

THE PILOT

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

1941 JAMES BOYD 1944
PUBLISHER

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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.

F. D. R. IN MEMORIAM: TWO LETTERS

(From a woman worker in an airplane factory)

Dear
Across the miles this day, you are the only one I can turn to who I know is feeling just as I do—I wish you were near to see and talk with. This is a terrible thing that has come upon the world.

I have no radio here at home so I did not know until I got out of my car at the plant yesterday afternoon at five. The loudspeaker, which is usually playing gay music for us as we go into our ten hours of work, was talking solemnly, gravely, about something; I couldn't catch anything clearly. But I knew in my flesh before many seconds, and when I reached a girl I knew I said: "Is Roosevelt dead?" And she said: "Why, Ruthie, didn't you know?" I tell you those ten hours were very hard with my heart like lead within me. And, as I came out at three thirty, that early hour, the morning papers were there and I bought one and came sadly home to read it in my bed. And there I lay and wept. So great a loss. And the papers called him a Statesman at last, instead of a Politician! You know I realized that I felt lonely—that faith in him had sustained me more than I knew. Where do we pin our faith now? I was scared enough as to the future of the world before, now I am terrified. What can save us, who can lead us?

And yet, the thought comes in: Perhaps what he stood for will shine more clearly. I don't know, perhaps I am instinctively too hopeful a person. But the haters! Perhaps they can now bury their personal hatred and see the vision. I don't know, I don't know. I am glad that he did not have to suffer any more, I am glad that he was spared the personal and visional crucifixion that Woodrow Wilson endured and died under, if we do not carry on his plans for a world at peace with the machinery to keep it at peace. I can only hope that what he stood for will shine out more clearly in all hearts. What can I do personally to keep it shining? I want deeply to do something. And I don't know what to do, or, if I did, how to do it.

I am proud the American people elected this man four times to be President. Doesn't that mean something?
But what is this that has come upon the world: that we steadily lose our Best? Does it mean that ALL must see? I think so. That each good man shows us for a little while and then the whole big problem is thrust back upon us all. But how slowly humanity learns. From the first Right Thought back in the ages, how much has been added? We think the right thoughts and sometimes we say them, but we do not do them. I believe there is more general understanding today, but I see little evidence that we work with it.

All good men are one in their example and in their purpose. Each one takes the Right Thought and carries it on, one step ahead, and then leaves us. "We've shown you the way," they say, "go on, now, and see what you can do." And perhaps they add: "We're back of you, always."

(From an officer at a far-off air base)

Dear
We have just been told of the sudden and tragic death of President Roosevelt. Soldiers stood as though stunned, taking their caps off and fingering them nervously. Nothing was said. Our flag was lowered to half mast and we turned to our jobs which cannot stop.

Night has now fallen in this far northern place and for a while we are alone with our thoughts. We wonder why. With Victory on our door-step and with the difficulties of world peace to be ironed out and the world set on a peaceful course:

WHY WAS HE TAKEN? There is no answer. "The time had come: The President's job done." Then, being human, we say: "How can the Vice-President carry out the great and vast task of world peace: a man known to be of less stature, a man whose record has so far run in little alleyways of thought?" And then we bolster up our courage and say: "The job is so great that it will raise even a mediocre man." For that we hope and pray: that the country may not be led into narrow paths of selfishness, that the great work for humanity of President Roosevelt may be carried on by those who are placed in authority over us by the voice of the people. That the United States may continue the Good Neighbor for all the world.

Here in where no one was concerned with the politics of a presidential election, a whole nation mourns his going.

(Later, Friday)
This morning I went to a small post where there were a few trappers and hunters. They sat around the radio in a log cabin listening. They said little. Finally one old timer said: "He was a good man because he loved the little people."

Here, in these great wilderness places, where men live in simplicity . . . here, the President, has reached.

I asked one of the men later what he had thought of the other presidents: Hoover, Coolidge, Harding, Wilson. He said, "We didn't know them. We knew him."
Tomorrow morning under these great pines and spruces I shall lead our simple service. Here we shall bury him in the hearts of his countrymen. History will give him his place, but in the hearts of common men all over the world, the symbol of his humanity will live.

Sand Box

Being Filled Weekly
BY WALLACE IRWIN

This notice came to us the other day:

"The next regular meeting of the North Shore Republican Club (Port Jefferson, Long Island) will be held at the American Legion House . . . The Entertainment Committee has arranged for a Funny Hat Social. Find some old hat and decorate it in some funny way and bring it to the meeting . . . There will be a prize for the funniest hat . . ."

I hope they've invited Senator Taft. For quite some time he's been temporal head of the Funny Hat Party. De Rochefoucauld, wise Frog, once croaked, "We always respect the opinions of those who agree with us." Some of my Ohio friends respect Senator Taft, deeply. They say he has a great mind.

Another Senator, Mr. Claude Pepper, once put this in the Congressional Record, a part of his "Summons Against the Kiss of Death".

"The commanding officer of a big military installation was looking over a long, elaborate report of attempted sabotage in his unit. Glancing down the index his eye lit on this item:

"Private Quirk, his great mind . . . page 122."

"Now, it was Private Quirk who, while on sentry duty, had allowed the would-be saboteur to slip in. The C. O. was therefore a bit startled by this reference to Private Quirk's 'great mind.' Curious, he turned to page 122 and there read: 'Private Quirk, testified that he had a great mind to stop the intruder but was too sleepy to realize the situation.'"

From this brief military episode, Mr. Pepper draws the moral:

"There have been obstructionists of our war effort and there will be obstructionists of our struggle to win the peace. Whether these latter succeed depends on how many of us turn out to be Private Quirks. . ."

But it's a little early to start calling names, isn't it? By the time The Pilot springs its weekly sensation (the Sand Box) what may prove to be the world's most significant meeting will be under way. Paper will be laid out, pens dipped to write a document which will make the Magna Charta look small indeed. Few of the delegates are starry-eyed dreamers. This conference will be a case of give and take, literally. But I don't think it will be the old grab-bag style of taking. We have tried that before, and our hands are bleeding.

I see by the papers that San Francisco has prepared to feed the delegates, the scribes and even the Pharisees, in a big way. I've lived out there long enough to know that when San Francisco sets out to feed people, she feeds 'em. I hate to drag myself into the Conference, but this may have gastric appeal:

For old 'Life' I wrote a piece of rhyme called "The San Francisco Fog." One line, referring to pre-earthquake days, said, "Half the town was restaurants and all of them were good." On our last

visit to the Golden Gate, Tish and I went to old Frank's Restaurant and found "The San Francisco Fog" framed on the wall. The proprietor walked up and asked Tish blandly, "You like that poem?" Tish said, "My husband wrote it." He smiled soothingly and replied, "A lot of gals say that." Therefore, like a haunted polygamist, I slunk to my table and ordered a dish of baby shrimps—which always were and always will be the best food on earth.

All this may be trivial. On the other hand, since man's heart responds to the stomach, international unity may respond to good digestion. Or—unhappy thought—is it all a plot hatched by Hiram Johnson and Willie Hearst to feed Molotov and Eden into a stupor, so that America First may stampede the meeting? I hope I'm not being light about a serious, a tragic subject. I'm not light about it. None of us are, if we think at all. As the days of conference go by, out there on our western coast, we must keep our ears and our eyes open. Yes, and we must keep our pens busy, letting the Senate and the House know that the foundation of world unity, the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, must not be bled to death by legislative bickering.

THE Public Speaking

Editor
The Pilot

Within the short period of a week citizens of Southern Pines will convene in the High School Auditorium, where the voice of the people, as announced in the "Town Caucus", will nominate candidates for the offices of Mayor, and Board of Commissioners. As the selection of these officials in former meetings has been practically tantamount to election, it is important that thought be given to the record and background of the man who will have the guiding hand over the destinies of our town during the next two years—years in which Southern Pines must be prepared to go forward.

For the highest office in our gift, the writer offers for consideration the name of L. V. O'Callaghan, a member of the Board of Commissioners for the past 18 years, many times acting Mayor, and Chief of the Fire Department since 1934. A man with deep feeling of public responsibility, competent, energetic and faithful in the performance of his duty.

Perhaps more in the public eye in action in his capacity as head of the Fire Department, nevertheless Mr. O'Callaghan's record of attendance in meetings and committee work as a Commissioner—the oldest in years of continuous service—has given him an exact knowledge of the duties inherent in the office as well as a comprehensive perspective of the needs and welfare of our residents, and well merits the honor that his fellow citizens should confer upon him in recognition of his unflinching devotion to the city.
—A Citizen

To the Editor of "The Pilot",

May I, through the columns of your paper, congratulate the town of Southern Pines on the present Mayor. He is not only a scholarly gentleman of the South, but a very human, kind-hearted, neighbor. We appreciate our home and its friendly surroundings most, when living in other parts of the country. It is, that warm-hearted, friendliness, ever present among its residents, that endears the Sandhills to all who live within its borders; whether they be temporary or permanent residents. Your present Mayor exemplifies all of this in his every day living.

A former resident of the Sandhills.

A. A. F., Pyote, Texas
13 April 1945

The Pilot, Inc.
Southern Pines
North Carolina

Dear Sirs:
I believe that this day of mourning around the nation and the world it would be appropriate to write the home town paper and let them know how a fellow in the service feels at the moment. Naturally, this is strictly a personal feeling; however, I dare say I write the feelings of the majority of us in the service as well as civil life.

Yesterday we all lost a great President who defied tradition and who dared to advance new ideas to meet changing conditions and who was a casualty of this war we fight.
It is a pity that Franklin D. Roosevelt was not able to live to see the plans for peace which he cherished so much and for which he worked so hard come true.

He had led our country through the worst depression, recovery, a global war and within a stone's throw of victory and global peace. He lived long enough to see the might of the United States assembled to a point where our

enemies are fleeing before us. Officially we are 47 miles West of Berlin at this writing and Japan's Empire is crumbling.

Franklin D. Roosevelt will be remembered not only as a great President, but as a kindly man who tried to help his fellow man. Whatever his critics may say about him, no one can dispute the fact that his heart was filled with a desire to help others.

And now we have a new leader President Harry S. Truman. We shall rally behind him and support him toward bringing the war to a successful conclusion, and winning the peace as well.

Sincerely
S/Sgt. Chas. "Buster" Patch
Sgdn. F
AAF, Pyote, Texas

Editor "The Pilot",
If people in Southern Pines would trim their privet hedges in the early spring, they would not blossom and a condition that is very bad for people with sinus trouble would be avoided. They have also a sickening odor.

—Florence Garvin
Southern Pines,
April 24, 1945.

(Continued on Page 5)

THE CALL OF SPRING

There is no doubt, my dear,
That evil's lost its ties.
The earth blossoms, and clear
Are once overcast skies.

Spring glorifying the birth
Of hope, of faith, of love,
Has not betrayed the earth
For Victory sings from above.

Ravaged nations arise!
Your wounds are deep within,
But Krauts and all the wise
Now know that we must win.

To win the war is sure,
But peace is what we seek,
And most of all war's cure
To strengthen those now weak.

My love, we must not quit.
We have still more to give
To make the world more fit
If we in peace would live.
by Edith Dent

Used cooking fat brings the housewife four cents and two red ration points per pound, and gives industry the raw materials to help make synthetic rubber, soap, fabrics, pharmaceuticals, paints and varnishes, and thousands of other war and civilian essentials.

ATHLETES FOOT
MAKE THIS 10 MINUTE TEST
Get a mobile liquid with strong PENETRATING power. One containing full strength alcohol is good. Powders, ointments and mild solutions do not penetrate sufficiently. Te-ol is the only solution, we know of, made with 90 percent alcohol. Feel it PENETRATE. REACHES MORE GERMS. Most drug stores have the test size. Small lot just arrived at Sandhill Drug Co.
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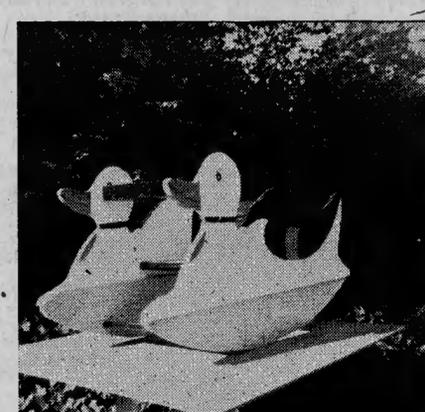
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