance at the San Francisco conference a foregone conclusion.

In order to bring about this happy event, it would seem that the people will have to decide first just what Dumbarton Oaks is, and before they are expected to do so, Wells, Lippmann and all those who stand somewhere between the two, not to mention the State Department itself, will have to come to some agreement. They are at present very far apart. To quote Lippmann again: "It is generally believed that we are forming an organization in which all the members watch each other, and stand ready to band together to coerce one another, but the Dumbarton Oaks plan, rightly understood, is not another version of the league to enforce peace." It is certain that many will read this statement with surprise for many people believe the main reason for the plan is to try to enforce peace. And among those many people is the State Department. The movie made under its auspices, "to show how the thing is supposed to work", shows its very Hollywood diplomats assembling in marble halls, the inevitable row with the sinister member of Nazi appearance and the immediate mobilizing of all the forces of the other united nations to suppress the revolt. Nothing could more definitely give the impression of all the members banding together to coerce one of their number. The very impression Lippmann assures us to be false.

There is here a most unfortunate contradiction. If persisted in it will be a great danger to the success of the future plan. That it exists, that the plan is so unclear as to be open to such differences of interpretation, opens the way to fruitless bickering not only among the people of our country and those of the others, but among the delegates of all nations soon to assemble at San Francisco. The outlook has not been improved by the sudden revelation of the secret voting agreement made at Yalta. The agreement itself is not necessarily bad, though it appears to contradict one of the most important clauses of Dumbarton Oaks. But nothing could have been more confidence-shaking than the manner of its announcement. The shadow of Wilson's secret commitments grew black on the horizon.

It would seem that the first move in the Administration's

crusade for Dumbarton Oaks should be made at home. Definite understanding of the plan should be arrived at, including if possible all secrets. If Lippmann is wrong he should be put right; if he is right, the people should be told and the State Department should make the necessary corrections in its own publicity. Then the people of the country might have a fair chance of understanding the plan, of making up their mind about it, and, if they want it different, of saying so before it is too late.—KLB

ARMY DAY!

Friday, April 6, is Army Day. Authorized by Congress, and invoked each year by Presidential Proclamation, Army Day in this Spring of 1945 is a day for great rejoicing, even as it is a day of heavy-hearted sadness and solemnity.

It is fitting that Americans should rejoice on this day in the knowledge that our victorious armies are sweeping relentlessly forward to a glorious peace. And it is with a special sort of pride that we reflect upon the young men and women of America who constitute the military and naval might of this nation, and whose valor and unflinching devotion are making a victorious peace possible.

Yet we must pause sadly, to reflect upon the thousands upon thousands of our own sons who have died, and will die to make victory possible.

We must give thought to the millions of our troops suffering untold privations on foreign fields, defending our land and our spiritual heritage unto death if need be.

In the full pride of our Americanism we must resolve to continue to shoulder our share of the burdens of war in order that victory may be speedily attained.

In every community in our nation there is a home front job to be done. From the roaring foundries and blast furnaces in our cities to the broad sweep of farm woodlands that link them, there is a job for every man to do.

In our own community the choice is simple. Here grows that great product of nature that is one of our nation's most vital military assets. Here grow our forests. Here are the high grade woods that pulpwood workers cut into the very sinews of war.

Our special job, therefore, is to produce the pulpwood from these forests that keep our men supplied with ammunition, clothing, food—in fact, 700,000 tools of warfare.

America is not only a unity of states. It is from the united will and effort of all her people in all her states, that America draws her strength.

Sand Box Being Filled Weekly BY WALLACE IRWIN

J. Llewellyn Lewis's April Fool joke should be in the discard by now, since the day of pranks is almost a week stale. So let's pretend that it's all good clean fun with a hearty satirical laugh as its climax. The miners and the operators, let's say, never meant no harm to nobody. How's that for a basis of agreement?

A soldier has written a letter from the Western Front; and because it is such a reasonable analysis of our home disputes and their reaction on the fighting G. I., I wish you would read a few paragraphs:

"I note, Ma, your extreme irritation with J. Llewellyn Lewis for giving notice of intent to strike. Me, I'm puzzled along with being irritated. That is, I don't possess much information, and can't be sure where the blame belongs. Lewis cuts a horrible ugly figure in the public prints, and this boogy-man quality is probably what makes it so hard for him. Last time his boys struck, I lashed out too, just like everybody else. I think I'd distribute the blame somewhat. Workers and their leaders, war or no war, don't like to see their emoluments swallowed up in the pockets of their employers; and the employers are usually equally intransigent and with as little justice.

"Hence I'd guess that the failure reaches to the highest plane in the guise of the War Labor Board, which somehow isn't strong enough to resolve the disputes it was formed to resolve. It looks more like political timidity than anything else. Of course the step of moving the Army in on tied-up war plants isn't timidity, but it is both wasteful and distasteful, and it wouldn't be necessary if the Labor Board's word were law. . . . "There's another way of considering all this: to wit, the how-dare-you-whistle-soldiers-die line of reasoning. It has its logic on the plane of personal conscience; elsewhere it doesn't mean a thing. There never was equality of sacrifice in a war, and there never will be. How dare I, for instance, sleep soundly on an Army cot with three blankets above and two beneath and a pillow under

my head, and eat three big hot meals a day, while infantrymen die? Well, I dare because here I am, that's that. If a man in the rear echelon thinks he has a raw deal of some kind, the thought of doughboys suffering isn't going to stop him from demanding a square deal. Each of us, in actuality, lives 99 percent in his own sphere, with its own order of sacrifice and its own standards of right & wrong. The catch is in the other 1 percent, which is stronger with some than with others. What a confused world we live in! . . . "

From the way this boy writes you'd think he was sleeping on a bed of roses. He's had his knocks, but he isn't going in for self pity.

April Fool, I believe I said, is past. So when I tell you a snake story it's true. By training I'm more of a fiction writer than a reporter, and there's a possibility that I have twisted my snake the least little bit to make him fit the plot.

Mrs. George Jenks—I'm not mentioning her husband, because this isn't his story—lives in "Broadhearth", a charming house on a flowery hill. Her intimate garden is surrounded by an ivied wall. Please keep your mind on that wall. It's part of the plot.

Elsie, who is Mrs. Jenks' familiar spirit, was gazing out with her usual calm capable smile when she saw a snake performing rope tricks along the ivy. It was a small snake and adolescent. Elsie—and I'm not sure that she isn't going to turn out to be the heroine of this yarn—seized the nearest tool at hand. A parasol, perhaps? It doesn't matter. Anyhow, she swatted the varmint, and that was that.

Or was it? Looking around she saw that the adolescent had a twin, who was actively vine-twining around the ivy. Emergently Elsie whacked down her weapon (parasol?) and the score was two up.

That, you'd think, would be a fair day's work for a serpiente. But look what's coming. Mrs. Jenks, whose spiritual stature exceeds her physical proportions by about 6 feet, appeared on the back porch to behold a wonder out of the zoo. There stood Elsie pointing her weapon (parasol?) at a snake which you have to describe by spread-eagling both arms. This lengthy twister, embedded in the ivy was, perhaps, the mother of the slaughtered twins. Elsie was advancing on the coiled, indignant monster when Mrs. Jenks held up an arresting hand.

Mrs. Jenks had an idea. A charming idea. A snake charming idea. She had been reading a book on Mother India; how Hindu fakirs tattle flutes at cobras, with mutually pleasant results. Mrs. Jenks had no flute. But she can whistle. She searched her repertoire, and the first tune that came up was "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean." She had hardly finished the first bar when the lady-snake began to relax; she untied her tail, she raised her head languorously, a sentimental light came into her eyes. When Mrs. Jenks got tired of "My Bonnie" she tackled "Old Black Joe", with such effect that the serpent fell into a swoon. . . .

I don't know how to finish this and bring it up to an artful climax. Nobody told me what happened next. And if I have distorted the facts, Mrs. Jenks is going to speak to me severely. So I'm in a pickle, whatever I do.

In Your Library

LOOKING FOR A BLUEBIRD by Joseph Wechsberg. Amusing, worldly short stories by a young Czechoslovakian itinerant musician who has proven himself a gifted writer.

THREE WHO LOVED by Edith Morris. These three short stories, the scenes all laid in Sweden, are very unusual, skillful, penetrating. They tell of the love of the animal, high spirited, joyous servant girl of Dalecarlia who comes to Stockholm; of the radiant love of a mute boy in a numb, cold, drear village; of the unselfish love of a deaconess in a "creche" where the dregs of a great city pass dramatically thru her care.

THE CROSS AND THE ARROW by Albert Maltz. A thriller of inside Germany in August 1942. Scene in a camouflaged factory town where an act of sabotage spreads before the disturbed reader the vile processes by which the Nazi has managed to brutalize and debase its own.

BLACK BOY by Richard Wright. This is an autobiography. It has a great deal of dialogue, detail and violence. It is a stirring story. The miracle is not so much that a black boy, but that any boy, could survive and surmount the squalor, sordid brutality of such an emotionally disturbing and cruel childhood and become a gifted and leading citizen and not a degenerate.

SELECTED WORKS OF TOM PAINE, edited by Howard Fast. No better sign in our times than that Americans are reading Paine again. How many of us recall that it was the miracle of his words

in the "Crisis" that General Washington said "were worth a regiment" that cold December night in 1776 when our army rallied and took Trenton? "Common Sense" was the direct forerunner of the Declaration of Independence, Tom Paine "citizen of the world", fighting Quaker, how much we of 1945 owe you!

YOUNG MRS. BRAND by Robert Hichens.

BURNED FINGERS by Kathleen Norris.

RED FRUIT by Temple Bailey. A TIME TO DIE by Hilda Lawrence.

APARTMENT IN ATHENS by Glenway Westcott. This is the story that brings to all who read it a poignant realization how blessed we are in America to have been spared in this war the horror of occupation by the Nazi. We have read newspaper and magazine accounts of unthinkable brutalities by the enemy but only when a sensitive, brilliant author gives us a "novel" such as this does the sickening reality come into our consciousness of what it would be to have a Nazi lodged in our homes. "It is not easy to tell this kind of domestic ordeal and do it justice without either exaggerating it or making a mockery of it" but Mr. Westcott has done a beautiful piece of work that will impress all who read it with his gift as a story teller who has a message.

There are a number of very good books for young people: BOMBER PILOT by Harkins. WACS AT WORK: the "Three B's in the AAF, by Hess. GAIL GARDNER WINS HER CAP, by Sutton.

BOYS BOOK OF ELECTRICITY by Small.

DANGER ON OLD BALDY by Bell.

DR. ELLEN by De Leeuw.

YEA! WILDCATS! by Tunis. —The Reader

PINEBLUFF

TO ENTER RED CROSS WORK

Miss Lena Stewart, who has held a position in the Personnel Department of the Library of Congress, Washington, has leave of absence to go overseas as a Red Cross worker. She is at American University, Washington, for two weeks of intensive training after which she will be assigned for duty. She came home for Easter with her parents in Pinebluff.

Members of the family coming to see Miss Stewart over the week-end were: A. H. Buchan of Mullins, S. C., Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Buchan of Kinston, Mrs. John Buchan and Jonathan E., III, of Cassett, S. C., Miss Idell Buchan of Gastonia, Miss Flora Buchan of Sanford, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carrington of Washington, D. C., and Winder, Ga.

Mrs. Adcox is Hostess

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Methodist Church met in the home of Mrs. Ollie Adcox Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. J. L. Deyoe had charge of the program, the subject of which was "Three Lives." After the business meeting refreshments were served.

Personals

Miss Algie Smith of Phieffer Junior College spent the Easter holidays with her parents. Mrs. Cadwallader Benedict spent several days last week in Sanford visiting friends. Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Allison and children of Henderson were week-end visitors in town. Mrs. Lawton Foushee and children of Durham spent several days in the home of Mrs. Foushee's mother, Mrs. J. R. Lampley. Mrs. Lampley returned to Durham with her Monday to spend some time.

Miss Marguerite Deyoe of Spring Hope was a Sunday visitor in town.

June Reece, s 1/c, of the Naval Air Station at Melbourne, Fla., is spending his furlough with his parents. Miss Hannah Moger of Flora Macdonald College spent the Easter holidays with her parents. Pvt. Donald Collins of Camp Blanding, Fla., is spending a ten-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Collins.

NORTH CAROLINA MOORE COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT NOTICE OF SERVICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION AND TO TAKE DEPOSITION.

James F. Smith vs. Josephine McLeod Smith

The defendant Josephine McLeod Smith will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Moore County, to obtain divorce on the grounds of two years separation, and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of said County in the Court House at Carthage, N. C., on the 1st day of May, 1945, and answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff in said action, or the plaintiff will apply

to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint. The defendant will further take notice that the deposition of the plaintiff will be taken before Jane B. Seawell commissioner, at 10 o'clock in the A. M. May 10, 1945 at the office of H. F. Seawell, Jr., to be used as evidence in this matter. This the 29th day of March, 1945.

JOHN WILLCOX, Clerk Superior Court of Moore County.

NOTICE OF SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY

Pursuant to the order of sale heretofore made in the Matter of Mrs. Lillian G. Leatham Estate, by the Superior Court of Moore County, the undersigned administrator, will on the 10th day of April, 1945, at 11 o'clock, A. M., at the front door of the Citizens Bank & Trust Co., in Town of Southern Pines, N. C., expose to public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following articles of personal property, viz:

29 sterling silver teaspoons; 6 sterling silver forks; 7 sterling silver knives; 4 large sterling silver spoons; 6 sterling silver coffee spoons; 1 sterling silver Salad spoon; 6 sterling silver Ice Tea spoons; 1 diamond ring; 1 necklace, 2 brooches, 2 stick pins, 1 ear drop; 1/locket and 1 ring. Terms of sale: Cash. Time of sale: 11 a. m. April 10, 1945.

Place of sale: Front Door Citizens Bank & Trust Co., Southern Pines, N. C. This March 28, 1945. S. R. Hoyle, Administrator.

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Música Maestro... Have a Coke (MAKE WITH THE MUSIC) ...or the cue to making friends in Cuba At fiesta time the gay little isle of Cuba is a mighty cosmopolitan corner of the globe—where the familiar American greeting Have a Coke is just as happily understood as their own native Salud. From Hanover to Havana, the pause that refreshes with friendly Coca-Cola has become a symbol of the good-neighbor spirit. BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY COCA-COLA BOTTLING CO., ABERDEEN, N. C. "Coke" is Coca-Cola. You naturally hear Coca-Cola called by its friendly abbreviation "Coke". Both mean the quality product of The Coca-Cola Company. © 1945 The C. C. Co.